

OLDEN TIMES
IN
ZULULAND AND NATAL



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NIGRA SUM, SED FORMOSA
A Zulu Maiden

OLDEN TIMES
IN
ZULULAND AND NATAL
CONTAINING
EARLIER POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE
EASTERN-NGÚNI CLANS

BY
THE REV. A. T. BRYANT

WITH TWO MAPS AND THIRTY-ONE ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO

DR. C. T. LORAM,

M.A., LL.B., PH.D.,

MEMBER OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN GOVERNMENT COMMISSION FOR NATIVE AFFAIRS.

AND TO

MR. CARL FAYE,

OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN GOVERNMENT NATIVE AFFAIRS DEPARTMENT,

IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION

OF MUCH VALUED

HELP AND ENCOURAGEMENT IN THE PROSECUTION OF THIS WORK,

AND OF MANY OTHER

KINDLY ACTS OF GENUINE FRIENDSHIP,

THIS BOOK IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

WE have entitled this volume *Olden Times in Zululand and Natal*. The expression 'Olden Times' is here employed in the sense in which the Natives themselves use it; and it is employed by them to indicate the earliest period of which they have any certain traditional knowledge, namely, the early nineteenth century and just prior thereto.

The volume here offered to the public forms Part I of a complete work on the early History of the Eastern-Ngúni Bantu. It deals solely with their TRIBAL HISTORY, that is to say, with the political state and activities of each such clan, *in particular*, at the earliest period (c. 1750-1828) of its existent traditions, namely, that contemporaneous with, and just prior to, the Zulu king, Shaka, and immediately preceding the Whiteman's coming (1824). Part II, if and when written, will deal with the DESCRIPTIVE HISTORY of these same people, *in general*—their origins and migrations, social organization and customs, arts and industries, medicine and law, language and mythology, mind, morals and religion.

The present writer arrived in Natal from London in year 1883, and has continued in that part of South Africa, the Zulu domain, ever since, the whole 45 years having been spent in Native territories, in missionary, educational and literary work among the raw aborigines. At the time of his arrival, and for many years afterwards, the older generations of Natives had not yet become extinct. He was thus enabled to enjoy many years of instructive converse with men and women, of whom some had been born even in the time of Senzangakóna, many had lived and fought under his son, Shaka. Among them may be specially noted—Nomaklwa, daughter of Senzangakóna and therefore 'sister' of Shaka, whom the writer met while staying in the kraal of the Mtétwá chief, Sokwetshatá, whose father, Mlandela, she had married; several sons and daughters of Shaka's 'brother,' Mpande; as well as representatives of the 'royal' houses of numerous other clans. All these individuals are now long passed away, and their

reminiscences can be told no more. The writer's regret is that, ignorant then of future needs, he failed to take full advantage of his opportunities.

Decaying, like buried treasure, in the memories of such old-time Natives, or hidden away and forgotten in the musty pages of early European writers now scarcely heard of, a considerable volume of early 'Zulu' history, fragmentary, disconnected, and oftentimes quite meaningless to the uninitiated, has been lying, through almost a century, awaiting the advent of some collector and compiler, willing and able.

That task we at last imposed upon ourselves—the simple one of bringing together, in one place and in some systematic order, all such information concerning the *Earlier Tribal History of the Natives of Zululand and Natal* as, through many years of reading and personal inquiry, we have been able to discover scattered here and there in the writings of Government officials, missionaries, travellers, historians and pioneer colonists, or, more than all, buried in that mine of unequalled richness, so long left undug and already well-nigh rotted of its treasures, namely, the memories of those old Natives, who either themselves actually figured in the events, or else received the traditions at first hand from those who did. Nothing, therefore, new or novel need be sought in this book; nothing not yet well known to man, past or present.

And yet (if we may be permitted to seem inconsistent), with a knowledge of their past so imperfect and incomplete as is that of our South African Natives, a certain amount has necessarily been left to conjecture. We are dealing here with an illiterate folk, whose historical traditions, already half forgotten, are fragmentary and conflicting. The historian of such a race must first needs have so thorough a general acquaintance with his subject as to be in a position himself to put the crooked straight and to fill in the gaps, linking together disconnected facts by probabilities based on other knowledge, moulding discrepant statements so that they harmonize with their surroundings, drawing conclusions following naturally from well-founded premises. Otherwise than that the past history of such a people could never be written.

And, then, we are dealing too with a European public to which all history is proverbially insipid; to which that here presented is particularly unattractive, and so alien to its understanding that, on that account again, we have been compelled to adopt unusual devices to make our historical reading intelligible and pleasant—

by assuming, in general, a light and colloquial style ; by creating here and there an appropriate 'atmosphere' ; by supplying a necessary 'background' ; by inducing a proper frame of mind by an appeal to pathos ; by clothing the 'dry bones' of history in a humorous smile ; by uniting disconnected details by patter of our own based on our knowledge of Native life and character. In such ways as these have we hoped that the reading might be made enduring, and the interest be sustained. For, if any truth has forced itself upon us in the compilation of this work, it is this, that our subject must be rendered entertaining and our book be made to sell. Otherwise, it had been better left unwritten ; for, under present world conditions, no sane publisher would launch himself on uncertain, unrequiting ventures.

We believe this book to be unique of its kind ; to be the first presenting a complete conspectus of the earliest known political history of the Natives of Zululand and Natal. It lays the very foundation upon which all future 'Zulu' history must be based. And in that fact lies the explanation of its bulky volume ; for no single one of the hundred and more major clans could be justly passed over, and of each the simple story had to be told in full. In laying these first foundations of Native tribal history, we have permitted ourselves to cast no single scrap of traditional lore aside. We therefore make no apologies for that mass of matter here recorded which the ill-informed or thoughtless reader may decry as absurd, quite patently fictitious, rubbish. No more could these 'childish tales' be omitted here than could their counterpart from the early histories of India or Egypt, Greece or Rome. To select, abridge, exclude, will be the work of those who follow us.

But is all this history ? we hear the captious critic ask. It may not all be history—and yet be all tradition. We write not for historians alone. Much that is herein contained will be of value solely to the anthropologist, to the ethnologist, to the folklorist, to the mere student of primitive man and his archaic notions. And certainly it will be of interest to the Natives themselves, who like to know what their fathers thought and said and did. For us, the more richly endowed Caucasian race, we hold it an altruistic duty to our unlettered Negro brother to rescue for him from final oblivion, before too late, such of his simple traditions as are still recoverable, whatever be their worthlessness to us.

Our subject has proven, as histories go, extraordinarily com-

plicated. We have had to deal, not with one only clan, with one single chain of events progressing, chronologically, straight forward, but with a hundred different clans, all claiming our attention at the same time ; with a hundred different stories, all running concurrently, and all interlocked together and overlapping everywhere and at every angle. To piece successfully together in one single picture all these jagged fragments and intertangled strands of broken history, would demand the skill of a Florentine artist in mosaic ; which we have not.

It may be taken for granted, in a work so entirely based on mere reminiscences passed along and bandied about through several generations of Natives proverbially loose in thought and fanciful in narration, that many inaccuracies will occur. At the same time we may caution the reader against supposing that the particular ' different version ' which has come his way, is therefore necessarily the true one, and was unknown to us. On the contrary, he will be generally safe in assuming that we too had heard that tale, and many another with it, and have selected that for presentation here which bore the weightier evidence, or, at any rate, an equal measure of probability—or the contrary !

For the accuracy of information, gathered entirely at second-hand and personally untestable, concerning peoples and countries outside our special field of Eastern Ngūniland (e.g. the Matebele of Rhodesia, the aNgoni of Nyasaland and such like), we cannot hold ourselves responsible.

The historical dates given in the text, as well as the locations of the clans on the map, are, of course, only approximate. Nor can we guarantee the topographical accuracy of our map. Our responsibility ends with its ethnographic features.

We had contemplated including chapters covering the reigns of Dingane and Mpande ; but, having found that the treatment of the Shakan period alone had already monopolized an excessive amount of space, this intention had to be postponed for separate treatment.

Were we to mention by name the scores of magistrates, missionaries and others who, through past decades, have courteously answered our inquiries or supplied us with much-needed information, we should require a special register. Merely to place on record here our debt of thanks—which we now sincerely tender them—seems but a mean return for so much goodness shown us by these many friends.

But no deficiency of space shall debar us from singling for special mention Mr. Carl Faye, of the Union Government Native Affairs Department, whose valuable assistance and many spontaneous kindnesses, all most generously bestowed through many years, have been entirely exceptional. We offer him a heart filled with lasting gratitude, and express our hope that a rapid advance in his profession may prove the fitting guerdon for so much capability, energy and enthusiasm exhibited at his work.

And last—but least of all may we forget—that multitude of humble Natives, unnamed and unknown, who through 40 years have endured so patiently our importunities and given us so freely of what they possessed. We cast our meed of thanks upon the void, and can but trust that some kind angel may bear it home to them in Spiritland.

Our appointment as Lecturer and Research Fellow in the Witwatersrand University, Johannesburg, also helped forward our work very materially, in an indirect manner. For this we have to express our gratitude more especially to Principal J. Hofmeyr and to Mr. J. Rheinallt Jones.

To the favour of the Mariannahill Missionary Society, the Rev. A. Hanon and Messrs. C. Faye and Jowitt we are beholden for several of the illustrations illuminating our pages, without which much of the value of the book were lost.

And now our task is done. Self-imposed, it was entered on and brought to completion entirely as a private pastime, a work of love. Having no means of our own to cover the expense of necessary travel, and no pecuniary aid ever having been forthcoming from without, we gathered our material casually, as we went through life and as occasions offered. So far as we know (at the time of writing), no public fund or South African Government, be it of the Union or of Natal, has ever considered the systematic collection and preservation of Native history as worth the outlay of one brass farthing or the expenditure of one hour's labour—a grim reflection, indeed, of the Whiteman's consistent and deliberate neglect of Native interests in the past.

The natural consequence of all this will be immediately apparent to the reader of this book, in the superficiality and incompleteness of our poor effort to make the deficiency good. To our lasting regret we were compelled to sit idle, while the aged Natives, whose memories alone enshrined the treasures of early history, died away around us and became extinct; documents and libraries

had to be left unconsulted ; much of the country to remain unvisited ; the past story of many of the clans to survive in nothing but their name. And all this can never more be remedied or recovered ; time and opportunities are for ever passed ! Such shortsightedness and lack of literary interest in the Native people on the part of past British Governments in South Africa, can be stigmatized as nothing less than an everlasting disgrace.

Then, at the eleventh hour, and for the first time in our long experience, there came into power a South African Government that recognized our effort and the need, namely, that of General Hertzog, in union with his able counsellors and administrators in Native Affairs, Major Herbst, Charles Wheelwright, Esq., C.M.G., and Dr. C. T. Loram. The sympathy and generosity extended to us and our work by these, despite its coming when our book was well-nigh written, has largely compensated, so far as we are personally concerned, for shortcomings in the past, and has secured for the South African public the fruits of our labour.

It is to be regretted that, owing to need of economy, the Union Government has been able to insert only a few of the more than 100 photographs supplied for illustrating our book.

For the same reason, the Government appointed its own official reviser to reduce the great bulk of our manuscript. The work of re-editing was done with much patience and consideration ; but, as a natural consequence, the critical reader will not fail to detect in the present text frequent evidence of two hands and two heads having been at work, with the result that several inconsistencies of typing and arrangement are apparent, as well as two differing styles of writing and expression ; for all which no responsibility whatsoever rests upon—

THE AUTHOR.

CYNTRA, HILLSIDE ROAD,
HARPENDEN, ENGLAND,
January 1, 1929.

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of some works containing casual references to the Natives of Kaffraria, Natal and Zululand in earlier times ; or else simply referred to in our pages.

The titles in **black print** indicate the only works of special bearing on our subject. The list is compiled to suit the needs of the student of Native *Tribal* (Political), not *Descriptive* (Anthropological) history.

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NOTE ON ZULU PRONUNCIATION AND ORTHOGRAPHY

As regards the pronunciation of Zulu names, we may give the rough rule that all vowels are to receive the 'continental' sounds, all consonants the English.

Over the vowel in Zulu names a sign will be sometimes noted. This sign *does not denote any stress* on the particular syllable, the stress in Zulu, with few exceptions, being regularly on the penult, but indicates that the *immediately preceding consonant* should receive the *open* (expired or exploded) form of consonantal enunciation. Where such sign is absent, the *closed* form of utterance is to be employed. Owing to the fact that the proof-reading had to be done in England, away from all reference-books, notes, and Natives, an occasional error may have crept in in the imposition or omission of these diacritic marks.

We may state here that, so far, no general agreement has been reached as to the most correct and most practical method of reducing Zulu speech to writing. *The system of orthography for various reasons herein adopted does not altogether meet with the present writer's approval*; thus, he would have preferred to write *ndz* instead of *nz*, as more consistent and correct. He refrained from doing so out of deference to the wish of others.

Zulu names of little-known rivers and places are frequently given in their locative form for the benefit of Zulu speakers.

OLDEN TIMES IN ZULULAND AND NATAL

CHAPTER I

THE WHITE MAN DISCOVERS THE BLACK IN SOUTH-EAST AFRICA (A.D. 1497)

ONE summer day—it was the 25th of December in the year 1497 A.D.—a Bantu man (or perhaps we should more correctly say, in the singular, a Muntu), emerging from the dense bush on the seashore near Durban, beheld a wonderful sight. There before him, on the blue waters of the ocean, rode four monsters of the deep, such as no man of his tribe had ever seen before. Their great black hulks floated upon the waters, and from their backs were spread out to the wind huge white wings. Slowly from right to left and left to right they rocked, and, as they rocked, they moved heavily forward towards the north, where at length they vanished altogether from sight.

Well was the peace of mind of that poor man disturbed ; for this was indeed a mighty portent. And what it foretold was that which you to-day see round about you—white men and large towns, schools and churches. For these sea-monsters were none other than the ships of the Portuguese Admiral, Vasco da Gama. They were the head of that great procession of white men that was to follow in their wake. From their decks now looked forth those first European eyes that ever gazed on this our land. And since it was Christmas Day, the pious mariners named the land NATAL, which word in their language signified ' the Birthday of Our Saviour.' They knew nought of the pair of black Bantu eyes peering at the mysterious apparition from the bush on the shore ; and so, with this passing gift of a blessed name, they bid our land farewell and continued on their way.

Twelve days elapsed, and the four ships might have been seen peacefully rolling at anchor in Delagoa Bay (or at the mouth of the Limpopo river). The men from the ships had gone ashore, and, surrounded by grass huts and a throng of gaping savages,

were now busy, by sign and gesture, exchanging copper for ivory and food. First brought to light by the old-world Arabs and then abandoned by them in the African darkness, the eastern Bantu were now again, after hundreds of years, refound by Portuguese sailors in the same old home and the same unaltered state.

Fifty years passed by. Then "Manuel de Sousa (whom may God forgive) set out on this unfortunate voyage from Cochim on the 3rd of February, 1552,"¹ to become, much to his painful surprise, immortalized in history as the first unwilling explorer of Ngûniland.

A short fifty-five years before, on Christmas Day, 1497, as already said, the intrepid navigator, Vasco da Gama, sailing on his way from Portugal to the discovery of India, had passed along the coast of Pondoland and Natal and named that portion of it from the Umtata to the Bluff, the *Terra de Natal* (the Christmas Land).²

And now sails by, onward to its doom, the rich and stately galleon, the *Santo Joao*, with the gallant *capitao*, Manoel de Sousa, in command, and bearing merchandise from India for the King of Portugal worth a million pieces in gold. But—

The Moving Finger writes ; and having writ,
 Moves on : nor all thy Piety nor Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
 Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

—O. KHAYYAM.

So the good ship's fate was writ and sealed ; its course was run. A terrific storm here encountered it (18th June, 1552), and dashed it to pieces on the rocks, thereabout where Pondoland now joins Natal (31° S. Lat.). Of the 530 souls on board, only 180 were Portuguese ; the rest were slaves, Indian, Javanese, Japanese and the like. Happily, almost all were saved—only to await a crueller death !

For two fell days they all sat hopeless on the strand ; then, on the third, a gladdening sight appeared—nine Black Brothers stood by them on the hill. Relief, they felt, was nigh ; but these stood silent there, then left them to their fate—from first to last distrusting and in fear.

These Africans, mute, perplexed and awed, were the first South-Eastern Bantu ever to set eyes on European man ; the first ever seen by European eyes. And they were the **Ngûni** folk, amidst whom here we live and of whom we now propose to write

A lengthy account, regrettably devoid of any ethnological enlightenment, has been left us of the *via dolorosa* subsequently so nobly and heroically trodden by de Sousa and his party throughout the length of Natal, Zululand and Tongaland, till finally, one by one, almost all had dropped out upon the way, most from exhaustion, starvation or disease, some becoming demented, all at last, male and female alike, being stripped of all clothing and possessions, only 25, of whom 17 were slaves, ultimately reaching safety at Mozambique, after a whole year's torture of body and of mind.

Time after time storm-beaten vessels, Portuguese, English and Dutch, were cast upon the rock-bound Ngúni coast, and every time a fresh quantum, insignificant indeed as a rule, of foreign blood, Indian, Malayan, Arabic or European, was poured into the veins of the Ngúni folk around.

But these were casual and unpremeditated accidents ; and it was not until the early part of the nineteenth century that the White Race forced a deliberate and permanent entry into this part of the African's homeland. Then, as of yore the Ancient Britons had succumbed to an invasion of the Romans, so now the primitive Ngúnis, of Kafraria and Natal and Zululand, were doomed to lose their motherland, their sovereignty and their simple civilization, to another invasion of the Modern British.

The good old rule
Sufficeth still, the simple plan,
That they should take, who have the power,
And they should keep, who can.

—*Apologies to Wordsworth.*

The natives of South-Eastern Africa we distinguish as of three separate families,* which we call respectively **Ngúni**, in Zulu-

* For the purpose of this history, a generally recognized primary variety of the human species distinguished by special physiological peculiarities, we term a **race**, as the Negro race—of which the Bantu form a **division**, geographically, linguistically and culturally distinct ; a specialized section of such race, or race-division, we term a **family**, as the Ngúni family ; a specialized section of a family, a **branch**, as the Tekela-Ngúni branch ; a specialized section of a branch, a **group**, as the eMbó group ; a specialized section of a group, a **clan**, such being now a collection of 50 to 500 families, all tracing their ancestry, through four to eight generations, back to a common father, whose living representative now rules as the clan's chieftain—thus, the Ndwandwe clan. A specialized section of a clan, nominally distinct, but without an independent chieftain, we term a **sub-clan** or **sept**, as the Mfekane sub-clan or sept of the Ndwandwes ; and a specialized section of a sub-clan we term, in ignorance of another name, a **nept**, as the Jele of the Mfekanes—if a sub-clan can be accounted a ' daughter ' of the ' mother-clan,' we submit that the offspring of a sub-clan may as appropriately be called a ' grand-daughter ' (Lat. **nept-is**).

A number of now separate and independent clans, all of a common descent, and dwelling, as a rule, in close association, we term a **tribe**, as the Témbú tribe. A collection of tribes, clans, or individuals, not necessarily mutually related, but deprived of independence and subject to a single common ruler, we term a

land, the Transvaal, Natal and the Cape; **Sutú**, in the Transvaal, Free State and Basutoland; and **Tóngá**, in Northern Zululand and Portuguese East Africa.

We have designated the first of the above types 'Ngúni' because **abaNgúni** was the name by which, in times gone by, these people generically distinguished themselves from the other two types around them. Of all the Bantu race probably no single tribal family has produced so many great and famous political stars—conquerors, statesmen, social organizers, and wise, progressive, high-minded rulers—as has this of the Ngúnis. Dingiswayo and Shaka, founders of the Zulu nation; Khama and Moshesh (Mshweshwe), both of baKoni origin, and founders, the first of the Ngwató, the second of the Sutú nation; Soshangane, conqueror of Portuguese East Africa; Mzilikazi, of Southern Rhodesia; Sibitwane, of Upper Zambezia; Zwangendaba, of Nyasaland—were all alike scions of this transcendent Ngúni stock.

All three families, Ngúni, Tóngá, and Sutú, together with numerous other such families covering the whole of the African continent from ocean to ocean and as far north as the Sudan, pertain to the Negroid **Bantu** race.* The migratory trend of this race, before the present state of universal stabilization was reached in recent times, was mostly from north to south; but the ancestors of the three South African families just mentioned parted company on their downward march in the central continent, perhaps more than a thousand years ago, and since then the speech, customs and physique of their respective offspring have taken a course of natural development along widely different lines. The mutual relationship at this present stage, philological as ethnological, between the aforesaid Ngúni, Sutú, and Tóngá Bantu families, may be likened to that existing in Europe between the English, Germans and Scandinavians of the Nordic race. And of our Bantu triad, the Sutú family may be said to display, in language, character and culture, a slightly heavier bias towards the Tóngá than towards the Ngúni family; while the Ngúni family, on its part and in the same respects, seems more nearly akin to the Sutú than to the Tóngá—the Sutús thus representing a species of intermediate type.

nation, as the Zulu nation founded by Shaka. A collection of still independent tribes or clans, mutually related or otherwise, all owning allegiance to a single suzerain, we term an **empire**, as the Mtétwá empire founded by Dingiswayo.

* The term 'Bantu,' as applied to these Negroid Africans, was first employed by the great philologist, Dr. Bleek, of Capetown. The word was drawn from the language of these people themselves, it being the term by which they distinguish themselves from other races, though in reality signifying simply 'People,' all others being regarded as 'mere nondescripts.'

That all the Southern Bantu, the Ngúnis of the coast, the Sutús of the interior, the Hêreros of the west, descended originally from the north, is obvious—they could have come from nowhere else. We do not think, however, that in their coming they crossed the, to them impassable, Zambezi—more than a mile in breadth even at the Victoria Falls!—by any eastern, or even central, crossing. We prefer to believe that, moving with their cattle, large and small, totally unacquainted with canoes or water-life, and never pressed for time, they elected then, as ever, urged by their insuperable racial instinct, to 'get round' the obstacie, rather than to get over it. Even 100 miles from its source, about Nyakatoro, Colonel Harding was astonished to find the Zambezi with "a strong current" and "fully a mile wide at most places."³ They crossed the river, then, or rounded it about its sources—perhaps a 1000 years ago—dropping, as they did so, and prior to any contact with the Bushmen, the proto-Hêreros to populate the west. Thence they swung round into the central pasture-lands between Lake Ngami and the Upper Zambezi, at that time swarming with herds of game, and found themselves in Bushman's Paradise.

Here a new and difficult problem confronted them—tiny yellow men, more wily than themselves, more treacherous and aggressive than the beasts, contested their very rights to cattle, land and life. They must now perforce either fight, be pauperized, or die; and so this endless warfare with the pygmy foe, while causing a marked recession in all arts and industries of peace, trained them into a warrior race. Captured Bushwomen became common in their homes as concubines and slaves, and sometimes, it is plain, as mothers. And the children, ignorant of the consequences, adopted as their own, but in a Bantuized form, much of the slave-girl's speech and grew up with it on their tongues. Hence the clicks in Nguni speech.

Proceeding south-eastwards on their way, out of the reach of Bushmen cattle-thieves, away from the barren and waterless Kalahari that blocked progress on their right, the great Ngúni trek came to an end at last somewhere about the headwaters of the Limpopo. Into this southern continent these were the very first of Bantu arrivals.

Keane, it is true, has surmised⁴ that the *beChwana* Sutú were an older race and earlier arrivals, owing, as he says, to their still retaining the totemic system. Precisely for that selfsame reason we prefer to believe them a less primitive race and later arrivals than our Ngúni. We feel sure that the totemic system was not an aboriginal institution among the early Bantu, and if it exist now—which we do not grant, preferring to believe that the

so-called 'totems' are but the names of venerated ancestors—then it must have been an aftergrowth naturally developing out of the Bantu habit, first, of naming persons after animals (as well as other objects and events); secondly, of worshipping their ancestors, by which tribal celebrities (together with their names and the particular objects thereby signified) came after death to be profoundly venerated by their clan. Add to this the fact that in Chwana speech not a single click-sound is known, and it will become immediately apparent that they must have entered upon the South African field after the Bushmen had already been cleared therefrom by the click-using Ngúnis who preceded them.

But now, in the north-western region of the Transvaal, our wandering Ngúnis—we will not say horde, for numbers must have been very small in those ancient times—dispersed, continuing their roamings in separate parties, along divers paths.

1. One of these parties elected to remain behind, there where they were, in or about the upper Limpopo region. Their descendants, though of much diluted blood, are the local **baKoni** (= *Z. abaNgúni*) clans, the *baHúrutse*, *baKwena*, *ba-ma-Ngwátó*, *baNgwáketsi* and others of these present days.

After their brothers had departed for the coast, there came, from the north or north-east, a quite new and foreign Bantu element—we think, of a Venda-Karanga type—building in stone and earth, wearing a loin or breech-cloth, speaking a clickless language of the 'mono-prefixal' family, greater in numbers than they, who, mixing with them in blood-relationship, created a new hybrid Bantu type, with a new hybrid tongue, which to-day we call the **Sutú** * (see p. 308). It was from the original **baKoni** element that the new hybrid tongue received its click-sounds, as well as certain of its word-roots; but most of these latter, together with the monosyllabic prefixal forms, were imported by the northern intruders. Naturally, the distinctive 'Ngúni' character of the central *baKoni* has since become, racially, culturally and linguistically, almost entirely obliterated; yet, notwithstanding, the old distinctive name 'baKoni' still clings to them. These are they whom we term **Western-Ngúnis** or, alternatively, **Sutú-Ngúnis**.

2. After the arrival of the northern intruders into western Ngúniland, and while the two strains were still in process of blending, a portion of the Ngúnis, with blood but slightly affected by foreign adulteration and speech but slightly tainted in its

* Under this generic name we include all such Bantu of the Transvaal, Bechuanaland, Swaziland, Free State and Basutoland, as are distinguished as **abeSutú** by their *abaNgúni* neighbours. The term therefore includes the *beChwana*.

pronunciation, launched out upon a new migration of its own, seawards. These were they who, from their peculiar system of phonetics, were known among their kindred as **Tekela-Ngúnis** (fr. *Z. uku-tekela*, to pronounce certain consonants in the manner peculiar to these people).

(a) Already near the coast, these Tekela-Ngúnis sub-divided once more into two separate bodies. Of these, the one wheeled south from about the Komati river, along the outskirts of modern Swaziland, and for a period occupied the country between the Lubombó—local locative form *eluBombó*, Zulu *oBonjeni*—range and the sea, southward of Delagoa Bay. There they became known as the *abaMbó* or *aba-s-eMbó*, and they were still there when the Portuguese, who termed them *vaMbe*, first traversed those parts at the end of the 16th century.⁵ After a sojourn below the Lubombó, the *abaMbó* trekked again *en masse* in search of more salubrious climes. Some entered modern Swaziland; others peopled Northern Zululand; others passed onward into the Vryheid and Utrecht districts; some wheeled round still further south, crossed the Mzinyati—i.e. the Buffalo river—and peopled the upper half of modern Natal. All these are they whom, in our classification, we term the **Mbó** or **eMbó**, or, alternatively, **Dlamini** or **Swazi Ngúnis**.

(b) The second portion of the Tekela-Ngúnis pushed likewise seawards, but still further ahead, or perhaps more slightly to the north. There they struck the vanguard of the foreign *Tonga-Bantu*, probably of the Gwamba type, then streaming southwards along the East Coast. After closely associating with these, and meanwhile picking up something of their blood, their manners and their speech, they struck camp once more and, wheeling about—the *eMbó-Ngúnis* having already shifted from the Lubombó region inland—became the head of the Bantu procession, marching southwards along the coast, first through modern Zululand, later into the lower half of Natal. There, as an entirely new section, of **Tonga-Ngúnis**, they eventually joined hands, in the upper Tükela district, with their brothers, the *eMbó-Ngúnis*, who had wheeled round to the south by the inland side of the circle.

Among these *Tonga-Ngúnis* we note at least three different strains, each with its own dialect and customs, which we here distinguish as the **Mtétwá**, the **Lala**, and the **Debe** groups.

3. We now retrace our steps, in time and place, back to the original Ngúni home (*Xo. ebuNgúni*), 600 years ago, in the upper Limpopo region.

Prior to the advent there of the northern Sutoid foreigners, while the Ngúni blood and speech and life were still pure—save

for some linguistic Bushman taint—a portion of the family, seized afresh with *Wanderlust*, moved abroad to explore still other lands unknown. These too headed towards the east and, about the south-eastern corner of the modern Transvaal, settled, unsullied by either Sutoid or Tongan contamination, the last and only remnant of the original **Pure Ngúnis**.

About the year 1500 this branch of the family broke up in twain anew. A moiety, remaining where they were, came to form our modern **Ntungwa** (*Z. abaNtungwa*) group of Pure Ngúnis, from whom the Zulus take their descent; the other, ancestors of the Xóza and Témбу tribes, crossed the Mzinyati, whereafter the Témбú, passing straightway down Natal, reached the sea somewhere in the region of Durban or the South Coast,* whence they later moved over the Mzimkúlu, being, it is thought, the first to reach Kafraria. The Xózas, on the other hand, wended their way nearer the Drakensberg, into Griqualand East and so to the south, where they found the Témбú already in possession; and there both tribes together formed our so-called **Xóza** group of Pure Ngúnis (or alternatively the **Southern Ngúnis**).

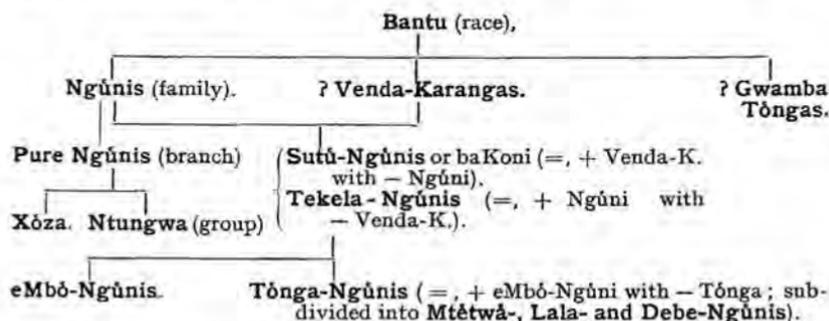
But even before the aforesaid separation in south-eastern Transvaal, as an unfortunate set-off against the happy preservation of their blood, these Pure Ngúnis were here doomed to suffer still further damage to their speech by the infliction of two other root-clicks. In the solitudes and caverns of the Drakensberg region wild game and wild man, driven from the central plateau by intruding Bantu, had congregated in greater mass than ever. With these homeless and lawless Bushman hunters our Pure-Ngúni remnant now came into contact to an extent and intensity never experienced before. Although, as ever, successfully resisting all temptation to intermarriage (as a general custom) with these 'human animals,' as the Ngúnis called them—any

* It were interesting to note in this connection that the survivors of the *Stavenisse*, wrecked in Alexandra County (Lat. 30-31), Natal, on the 16th Feb., 1686, inform us that the natives dwelling in the neighbourhood of the wreck "have tobacco and smoke it" [Bird, *A.N.*, I., 32], and that they are called 'the Temboes' [*ib.*, 41]. Both custom and name fit our Témбú very well. Other survivors, however, of the selfsame wreck describe the natives thereabout as 'Emboas' (*ib.*, 47). This plainly indicates the presence there of eMbó-Ngúnis. And yet we know of no tradition that the eMbós indulged in tobacco-smoking as a general tribal practice. Further, we know none of the recognized eMbó clans—the Dlamini-Mkize group,—which at that period were domiciled in or about Alexandra County, on the south coast of Natal. Who, then, could these 'Emboas' have been? It is here that we find one of our most compelling reasons for believing that the modern Mpondos, of Pondoland—who, like the Témбú, still retain the custom of pipe-smoking—are of eMbó extraction and that the 'Emboas' referred to were they.

offspring would probably have been killed or driven off, or carried away to their own people by escaping Bushman mothers, giving rise in later times to such mongrel Bantu-Bushmen types as still inhabit the Kalahari—the Ngúni speech, through the now greater number of captured Bushman slave-girls, became adulterated with Bushman sounds and words to a degree unknown on the Limpopo. This was especially the case with the **Xóza** section of the family, which, during its wanderings to the south along the outskirts of the Greater Drakensberg and its subsequent settlement on the plains of Kafraria, everywhere and continuously encountered the fullest measure of Bushman harassment and association.

At the time of the Ntungwa-Xóza separation, the Ngúni language was one, spoken alike by Xózas and Témbús down south and by Zulus, Kúmalos,* and others up north. As centuries progressed, old words and forms fell out here and newer came in there, each section developing its speech along different lines, till to-day Ntungwa and Xóza are separated by a quite considerable extent of dialectical difference in speech. The Xóza language, it may be noted, has still preserved for us the old-time term *ebuNgúni* (Nguniland—there whence they came) as signifying 'in the West.'

The essence of all this, condensed into tabulated form, gives us the following:—



* These are simply terms of present ethnographic convenience, distinguishing some of the more recently formed divisions of the original Ngúni family. As a matter of fact, at the early period of which we are writing, the tribes or clans—Zulus, Kúmalos, etc.—here mentioned, or some of them, did not yet even exist as such. We refer here to their unknown ancestors. As regards the name 'Témbú,' on the other hand, we think this must have been in existence even prior to the general Ngúni break-up as the common appellation of a special branch of the family; for it were hard to suppose that two so distantly separated groups of Ngúnis, one in Zululand, the other in the Transkei, could have decided simultaneously and independently to call themselves *abaTémbú*. This may have been the case also with the name *amaXóza*.

We may now safely return 'to our sheep,' with some better understanding as to their origin.

That doleful march of Manoel de Sousa and his half-a-thousand shipwrecked comrades from Pondoland to Lourenço Marques in the year 1552 supplies for us the very earliest page of Ngúni-Bantu history.

But the man, Zulu, even at that so recent date, was not yet born, and the Zulu clan not yet in being. Ngúni men indeed there were, scattered all along de Sousa's route. But who were they? Were they, perchance, those Tõnga-Ngúni clans subsequently found settled along the coast 250 years after and 100 years ago, when the first white colonists arrived, and as shown located on our map (see *Map of the Ngúni Clans*)? We turn to de Sousa; but he meets us with a blank and nescient stare. Forty-one years later, however, Fate staged for us another catastrophe and another march along the wonted trail—Nuno Velho Pereira now, at the head of a troop of survivors of the ship *Santo Alberto*, run ashore in a sinking condition near Mzimvubu river, 32° S. Lat., in the year 1593, its former cargo now wending their weary way overland to that common haven of hope, Lourenço Marques.⁶ Fortunately, among the troop was a thoughtful man, the pilot, who kept a diary, and so set up for us a few faint lights along the way.

In several paragraphs, he describes for us the natives whom they met—their huts, their food, their dress and all the rest. Much in his description were applicable enough also to Hottentot folk; but every time he ventures an example of their speech, he proves beyond a doubt that they were Bantu, and Bantu withal of our Ngúni type.

Away south in Pondoland nearest the wreck (32° S. L.) and again away north at Lake Sibáyi (27° 27' S. L.) nearest to Tõnga territory, the travellers were greeted with cries of *Nanhata!* (= *Nanyata*), whereas in the intermediate zone about the Mngéni and Tongaat rivers (29° 45' S. L.) the cry was changed, to wit, *Alala!*⁷

Although we cannot identify the expression *Nanyata* with any word at present used in Ngúni speech—the old Tõnga-Ngúni speech unfortunately having now become almost completely obsolete and lost—nevertheless it seems clear that this *Nanyata* was but the modern Zulu *nanaza* (mostly now *naneza*, *nanezela*) in disguise—from the reciprocal verbal root, *nana* (comp. Z. *na*, together, with), signifying to 'do mutually'; hence, have mutual relationship; hence (commercially), exchange goods, barter, sell, trade with, and (socially) exchange compliments, congratulate, greet, cheer, shout with joy, as when welcoming any agreeable

appearance or event.' In Tõnga-Ngũni (= Tekela). speech, wherein a Zulu *z* always became a closed *t*, and a Zulu *nz* a closed *d*, the Zulu *nanaza* would naturally become *nanata*. Our supposition, then, would entirely fit the circumstances, and would moreover show that both at the Mzimvubu and at Lake Sibáyi the speakers must have been of the Tekela-Ngũni, either eMbõ or Lala, type.

As having some bearing on this, we may cite a note from our *Zulu-English Dictionary*, published in 1904 (p. 402). There the following entry will be found:—

u or **i(II)**-**Nanabahùle**, *n.*, fabulous river-animal—see *i-nTatábulembù*.

N.B.—Children going down to draw water at the pool where this animal is supposed to dwell, would sing, *Nanahùlé! Nanahùlé!* (accent on final), *ji! kwasho umfana kamama, wati, angoza kucela ingúbo kuNanahùlé. ji!* *Nanahùlé, Nanahùlé!* fling it over here! my mother's son has said I should come and beg a blanket of Nanahùlé. Here you are!

Such was a custom—since, with all other children's games, utterly died out—which survived in Zululand till thirty years ago. The 'river-pool' (*isiZiba*) was the sea, and the 'river-animal,' *nanahule*, the Whiteman. *Nanahùlé* (accent on final syllable) was in reality *nana! hùlé*, exchange-with-us, thou-hurray-man, and *nanabahùlé* was *nana! baHùlé*, exchange, ye-hurray-men. In those early times the joyful shout, hurray!, would naturally be the first to rise to the lips of starving shipwrecked English mariners when espying a human brother; and the latter, on his part, not knowing what else to call the strange visitor, would naturally coin for him as name 'an-hurray-man,' the English sound 'hurray' becoming the Zulu *hùlé*. The interjection, *ji!* (expressing a flinging of anything) had reference to the practice common then of transacting trade by each party throwing (*ji!*) his wares on the ground and then withdrawing while the other picked them up.

Another version of the saying ran "*Nanabulembù! Nanabulembù! Wopùma, ungitshela. Ngitunywe ngumnewetù kababa, Wati, angobinca umutsha wenanabulembù. Isihlangu senanabulembù angisipáti*" (Nanabulembù! Nanabulembù! You must come out and tell me. I have been sent by my father's senior brother, who said I should wear a girdle of nanabulembù. I do not carry a shield of nanabulembù.) Different interpretations of this old saying are given. Personally we think the word *nanabulembù* signified a 'cloth-seller,' i.e. a Whiteman—see under *uluLembù, ubuLembù, inTatábulembù, uNanabahùle*, in the author's *Zulu-English Dictionary*. The obscure expression, 'a shield of

nanabulembú,' it has been suggested, may mean 'a sheet for making *nanabulembú*,' i.e. presumably cloth. Recollecting, however, the old Zulu habit of carrying a small shield for use as a parasol, we would like rather to wonder whether the reference may not have been to the white man's umbrella, or even to his coat or cloak.

The *Santo Alberto* pilot then proceeds to tell us that the natives they met—he does not say at which precise point on their journey—named their chief an *Ancosse*, which, being interpreted, signifies *inKosi*.⁸ This is manifestly a Pure Ngúni (Zulu-Xóza) expression, the Tónga Ngúnis (Lalas) having used the form, *iYosi*, *iHosi*, or *iWosi*, to signify 'a chief.' Plainly somewhere along the course between the Mzimvubu (St. John's river) and the town of Lourenço Marques, Pure Ngúni (Zulu-Xóza) clans were already in possession. And this supposition is confirmed by two other facts, viz. that midway on their march the welcoming shout became *Alala!*⁹ in place of *Nanhata!* and, secondly, that in the same district one of the natives—always styled 'chiefs' by the Portuguese scribe—described himself as *Mabomborucassobelo*, another as *Inhanze*,¹⁰ a third as *Gogambampolo*.¹¹ For all these are Pure Ngúni (Xóza-Zulu), not Tekela-Ngúni, forms, being when correctly written simply *Mabombóru kaSobela* (M., son-of-Sobela), *Nyanzi* and *ngókaMbámpolo* (I am son of Mbampolo). Both Zulus and Xózas have still in use a 'greeting or congratulatory cheer,' *Hálala!*, signifying 'welcome!', 'hurrah!', 'bravo!.' The sound *nz*, as well as the prefix *ka*, were both unknown in *Tekela* speech. In place of *Inhanze* (= *Nyanzi*) and *Mabombóru kaSobela*, the *Tekela*-speaking Lala would have used, respectively, *Mwadi* and *Mabombóru waSobela*. And all this 'pure Ngúni' speech was met with (1593) apparently in the Mngéni-Tongaat district of Natal, nowhere near which any Pure Ngúnis (Zulu-Xózas) were longer located when, a hundred years ago, the first white settlers came; none but Lala and Debe Tónga-Ngúnis.

A confusing element is certainly the letter *r* in the last-mentioned name; for nobody with such a name as *Mabombóru* could ever have been a Pure Ngúni, those people having no *r* in their language—though they have, more especially the Xóza speakers, gutturalized aspirates, sometimes written with an *r*, at others with an *h*, which may well have been the sounds actually uttered. We feel sure these Ngúni Natalians could have been none other than Témbú migrants recently come to the coast

It is notorious that European travellers among primitive peoples are, linguistically, hardly ever reliable. But from the evidence of the Portuguese scribe so much seems fairly certain, that about the end of the 16th century (1593) Zulu-Xóza-speaking

natives were already in settlement somewhere in the vicinity of what is now Durban.

¹ From a pamphlet account in the British Museum—*Theal's Records*, I., 128.

² *Ib.*, I., 4, 129; II., 284, 313.

³ C. Harding, *Remotest Barotseland*, 120; F. S. Arnot, R. Geog. Soc. *Journal*, Jan., 1889, 77.

⁴ *B.S.*, 125.

⁵ *Theal, P.E.A.*, 176.

⁶ MS. by Joao Baptista Lavanha, 1597—*Theal's R.*, II., 225, 283.

⁷ *Ib.*, 292, 333; 315, 321.

⁸ *Ib.*, 294.

⁹ *Ib.*, 256, 317.

¹⁰ *Ib.*, 257, 318.

¹¹ *Ib.*, 320.

CHAPTER 2

THE NGUNI FAMILY FALLS TO PIECES (1500-1600 A.D.)

THE Ongoye hill-range, with a mantle of dark-green forest covering its heaving bosom, lies stretching away seawards from near Eshowe town (in Zululand) till well within range of the roar of the surf. There it lay, already before man was, silently looking down upon the broad Mhlatuze valley lying along its northern flank, and the Mlalazi plains on the south.

The Mhlatuze valley, flat, sultry and arid, yet fertile enough when the rain-god blessed, was overgrown with stunted jungly thorn-bush. All but as old as the overlooking hills, it had at this long last been rudely awakened to a newer life. Cleared patches amidst its jungly overgrowth spoke of human habitations nestling in its bosom, stirring it to a new fecundity.

It was about the year 1670 when a Nguni man and his family, Malandela, son of Luzumane, by name, appeared on the river's banks, chopping wattles and cutting grass—there on the valley-flat between the emaNdawe hill and the river, maybe some eight miles north-east of Eshowe town; left, off the Empangeni road.

From this Malandela the Zulus took their rise. Alas! such children of his as we have interviewed, never professed to know very much even of their own parentage, much less of his. All we could glean from them was that their father, Malandela, hailed from the eBabanango hill, there where the Mhlatuze rises (see map). The profounder of their lorists thought his father's name was Luzumane, others suggested Lufenulwenja; and that he and they were members of a vanished **aba-kwa-Ntselö** (? **Ntsele**) clan, others suggesting **Gumede**. The consequence of all this is that nought

remains to us than to grope our way alone through this dark void 400 years in length, discerning what we can as we go, with but few clues to guide us

To sum up, then, 500 years ago, at a guess, our so-called Pure Ngúnis had already left their *baKoni* brethren at the Limpopo, and been left themselves by the eMbó and Tóngá-Ngúnis gone off towards Portuguese East Africa; and had settled as a separate tribe about the south-eastern corner of the Transvaal.

Four hundred years ago that horde broke up, Xózas and Témbús betaking themselves to the Cape, leaving their Ntungwa brethren behind. After the Témbús and Xózas had gone, the Ntungwas too moved, party by party, first into the Utrecht and Vryheid districts, then into the heart of Zululand. In that general movement Malandela participated. We call these Ngúnis left behind, the 'Ntungwas' (*Z. abaNtungwa*). That is in some degree a term of convenience; for quite a number of the clans to whom we here apply the name, disown it. Personally and for the present we prefer to think that, owing to separation or isolation (as e.g. with the Qwabes after their removal to the coast, where they were surrounded by Tóngá and eMbó-Ngúnis) these protestants gradually lost the tradition, and so the name. If they were not Ntungwas, we know not what they were; and we challenge them to tell us. The Ntungwa-Ngúnis relate that they "came down (from the interior) with the large corn-baskets" (*b'ehla ngesiLulu*)—huge, gourd-shaped baskets, woven of strong grass, a yard in width and depth, in which grain was stored. Or were it perchance more correct to translate here, 'came down on account of the *iziLulu*'—the *iziLulu* (corn-baskets) being but a nickname for those unknown strangers (who appeared with such baskets) already encroaching from the north upon the Ngúni Limpopo preserve and there gradually elbowing the latter out? The evidence does not warrant a belief that the *iziLulu* were an original Ngúni institution, or that they 'came down with them'; for these baskets have at all times been but sparsely known in Zululand, Natal and the Cape. True, among the north Transvaal *baKwena* (who belong to the *baKoni* group of Sutús) there exists a clan calling itself the 'People of the Corn-baskets' (*baTlahla*). But the corn-basket there intended must, we think, be the local equivalent of the Zulu *iQóma* (*vide* author's *Z.E.D.*, in *Tlahle*), not the *isiLulu* (which in southern Sutú speech is called *liSiu*).

Simultaneously with the Ntungwas, the eMbó and Tóngá Ngúnis grew also restless. From the Kómáti (enKomazi) river the former moved south, down the Lubombó hills, up the Póngolo river, south through the Vryheid district, over the Mzinyati into

the uplands of Natal. From about Delagoa Bay the latter hugged the coast, likewise to the south, passed through lower Zululand, over the Túkela, round into the midlands of Natal. Between these two arms the Ntungwas now found themselves hemmed in. But the family was re-united once more, and formed for us our block of **Eastern Ngúnis**.

Thus far we have spoken only of larger racial masses, of Bantu 'families' like the Ngúnis, or 'groups' within those families, like the Ntungwas. But families and groups alike were but major and minor aggregates of 'clans'; for the fundamental unit in the Bantu political system was the clan, i.e. the magnified family, in which all alike were descended from the same original ancestor, all were now ruled by that ancestor's direct living representative, and all (at least in those times), dwelt and moved together in one great block, but did not intermarry, mates being sought outside. A Bantu 'group' might comprise a score of clans, with a hundred sub-clans; and a 'family,' half a dozen groups.

In connection with these clans, we may add a note on names. Each Ngúni native sported at least three names: (1) a personal name, *iGamu*, equivalent to our 'Christian' name, and usually being the name of some other person, animal, object, sentiment, or incident at birth, thus *Mbúbe* (Leo); (2) a clan-name, *isiBongo*, equivalent to our 'family' name, common to every member of the clan, which was usually the personal name of that clan's founder, or of his place, or commemorated some incident at the clan's birth, thus *Sibiya* or *eLangeni* (Stuart, Beauchamp); (3) a courtesy-title, *isiTákazelo*, likewise common to every member of the clan, which was usually the personal name of some ancient celebrity thereof and was now applied—properly, only in polite conversation—to any clansman who, by being called after him, felt participator in his glory; thus *Gumede*.

¶ So the Ngúnis broke up, and the clans got born. It was somewhere in the region of Vryheid and Utrecht that this happened—at least so far as the **Pure Ngúnis** are concerned; the date, 1500-1600 A.D. The whole Pure-Ngúni crowd was about to disperse on its great last lap, after a rambling run together 2000 years old and 3000 miles long, from distant Nyanzaland. And, in so far as we can with a tolerable measure of probability surmise, this is how it happened:—

| PURE NGŪNIS (Ntungwas) (from S.E. Transvaal). | TEKELA NGŪNIS (from Delagoa Bay). | |
|---|---|--|
| | eMbó Ngūnis | Tóngá Ngūnis |
| | A.D. 1500. Vanguard of eMbó Ngūnis (Mpondos) moves along coast of Zululand and Natal and occupies modern Pondoland (<i>Alberto</i> wreck, p. 10). | |
| A.D. 1550. T é m b ú s move through Natal to Durban coast (<i>Alberto</i> wreck, pp. 10-12, also 8). | 1550. eMbó Ngūnis (Dlamini) move through upper Zululand. | A.D. 1550. Vanguard of Tóngá Ngūnis (Debes) move south on to Zulu coast, thence into middle Natal (<i>Good Hope</i> wreck, 1685, Bird, <i>A.N.</i> , I. 35). |
| 1600. T é m b ú s move south into Kafraria. Mpondos blocking way on coast, pass inland into T é m b ú - land. | 1600. eMbó Ngūnis (Hlubi, Béle, Zizi) reach Vryheid, Mzinyati and upper Natal. | 1600. T ó n g á N g ū n i s (Lalas) move along Zulu coast. |
| — Xózas move S.E. by Natal - East Griqualand route into Kafraria, reaching Kei, under Togu, 1670. | | |
| 1650. Gwabinis (Zungus) and Qungebes move down to middle White Mfolozi. | | 1650. Mbónambi - Dubes (Mtétwá-Ngūnis) move down Zulu coast to Mhlatúze. |
| — Remnant of T é m b ú s move down to Zulu coast (enTseleni). | | — Lalas (Ngcobo, etc.) move up Lower Tükela. |
| 1670. Malandela party move to middle Mhlatúze. | | |
| 1700. Zulus and Sibiyas (from latter, Butélezis and Dlamini) return up - country to Mkúmbáne and Mtónjaneni. | 1700. K ú z e, M k l z e, Ngwáne, Ndwané move from L u b o m b ó into Swaziland, northern Zululand, Vryheid and Mzinyati. | 1700. Mtétwá - Celes move down to Zulu and Natal coast. |
| — Mbátás to Ntlatzatshe. | | |
| — Mabaso - Kúmalos to Nqutú. | | |

CHAPTER 3

MALANDELA GOES FORTH TO FOUND A TRIBE (c. 1670)

ABOUT the year 1670 A.D., then, Malandela—or Malandela's family; since some aver the old man died at Babanango, and we would like to agree with them—for some reason unknown, deemed a change advisable and 'went to the coast.' At the head of a file of kilted wives and bare-skinned children, each with a roll of mats, or millet, karosses, pots, or gourds upon the head, and driving before him a herd of cattle, small and large, this Zulu *uNkulunkulu* marched forth. The course he took led across the Mpembēni and Mkumbāne streams—a spot later to become the motherland of his descendant Zulus; then over the Mtōnjaneni heights down into the Mfule valley beyond.

That he should have selected for his travels this unpropitious season of mid-summer, looks suspicious—perhaps he too was but a fugitive *umTākati* (secret poisoner), already smelt-out, seeking to evade his creditors. Anyway, he and his bedraggled party marched down the left bank of the Mfule in torrents of rain. He and his managed to cross the river before it was too late. But laggard relatives dallied behind till the deep and raging waters were no longer fordable. Exhausted with hunger, cold and fatigue, and the bread-supply now being on the further side, these latter set out foraging for food. They discovered a field of wild-melon plants, then known as *iziNgādi*, now termed *izimBēce*, with fat, delicious melons (*amaNgādi* or *amaBēce*) in abundance. This, indeed, was manna in their wilderness; so when, on the morrow, the flood being down, Malandela hailed them to strike camp and march, they insubordinately replied, they had better work to do. "Oh! very well, then," shouted Malandela back, "stay where you are, with your dirty old *iNgājana!*" They did stay; and built them huts; and in due course 'took' wives, from somewhere, and eventually developed into a respectable independent clan, calling themselves **aba-s-emaNgādini** (Those among the Water-melons), and ruled in those early times by the leader of that particular section of the migrating party, namely, Yabana, son of Ngēma, son of Ntusi, son of Mafú. This Ngēma, as the clan's address-name of 'Gūmede' shows, was evidently of the same original clan as Malandela himself.

In Shaka's days Madlokovu, son of Mlaba—perhaps son of Yabana, or grandson—was head of the clan and took pains to keep on good terms with the despot throughout. Either Madlokovu or his father, however, received early attention from Dingiswayo (101), and was forced by him to hand over the cattle. What became of Madlokovu's offspring does not appear. In the reign of Cetshwayo, Sigcwelegcwele, son of Mhlekehleke, and *inDuna* of the *iNgobamakōsi* regiment, was the most prominent personage in the clan. Sigcwelegcwele was notorious, not only as part-instigator of the famous Mbōza-Ngōbamakōsi fight during Cetshwayo's coronation, but also as the discoverer of the original and convenient idea that *ukuHlobonga* (external intercourse) with one's 'sister' (= clanswoman) 'had no fault in it,' though contrary to all custom heretofore. Having once started the practice in his own family, it was soon adopted by most emaNgādini youths in Zululand—who, of course, invariably repel the aspersion when taxed! Among all other Zulu clans, such intercourse remains, as ever, naturally repulsive and prohibited, although not actually punishable.

As to the origin given above of the emaNgādini clan-name, we do not vouch for its absolute authenticity; nor are we fain to probe its truth.

The good old bishops took the simpler way;
 Each asked but what he heard his father say,
 Or how he was instructed in his youth;
 And by tradition's force upheld the truth.

—DRYDEN.

In this volume we shall ask the Native historian what his fathers told him, and pen it here; not, indeed, always as a traditional truth, but merely as a true tradition. And hereto we would append a word of counsel and of warning. As a general rule, we may say that every early Native historical tradition is based upon and born of fact; and secondly, that that basic fact is the only reliable element in the tradition. That the Malandela party, including that called the emaNgādini, trekked down from up-country, viâ the Mfulé valley and settled upon the Mhlatúze, may be taken as certainties; but the incidental inessentials may, or may not, actually have occurred. The various minor circumstances in the progress of an event do not appeal strongly to the Native mind; to it the only matter of real importance is the main issue, the fundamental fact. Each separate Native witness will report the same occurrence in a slightly different manner; will fix upon such details only as made an impression

upon his own mind, and repeat statements in his own wording ; and all alike will embellish their narrative according to their own peculiar gifts of verbosity or imagination. For the African Native mind is both highly imaginative and loose ; and those defects will display themselves in an ever-increasing degree as the tradition is handed on.

The main or Malandela party, then, having crossed the Mfule, pushed eagerly forward to take possession of the Promised Land and of the prospective overflow of milk and *tshwala* (beer). Ten miles more down the river, round the iNkwenkwe hill, then over the Mhlatúze, and they were home. Malandela at once sought out a genial building-site, and found it on a gently rising undulation higher up the valley, under the emaNdawe hill. Thereon he built a hut, which he facetiously named *ōDwini* (The Hornets'-Nest, from obs. *ūDwi*, a bees'-nest), and then installed therein his wife and family.

Malandela (Mr. Follower) came of a much-wived breed ; but we learn of no multitudinous offspring of his own. One wife he had, Nozinja (Mrs. Dogs).

Malandela was fated but to see the Promised Land, and die ; for the next scene reveals to us Nozinja with topknot dismantled—widowed. She finds her consolation in industrious field-work and thrift. She lines the river-banks with broad *uJiba* fields—the only kind of sorghum (*amaBele*) at that time known. The sale of the surplus corn brings her in a goat ; ere long the goat brings in a cow, and the cow becomes a herd. Qwabe, her eldest son, grew greatly charmed by the beauty of those all-white kine, and one day ventured to inquire of Mpungose, son of Páhla—a Gwabini * man, engaged as menial in the kraal—to whom they might belong. “To your mother,” said he. Whereupon covetous Qwabe sought to wheedle them out of his loving parent. She, however, rebuffed him with a sharp refusal. “Háwu !” she replied ; “and you the heir to all your father’s cattle ! What then is my child, Zulu, to receive ?”

Thus the seeds of dissension were sown, and the fruit they bore was that the mother took up her young son, Zulu, and the menial, Mpungose, and went off with them up-country, nearer to her former home and her own people, there to establish an independent kraal out of sight and reach of the covetous Qwabe. It is meet here to record that Zulu subsequently repented of this removal of his mother from his father’s family, and dutifully returned her to Qwabe, her rightful owner ; for, under Zulu law, a female is always a minor, and a widow becomes the ‘property’

* The *aba-kwa-Gwabini* (a name of convenience only) was the parent-clan of the Zungus (25).

of the heir (generally her own son!) along with the cattle. Nor is it surprising that Nozinja should have had as *iNceku* (general domestic servant), a man of the Gwabini clan, and should have gone away with him; for she herself was of that clan and he was her 'brother' (= clansman). And it was because she was a Gwabini woman that she begged of the *emaQungebeni* people, already in possession of the country thereabout, a site in the Mkúmbáne valley; for hard by, just over the Mfolozi river, was Gwabini-land itself, her native country. And, as she had wished it, she finally ended there her days where she had begun them, in the old home-kraal by the Ntabankulu hill, in the centre of Gwabini-land, between the Black Mfolozi and the White.

But let us go back a while to the Mhlatúze home and follow in the wake of Malandela's wife, the young man, Zulu, and the menial, Mpungose, all returning inland. From amidst the stifling lowlands of the Mhlatúze valley, ford the river, there below Malandela's kraal—the Melmoth bridge will roughly indicate the spot. Climb the steep hills confronting you beyond, and head for the mid-Mfulé valley. Then up the stream to its source and, ascending the Mtónjaneni heights, take your stand on their summit, with the Indian main now 60 miles behind you and your face to the setting sun.

Down below you lies a shallow hill-flanked valley, eight miles across, with a bottom of irregularly rolling stony veld, sparsely besprinkled with candelabra euphorbias and thorny mimosa scrub. Gaze well on the scene; for it is hallowed ground to every patriot of the Zulu clan and every lover of Zulu history. Here is the original homeland of the **aba-kwa-Zulu** clan (They-of-the-family-of-Zulu); the first tiny kingdom of the world-famed Shaka, Napoleon of the Ngúni race. There and there and there, scattered over the veld, lie the graves of all the older Zulu kings. Near the top of the long, ridge-like elevation yonder, known as the Qanqató ridge, 8 miles away at a guess from where we are standing, just off the Denny Dalton road (on its left-hand side approaching from Mtónjaneni), and about one mile and a half before fording the Mpembéni, there, beneath the shade of an *iMinyela* tree with its surrounding scrub, only ruins of his Nobambá kraal, Senzangakóna, father of Shaka, lies resting. The grave of Jama, father of Senzangakóna, stands away on the left, about a mile distant along the Qanqató ridge, on the slope facing the Mpembéni. Ndaba, Jama's father, lies higher up the river and upon its further side. Púnga, too, father of Ndaba, is on the further side, but lower down. Mageba, presumably Púnga's elder brother, rests where he lived under the isiHlungu hill, higher up the stream.



THE AUTHOR
Tramping the Mkumbane Bush-Veldt, History hunting



HE ESPIES A DISTANT KRAAL

But there, nearest of all, in the very middle of the great broad vale, on the slope of a gently-rounded meadow embraced by the upper Mkúmbáne and Nzololo streams, just below the entrance of Dingane's famous Mgúngundlovu kraal, on the modern farm Moordplaats, rest the sacred bones of the progenitor of the clan, Zulu himself. A solitary clump of entangled bush, now but the old decaying trunk of an *umGanu* tree (*sclerocarya caffra*), supported by an *umBukubuku* bush, some 150 feet above two large euphorbias at present marking the entrance to the farmer's cattle-fold, with, in former days, though now no more, two more higher up the slope—is all his monument, now left uncared for amidst the white man's oats, though throughout long centuries revered by a loyal offspring as *kwaNkosinkulu* (The Great Chief's Place).*

There is considerable difference of opinion as to the identity of the several royal Zulu graves still pointed out. Between the different versions it were now impossible to decide. That given above was supplied to us by Mpande's daughter, Ntonjane, at the time reputedly the best-informed of Zulu family lorists.

Among members of that family a conviction then existed—based, we think, on a misunderstanding—that an earlier superstitious Dutch occupier of the Moordplaats farm had callously desecrated their ancestor, Zulu's, grave by having the covering bush chopped down and the royal bones dug up and cast on the veld, "lest they be of ill-omen to his crops!" From other sources we have heard that formerly there existed a second clump of bush slightly higher up the ridge than that now pointed out as *kwaNkosinkulu*, and that this second clump was actually removed by an earlier Dutch occupier of the farm. But whether that or this was the real grave-site we cannot say.

In 1917 Mr. E. G. Rössler, Assistant Magistrate at Babanango, instituted an official inquiry into the matter of the royal graves, and forwarded to the Government Native Affairs Headquarters in Maritzburg the appended report, which Mr. J. Stuart would seem to have followed in his book, *uKúlumetúle* (p. 220).

"SITES OF GRAVES OF ZULU KINGS AT 'MAKOSINI,'
BABANANGO, VRYHEID DIVISION.

"(1) NTOMBELA. This grave is on the farm Bergvliet, No. 311, of which A. C. Vermaak is the registered owner. It is marked by a heap of stones on the upper part of what can still be seen to be the remains of the stone

* Since the above was written, we are rejoiced to learn that the farm Moordplaats, upon which stand both the grave of Zulu, alias Nkosinkulu, and the site of Dingane's Mgúngundlovu kraal, has been acquired by the State and placed under the care of the Monuments Commission (1927).

wall of an old cattle kraal, about 70 yds. above some small aloe trees and about 60 yds. to the left of the by-road leading down from the Mpungutshana hill towards the Zigongwaneni hill, between the Vilibana and Umdhlaka spruits. The ground is stony and unfit for cultivation.

" (2) ZULU. This grave, on Van Rensburg's portion of the farm Slabatini, No. 419, alias Zwartwater, can easily be found as a solitary large dry 'Umkamba' tree stands on it. It is on the slope of the Ibhebbe hill to the Lubisana spruit. The soil here is sandy and arable.

" (3) NKOSINKULU. Between the Mkumbana and Nzololo streams, on the farm Moordplaats B, No. 193, alias Woodlands, belonging to W. A. Harris. The actual spot could not be pointed out owing to the fact that the late owner of the farm (C. H. Badehorstsen) having cleared the thicket, which appears to have been about 200 yds. in diameter, and the land ploughed up. The approximate position pointed out is in Mr. Harris' mealie garden at a right angle some 150 yds. in a southerly direction from 2 large euphorbia trees below the by-road and 200 yds. from Harris' house. The soil is sandy and arable.

" (4) PUNGA. On the farm Heelgoed, No. 258; registered owners: M. C. E. Potgieter and G. H. van Rooyen. The grave could not be pointed out; it is said to be on the present site of the kraal of one Ntabeni, above a small stone kopje on the ridge sloping down from the Ntweka hill and about 400 yds. from the Munywana spruit. The land is arable.

" (5) MAGEBA. On H. J. Potgieter's portion of the farm Pandasgraf, No. 184 B. The spot is indicated by some small date palm (sundu) bushes 60 yds. east of a prominent isolated 'Umzane' bush growing on an ant heap on a ridge sloping down to the Umzinhlanga spruit and about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile above T. C. van Rooyen's homestead. The 'Umzane' bush is about 80 yds. above the by-road and about 200 yds. from the divisional boundary line between the portions A and B of the farm. The grave is surrounded by old kafir gardens. The land is arable.

" (6) NDABA. Also on H. J. Potgieter's portion of the farm Pandasgraf, No. 184 B. Between two large euphorbia trees on a ridge sloping down towards two hills called 'Ndumeni.' There are two other euphorbia trees about 100 yds. higher up the ridge between the Mbhixane and Ncela rivulets. Land arable.

" (7) JAMA. On the farm of A. M. Potgieter, Welgekozen, No. 191. The grave is near the top of the Qanqate ridge on the right of the Munqwa spruit. There are 6 scattered trees below the grave. A young 'Umsenge' tree grows on it, and a young aloe tree on the left looking up the rise. The land is arable.

" (8) SENZANGAKONA. This grave is also on the farm Welgekozen in what may be called thorn country, about 300 yds. above a large euphorbia tree standing near the Denny-Dalton-Melmoth main road. Over the grave are growing two 'Minyela' trees and an 'Umpafa' and some scrub. There is also a dead 'Munde' tree. The source of the Mtandane stream, which runs into the Mkumbana, is below the grave. The land is arable.

" (9) DINUZULU. On S. B. Buys' portion of the farm Koningsdal, No. 220 B, near the Mpembeni River, on the site of the Nobamba kraal, which has recently been removed a few hundred yds. down the river. The land is stony and not arable.

OTHER GRAVES

" (10) SITULI ka Ndaba. About 500 yds. below Ndaba's grave. Is marked by a heap of stones below a group of mimosa. Land arable.

" (11) BHIYARA ka Jama. On Michel van Rooyen's portion of Slabatini, No. 419, near a gully running from the Gedhleni ridge (west of van Rooyen's homestead) to the Madwaleni stream. A young 'umpafa' tree grows on the spot. The ground is stony and steep and not arable.

" E. G. H. RÖSSLER,
" *Asst. Magistrate, Babanango.*

" Babanango, 24th Jan., 1917."

A preliminary explanatory note, as below, was attached by the magistrate to this report, and will sufficiently convince us of its precise worth. He writes:—

" I must state that, with the exception of the grave of Dinuzulu, that of Senzangakona was the only one with regard to which the opinion of those natives who pointed out the graves to me did not differ as to the names of the kings buried at the different sites. I therefore give the names as shown on Major M'Kean's eye-sketch."

So that the net result of Mr. Rössler's inquiry was to prove that the only certainty is the location of the grave of Shaka's father, Senzangakona. To that, we think, may be safely added also the grave of Jama, Senzangakona's father.

Subsequently to this, Mr. B. W. Martin, magistrate at Melmoth, interviewed the aged local sage, by name Mhlontlo, who—like all the rest—" was certain of the localities of the royal graves, because the Zulu armies, and he among them, used to dance (*kétá*) at these spots in olden days." And by all the tribal gods he swore that Zulu's grave was neither on the Lubisana spruit nor on the Mkúmbáne, but on the Qanqató ridge along with those of Jama and Senzangakona!

Here, then, in the basin of the Mkúmbáne and Mpembèni streams nestled the cradle of the Zulu clan, the birthplace of the Zulu nation. Here, only 100 years ago as we write, dwelt unchanged in all their primitive simplicity, lived as they had lived maybe 5000 years before, one of the noblest and most ancient branches of the great African Bantu family, with one of the least-altered types of prehistoric culture. No white man or Semite had ever yet set eyes on these primeval people, nor set a foot in this secluded nook of Darkest Africa.* Yet, but a few short years, and every black clan around was destined to become subjected by it and be swallowed up for ever and aye in the voracious paunch of the modern Zulu nation.

* The reader will note that we here refer specifically to the 'Zulu clan'—not to the whole South African Bantu race; nor to the Xózas, or the Mtétwás, or the Swazis, or any other branch of the Ngúni family. Of course, along the coast periodical shipwrecks had provided the local inhabitants with occasional glimpses of their pale-skinned brother; but there is no evidence we are aware of that any Zulu clansman prior to Shaka's time had ever seen a Semite or a European, or that any of the latter had ever come into contact with him or set foot within his country.

In turn that too crumbled to the dust, in this our very life-time. Gone is the Zulu might now and the dread of the Zulu monarch; and that broad valley of the Zulu's motherland, once dotted with numberless simple homes basking in the sunshine of arcadian peace, later bustling with proud activity and glorious with martial renown, finally, as we gaze at it, stares back at us sadly and vacantly, a still and desolate wilderness—vast, empty farmlands, with scarcely a sign of life or mark of activity upon them.

Yet still do elderly Natives, who have known the joys of freedom and independent rule, oft as they travel by along the white man's highway, cast a loving glance upon the dear old spot where so many of their forefathers lie, and left all of them an honourable name. And they, too, with the Indian warrior, heave a plaintive sigh—and a warning, *quod Deus avertat!*

It is the spot I came to seek—
 My father's ancient burial place,
 Ere from these vales, ashamed and weak,
 Withdrew our wasted race.
 It is the spot—I know it well—
 Of which our old traditions tell.

Ah! little thought the strong and brave,
 Who bore their lifeless chieftain forth,
 Or the young wife that weeping gave
 Her first-born to the earth,
 That the pale race, who waste us now,
 Among their bones should guide the plough.

But—
 The realm our tribes are crushed to get
 May be a barren desert yet!

A noble race! But they are gone
 With their old forests wide and deep,
 And we have built our homes upon
 Fields where their generations sleep.
 Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
 Upon their fields our harvest waves,
 Our lovers woo beneath their moon—
 Ah! let us spare at least their graves!

—W. C. BRYANT.

As the exploits and expansion of this Zulu clan will form the warp and woof of the whole fabric of our present narrative, no further special treatment of that clan is needed here.

With his younger brother, Zulu, now settled at the Mkúmbáne, Qwabe lived on 30 miles nearer to the sea. A century later his offspring occupied — sparsely, scattered, it is true, as was the wont when land was cheap—the territory stretching, on the one hand, from the Mhlatúze (in Zululand) to the sources of the Nonoti (in Natal), and on the other, from the ocean almost to Nkandla. Among these Bantu people there must have been a notable majority of female births. Such would naturally suggest and encourage polygamy; and as each average commoner had two or three wives, and grandees as many as a dozen or more, a considerable population was speedily amassed.

But there were others besides Malandela who were trekking about those regions at that period. Among such was one Bapépézeni (or ? Gwábini), progenitor of the **Zungu** and **Makóba** clans, whose daughter, Nozinja, Malandela had married, and through her begotten his celebrated sons, Qwabe and Zulu.

These people had trekked down coastwards in search of a more congenial clime at the time of the general Ngúni break-up further inland (13). Whether the two parties had marched away together, or at which spot they met, are points no longer ascertainable. We cannot definitely trace the movements of the Malandelaïtes any further inland than the Babanango Mount. As to the Gwábiniis, there is a suggestion of their having descended by the Mzinyati route and of being related to the *amaZizi* folk (353), to wit, to their *Ndlovu* branch (356). At the Zizi end, again, there is a complementary suggestion that they, the Zizis, are not really of Dlamini origin, as has been supposed throughout more recent times, but are such only by adoption. Whether this implies that to the Dlaminiis the Zizis were absolute foreigners, that is, were not, like them, even members of the same eMbó-Ngúni family, but were, presumably, rather Ntungwa-Ngúniis, none can longer say. It were, of course, quite possible that the Zizis—and with them the Gwábiniis—may have been eMbó-Ngúniis and yet not members of the particular Natal 'Dlamini' group; for alongside the Gwábiniis, on the White Mfolozi, were the Sibiyas; below them, on the Mfule, the Xulus, and, on the Mhlatúze, the eLangeni, concerning all of whom there existed suggestions of eMbó-Ngúni origin. For the present, however, we shall leave the matter of Zizi relationship in abeyance and shall provisionally classify the Gwábiniis, along with the Malandelas, as Ntungwa-Ngúniis.

Certain is it that the two parties, of Gwábini and of Malandela,

joined hands and henceforward proceeded along, if not in company, at any rate in the same direction. About the Mpembéni heights the Gwábinis espied an inviting plain over the White Mfolozi. So, bidding Malandela a pleasant journey, they sheered away across that river and settled around kwaHlopékúlu hill, and there, through succeeding centuries, they have since remained (175, 218).

These Ngúni trekkers would seem to have found the Mpembéni neighbourhood attractive. A second party—name unknown; we call him Qungebe, for want of another—hastened down the Mpembéni stream, and settled above its angle with the White Mfolozi, where he founded the **emaQungebeni** clan (129).

But more closely related than the preceding both to Bapépézeni and to Malandela—though perhaps most closely to the latter, seeing that he and they bore the same cognomen *Gúmede*, **Sibiya**—were certain brothers, Zingelwayo and Zembété, the former senior of the two: or it may have been the fathers of these. Arrived likewise at the Mpembéni, the brethren severed partnership, Zembété electing to test fortune with Bapépézeni, Zingelwayo with Malandela.

Zembété, however, did not ford the Mfolozi. On its southern bank he built himself a hut, below the Mkúmbáne, begat his son Gazu, and generated the section of his family's future clan known as **Sibiya of Gázu**. Some make this Gázu son of Mhlelo; and Mhlelo, we know, was of the Zungu (or Gwábinini) family (178). We have already noted (25) a tradition that all these, Sibiya and Gwábinis alike, were of eMbó-Ngúni extraction; and certainly among these latter (as well as among the Ntungwa-Ngúni Malandelas), there were those who bore the 'Gúmede' *isiTákazelo*. Notwithstanding, we place the Sibiya, but only provisionally, among the Ntungwa-Ngúnis, to whom they are more generally supposed to belong.

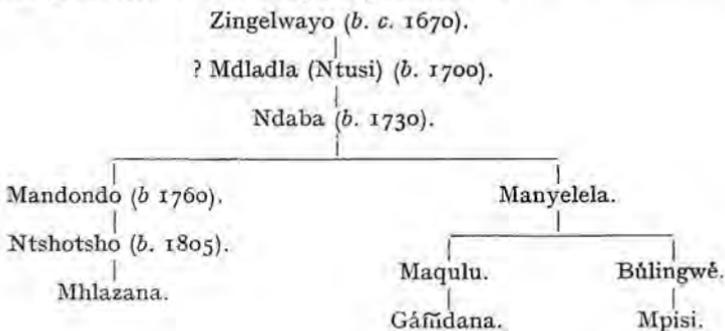
Zingelwayo accompanied Malandela. But, used to the more bracing uplands, he found the sultry atmosphere of the Mhlatúze valley most trying; and when Nozinja and her son, Zulu, planned to retrace their steps up-country, he determined to follow their example. So he took his wife, and his wife took the bairns and the goods and chattels, and they marched up the river in Zulu's footsteps. From the top of the Mtónjaneni heights they cast their eyes abroad and beheld the settlement of Zulu in the valley right directly before them. That way being barred, they turned along the Mtónjaneni ridge, and, coming to the ēGúmeni hill at

the end of the ridge and overlooking the White Mfolozi, there they settled.

Game was plentiful in that country, and Zingelwayo and his family trapped it by means of long converging fences, with openings here and there fitted with snares, and with a blind end, towards which the game was driven and there caught. These traps were a distinguishing feature of their settlement, which came to be known as that of the **aba-kwa-Sibiya** folk (from *Z. si-biya*, we build fences). Domestic stock too thrived, like the wild game; and so prosperous did these Sibiya become, that onlookers held their hands to their mouths in wonderment at the everywhere encompassing herds, the while they exclaimed, *Nampo-ke aba-kwa-Sibiya ngankomo, abanye bebiya ngamahlahla* (Just look at them, who fence their homes with cattle, while others fence them only with tree-branches).

The clan, as it grew, spread up along the Mfolozi banks on both the river sides, till on the one they reached the Zulus and reunited with their Gázu relatives who had remained behind, and on the other neighboured the Zungus and the emaMbáténi. It has been a favourite pastime, even a pride, with Sibiya folk to reveal to credulous foreigners *imTómbó kaNdaba* (Fountains of King Ndaba). Three such mud-holes are venerated southward of the Mfolozi, one (near Sigúngu Mlaba's kraal) to the north; and each is declared to be the 'one and only.'

Through all their history, the Sibiya, owing to their wealth in cattle, lived on friendly terms with the neighbouring Zulus, intermarrying freely with them. Of a daughter, Mntaniya, of Manyelela, one of the Sibiya 'princes,' the Zulu king, Senzangakóna, father of Shaka, was born. When Shaka embarked on his career of conquest, the Sibiya were the first to lend him their support, adding four extra *amaViyo* (battalions) to his little army. The following table shows as much as we know of the genealogical tree of the Sibiya royal house:—



But before these prosperous farmers had yet been named the Sibiyas, the old family weakness again reasserted itself, and one of their number, Shenge, presumably, by name, developed 'trek-fever.' So he forded the river Mfolozi, rounded the Ntlazatshe mount and settled in the country between it and the kwaNtabankulu mount (sources of Black Mfolozi).

Apparently Shenge got killed there, and the rest of the family, deeming the district unwholesome, re-traced their steps over the Mfolozi and found a neighbourhood more *mTakati*-proof along the emCakweni ridge above the sources of the amaPôpôma river and on the Zulu borders. In such a pitifully mangy condition did the Zulus find them on arrival, that they felt themselves constrained to supply them with beef-fat wherewith to cure their ailment (*ūTwayi*). This duly cured, the Zulu king, Senzangakôna, next proceeded to demand *hongo* in the shape of tribute, declaring that they had trespassed within his preserves. The Butélezi, as these people now called themselves, already in good fighting fettle, treated the royal citation with laughter; and when Senzangakôna himself arrived to estreat their property, they promptly took him prisoner, and the Zulu king found himself in the ignominious position of having to be bailed out by a heavy payment to them.

Here, then, on the emCakweni ridge, under their chieftain, Pungashe, this branch of the proto-Sibiyas became known as **aba-kwa-Butélezi**—perhaps from a kraal of that name (114, 131).

When, after Shenge's death, the senior branch of his family had migrated back over the Mfolozi to the emCakweni ridge, a junior branch elected to remain where it was. These **Dlamini** established themselves between esiHlalo hill and the emBékamuzi river, and in time grew into the tiny **aba-kwa-Dlamini** clan, with Nyanya, son of Sogidi (others say, of Dumuzele) at their head. Dingiswayo accounted for Nyanya; whereafter the Dlaminis deemed it advisable to strengthen their position by sacrificing independence and allying themselves to the Mbátá chief next nearby, Mangcengeza, of Káli. Vundlela was Nyanya's heir, and begat Ngqulu, who begat Cintsi, killed, without issue, at the eNdongakusuka battle between Cetshwayo and Mbúlazi. Cintsi's brother, Soshangane, then assumed the reins, and passed them on to his son, Mdumo.

Mpungose too, the Zulu family-butler, began, before many

years, to put on airs in accord with the family's growing dignity.

He was a son of one, Pábla, a Gwabini (25), and so Mpungose was a clansman of Malandela's wife. Already in

Zulu's time—perhaps after the demise of Nozinja—he had been allocated a place towards the ēTáleni hill, where he built himself a home, which he named *ōYengweni*, whence emanated the **aba-kwa-Mpungose** clan. The present head of the clan is said to be Búlingwě, son of Sinuku, of Tetemana, of Kúba, of Sokóngwane, of Mlaba, of Mpungose.

It was probably during Shaka's time that a certain Mpungose, named Ndlovu (originator of the **aba-kwa-Ndlovu** sub-clan), son of Kúba aforementioned, moved down from the Ntlazatshe neighbourhood and settled in former emaCúnwini territory, adjoining that of the Sikákánes, at the ēTáleni hill. Not far from the *isiHlahla sí-ka-Mbóma*, (Mbóma's Bush), he lies buried. His son, Silwane, found favour with King Mpande, who raised him to the position of headman over the district between the Mfule and Mfolozi rivers. Gawozi (also pronounced Gawuzi), son of Silwane, was in later times appointed by the same king over a portion of former Qwabeland, north of the upper Mlalazi; and in that office his *īKóhlo* son, Mbango (Ndabinjani having been the heir), succeeded him, and he, in turn, was followed by his son, Sipóso.

CHAPTER 4

A ROYAL HOUSE OF DOUBTFUL PEDIGREE

A FEW years ago we paid a visit to the Nobamba kraal (still existent in name), the which gave birth to Shaka, the *enfant terrible* of this southern continent. We found it a slovenly collection of five or six bedraggled, dilapidated huts, inhabited by sundry inglorious ex-queens, ex-princes and ex-princesses.

Strange is it how dearly human folk, even unsophisticated Africans, love a lengthy pedigree. The Central African Lunda emperor, Mwatayanvo, traced his ancestry for fourteen generations.¹ Hecataeus, himself withal a historian,

'traced his descent to a god, in the person of his sixteenth ancestor' (Herodotus, II, 143). from which, at any rate, we may plainly see the stuff whereof the 'gods' the *ōNkulunkulu* of the Caucasians, were made! The Maoris in New Zealand

¹ repeat the names of chiefs . . . by which they reckon eighteen generations'.²

Not to be beaten, the baRolong Sutús flaunt a royal-house lineage extending to twenty-one generations, which Ellenberger would have us believe reaches back to the year A.D. 1240.³ But Central Africa excels them all. There

'Torday was able to obtain precise information as to the names of all the Bushongo kings,'

and

'the present king is the one hundred and twenty-first ruler of his dynasty'.⁴

There! And we are requested to believe it.

European travellers, we fear, in accepting, *sale non aspersæ*, these fictions from primitive peoples at their face value, have been absurdly over-estimating the powers of human memory. They overlook the fact—perhaps are even unaware of it—of the slipshod methods of thought customary to these people; of their innate credulity, their tendency to exaggerate, and their utter disregard for exactitude in details. Then to all this they add their own blindness to the patent fact that there is a limit to man's retentive powers, and accordingly they neglect to discover for themselves where that limit may lie and so judge precisely how far their acceptance of these 'traditions' may go. They profess to credit with accuracy, and expect us to do the same, lengthy lists of names passed on from mouth to mouth and supposedly preserved flawless throughout a period perhaps of a quarter, or sometimes of even a half, of a millennium. And yet everybody at all practised in the history-collector's business must know full well that there is probably not one single event of importance occurring even so recently as 100 years ago, in an account of which any two Natives will agree in all their details. Even the *iziBongo* (praises) of Shaka and others are rarely spun off in the same way by two narrators, lines being every time disarranged and words frequently altered—and often even by the same narrator. These illiterate people know nothing of *verbal* accuracy. As for the *iziBongo* of kings living 150 years ago, they are already long ago forgotten. Further, in regard to its pedigree a tribe is more liable than anywhere else to overstate its case and to seek to add to the lustre of its name by including in its genealogy uncles, brothers, cousins and other relatives of renown. Even the great Persian general, Xerxes, was not strong enough to overcome this human weakness to describe himself

'the child of Darius, the son of Hystaspes, the son of Arsames, the son of Ariaramnes, the son of Teispes, the son of Cyrus, the son of Cambyses, the son of Teispes, the son of Achæmenes,'⁵

knowing full well that neither Cyrus nor Cambyses was in the direct line of descent of Darius from Achæmenes.

Perhaps Tylor has given us the explanation of this credulity on the part of European travellers, when he says,

'Our own experience does not tell us much as to what such oral tradition [of primitive peoples] may be worth; for it has so fallen out of use in the civilized world, that now one knows little of what happened beyond one's great-grandfather's time, unless it has been written down'.⁶

What Tylor, however, apparently did not know—judging from his next succeeding paragraphs—was that the 'traditional' memory of primitive man is no stronger than our own; that he too

'knows little of what happened beyond his great-grandfather's time,'

and that careful investigation proves that, as regards genealogical trees, the limit of his reliable memory is reached approximately at about eight generations back. The lesson taught us by our own forty years' experience as philological and historical collector is precisely that learned also by Theal, who writes :

'Tradition [among our natives] can never be entirely depended upon . . . and from it no dates could be obtained; five hundred years or three hundred years would be indistinguishable from each other. . . . They can give the names of chiefs for a period of perhaps three hundred years, but are quite ignorant of what the earlier ones [in their list] did or where they lived or died. In short, any occurrence that they give an account of dating back longer than a century and a half must be regarded as doubtful . . . and even their relations of more recent events must be carefully looked into.'

All that we can safely say in regard to these Native traditions reaching further back than 50 years ago is that they generally contain a substratum of truth and in their main thesis generally hand down to us a genuine fact.

But it is not the Native alone who is prone to exaggeration; for, while he, in this matter of genealogies, is adding on the names, we, on our part, are just as eagerly piling on the years. The Father of History suggests we should reckon

'three generations filling up the century,'

i.e. over 33 years apiece,⁸ and then proceeds to tell us that the sovereigns of Lydia

'endured for two and twenty generations, a space of five hundred and five years,'⁹

which is but 23 years to a generation, the latter term here probably signifying a 'reign.' His advice, but not his example, has been followed by Holden in regard to our Kafirs,¹⁰ and by Ellenberger in regard to our Sutús.¹¹ Tylor adopts 22 to 27 years as the canon for the Maoris,¹² Elliot deems 25 years as a reasonable average for a generation.¹³ Petrie, when classifying the Egyptian kings of the 12th dynasty, finds the reigns average a duration of 36 years and wisely concludes that there must be something wrong, and that

'the more likely average is of 20 years'.¹⁴

Breasted observes that

'under the Moslems 77 viceroys held the throne of Egypt in 118 years, from 750 to 868 A.D. In Europe some 80 Roman emperors, after Commodus, ruled in a period of 90 years (193 to 283 A.D.).'¹⁵

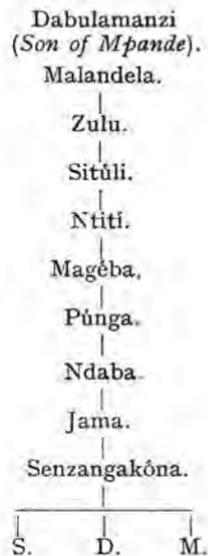
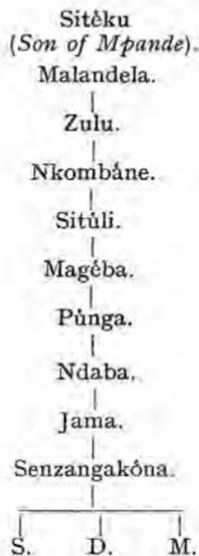
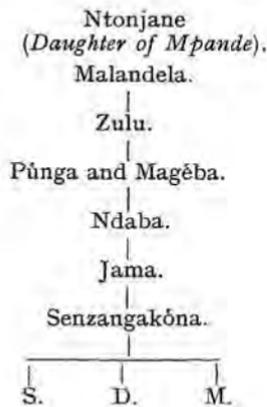
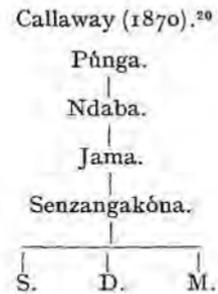
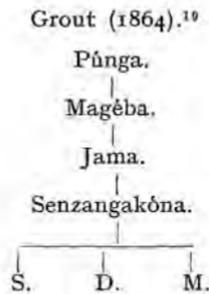
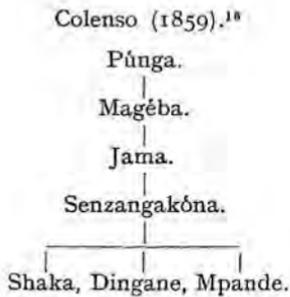
With a rate of succession of one emperor, approximately, per annum, it is obvious there could have been no descent in a direct line. Elsewhere Breasted opines that 16 years to a reign is

'below the customary average in a long period of time, under orderly conditions of government,'¹⁶

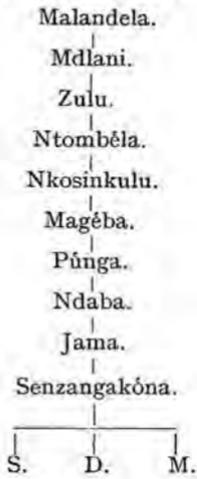
and this fairly describes our own conclusion in this matter, based on the study of many Bantu regal genealogies. For instance, from the year 1816 to 1884 A.D. we have four 'normal' Zulu reigns before us, giving us an average of 17 years to the reign—against Johnston's reckoning of 15 years for the 36 kings of Uganda.¹⁷ Seeing that in such well-ordered nations as England, Germany and France, the mean length of reign has not covered more than 19, 21 and 24 years respectively, for a savage people we feel 18 years must be a perfectly fair average; and this is the figure we shall adopt in our calculations of reigns, while retaining 30 years as a fair average for the generation (that is, between the births of father and son).

These remarks explain and justify our procedure, and it is hoped will also help towards the attainment of greater precision and unanimity in the general future treatment of Native genealogies.

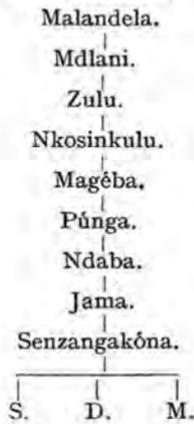
Nkayishana (alias Salamoni), son of Dinuzulu, son of Cetshwayo, son of Mpande, is the accepted living heir, in the direct line, to Mandelata's sovereignty. Below are some interesting accounts, all of them, of course, from Natives, of Salamoni's ancestry. A careful comparison will show us the exact worth of average Native traditions.



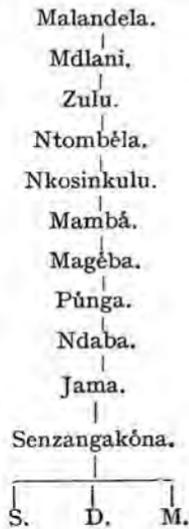
Cetshwayo
(Son of Mpande).



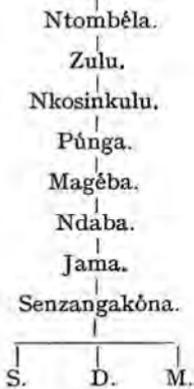
Dinuzulu
(Son of Cetshwayo).



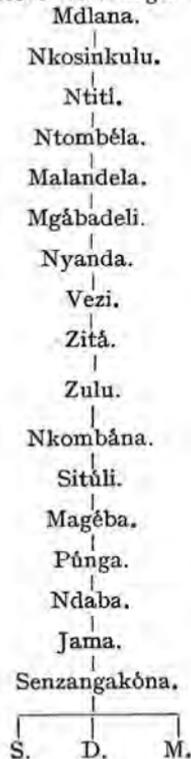
Ludlow (1882).²¹



Gibson ²²
Malandela.



Rev. W. Wanger ²³



Who dances last, says the Zulu, is most admired. And certainly this last effusion puts all others out of court. It clamours for our attention, though hardly merits our applause. Here the over-zealous collector has swept holus-bolus into his net practically every doubtful name previously offered, together with several new ones of his own discovery. The several new additions are quite familiar names, though here ridiculously out of place. When shouting the praises (*iziBongo*) of Dingane (died so recently as 1840), the court-praiser (*imBongi*) usually commenced by addressing the king as *uVesi* (see Zulu Dictionary, *iVesi-manzi*, black water-snake), *uNonyanda* (see Zulu Dictionary, *iNyand-ezulu*, green snake), *uMgábedeli* (see Zulu Dictionary, *gábedela*, take or do defiantly); and these three praise-names of Dingane are now given to us as the names of ancient Zulu kings.

The name *Zitá* we can only identify as that of a certain sub-clan of the (?) *emaHlutshini*.

The expressions **uZulu ka-Mdlani*, *uZulu ka-Mandlana*, *uZulu ka-Mdlamfe*, are all alike merely *iziBongo* (praise-names), not of the person, Zulu (much less are they his parent's names), but of the Zulu nation when in the height of its power (in Shaka's time), and signify respectively, 'The Zulus, of the vigorous contestant,' 'The Zulus, of the fairly strong man,' and 'The Zulus, of him who lives on the enemy's sugar-cane (*imFe*) as they pass (in war).'

The expression *uZulu ka-Ntombéla*, sometimes appearing as *uNtombéla ka-Zulu*, indicates simply the 'Ntombéla branch of the Zulu family'—the 'Zulus of Ntombéla,' or the 'Ntombélas of the Zulus.' Like the preceding, the reference is to the Zulu and Ntombéla peoples, not to individual persons. See p. 37.

USitúli ka-Nkombáne (Sitúli, daughter of Nkombáne) was the name of an *emaMbáténi* woman who became Ndaba's wife and probably mother of Jama.

UNtiti, posing in Wanger's list as 'a very remote ancestor' of Senzangakóna, was in reality Senzangakóna himself, this, with *uGxebe*, *uMenzi*, and *uMjokwana*, being one of his numerous nicknames.

Similarly, *Nkosinkulu*, who, in the lists, now precedes Zulu as his ancestor, then succeeds him as a descendant, was in reality Zulu himself, *kwa-Nkosinkulu* (the Great Chief's Place) being the *hlonipa* name for Zulu's grave by the *Mkúmbáne*.²⁴

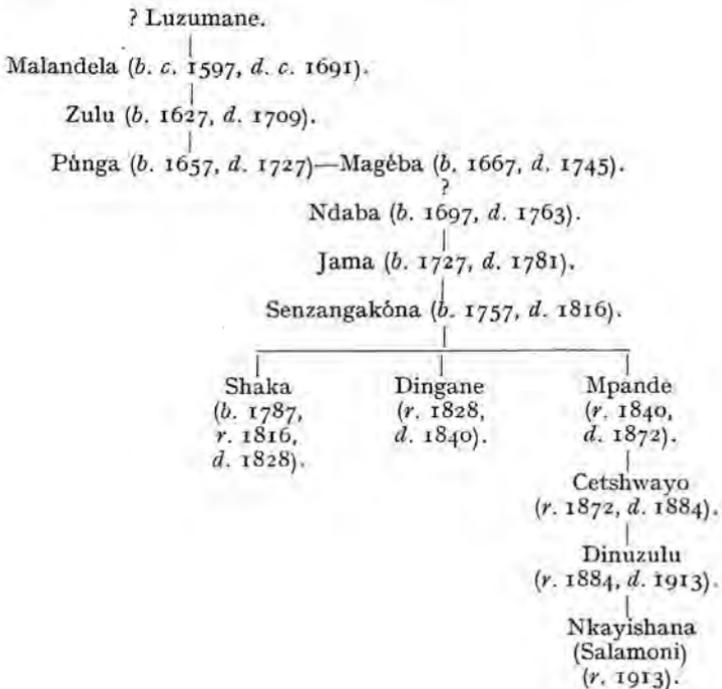
It is noteworthy that, forty, fifty and sixty years ago, none of these modern accretions to the Zulu pedigree were ever heard of. Colenso, Calloway and Grout all made special inquiries as to the lineage of the then Zulu king; but they never got anything further back than Púnga and Magéba. Nor did the present writer when, in 1883, he started to follow in their footsteps.

Nkosinkulu, it will be noted, appears for the first time in the days of Cetshwayo, when the older traditions were already growing obscure. Moreover, the name is inserted exactly where the name of Zulu would be expected to stand. Indeed, it is only when a long list of royalties is being strung together that the name appears at all. When putting the straight question, "Who was Magéba's father?" one never receives the reply, "Magéba kaNkosinkulu"; but a blank stare, plainly indicating that between Magéba and Zulu nobody further is known.

Another remark worth making is that, in those earlier days, the expression always ran—*uNdaba ka-Púnga no-Magéba*, Ndaba, the son of Púnga and Magéba, and it was only when specially pressed as to the father of Púnga, that a Native would hesitatingly suggest Magéba. It seems pretty

certain that here, in the Púnga-Magéba period, there was a break in the direct succession—either Púnga was a younger brother who 'raised up seed' for the heirless brother, Magéba (by the Zulu custom of *uku-ngéna* or taking to wife a deceased brother's widow), or he simply followed his heirless brother on the throne, as Mpande did Dingane; or, again, Magéba may have been an elder brother, who acted as regent during Púnga's minority, thus becoming, as it were, united with him in one reign.

We come to the conclusion, therefore, that beyond Púnga the Zulu lineage contained no other names besides those of Zulu himself and his father, Malandela. We accordingly present the following genealogical list as the most probable we can submit, adding thereto a chronology based on the rule of eighteen years to the reign:—



¹ H. Johnston, *George Grenfell*, 194.

² Tylor, *Anthropology*, 373.

³ *History of the Basuto*, 393.

⁴ M. W. H. Simpson, *Land and Peoples of the Kasai*, 205.

⁵ Herodotus, VII., 11.

⁶ *Anthropology*, 393.

⁷ *E.*, 192.

⁸ Herodotus, II., 142.

⁹ *Ib.*, I., 7.

¹⁰ *K.R.*, 145.

¹¹ *H.B.*, 393.

¹² *Anthropology*, 393.

¹³ *Prehistoric Man*, 19.

¹⁴ *History of Egypt*, I., 198.

¹⁵ *Ancient Records of Egypt*, I., 35, footnote.

¹⁶ *Ib.*, 37.

¹⁷ *Uganda Protectorate*, 214.

¹⁸ *I.Z.*, 87.

¹⁹ *Z.*, 71.

²⁰ *R.S.*, 49.

²¹ *Z.C.*, 190.

²² *S.Z.*, 17.

²³ *Z.G.*

²⁴ *Comp. Owen, N.V.*, I., 216.

CHAPTER 5

THE EARLIEST ZULU KINGS (1691-1781)

HISTORY, said Gibbon, is "little more than the register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind."¹ Happy, then, he who has no history to tell; or, should we say, no records to tell it. Such a one was **Zulu**, the first of Zulus and Zulu kings. He left the world cumbered with a grave and richer by a nation. And therein lies his monument and fame. No feats, no follies, not one word-of-praise (*isiBongo*) is of him recorded,

Who, noteless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved others' names, but left his own unsung.

—SCOTT.

We leave his hallowed bones to parent dust, under the *umGanu* tree by the Mkúmbáne (21), and pass on to his successor.

History, we have noted above, takes account of the misfortunes of mankind; and the earliest misfortune we can record of this new-formed Zulu race was that it had no letters. More fortunate we who, in our dimmest past, were sought and written down by that pushful warrior, Julius Caesar, whose narrative of his voyage to Britain of conquest and discovery enshrines for us the earliest description of our nation's childhood.

Of **Púnga**, then, who followed Zulu on the throne—if, indeed, that huge roll of matting used as such by Shaka, had already been invented—and of **Magéba**, who followed him, we know no more than we do of Zulu. Only a grave and a name both left us (20, 22)—and this was but 200 years ago.

We are not even sure whose son Magéba was; nor Púnga either. We think, however, that they were brothers, sons of Zulu; and that when Púnga died without an heir, Magéba inherited his widow—or it may have been a bride of his own—one, daughter of Bayeni (of the Ndlela branch of the emaCúnwini clan), and raised up seed to his departed brother; among which seed Ndaba, alias Mbúzi, was the principal figure.

And yet, although we hear no tales of martial prowess, 'tis sure these early Zulu kings and princes did fight their battles too—battles insooth of blood, not yet of sword; battles of love, in which they, while conquered, always won. The Zulus have by no means proved themselves incompetent at making love, and making clans. Yet we know no evidence that Zulu himself was

ever smitten by a 'sister' and so raised unto himself a sub-clan—for the clans, you must know, were mostly formed by a process of internal cleavage, a king marrying a clanswoman (technical 'sister') against the common law of exogamy; whereon to put things right, the family of the bride (or, exceptionally, even that of the bridegroom), by common usage, received another clan-name, and, 'the king had married outside his clan,' or 'the prince had become a different clansman.'

There is a nearly general consensus of opinion that of all the Zulu sub-clans the **aba-kwa-Ntombéla** was first-born—some give this pride of place to Mdlalose (53). It is not clear **Ntombéla** which it was; but since among the *iziTákazelo* of the Ntombélas we find the name Mpangazitá, and since the Mbátás claim descent from a certain 'Mpangazitá, son of Magéba,' we think these two Mpangazitás one, and he the one who, falling in love with a 'sister' (i.e. clanswoman), married her, and so placed himself outside his clan and gave birth to another, the Ntombélas. This lady was a daughter of one, Magúla (also member of the selfsame clan), father of Dlukula, father of Sobadli, father of Nzobo, the *inDuma* of Dingane. This Magúla lived by the upper Mkúmbáne river, near where Dingane's Mgúngundlovu kraal was afterwards established. In after times the family removed to the country about the Ntsubeni stream (tributary of the White Mfolozi, next above the Mpembéni), where it gradually grew into a separate little clan. It is quite possible, as some suppose, that the expression, *uNtombéla kaZulu* (Ntombéla of Zulu), by which appellation the clan is usually known, contains the names of the father and grandfather of Magúla.

In course of time the Ntombéla clanlet itself repeated the process and produced the **aba-kwa-Báyi**, **aba-kwa-Maháye** and, doubtfully, **aba-kwa-Dosi** nepts (3).

We have heard it stated by generations now extinct that, in earlier times Zulus and **emaMbáténi** refrained from intermarriage.

Unless the tradition had some real fact behind it, it is difficult to understand how it could have come into existence. But if there was a fact, it could have been none other than that of close blood-relationship—one clan was born of the other. Of course, it were just as possible that the Zulus may have been descended from the Mbátás, as the Mbátás from the Zulus; in other words, Malandela himself may have been a scion of proto-Mbátá stock. But a further ray of light was shed upon the problem when we came across a second tradition asserting that the Mbátás were descended from one Mpangazitá, son of Magéba. Putting these two facts together, and in

the absence of other evidence disproving, we assume that the *emaMbáténi* were related to the Zulus, and most probably were an offshoot of or closely connected with the *Ntómbélas* of Mpanzità, of Magéba.

There is little doubt that a break occurred at this period in the direct royal line of the Zulus. We have already referred to the mysterious association of Púnga and Magéba. And here again, though most commonly described as 'son of Púnga and Magéba,' Ndaba, the next name on the genealogical list, is also sometimes referred to as the 'son of Nkosinkulu.' But we feel sure this expression, '*Ndaba kaNkosinkulu*,' could have been nothing more than a *hlonipá* form of '*Ndaba kaZulu*,' according to a custom, still in use, of calling a person by his grandfather, where the latter was a greater celebrity than his father. Magéba himself could not have been this elusive Nkosinkulu, because his grave is pointed out beyond the Mpembéni, whereas *kwaNkosinkulu* is on the Mkúmbáne.

With the accession of **Ndaba**, tardy tradition emerges from out the void and forms itself into a tiny nucleus of facts. Quite fittingly, our story starts with a childhood's song, destined to become the magic Words of Power of all future Zulu kings.

Like all small Zulu boys, Ndaba went out with his father's cattle, and there with them, out on the sunny veld, would while away the time 'playing soldiers' created out of stones. And when little Ndaba had marshalled his serried ranks, posting his *amaNkankane* regiment here and his *amaGwadlu* there, he, their mighty chief, would take up his weapons and dance before them to a song all his own:—

uNdaba u-y-inkosi.

(*Ndaba is a king.*)

Oho! O!

Ha! Oye!

Jijiji! Ajiji! (French *j*.)

And lo and behold! each time that song was sung, away on the distant horizon the black clouds would roll up to the call, then the thunders rumble and the flood-gates of heaven be opened *píhli!* upon Ndaba and his soldiers, driving the one scurrying homewards and the others higgledy-piggledy down the hill. These strange happenings being brought to the elders' knowledge, they proceeded to conceal themselves in an adjacent bush and witness the magic themselves. It proved a glorious success; and from that day forward, until the late Cetshwayo broke the spell by losing his kingdom, whenever a serious drought afflicted the Zulus' land, its king, with a herd of prime black oxen, would betake himself to

Ndaba's grave, and there, after sacrificing to the family manes, dance before the gods to the good old magic song, 'Ndaba is the king,' and every time, as veracious tradition beareth witness, the miracle would be granted and the milk of heaven descend *à seaux* to feed and fatten the land.

If Ndaba performed no other feat, this alone had sufficed to make him famous.

Ndaba ozingela amahlati, ati gqigqi gqigqi gqigqi.

Nonyaka aku'nyamazane. Amlandulela ngentshinto yempunzikazi. Uhlakanyana obanga izulu ukubalela. Unamangá kodwa, hlakanyana; ulibangile.

The above is not verse; much less is it poetry. It is what the Zulus are very fond of, and style *iziBongo* (praises). For every man a number of these 'praises' is coined by his companions. As a matter of fact, they are not praises at all, but simply short sentences commemorative of notable actions, not always laudable, or events, not always agreeable, in the individual's life; are, in short, his memoirs. In regard to the kings, their *iziBongo* commemorate many small historical incidents that might otherwise have been forgotten; but the circumstances surrounding most of the occurrences referred to no longer being known, the statements themselves are nowadays largely unintelligible.

Besides the magic of his boyhood's days, Ndaba, when grown to man's estate, was guilty of the enormity of giving his daughter (or sister) in marriage to her 'brother,' i.e. clansman. **ēGázini** She belonged to the part of his family domiciled in a kraal of his known as 'The Shambles'—*ēGázini* (In-the-Blood), because there royal cattle were usually slaughtered. Royalty and its daughter, however, were absolved from their sin by a convenient announcement that she had married, not into the Zulu, but into the brand-new 'ēGázini' clan; and her offspring accordingly were called **aba-s-ēGázini**.

That other liaisons of a similar nature were subsequently repeated between this *ēGázini* family and the Zulus, or else within the family itself, is obvious from the fact that before long we hear of *ēGázini* of **Nobetá** (son of Zivalela, of Jama), and others again of **Mkányile**.

To his capital Ndaba gave the name of *emQekwini* (There-among-the-young-herd). But his kraal of second rank, presided over by his eldest son (*iSokanqangi*) and *iKóhlo*, **emGázini** Xóko, he named the *emGázini*. Now, of this kraal Ndaba had a son, Ntshwankení, who begat Ntopó, and Ntopó begat a daughter, Mehlena, whom Senzangakóna, her royal cousin, wedded; and, to make the crooked straight, proclaimed that she and hers were not of the Zulu clan, but of the *emGázini*! Thus it came about that Xóko, with his

half-brothers, Mgútshwa and Ntshwankeni, they and their descendants, were known henceforth as **aba-s-emGázini** (address-name *Ntshangase*).

Thereafter Zulu swains openly courted the emGázini girls around the royal precincts. Xóko resented this unprincipled trespass, and set up a fence of general prohibition around **Biyela** his portion of the family. Which, when his clansmen learned, they laughed to scorn and said, "*A! kanti umuzi wakó u-ya-wu-biyela?*" (Oh! so you are putting (for us) a hedge around your family?); and henceforth they jocularly referred to these people as **aba-kwa-Biyela** (*Z. uku-biyela*, to put a hedge or barrier around).²

After Xóko's death, King Dingane took into his seraglio from these people a daughter of Mangxanga; and later yet another (a daughter of Menziwa, Xóko's son) whom he presented to his relative and friend, Mapítá, son of Sojiyisa, of Jama.

There are always those who 'know better,' even among the Zulus—and oftentimes they do. These tell us this **Biyela** was neither a kraal nor a myth, but a son, born, along with a younger brother, Ndaleka, of none other than the mysterious Nkosinkulu himself. In these present days, 'Biyela's' representative is Mkómbisi, son of Dumezweni (died 24.12.1921), son of Mkósana (who, killed at Isandlwana, was *inDuna* of the ūKándempemvu regiment), of Mvundlane, of Menziwa, of Xóko.

That Xóko was the eldest of Ndaba's sons all agree. The Great Wife, however, was harboured in the emQekwini kraal. By name Sitúli, she was daughter of Nkombáne, of the emabáténi clan; and the name of her son was Jama.

Jama belonged to the small, tough, wiry breed, active, sharp and bold. He was of fiery temperament, fierce in the fray and skilful in the use of the assegai, which, in the earlier part of his reign, he was disposed to wield freely on his own people, till apprised by his elders that even kings are subject to the laws of justice and reason.

His family, for savage royalty, appears to have been decidedly small. Of two wives only do we hear, of whom the chief was Mntaniya, daughter of Manyelela, son of Ndaba, of the Sibiya clan, sometimes known as Mntaniya, of Zingelwayo (the founder of the clan).

Mntaniya's first child was a boy named Pálo, who died young. Twins followed. Alas! both were girls—and girls, being mere food for 'gentiles,' were lightly valued by the Zulu. First came *Mkabayi*, then *Mmama*, twins; a boy, *Senzangakóna*, followed, and, finally, a girl named *Mawa*.

Queen Mntaniya lived to a hoar old age. She must have been born, approximately, about the year 1730, and, dying in the early days of November, 1825, and buried in her kraal not far from Ndaba's grave (left side of the upper Mpembéni), she must have reached her ninety-fifth year. Her death and burial furnished Lieut. King, who chanced at the time, in company with Farewell and Fynn, to be on his first visit to Shaka, both with a novel experience and an interesting topic for his diary.

"While sitting in our hut," he wrote, "at a late hour, we were aroused by the shrieks of thousands of human voices; we naturally concluded it was the enemy advancing, being aware they expected them hourly: the real cause, however, was soon ascertained,—which was the death of the king's grandmother, supposed to be between ninety and a hundred years of age. The kraal in which she resided was about a mile distant. Men, women and children having cried bitterly for several hours, there ensued a profound silence; after which thousands at the same moment commenced a most doleful song, which lasted a night and the greater part of the following day. It is said that this is the only instance ever known of the king having grieved. To give his majesty an opportunity of seeing our respect for the deceased, we repaired to the kraal where the corpse lay; but in consequence of the excessive heat of the day, and it being surrounded by so many thousand people, with scarcely a breath of air blowing, we were obliged to retire to a more wholesome spot."²

Zulu princesses in olden times were bold and independent hussies. They evinced aversion to the bonds of matrimony and preferred to remain queans. By this we do not suggest that they knew no man; quite the contrary. Their particular penchant was to go off and, sometimes, though rarely, get a child, then leave it behind and return home. There they were received like conquerors, and were rewarded with separate kraals of their own, where they reigned henceforth as free-lances. True, the name of Mkabayi's 'man'—or men—has never been revealed; nor that of Mmama's either. We meet them as two 'old maids' already firmly established as 'kraal-heads,' Mkabayi at her *ebuQulusini* (or *ema-Hlabaneni*) kraal (There where they push out the buttocks), and Mmama at *ōSebeni* (On the river-bank). Mawa, in Shaka's time, reigned over his *eNtonteleni* military kraal.

If, as were highly improbable, Mkabayi really had no husband, it were not surprising; for she is described as a tigress, with more than one victim sent on her account to the 'block.' Yet, to give her her due, there are those she saved from it—as we shall see. She was the Crown-princess (*inKosazana*), who, in every Zulu kraal of rank, was a highly respected and powerful personage. When Jama died, and Senzangakóna was still a minor, it was she who, along with her elder cousin, Mudli, son of Nkwelo, of Ndaba, fathered the little kingdom over the heir's minority; and when,

later on, the name and might of Shaka had already been blazoned throughout and beyond all Ngūniland, and the orphan child, Falatse, heir to Ratsebe, slaughtered chief of the Sutú *maPúting*, had been brought to him for protection, it was to the motherly care of his capable aunt, Mkabayi, that he committed the child.⁴

When Capt. Gardiner, in November, 1835, went on his pious but fruitless mission to king Dingane, he found Mkabayi—whom he whimsically describes as ‘one of his father’s (i.e. Senzanga-kōna’s) widows’—still living and potent.

“During my absence,” he writes,⁵ “a report has obtained circulation among the Natives here, that several of the Zoolu chiefs, with Umthlella [Ndelela] at their head, during my last visit resolved to take my life, alleging that they were suspicious of the influence I had obtained with Dingane; but that the design was over-ruled by himself and one of his father’s widows, named Umkabai.”

Gardiner himself scorned any such reflection on his Zulu ‘friends’—he was still mis-taking them, like their traditions, at their ‘face’ value. Being at that time certainly over seventy years of age, it is not likely Mkabayi survived much longer.

As for her twin-sister, Mmama, the only occurrence of note concerning her is that she escaped the accustomed fate of second twins, whose little lives, in Zulu practice, were usually nipped in the bud, mothers, it being held, not thriving well if both were reared. Her old ōSebeni kraal was still maintained in existence so late as 1879; but in that year her grand-nephew, Hamu, son of Mpande, invaded the kraal and murdered, over Mmama’s grave, an old woman, a wife and a lad, as retribution for the family’s refusal to ally themselves with him when, after Cetshwayo’s defeat, he (Hamu) went off to curry favour with the British, instead of remaining loyal to his king.⁶

Mawa, the youngest of these Three Graces, lived the longest. She is the only one of the trio whose husband tradition has remembered. She wedded the well-known Mkátshwa, at that period head of the Nxumalo section of the Ndwandwe clan, and by him bore a son, Sokábase. Then, like the rest of her class, she went home and retired as queen of a royal kraal, there to reign without any further need of troublesome husbands (43).

When Dingane had hustled Shaka off the scene and also removed other possible rivals, he permitted only two brothers to survive—perfectly innocuous, he deemed them; the one, Ggugqu, because he was but an innocent lad, the other, Mpande, because he was a muff. But ere long the muff grew wise and bundled him likewise after Shaka, and then, taking a second leaf from Dingane’s book, proceeded, only two years after his accession—viz. in 1842—to rid himself of the only possible rival still extant,

namely, his younger half-brother, Ggugqu. Upon certain information laid by one Têkwane, of this presumably innocent brother he feigned to be suspicious—the more so because the mother of Ggugqu had been, in the paternal family, of senior rank to his own. Ggugqu and his mother were accordingly stabbed to death in their home, his wives disembowelled and his children battered lifeless.

So unpromising an omen gave poor Mawa a terrible shock. And when a second evil portent at Nongálaza's (son of Nondela, of the emaNyandwini clan, and Mpande's first prime-minister) came to her hearing, she saw it was time to be a-moving. One day a crow flew down and perched on Nongálaza's fence. "*We! Nongálaza,*" it cried; "*We! Nongálaza.*" The inmates heard the cry; but, looking round, could see no speaker. "Strange," they muttered, "nobody about, save that crow over there." And as they gazed and listened, the voice came from it, sure enough—"While you are living to all appearances comfortably, this moon will not be dead before you and yours are all slain by the Zulus. Depart, or you will die this very moon."

Mawa gathered up her goods and chattels, purloined a goodly number of the royal cattle—subsequently demanded and restored—and, with attendants and a considerable following, among them Nongálaza, laid a straight trail into Natal, then already under British control. Her following grew apace as she went on, including Mangéna, son of Nokupátá (likewise of the emaNyandwini clan) and other notables with him.

So Mawa led the afflicted children of Zulu on to the Túkela. Once beyond that, they were in British territory, out of Mpande's hands. Still onwards they trudged till, suddenly, in the heart of Natal, they stood confronted by Brevet-Major J. C. Smith, of Her Majesty's 27th Regiment and Commandant of Natal. He, scared more than they at this unexpected invasion, forbade all further progress beyond the Mdloti, 'there to await instructions.' Seeing that the instructions had to come from Capetown—in those days as far away in time as England is now—it was obvious they could not await them sitting on the veld. So Mawa set about erecting her grass-tents right there and then. This done, we hear no more of any 'instructions.'

Three years later, Mawa's large family received another addition in the person of her 'grandson,' Sotóndose Nxumalo (214, 215), himself now a fugitive like her. The following year Zululand was stricken with a disastrous drought, humorously referred to as *iQina likaMbété*—the *iQina*, steenbok, being the great Zulu rain-medicine, and Mbété Ngcobo, the rain-doctor, who succeeded, much to his surprise, in producing with it a drought instead of a

rainfall. He had been specially summoned up by Mpande from the Túkela valley to mollify the refractory heavens. So he got out his magic steenbok-paunch and, along with appropriate charms, worked it fiercely in the waters of the Mfolozi drift. A tantalizing dribble was all he could manage to bring down; and the drought progressed from bad to worse. "There you have it," cried the cynics, "your wondrous steenbok of Mbété (*Nanto-ke iQina likaMbété*)." As for Mbété, he discreetly backed away out of sight, off home down in the Túkela valley, and retired from business. But of none is the Zulu byword—that he who dances last, gets all the applause—more appropriate than of contesting rain-doctors: he who comes last gets the rain. So, when now the drought was already about to break, Mpande, disappointed at his own incompetency to work the prerogative of Zulu kings, implored as a last resource the Hlubi chief, Langalibalele (Mr. Sun-is-hot) to come to his aid, suspecting no doubt (as witness his very name), that maybe he was at the bottom of the pest. And insooth, along with a present of six black bullocks, Langalibalele sent back a perfect deluge of rain, and received all the praise. But Mbété's drought brought to Mawa a rich harvest, driving down to her a multitude of new subjects from the north. And Mawa became a queen once more.

Standing on the seashore at the mouth of the Mloti river (in Natal), with the ocean at one's back, one sees a mile and a half away up-river on the right a rocky rounded knoll, known when the land was 'free' as *kwaHógo*. There Mawa rests—under the ploughed field of green *uMoba* (sugarcane) waving above her; Mawa, daughter of Jama, 'sister' of Senzangakóna, 'mother' of Shaka, Dingane and Mpande.

Though Jama was by repute a valorous warrior and mighty with the javelin, he modestly refrained from making any public exhibition of his prowess to his country's aggrandisement. The only campaign he ever launched was one organized against Fakazi's (*kwaFákazi*)—whether this signifies a private individual kraal or the whole *Fákazi* section of the Qwabe clan, does not appear; most likely not the latter, which would have resulted in retaliation by the powerful Qwabe chieftain. Or was it the *Fákazi* section of the Kúmalos? Others, again, state *kwaMhlabangúbo* as the locality, wherever that may have been—they point towards Vryheid district, or beyond; but we fear Jama's arm, and arms, could hardly have reached many miles from home.

On the triumphant return of this expedition, it was discovered that the booty consisted of one small boy, whom Jama claimed as his own share of the spoils. This child's name was Ngwábi, and the king adopted him into his own family, and in due course presented him with a bride. Alas! the wedding had scarcely been

celebrated when Ngwábi died. Said Jama, "And he has not even left a stick behind him in the assembly"—the Zulu way of saying 'to leave a son to perpetuate the name.' "Go then thou," he said to Mhlaba, his brother, "and take the widow." To which Mhlaba replied, "But she is already *imprégnée*." "No matter," quoth the king; "get thee hence and *jiyisa*." * The which Mhlaba dutifully did; and nine months later, they named the baby *uSojiyisa* (He who thickens). When, in the days of Senzangakóna, Sojiyisa had grown to man's estate, he called his kraal *kwaMandlakazi* (The Place of the mighty seed, or power). There he begat Mapítá, father of Zibébú, so celebrated in more recent Zulu history as the head of the *Mandlakazi* faction of the clan.

It is only fair to add that the stigma of bastardism or of alien origin on the fair name of Sojiyisa, as proclaimed above, is declared by his descendants a base and malicious calumny concocted in recent times by the rival *uSutú* faction of Cetshwayo.

With this last exercise of the royal prerogative, the curtain falls on—

Jama, o'mvukazi zi'monya; ziyenqaba ukuwela emfuleni, lingani.

Isiduli esipáhlwe ngamakánda amadoda.

Ubóqolo o'makándakánda; nabalimi bentsimu bangawusipúla.

UJama kabongwa ngabalandakazi; ubongwa yinjenje yasemQekwini.

Imbaba yakoSonomo mninginingi.

Ngibe ngiyabiza lowo, uyasabela. Usabel' umlacuba wakaMagalana;

kusabela umbebe kaMahamba-simuke.

Abanye basemhlane; aba'siquzi ngabawoNkobe.

UJama kalutwána kangákanani; nasentlamvini yomkónto angase ahlale.

Ugabágabá, u'mtóndo u'majiya esiswini.

* Lat. *spissare* (e.g. *pullem*).

¹ *Decline and Fall*, III.

² Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, I., 61.

³ *J.Z.C.*, 222.

⁴ See also Stuart, *K.*, 86.

⁵ J. C. MacGregor, *B.T.*, 43.

⁶ Vijn, *C.D.*, 94.

⁷ Bird, *A.N.*, II., 110, 198, 316.

CHAPTER 6

THE RIGHTFUL-DOER WEDS "NADA THE LILY" AND OTHERS (c. 1781)

JAMA dead (c. 1781), **Senzangakóna** (The Rightful-Doer), the heir-apparent, being still too young to rule—not yet circumcised, not yet married—the control of affairs was temporarily vested in the

Mudli-Mkabayi diarchy, grandson and granddaughter of Ndaba by different lines (41).

Lieut. King is the only European who, having actually seen Shaka (in 1825), left us a considered judgment on his age—

“Chaka,” he says,¹ “is about 38 years of age.”

This being so, he must have been born about the year 1787. At the time of Shaka's birth by Nandi, Senzangakôna, who at that time already had two wives, could not have been less than 30 years of age—he was probably more, the Zulus not having had the habit of hurrying into married life. We assume, then, that Senzangakôna, the Rightful-Doer, was born to Mntaniya, the wife of Jama, in or about the year 1757.

As the boy grew, his names increased. Ntiti, Master Frail-boy; Menzi, The Doer; Mjokwana, The Little-long-thing; and Gxebe, Sweetheart, were all heaped upon him—the last most appropriate of all; for Senzangakôna accumulated a harem many a Turkish Sultan might have been proud of. The women were, wisely, distributed among at least three different kraals, the *esiKlebêni*, *kwaZindela* and *kwaNobambá*, the first marking the start, the last the finish, of his married career.

But all that was not yet. Not until about the year 1782 was he deemed ripe for circumcision. Shaka's mother, Nandi, having been reputedly Senzangakôna's third wife, we conclude that he married his first wife not later than 1784. His first wife was *Mkabi* (Miss Bad-Wife)—by some, *Mnkabi* (She of the Ox, or Cattle)—the daughter of Sodubo, of the Nzuzu clan; and the first in rote, she remained likewise the first in rank throughout her life. She began and ended as queen (*inKosikazi*) of the *esiKlebêni* kraal, on the summit of a high rounded ridge, marked in these days by a conspicuous euphorbia tree, overlooking the right bank of the middle *Mkúmbáne*, about a mile and three-quarters below the old *Mgúngundlovu* site. There, ruling over several subordinate wives (*abaLobokazi*), she was privileged herself to reside in her lord's own private hut (*iLawu*), known among the wives as *kwaNohini* (Nohini's, which maybe was their nickname for him), also known as *kwaNohidi*.*

Mkabi's first child was a boy, who died young. The next child was a girl, named *Nomzintlanga*, after the stream *Mzintlanga*, a tributary of the *Mpembêni*, a few miles off. Another name of hers was *Ndikidi*. As the crown-princess (*inKosazana*), she played an important rôle in the courts of her father and of her brother, Shaka. But when *Dingane* came to the throne, and she

* *Ukhúhina* or *ukuhida* means to build hastily with *izihúdule zesihlahla*, dragged bushes, as distinct from properly chopped *amahlahla*, branches.



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HOW THE ELANGENI GIRLS BORE THE BEER TO ENTUZUMA HILL



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WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THE BEER WAS DRUNK

was fully 45, he gave her in marriage to his friend, Mlandela, son of Mbila, then head of the dismantled Mtétwá clan. She made no addition to Mlandela's family. These two were Mkabi's only children.

Senzangakóna's second wife was **Fúdukazi** (Miss Big Tortoise). By her he had no children. Her cognomen was Cele; but whether this was the personal name of her father or his clan-name (of the Cele clan in Natal), is uncertain.

Now, at that time ēLangeni folk (from above the Mhlatúze) and emaQungebeni (about the eNtuzuma hill, beyond the emPembéni) were busy intermarrying.

One day an ēLangeni man on such an errand reached emKúmbáne, twenty miles from home, fatigued and hungry. He encountered there a merry group of Zulu youths out with their herds and well provisioned with meat and beer from their homes. According to Ngúni manners, he was hospitably invited to share in the repast; and the same when he returned.

The youthful Zulu chieftain, Senzangakóna, already some 26 years old, was present. His kindly manner impressed the ēLangeni stranger, who, reaching home, was glowing with his praises. This interested Nandi, daughter of the late king Bébé. Along this selfsame path the ēLangeni girls were then themselves about to go, carrying presents of sorghum beer to their relative married in Qungebeland. So Nandi arranged to accompany them; and, in order to facilitate her effort, she begged the aforesaid messenger to pose as chaperon and, as one practised in the art, to push her suit.

Senzangakóna, still in heart a boy, set blithely forth in company with other youths; and as they larked about the veld in chase of birds, behold a file of damsels, four in all, came liling down the hill,

Like those fair nymphs that are described to rove
Across the glades and openings of the grove;
Only that these are dressed for silvan sports
And less become the finery of courts.

—OVID, *Metam.*, VI.

Having reached the Zulu youths, the chaperon advanced, while the girls sat themselves discreetly distant to rest their weary limbs. Soon the latter were bid to approach, and asked, "Whence come ye, pretty maidens?" "From iNgúga kraal," they said, "in ēLangeni land, and on our way to eNtuzuma." "And which is the daughter of Bébé?" they inquired. "This here, uNandi."

"And what will ye here?" Said Nandi, "Just come to see the child of the king." "Why wish to see him?" Said Nandi,

"Because I like him." "And can you point him out?" "There he is," said she triumphantly; but inconsiderate time then sped the girls away.

On the morrow, from eNtuzuma the eLangeni girls retraced their steps homewards. While resting, and bathing their tired feet in the gurgling waters of the Mkúmbâne, the Zulu youths again espied them, and forsook the birds they were chasing to court the girls. They begged for the 'fun of the roads' (*ama-Hlay'endlela*), and flirting on primitive lines followed. Said Senzangakóna, "That there is mine; she kneeling on the rock." And that was Nandi. Then the lads and lasses, each a loving pair, retired to the privacy of the adjacent bush for the customary intercourse.

The girls went home, and all was soon forgotten—except by Nandi, who, when the third month came, became aware, as did her mother, that something more than fun had happened. Such was the sorrowful fate of **Nandi**, daughter of Bébé, a former eLangeni chief, by his great wife, Mfunda, daughter (or sister) of the Qwabe chief, Kóndlo. She was born in Bébé's eBozeni kraal, and, parents long dead, was now residing with her nephew, Mbéngi, reigning chief of eLangeni, at his iNgúga kraal by the isiZiba stream below emTinemide (near modern Melmoth).

So a messenger was rushed off bearing a formal indictment against the youthful Zulu chief. But Mudli, Ndaba's grandson and chief elder of the clan, indignantly denied the charge. "Impossible," said he; "go back home and inform them the girl is but harbouring an intestinal beetle"—at that period known as an *iShaka*, but nowadays, owing to the *hlonipá* custom, termed an *iKámbi*, and held, both then and now, a common cause of suppression of the menses. But, in due season Nandi became a mother. "There now!" they sent word to the Zulu people over the hills; "there is your beetle (*iShaka*). Come and fetch it; for it is yours." And reluctantly they came, and deposited Nandi, unwedded, in the hut of Senzangakóna; and the child was named **uShaka** *—the year 1787.

Poor Nandi! now not only illicitly a mother but, what was worse, within the forbidden degrees of kindred—her mother being Mfunda, daughter of Kóndlo, the Qwabe chief, with whose clan intermarriage to the Zulus was tabu. But Senzangakóna, being a chief, 'could do no wrong,' and, without the merry wedding-feast—there being no ceremonial celebration of the coming of a

* Three variations of this story—as of most others—have been related to the writer, agreeing all in substance though differing in detail. That here inserted was procured from Ntonjane, daughter of Mpande, Senzangakóna's son. See also Stuart, *B.*, 59.

bride already with child—Nandi, doubly dishonoured, was quietly installed as the chief's third wife.

Love for Nandi had been but a transient fancy. She soon found herself unwelcome and neglected. Happily, Mkabi, great-wife at the esiKlebèni kraal, to whom, as *umLobokazi*, Nandi had been entrusted, was closely related to Nandi's 'mother.' So she took her under her own especial care and displayed towards her an especial sympathy.

Now, when, in due course, Nandi went in to her lord, Mkabi induced her to render herself agreeable to Senzangakóna by anointing her person with fragrant ointment (*amaKá*, prepared of crushed *imPepó* leaves pounded with fat). Whence it came about that Nandi's second child was Nomcoba (the Ointment Girl). When Nomcoba was almost 40 years of age Dingane, now on the throne, presented her—as he had already done her half-sister, Nomzintlanga—to his Mtétwá friend, Mlandela, by whom she bore a boy, Masana, who died young.

But Nandi was no longer loved, because her nature was not lovable. Isaacs, who knew her, writing on the spot in 1828, with all things fresh in memory, states that

"she was said to have been a masculine and savage woman, ever quarrelling with and so enraging her husband, that he was compelled to exercise some salutary authority and reprimand her for the impropriety of her conduct."²

The climax was reached when one day her little son, Shaka, while herding his father's stock, negligently permitted one of his parent's dogs, with which herd boys were wont to be accompanied, to kill his father's pet fat-tailed sheep. The mother, naturally defending her boy, came into angry conflict with her spouse. The latter, patience at last exhausted, ordered her to be gone. So poor Nandi, with her two children, trudged back sorrowfully up that hill again, once so sunny, homewards (62).

Senzangakóna's fourth wife was **Langazana** (Miss Earnest-Longing), daughter of Gúbeshe, of the Gázu Sibiyas. The Sibiyas lived within easy distance of the Zulus, along the Mfolozi banks and adjoining the Zulu country. Like Nandi, Langazana was affiliated to Mkabi. There she bore an only child, Magwáza (or Nongqobo), who died fighting bravely for his country against the Boers at Ncome (Blood) river on 16th December, 1838. When, three years earlier, Capt. Gardiner had visited Dingane, then at *kwaKángela* military-kraal (on the right-hand side of the Eshowe-Empangeni road, proceeding from Eshowe, about seven miles from the latter), Langazana was in residence as *inKosikazi* there.

"She is of middle age," he writes,³ "possesses a mild and intelligent countenance; and, like her august relative, is of a very dignified size."

After Dingane's death, she followed Mpande up-country to his new Great Place, over the White Mfolozi, *emaHlabatini amasha*.

Whatever scraps of information we can bring together about these royal ladies are worth preserving, and Leslie's account ⁴ of his visit to Langazana is well worth repeating. He found her installed—it was in the year 1866—as *inKosikazi* in the military kraal of king Mpande's *Nokênke* regiment, situated in the country known as the *emaHlabatini akaMpande*—a plain-like expanse from three to seven miles from the White Mfolozi, on its northern side, opposite the Mtônjaneni heights. The kraal still preserved the good old name so dear to Langazana, of *esiKlebêni*, and consisted of 338 huts, of which 18 formed the *isiGôdlo*, the private reserve of the king's wives, children and *umNdlunkulu* girls.

“The head man in this kraal,” writes Leslie, “is, as Paddy would say, a woman . . . and a remarkably jolly old lady she is. Langasana is the biggest woman I ever saw, weighing at least twenty-five stone. She never moves out of the hut, but lolls away day after day on a mat inside, ‘keeping the corporation up’ on Kaffir beer and beef. She rules over a large tract of country, and, consequently, has her hands full of cases to decide every day.

“The old woman is governor, but the kraal belongs to the king, and it has, therefore, a ‘Sgohlo’—like the inner apartment of the Sultan's palace—sacred to Langasana herself and about forty girls, ‘the peccoliar wanity’ and property of King Panda. It is a great honour to be admitted to the Sgohlo, and at night it is jealously watched by the King's Janissaries. The girls are allowed no social intercourse with the other sex. They grow up separated and apart from every one until the day they are bestowed upon those ‘whom the King delighteth to honour.’ This kind of reward is something akin to the King of Siam's white elephant, as, in return for the present of a *cara sposa*, the individual thus honoured is expected, in order to show his gratitude, to send to his Majesty a gift of about ten times the value of an ordinary wife in the regular market.

“In each and all of the kraals there is a posy of girls, and sometimes, as in more civilized regions, the belles of one kraal will have a quarrel with those of another, and then they meet and fight it out, as happened here at the Escepena the other day.

“It appears that some girls who lived close by were carrying beer to the King's, and were met by three or four of those belonging to the Escepena, who asked them how they came to cover up the King's beer with nasty rags. It is dangerous work jesting with Panda's name . . . so by way of confutation they set to work and severely beat the jesters; but on their return they were met by the whole force of the Escepena, and had the compliment returned with interest.

“Next day all Dugusa's girls [the *Dukuza* military kraal near by, whence the beer-carriers had come] turned out, and encamped about two hundred yards from the waggon, and sent two heralds with a challenge to the Escepena. I was there when the challenge came, and the commotion was tremendous. The young men were all out hoeing, so the girls got hold of their small shields and sticks and out they went. Langasana sent a lot of men after them to turn them, which they did, and chased them

back into the kraal. However, . . . directly the guards were withdrawn, out they went again. The old lady, seeing it was useless to oppose them longer, said, 'Let them go!' and I followed to see the fun.

"Both sides were armed alike with sticks, knobkerries and shields, but Dugusa's girls numbered only twenty, while Langasana's were double that number. The opposing forces met just at the back of the kraal at which my waggon was outspanned, and, without any preliminary 'feints or dodges,' at it they went at once, and with a will. The noise, clatter of sticks, and shouts were most startling. Every minute one or two would roll over with a broken head, and, meeting an opponent on the ground in the like predicament, would have a *pas de deux* of biting, scratching and kicking. They kept at it with intense energy, vociferation and gesticulation, for about ten minutes, and then the lesser number turned and fled. The victors then returned, covered with blood, shouting, and boasting of their deeds in the fray and of their 'glorious victory.'

"The leaders on the Escepepe side were three daughters of King Panda; one of them the handsomest girl, whether black or white, I have ever seen. Ah! sweet Nomanxewa [*Nomanxiwa*], how shall I describe thee? A little over the middle size—a splendid bust, but not overdeveloped, as in most Kaffir women—a waist like Titania's, limbs like the Venus de Milo; she has escaped, too, the bane of thick lips and a flat nose, and rejoices in what, without stretching, may be called aquiline features; head small, and set on a neck like a classic column, well-rounded arms, small hands and feet; in manners, neither bold nor forward, but an indescribable easy gracefulness of motion pervading the whole. A fine clever girl to talk to—a little bit of a vixen and a good deal of the coquette—but, oh dear! . . . so awfully odoriferous!

"At Langasana's I was shown a willow-pattern plate—a genuine old Spode—and was asked what was the meaning of all those blue marks upon it. . . . It was 'the old, old story,' which they could well understand. The two fond lovers, the hard-hearted father, the broken-hearted girl shut up, and the ultimate bolting with the jewels, came home to their bosoms as an everyday incident in Zulu-land."

But Langazana, as age crept on, seems to have grown fonder of down-country, with its warmer climate and more pleasing vegetation; for, in Cetshwayo's time, we find her back again near Kángela, at her eNdlwayini kraal, in the Bulawayo-emKindini district (some ten miles further seawards than Kángela), where she was blessed with a peaceful end, well over 90 years of age, in the year 1884.

With a life-span covering the five reigns of Senzangakóna, Shaka, Dingane, Mpande and Cetshwayo, it will for ever be lamented that every Colonial Government, all equally supine and disgraced—indeed, even to these present days no Native historiographer has ever been appointed!—should have failed to tap for permanent record the rich memories of so unique and eventful a career, and have listlessly allowed so precious a living document to become irrecoverably lost.

We are unable to subscribe to Isaacs' statement⁵ that Senzangakóna was blessed with "30 wives, and his concubines

were almost innumerable." We doubt very much whether his wives exceeded even a baker's dozen. As for concubines, although we grant that men of standing were never averse to receiving into their families, ostensibly as domestic servants (in Zulu parlance, *izimPotúli* or corn-crushers), privily also for other purposes (*izaNcinza*), any female as came their way, yet we feel certain that the *umNdlunkulu* system (or gathering into the royal kraals, as 'human cattle,' of large numbers of unmarried girls) as Isaacs saw it, was not, as Isaacs assumed, an aboriginal Zulu custom, but simply a natural consequence of Shaka's conquests.

The harem portals are flung open once more, and, almost on the heels of Little Earnest-Longing, trips in Odiosa, alias **Mzondwase**, mother of Mhlangana who will duly reappear on the stage in the last tragic act of the play, great Shaka's death. Following, as spouse number six, came **Mpikase**, daughter of Mlilela, of the emaQungebeni clan near by, who lives in history as mother of Dingane, successor to Shaka on the throne. During Dingane's reign, she resided along with Langazana at his favourite Kángela kraal (49). Then 'danced' **Magulana** (Little Milk Gourds), daughter of Ntshongolo, of the Nene sub-clan of the emaNgádiní. Her only child, *Sikáká*, married Dilikana, of Hlakanyana, of Nkomo, of Shandu, of the emaMbáténi royal house. Eighth on the rôle was **Bíbí**, daughter of Nkobe, which was a nickname for Sompisi (principal of the recently arrived Ntuli fugitives), who, installed as the royal cook, became jocularly referred to as 'Boiled-Mealies' (*iziNkobe*). Bibí also was affiliated, with Nandi and Langazana, to Mkabi's esiKlebéni family, and there bore Sigíyana and Nomqotó (subsequently given as bride to Mlandela, where she gave birth, first, to Sokwetshatá, in later years Mtétwá chief; secondly, to Ndlebezomlilo; and lastly, to Somcuba, all boys). Next came **Songiya**, daughter of Ngotsha, of the Hlabisa clan. Her first addition to the family was Mpande, successor to Dingane and father of Cetshwayo. A girl, Nozicuba, followed; then a boy, Nzibe, who, already a young man, succumbed, probably to the fatal *iMbó* disease, on Shaka's disastrous Bálule expedition; and finally, another girl, Ntikili, whom Mpande married to Malanda, of Velana, head of the Mkwánazi clan, where she became the mother of Somkéle. After Songiya followed **oka-Sondaba**, the daughter of Sondaba, of the Butélezi clan, whose only child was the boy, Bákuza (or Mahébana). **Ncaka**, daughter of Mncinci, (presumably) the Qwabe chieftain, followed, and her boy, Kólekile, was slain, along with Langazana's Magwáza, by the Boers at the Blood river fight. Other wives we hear of are **Kishwase**, **Mjanisi**, **Mangcengeza** (either of whom may have

been the already-mentioned daughter of Sondaba), **Mehlana** daughter of Ntopó, of Ntshwankeni, of Ndaba (39), and, finally, **Mntuli** (who may have been the same as Bibí, who was of the Ntuli clan).

There are those who assert that the **aba-kwa-Mdlalose** was the very first and oldest of the Zulu sub-clans (37). This seems hardly probable from the small number of its members **Mdlalose** even at this distant period. What appears almost certain is that Senzangakóna—it may even have been Jama—wedded a girl of this family, one Dlalose, daughter of Mpamashe, father of Kúzwayo, father of Ntsangwana, father of Weli, the last-mentioned in 1910 still living. These declared that the sub-clan had its rise in that incident.

Besides those sons of Senzangakóna already mentioned, to wit, Shaka, Magwáza, Mhlangana, Dingane, Sigújana (or Mfokazana), Mpande, Nzibe, Bákuza (or Mahébana) and Kólekile, the names of Gówujana, Sigwébana, Mfihlo, Gqugqu, Nxojana, likewise appear on the historic page.

As daughters of Senzangakóna, we have already referred to Nomzintlanga (or Ndikidi), Nomcoba, Sikáká, Nomqotó and Ntikili. Others were, Nomanqe, married to Siyezana, son of Sonkopé, of the Mtétwá clan, and resident on the Black Mfoloji, near its junction with the White; and Gijima (or Baleka), given by Mpande to Mlandela (no issue), along with her sister, Nomaklwa, whom the writer met at a wedding of Sokweshata's (Mlandela's heir). She was the last of Senzangakóna's family to bid farewell to this, to her, sadly changed world. Three children were hers—Ndafaza and Mhlopé, girls; and a boy, Maqoqo (or Makwini), still living in 1927.

The hunter, Leslie, made the acquaintance of Gijima under amusing circumstances, at the end of the year 1866. It was Christmastide, and the following was part of the Christmas celebrations:—

"I was staying at a kraal," he says,⁶ "five miles from Nodwengo [*Nodwengu*], the proprietrix of which is Panda's sister, Baleka. The old lady is very much afflicted with gout, and consequently unable to walk. She asked me to take her down in the waggon, and I consented. On the 30th December we took everything belonging to myself out of the waggon, and received Baleka's household goods, family and servants. First came some girls with mats, wooden pillows, blankets, baskets of beer, pots of fat, dresses, beads, spoons and a miscellaneous assortment of greasy, odoriferous articles. Then came the old lady herself, and, after a tremendous struggle and much groaning, her people managed to hoist the twenty stone of her into the waggon. When she was comfortably laid down, two men stationed themselves—one at her feet and the other at her head—to render any assistance she might require. After this came

two daughters [evidently half-daughters] and a host of slave girls, her servants; then, with the waggon filled with a heap of chattering, screaming, laughing black humanity, we made a start, two men going in front to look out for holes and stones, and away we went.

"I have said before that African waggons jolt frightfully, so, notwithstanding all our care, the ups and downs which Baleka had to submit to, rather disordered her nerves and temper, not to mention the gout. At every jolt we had a grunt from her ladyship and screams from the girls. Twenty times a mile we had to halt to allow her to recover breath and arrange herself. All this was comparatively tolerable, but a steep hill which we had to descend was fated to try her metal to the uttermost. As for the girls, they were just the same prettily-frightened, timid dears they are all over the world.

"When we came to the hill we had a consultation as to our mode of procedure, and decided not to say anything to her about the difficulties of the descent. The Latin proverb says that it is easy to descend to Avernus, but, as Zulu means 'heaven,' we found the obverse hold good, for it was something positively frightful. But as there was no possibility of avoiding it—there being no choice of roads . . . we at once set off. I sat on the box in front, told her that it was a little steep and rough, and suggested that she had better hold on to something; then down we went!

"The scene was indescribable. In addition to the steepness, the road was full of stones; the oxen could not hold the waggon back, so we went jolting over everything, in more senses than one, at a rattling rate. Screams and broken exclamations; everything and everybody shaken down into a heap in the front part of the waggon, and on the top of poor old Baleka. But for all that, we could hear her voice, broken with jolts, gasping forth entreaties to keep quiet, and not to be afraid, it was perfectly safe, and she knew all about it! Did you ever see a lot of eels twisting about together in a box? Well, just thus looked the congeries of struggling, screaming humanity in the bottom of the waggon.

"At last we got to the bottom, put everything to rights, and reached Nodwengo without further adventure—the young men at the kraal evidently highly envious of my happiness in travelling with such a bevy of Zulu belles. When Baleka came to the King, he ordered an ox to be killed for her, of which I was fortunate enough to get a leg as payment of the 'freight and passage money,' and next day I was presented with an entire animal by the King himself."

Picture to yourself old Senzangakóna sailing over the hills in a British prairie-schooner! And here is his daughter actually doing it. *Quam tempora mutantur, et mores cum illis!*

And what of Mkabi, through all these long, changing years, first of bucolic peace, then of glorious conquest, finally of massacre and feud, of endless pain and collapse?—Mkabi, the Great-Wife of esiKlebēni, who had mothered, so carefully and kindly, Nandi and Langazana, Shaka and Dingane and all the rest. Let Magema tell us.⁷ It was the time of the Zulu War—just after.

"Cetshwayo's grandmother, the great wife of Senzangakóna, was also alive at the beginning of the war. When the English force came, the Zulus begged her to quit her home and go away; but she refused, and when they urged it, she said that 'she did not wish to live any longer and

be troubled ; for, when Shaka was killed by his brothers, she was left in charge of Dingane, and when Dingane died, she was protected by Mpande, and Mpande left her to Cetshwayo, and now Cetshwayo, without having done any wrong, is being killed by the white men !' Thereupon the Inkosikazi—Queen—took a knife and cut her throat and died."

Poor Mkabi ! dazed and dismayed at the strange and fearful world new-risen around her—was she in hell ? What was this now overwhelming her ?—long feeble in frame, now broken in heart ; it was the last straw !

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live, and gladly die ;
And I laid me down with a will.

—R. L. STEVENSON.

¹ Bird, *A.N.*, I., 184.

⁶ *T.E.A.*, I., 321.

² *T.E.A.*, I., 353.

⁶ *A.Z.*, 97.

³ *J.Z.C.*, 123.

⁴ *A.Z.*, 70.

⁷ Vijn, *C.D.*, 37.

CHAPTER 7

SENZANGAKONA ENLARGES THE FAMILY ALSO IN OTHER WAYS (c. 1781-1816)

To control so multitudinous a family and to manœuvre so feeble a clan through all encompassing dangers, must needs have entailed some worry. And the problem most perplexing Senzangakona at this present moment was, to whom shall he hand the reins when he too must quit. Shaka, his eldest living boy, had, with Nandi, left him ; and looking around amongst the boys still with him, he decided on Bakuza, son of Sondaba's daughter, his Butélezi bride, which son was then on a visit to his mother's people.

But while he was thus peacefully cogitating in his mind, behold ! a strange invading army had come up from the coast and was already on his borders. Dingiswayo, the recently returned Mtétwá king, was now self-appointed policeman of squabbling Ngúniland. Patrolling the country inland, he had reached the adjoining Butélezi domain, where, meeting only with jeers, he had promptly ordered a charge, wherein alas ! amongst many others, poor Bakuza fell—and with Bakuza fell too all his father's brave intentions to resist. Up went Senzangakona's hands forthwith, and he too became tributary to the Mtétwá power. But a substitute for Bakuza had now to be found ; and he selected

Mfokazana (alias Sigújana, alias Nomkwáyimba, son of queen Bibi.

It was not wrangling wives alone, refractory sons and contentious subjects Senzangakóna had to contend with. There were greedy and aggressive and more powerful chiefs upon his every flank, who were a constant source of wrong-doing and apprehension. There was, on the one side, the fierce and mighty Macingwane, chieftain of the emaCúnwini by the Mzinyati, whom the intermediate buffer-state of Mpungose by no means sufficed to hinder from invading. On more than one occasion he had led Senzangakóna himself off captive. Happily, however, his sorrowing family would hurry on his heels and ere nightfall extricate him, by suitable cattle-ransom, from his ignominious position. On another flank was Púngashe, Butélezi chief, still nearer home and equally aggressive, despite all marital affinities. He even demanded that Senzangakóna pay tribute to him !

Stung by this impudence and his own helplessness, Senzangakóna conceived the bold idea of destroying them all—by magic. Equally effective as the sword—and in his case it might prove more so—it entailed no risks. So he despatched secret messengers to collect and bring to him *iNisila* (body-dirt), of every potential enemy round about, knowing that once in possession of their body-droppings, he was already in possession of *them*, and could snuff them out, telekinetically, at will. All this was done by purloining their discarded rags, fallen hair, urinated soil, or tufts of thatch (*amaKótámo*) from the crown of their tiny doorways against which they would rub on entering. These personal miscellanea, suitably charmed by the *iNyanga yokusonga*, or *yokumisa*, *iZwe* (the-doctor-for-wrapping-up, or for-making-stand-firm, the-country), were then bound with fibre into a large coil (*inKatá*) and entrusted to the care of the *iNqadi* wife of the *inDlunkulu* (Great Hut). All this was carefully and successfully performed by Senzangakóna, and the precious coil handed over to Langazana for safe-keeping.

Alas ! the magic proved a dismal failure—at least in Púngashe's case. Plainly he had forestalled them and gained possession of a stronger counter-charm. For when they indulged once more in their usual scrimmage, he repeated Macingwane's insult and took the Zulu king home with him. Which when Púngashe's wives did see, great was their glee ; but when, from the tiny doorways of their huts, their eyes passed over to the huge dimensions of their prize, " Good gracious ! " they exclaimed ; " and where are we to stow this hippopotamus ? "—in Zulu an inoffensive term of admiration at one's obesity. Fortunately, Senzangakóna's thoughtful family, already well-accustomed to the procedure, arrived with 60 head of cattle, and took their hippo home.

Harassed and exasperated in this way, the Zulu king was now desperate; so he determined on another device. He would render his army impervious to the enemy javelins by employing the most powerful war-doctors the world could boast. By the happiest of coincidences these chanced to be then in his very neighbourhood. There was Mgidi, with his son, Nondumo, and his relative, Mqalane, Sutús all from Mabóko's (eMbó-Ngúni) territory up inland. Every one of them was accordingly engaged, and set manfully to work. Alas! for Senzangakóna, he had thought of this too late. His inglorious career was rapidly approaching its end, and the magic must needs remain to explain the mystery of all his son, Shaka's, achievements. All these Sutús for the nonce could do was to settle in the land of the Zulus, to whom, in course of time, their offspring became known as **aba-kwa-Nzuza** (The People of Nzuza).

The flood that led the Nzuzas on to fortune rolled down in Shaka's time. Above all else, Shaka needed reliable war-charms. That these plausible quacks by their alluring professions should have duped Senzangakóna and other royal noodles, was not surprising; but an essay on their part to gull his more astute boy, Shaka, was assuredly a bold speculation, involving them in tremendous risks. Zwide, king of the Ndwandwes, was the one outstanding foe whom Shaka doubted his strength to overcome. So he called in these wonderful medicine-men from abroad and bade them render his army invulnerable to Zwide's javelins. Nondumo undertook the perilous task. Fortunately for him, Shaka's army was splendidly successful; and as a token of his gratitude and admiration, Shaka made over to the Nzuzas in perpetuity a block of land embracing both banks of the upper Mfulé river. There Nondumo begat a son, Nomhlangana; and he begat Noziwawa, father of Zigéyana, father of Ndida. This Noziwawa was in later times on friendly terms with king Mpande, who, as a further honour, bestowed on him a fine estate along the upper iTóndo river (south side of oNgóye). Another Nzuza grandee about that time was Shandu, father of Majiya, father of chief Ngwénya. Ngwénya died of malarial fever on 18th April, 1915. His son Sisila was appointed probationary chief on 17th July, 1926, Mnyameni, an elder son of Majiya, having meantime acted as regent.

The Nzuzas, having entered Zululand from outside as a mere trading party, had no chief, and so no genealogy.

Though not very powerful at arms, Senzangakóna had always been well-liked abroad, and fugitives from surrounding tribes frequently fled to him and, sorely needed for his little army, were always welcomed.

Eastward of Ladysmith, in Natal, there dwelt the large emaBéleni tribe, of the eMbó (or Dlamini) group (311). A section of them, with the *isiTáhazelo* 'Ntuli,' had recently run wild and developed anthropophagous tastes. These Ntuli are they, perhaps, of whom Zihlandlo, the eMbó chief, related to Isaacs¹ that

"near his territories there was a nation or tribe of Bush Caffres, who exist by killing the elephant for its flesh, and that, in the event of conquering, they eat the dead bodies of their enemies, as well as destroy their prisoners for a similar purpose."

The cannibal stronghold at ēLenge hill (Job's Kop) near the lower Waschbank river, rapidly became the most shunned and perilous spot for any solitary traveller to approach. When in after times Senzangakóna's old bogey, Macingwane, chief of the emaCúnwini, was so ill-starred as to pass that way on his forlorn return from the Mzimkúlu—whither he had been driven by Shaka and there seen his people annihilated—he little knew that he was walking straight into the cooking-pots of these emaBéleni.

The chief of this ēLenge section of the tribe in Senzangakóna's days was Mahlapáhlapá—others were ruled by Maliwa and Jojo. Mahlapáhlapá too by that time had come to make the alarming discovery that not even the sacred person of kings was longer respected by his quite too cannibalistic subjects, and that, if he would save his own flesh for himself, it were wise to place some greater distance between these people and his person. He consequently drove the most irrepressible of them over the Mzinyati river—it did not avail much though, for he too, soon after, went into the pot all the same—whence eventually they wandered into 'Zululand,' and were admitted into the fold as **aba-kwa-Ntuli** (The People of Ntuli). There they were compelled to forego their cannibalistic propensities and to lead more respectable, if servile, lives as menials in the Zulu kraals and recruits in the Zulu army.

Mgágátwá, Mahlapáhlapá's son, escaped the pot, as did his son, Bálule; but both assiduously kept the home pots boiling in the Túkela-Mzinyati triangle with other people's carcasses quite up to the year 1836. Then the Boers came down over the Berg; but the cannibals could not masticate them, and gradually went out of business. A Zulu army coming along in three divisions about that time hastened the process. They unearthed a nest of remnants along the Waschbank valley and swept them away to the south.

Among these recent arrivals in the Zulu country was a man named Sompisi, son of Gúqa, of Msalela, of Nomashingila, who, probably owing to his peculiar skill in the art of dressing meat,

Senzangakóna soon promoted to the rank of family cook, *iNceku*. His sons, Gwátshaza and Ndlela (who, with a daughter, had been born at eLenge), he drafted into his army (*inTontela* regiment), and the daughter, Bibi, into his harem. In his new rôle of royal chef, Sompisi ere long received the nickname 'Nkobe,' his principal occupation being that of boiling and crushing the king's maize-grains (*Z. iziNkobe*).

Gwátshaza was Sompisi's heir ; but he died without issue and left no name in history. Far otherwise was it with the next in seniority, named Ndlela—a younger son, Ndwane, became a headman under Mpande ; but as for Ndlela, within a very few years this erstwhile cannibal, by his wonderful deeds of prowess, grew to be the outshining star amongst the Zulu braves. So did he ingratiate himself with Shaka, that he was ultimately appointed to the charge of a considerable district running along the Tùkela, between Mpapála 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.

Throughout all the stirring episodes of Dingane's reign, Ndlela figured largely. In part responsible for the massacre at the em-Gúngundlovu kraal of Piet Retief and his sixty Boers, on 6th February, 1838, he must likewise bear the guilt of the subsequent slaughter at Weenen and of many other foul deeds. 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 Mpapála. There the old tribe was resurrected once more under a new-made chief.

Gódide was Ndlela's principal son, and, like his sire, perished in the service of his king. He was slain, fighting for the loyalists, in the memorable battle between Cetshwayo and Zibébú, fought, subsequently to the restoration of the former, at the oNdimi kraal on 21st July, 1883.

Leaving only a minor heir, Maqúbandaba, father of Ntulizwe,

* See Stuart, *H.*, 39.

There are those who speak of a *Ndlovu* branch of the Zulu family. We have been able to discover no evidence whatever that there was such branch. That fugitives from other **Ndlovu** clans—like the *Ntanzis* (182)—or even from the *Sutús*, may have sought Zulu protection; there become distinguished as **aba-kwa-Ndlovu**; and, in course of generations, been regarded by outsiders as 'pure Zulus,' were more probable.

CHAPTER 8

SENZANGAKÓNA FINDS HIS LOST SON, SHAKA; AND DIES (c. 1816)

FULL ten years had passed, and more, since Nandi had been dismissed by the Zulu king and gone home disgraced to ēLangeni-land, 20 miles away (49).

There, probably because of his disagreeable character, her little boy, Shaka, proved unpopular with his small companions, and no desirable acquisition to the family.

The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day.

—MILTON.

His years of childhood in ēLangeni-land do not appear to have been the proverbial 'happy days.' Many little stories are extant of his unsympathetic treatment there, of which the dreadful echo will be heard years hence.

Zulu children dearly like to lick the porridge-spoon—with them an oar-shaped piece of wood for stirring. The bullies of the family would find great fun in thrusting this stirrer into the fire and then, when almost burning, ordering Shaka to peel off the porridge, saying, "Come, eat this, that we may see whether thou be indeed a chief." Or, when he would return from herding the cattle for his midday meal, they would force him to hold out both hands, extended side by side like a saucer, into which they would pour boiling collops, and compel him to eat, threatening him with punishment if he allowed the food to drop. And when on the veld they moulded each for himself a little herd of clay cattle and then led forth their respective bulls to fight, each boy pushing his puppet by the hand, they would grow jealous of his skill and, when gone home, make him a theme of constant complaint to mamma and papa. Then his little crinkled ears and the marked stumpiness of a certain organ were ever a source of persistent

ridicule among Shaka's companions, and their taunts in this regard so rankled in his breast that he grew up harbouring a deadly hatred against all and everything eLangeni.

Heretofore, according to Zulu usage, the boy Shaka had paraded in *puris naturalibus*; but now, the period of puberty drawing nigh, he must go home once more to be presented by his father with his first *umuTsha* (loin covering, of dressed skin). This was with every Zulu youngster a great event, corresponding to that auspicious occasion among our own when they are permitted for the first time to assume the glory of a pair of breeches. But Shaka, even at this early age, must have shown himself of a particularly intractable and unlovable nature; for he rejected with disdain the *umuTsha* proffered by his father, and otherwise succeeded in getting himself so generally disliked, that his early return to his mother became imperative.

After Shaka had been some years back in eLangeni-land, stark famine came to stare him in the face, c. 1802. To add to other miseries, Nandi now found herself unable to provide food for her offspring. It was the calamitous famine of Madlatúle (Let one eat what he can and say naught), when people lived on *amaHlukwe* (fruit of the arum-lily), on *uBóqo* roots (*ipomæa ovata*) and other wild plants. The cup of Nandi, with two famished children wailing on her hands, was now filled. So she shook once more the dust from off her feet and, with her family, took the path to Mpapála, at the sources of the amaTigulu river, where, among the emaMbédwini folk (sub-clan of Qwabes), there dwelt a man, Ngéndeyana (or Gendeyana), by whom she had already borne a son, named Ngwádi. She was affectionately received, and there for a while they all remained.

But even here the boy Shaka, now about 15 years of age, found no sure asylum. In this strange kraal he held no rightful place, and both his father's and his mother's people were pressing for his return. So on his mother's advice he was taken onwards once more, now, some say, to Macingwane, of the emaCúnwini clan, his father's dreaded neighbour. Hearing of this new evasion, Senzangakóna, it is said—though we doubt the report—sent presents to the Cúnu chieftain

'to induce him to betray his trust and destroy his guest. This the chief nobly refused to do, informing Shaka that he could no longer afford him protection.'¹

As a last resource, Nandi bethought herself of her father's sister, down in Mtétwaland, near the coast, and there Shaka was forthwith hurried. It must not be supposed that either Shaka or his mother was a personage of any consequence at this early

period ; on the contrary, as destitute vagrants, they were everywhere despised. Jobe was then Mtétwá king ; but he knew nothing, and would have cared less, about the arrival amongst his people of a mere homeless woman. But headman in charge of the district in which they settled was Ngómane, son of Mqombólo, of the emDletsheni clan, and with him they soon became acquainted. He treated Nandi and her boy in a friendly manner, and his kindness then Shaka never forgot, and in the day of his greatness elevated him to the very highest position in his realm next after himself. There in a real 'home,' surrounded by sympathy and kindness, Shaka at last had come to anchor in a haven of rest. Henceforth happy and glorious were his days, and he never again quitted his adopted country for his own, until that auspicious day arrived when he returned there in triumph to ascend its throne and wreak vengeance, swift and awful, on all his former tormentors.

It was now about the year 1803, and Shaka about 16 years of age. Seven years of happy youth were passed in the sunshine and tranquillity of that kindly Mtétwá home. Meanwhile—but not that Shaka knew—great political changes had been enacted in the high places of the land. Jobe's sons had conspired against him, and Ngódongwana (or Gódongwana) had fled ; Jobe had died, and Ngódongwana had returned. Two years after this last event, Shaka, now a youth about 23 years old, was called up by the recently installed chieftain, Ngódongwana (who had already renamed himself Dingiswayo), with others of his age, to revive the *iziCwé* guild, many of whose members had been recently put to death, along with their captain, Tayiza (Mtétwá, *Ntayiza*), for having unlawfully slaughtered some of the royal cattle. The new guild (called also *iziCwé*) was barracked in a new kraal named *ema-Ngwéni* and captained by one Búza. During a term of six years as a 'trooper' there, Shaka gained much practical experience in the art of warfare. But soon the then prevalent custom of simply hurling the assegai at a distant foe, thereafter calmly permitting him to fly, came to appear to him as stupidly inadequate and puerile. His custom was to charge the enemy and fight him hand to hand till one or other fell. Risky indeed, but eminently effective (when the other side was inexpectant and unaccustomed), such remarkable bravery raised him at once to a rank of outstanding distinction. With another youthful emulator of his corps—on both of whom the praise-name, *uNodúmhlezi*, was bestowed—the pair became the star-braves of the whole Mtétwá army.

Many accounts used to be offered of Shaka's exploits about this time, of which the following is that which excited greatest admiration.

In the ward of Ngómane there once appeared a 'madman' who established himself on a hill, and thence swept down on surrounding herds and drove what he wished to his larder. This 'cattle-eater' became the terror of the neighbourhood. Party after party had been sent up against him, whom when he saw approaching he would issue forth from his hut, armed with weapon and shield, and, squatting before the doorway of his hut, would calmly smoke the hemp-horn of strength. Already within his reach, he would dash down upon them like an infuriated leopard, killing some, driving the remnant pell-mell down the hill. Thereafter he would return and feast, off the enemy's meat, in comfort.

"Who will rid us of this monster?" once asked Ngómane impatiently in Shaka's hearing. "I," volunteered Nodumehlezi. This offer was duly reported to and accepted by the king, who, promising a suitable reward, gave Shaka an armed troop and wished him luck.

They had scarce appeared at the bottom of the hill, when forth came the madman from his hut and smoked the horn of power. Then, the enemy being by this within his grasp, he seized his accoutrements, dashed down upon them like a demon unleashed, and off they flew—all save Shaka, who stood his ground firmly and awaited the onslaught. Yelling out his praises as he came, the demon strode along to meet him. In an instant they were locked in mortal combat, thrusting, parrying, advancing, receding, till, in an opportune moment, Shaka got his assegai home, and the madman lay stretched, groaning out his life, at the victor's feet. Then the booty was collected and the party marched homewards in triumph.

We left Senzangakóna slowly recovering from the effects of his recent abasement by Púngashe (56). While thus occupied, he was surprised by the advent of Ngómane, the aforesaid headman of Dingiswayo, accompanied by Siwangu, Dingiswayo's cousin and son of Mblkwane, of Káyi. "The Great One," said they, "directs us to inform your Majesty that Shaka, your son, is with him, and he requests an explanation thereof." Senzangakóna was already only too well acquainted with Dingiswayo to demur; for not only had he already brought all surrounding clans into submission, but had also, on his Butélezi expedition, bereaved Senzangakóna himself of his best-loved boy, Bákuza (55). He accordingly hurried off, escorted by his servants, Mahóle, father of Ntshingwayo (who commanded the Zulus at esaNdlwana), and Lólulaba (of the Ndlovu clan).

The Ngúni-Bantu were invariably lavish with their hospitality,

and the usual ceremonial was held to celebrate this first appearance at court of one of Dingiswayo's recently acquired tributary royalties. While the principal dance, known as the '*inKondlo*' of Dingiswayo, was in course of execution, the irrepressible Shaka—still quite unrecognized by his father—danced with such surpassing art and verve as to attract the admiration of all the assembly. "Wo!" observed Senzangakóna, "who is that fine tall youth of light-black skin (*Z. kányá*) dancing so exquisitely?" To which Dingiswayo replied, "That is uNodumehlezi, of Nomo, of Jobe." Whether or no his suspicions had already been aroused, Senzangakóna ventured to inquire, "And where then is Shaka?" "Oh! chief," said Dingiswayo, "he is afraid to appear."

When the dance was over, Dingiswayo said to Senzangakóna, "Now go thou and have a bathe in the river." When Senzangakóna had been some time gone, Dingiswayo prompted Shaka and some other youths likewise to go for a frolic in the water. No sooner had they removed their scanty coverings, than Shaka suddenly espied his parent enjoying a bath near by, and startled his youthful companions with the cry, "Oh! there is the chief!" Upon hearing which, all instantly grabbed up their trappings and fled. Not so the dauntless uNodumehlezi, who, when asked his name, boldly responded, "I am Shaka." Then was it that Senzangakóna discovered that the youth he had so much admired was none other than his own errant boy.

Both equally rejoiced at this happy reconciliation, they ascended the hill together and entered the kraal. Thereupon, such of Senzangakóna's wives as had accompanied him—Ncaka, daughter of Mncinci, Langazana, of Gubeshe, and Magúlana, of Ntshongolo—ran forth and kissed the lad. But Bibí, daughter of Nkobe, who was also present—and whose son, Sigújana, had become his father's favourite since Bakuza's death—did not kiss the boy, a studied omission which Shaka did not fail to observe. So pleased did Senzangakóna show himself at the fine appearance and excellent reputation of his new-found son, that few failed to see this latter was bound to become another strong favourite. This was precisely what Dingiswayo was aiming at; for how better could he reinforce his political structure than by securing on the several tribal thrones his own selected partisans?

But mere wishes were of small avail. He would attain his end by a more infallible means—by magic. So Dingiswayo kept himself well primed with charms for every emergency. He took Shaka into his confidence. Some of the charms Shaka was secretly to sprinkle on his father's path when going for a bathe; others on the mat he sat upon within his hut; mix others with his snuff; but most were to fortify his own person. Then, when

his father was seated in his hut, he was to enter and stand in such a way that his shadow would fall upon his father. That an inferior should remain standing while the royal Presence was seated was, of course, a piece of dumbfounding audacity. But it was more than that, as Dingiswayo knew—it was magic; for, working subconsciously between the two parties, the standing personality would gradually impress and impose itself so profoundly upon that sitting, as to gain a sure and complete ascendancy over it (*Z. uku-tōnya, uku-mela, or uku-qonela*).

An incident now occurred that aroused considerable displeasure and suspicion in Shaka's heart, wherein ambition and its sister, jealousy, ruled as paramount emotions. One of his father's assegais had particularly taken Shaka's fancy; but upon requesting it as a present, he had been refused with the reply, "This, my child, is not mine; it is for your brother." "And who is this brother?" demanded Shaka, petulantly. "It is Sigújana," replied his father. Sigújana again! And it was this Sigújana's mother alone who yesterday did not greet him! And henceforth Sigújana became a thorn in Shaka's flesh. But he would remove it!

The magic worked charmingly. Senzangakōna duly sat down on the magic mat, helped himself to a pinch of the magic snuff, and all the while the magic shadow of his son was resting upon him. Soon he confessed himself to be feeling decidedly queer and funky. He got extraordinary pains in his neck; and in his brain this son of his began to appear in so radiant a glow that he felt himself already in eclipse. The whole place seemed to grow uncanny; and he resolved to leave it forthwith and go home—if indeed he would ever get there.

History sometimes repeats itself in the records of the world. Carcinus of Rhegium, like Senzangakōna, begat a son who, the Delphian oracle informed him, would prove a source of great evil both to Sicily and to Carthage. Determined to rid his house and country of so evil a portent, he had the child thrown out in the wilds to die. But its mother, unknown to her husband, rescued the babe, and, giving it the name of Agathocles, had it nursed in the house of Heracleides. When the boy was seven years old, the father, Carcinus, came to a sacrificial festival on the invitation of Heracleides. There he saw the boy at play with his fellows and admired his superior strength and activity. The mother then remarked, "And so would your boy have been, had he lived." At which the heart of Carcinus was touched, and he repented of his deed and wept. The mother then revealed the truth, and Carcinus, delighted, once more took the child lovingly to his bosom.²

Senzangakóna's heart was also now full of his boy. On his way back to the Zulu country from the coast, he deviated for a short sojourn among the eLangeni folk, where Shaka's mother had been born. Another royal ovation awaited him there in the kraal of Mbengi, the reigning chief and near relative of Nandi. The fine account they now received of Shaka caused them great delight and pride. But there were malicious hearts abroad who, ambitious for Shaka's supremacy in the Zulu family, would scruple at no dark crime if only thereby their ends could be achieved. The procedure they would adopt was that already employed by Dingiswayo, of *uku-tónya*, by which the spirit of Senzangakóna would become enthralled and eventually eclipsed by the gradually overwhelming ascendancy of that of their own boy, Shaka. Already on the morrow Senzangakóna, innocent of what had been proceeding, felt the old uncanny symptoms return ; so bidding his host a hasty farewell, he hurried away back home. Arrived there, he related all the glorious experiences down at the coast, and added, " I have indeed begotten a son, my men ; and those who had thought to keep him out were mistaken." The spell of the Mtétwá and eLangeni was working powerfully within him. Rapidly his spirit lost its wonted fire, and sank, ever lower and lower, till very soon the last flicker came, and Senzangakóna, about the year 1816, went out for aye, and was laid to rest by pious hands by the *Minyela* tree.

To meet these Ngúni Bantu, then as now, in the course of their daily life, one found them everywhere of quite kindly hearts and cultured habits. Yet, lurking in their social system, hidden from public view, were still preserved many remnants of their primordial barbarism. It was in the life and ceremonies connected with the royal households that such ancient barbarities were clung to strongest and endured the longest. When Senzangakóna died, no doubt there was done what had been always done before—his private body-servants were caught, their limbs broken up by force, and their dead or dying carcasses strewn in the grave in order that their spirits might keep the royal one company. To perform this gruesome ceremony, men of strong criminal repute, *abaTákalí abakúlu*, were preferably requisitioned. These, however, were not subsequently killed, but were banished into the wilderness, to be never more admitted within the pale of society.

Of one such, Hlati by name, who assisted at the burial of Senzangakóna, the following anecdote is related.³ As usual, he was cast out into the wilds. Ere long, the invading army of Zwide, the Ndwandwe chief, entered the Zulu country. Hlati, seeing the enemy pass his way, concealed himself in a wood, and, when it had gone by, stole up in the rear and worked such abundant

UNombanga-kubuya wawoPálo; usisa 'ntloko, nxa abanye besisa izinyawo.

Ilanga elipúme li'ntsizwa, laze lati lipézulu, la'ntsasa. Kanti l'enzela ukwotlwa yimzimbázimbá.

Ukúlume kwakuhle, kwaze kwati lwanye.

Waba ngummnyama, usiza-nemvula.

Singqila ngantloko, kuzonde intamo; nyakawumbé kuzozonda isibili.

Ongitúme ngipántsi, ngaya pézulu; ngabuya nencombó, ngebula, ngapéka.

Ndaba, bayosala beshumayezana, nabaseziténi nabasekáya.

Godi elimnyama lakwaNobambá, lohambé liwahíla amaqakalana.

Oqámise idukumbane elikuNcinci; obemnyama izipúnga zozibili.

Unjengéhlaba elikuSidubela.

Wapótá intambó ende, mnta kaNdaba; wayipótá, yaye yafika ezulwini; wati yikóna izitútá zakoMageba zingayikufikelela; zobaté ziyakwéla, z'apúke amazwanyana.

Amanzi asemPembéni, Ndwandwe kaNdaba. Amanzi asemPembéni

yinguquququ. Angiqedi nalapó ayayo. Amanye ay'ewuka, amanye ayaqontsa, anjengoQontsa wasesiGezeni.

Mtombó wamanzi wakwaNobambá, engipúze kuwo, ngaze ngaqanqatéka; ngaze ngapós'ukudliwa na'zimambá ebezilala éhlozini nasepúngweni. Imambá edle umuntu bati iloyelwe; kanti b'azi ngeyakubo eloyelwayo.

Inakazi emnyama yakiti kwaNobambá, ehambé ibanga amacala.

UMunxepépá, nant'itshe lokukúnjulwa; lingawa engúbeni, lizowa éhlombé; lizopámbá, liwe emhlabulweni.

Oye ngommnyama kwaMazolo, wabuya ngonyezi; amadoda apénduka embéjazane.

Umpíwa nganxanye; kanti kakupíwa, kuyabuyiselwana.

Umkómbé o'ngónó'nde wawoNonkombó, oté ukuká, wagogoda, weza nenqumbúlo, weza nenqumbú.

Ibícongo eli'mzimbá u'butáka.

Obe 'mzimbá muhle nangendlala enkulu.

Kóna beza be'nkungu, Menzi kaNdaba, ngisho abakwaButélezi, siyakubadabula. NguNgóboza yedwa oshe ényaweni, ob'e'sipúndu si'mbukwane ngezinqina. Kazi bazobuka-ni ngamajadu.

¹ Holden, *K.R.*, 11.

³ J. Stuart, *T.*, 116.

² W. C. Perry, *Sicily*, ch. xxxiv.

CHAPTER 9

THE PEOPLE OF OLDEN ZULULAND * (1816)

THE passing of Senzangakóna marked the end and the beginning of two distinct periods in East-Ngúni political history. In that day a long past of patriarchal rule was tolled to its grave and the

* Much of the matter contained in this chapter has been extracted from lectures delivered by the author in the University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg.

toesin sounded of a new era of autocracy to be inaugurated by his son. But the period of transition would be one of painful travail. The primordial system of numberless clans and independent chieftains would, amidst much wailing and bloodshed, be gradually demolished, and upon and out of its ruins would be built up a grandiose nation ruled by an imperious despot.

Yet, despite these drastic political changes, the social habits of the people would mostly continue undisturbed. And, before we proceed with our narrative, perhaps it would add to its interest and intelligibility, if we outline some of the more prominent features of that social system as it was in its Golden Age, and in greater part continued to be even after the installation of the autocracy.

Picture to yourself a Zululand rapidly rising from the Indian Ocean in a series of terraces, first, of coastal plains, then of swelling park-lands, then of broken hill-country, and, finally, of high and open prairies, all intersected by river torrents down in bushy valleys. A land free everywhere to all, to roam and hunt and cultivate at pleasure; with neither roads, nor bridges, nor any mode of artificial conveyance or intercommunication; no towns, no shops, no farms, no fences; free of all law or restriction (save those of 'common-sense'), unharassed by police, unmarred by jails—the realm of virgin nature and of a race of childlike simplicity.

Dotting the landscape on every hillside lie quaint human habitations, each consisting of a circle of beehive huts enclosed within a fence, and themselves surrounding a central cattle-fold—each such circle the homestead of a single polygamous paterfamilias, each hut the one-roomed residence of a single wife and family.

**Social
Organization**

Such single homestead, popularly called a kraal, was the basal unit of the old Zulu state, a microcosm of the whole clan system. For the Zulu clan was but the multiplication of minor families thrown off from a common ancestral source, still represented in the person of the reigning chieftain—each cast-off kraal thus becoming in itself an independent, yet still subject, unit and, by endogamous intermarriage, a potential future sub-clan. For within each kraal were many huts, each with its separate family of mother and marriageable, or married, sons, the nucleus of further homes, and each holding its allotted rank within the family circle, all being ruled by a common head, at once father and kinglet, who governed all alike with unrestricted power of life or death, a benevolent despotism of protection, discipline and care. And yet, while jealously retaining his supreme control unchallenged,

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it was the prerogative of elder sons always to be consulted by him in matters of general home management.

In passing now from the kraal to the clan, we shall find that the structure and governance of the latter ran on the same lines as the former, save that here the separate huts, senior and junior, have become separate kraals, of major or minor status; and the common kraal-head, the common clan-head or chieftain, the clan, indeed, being nothing other than a magnified kraal or family.

A number of kraals, in any one clan, situated in a single easily demarcated neighbourhood (as along a particular river-valley) was, for the convenience of better government, grouped together as a ward and placed under the supervision of a local headman, *umNumzana*, who functioned at once as petty magistrate and member of parliament, possessing authority to adjust all minor disputes and acting as the voice and ears of his people in the lower rank (or House of Commons) in the parliament of the clan. A number of such headmen and their wards were again grouped together, forming what might be called counties, over each of which presided a still higher official or district-headman, *inDuna*, who in turn acted as county judge for the trial of major cases or of appeals from the lower courts, and posed as senior representative of his people in the national parliament (or House of Lords). Above all these local and county courts was the supreme court of the chieftain and his chosen ministers, who constituted at once the cabinet of the government, the king-in-council, and the highest seat of justice in any cause brought before them on appeal by any commoner of the land. Each, in this triple series of officers and courts, was provided with a junior official, equivalent to our policeman, for the summoning or arrest of offenders, and in cases of contempt the higher courts had always a body of warriors at their disposal. Trials were held as necessity arose.

Once in every year, about our Christmas time, the Royal Assembly or National Parliament, *umKósi*, was held at the Great Place or Capital of the clan, at which his majesty proclaimed new laws and made pronouncements from the throne. The entire male population of the land was required to attend this annual Panathenæa—young men, in full-dress regimentals, as ornaments and onlookers; headmen, to receive their orders, to state local grievances, to solicit favours, to seek or offer advice, and to discuss administrative matters in general with the chief.

When Shaka came to the throne, little more than 100 years ago, there were in what we now call Zululand (including the Vryheid district) more than fifty independent clans, some with several subordinate sub-clans, all speaking the same language and observing the same customs, each clan descended from a common

progenitor, and all together from a single still more ancient ancestor.

The clan-forming process, we may say, is still going on even in these present days. For instance, Dinuzulu, son of Cetshwayo and direct senior descendant of Jama, took to wife a daughter of Mahú, son of Tombá, of Sojiyisa (likewise of Jama); and his cousin, Mpikanina, son of Ziwedú, Cetshwayo's brother, illicitly took a second clanswoman, a daughter of Haha, of Mapítá, of Sojiyisa, though, in this latter case, the outcry in the girl's family at this violation of the decencies effectively prevented any actual marriage. Both these families, though in reality members of the Zulu clan, are already being referred to as **aba-kwa-Mhlabangúbo** (They of the Cloak-Stabber). This sobriquet is said by some to have been the name of the place (kraal or country) whence Ngwábi, Sojiyisa's reputed father, originally came (44). Others declare it had reference to the fact—and this explanation we think more probable—of the Sojiyisa people, after their acceptance into the Zulu royal family as adopted children, having ungratefully stabbed the Zulu king, Cetshwayo, 'the mantle that protected them,' at the battle between him and Zibébú (Sojiyisa's grandson) at the oNdini kraal on 21st June, 1883 (from *Z. hlaba*, stab, *inGúbo*, mantle).

We have spoken, and shall speak, of Native 'kings' and 'queens' and 'kingdoms' and the like. Lest any exaggerated impression of greatness be therefrom inferred, let us hasten to say that these are merely 'titles of courtesy' intended to convey to the European a correct idea of comparative social relationships. From our point of view, a Zulu king was no whit more majestic than any other Native man of standing; a queen no more elegant or less odoriferous than an ordinary Native housewife; their palace no more magnificent than any large kraal; their kingdom no more extensive than many a Dominion farm. And yet, to his people, a Native king was as great by birth and comparative wealth as is ours to us, and he was endowed with power over property and person such as never an English king or Roman emperor possessed. But compared with other Ngúni clans round about them, these People of Zulu, prior to the conquests of Shaka, had nothing to be proud of; and, as a clan, the 'kaisers' of the surrounding Ndwandwe, Hlubi, Qwabe and Mtétwa sovereignties would have rightly regarded them as 'contemptible.'

Let us now enter one of their kraals and view these people in their homes. The daily life of the Zulu Bantu, reflecting a stage in human development infinitely older than that of **Daily Life** archaic Greece, was simplicity in its lowest terms, as became a race of man mentally hardly yet advanced beyond the child stage; but it was the reverse of savage. Indeed,

we shall be surprised to learn how civilized these unsophisticated barbarians really were ; how so like our own were their simple social arrangements and cultured manners, despite the fact that, right up from Adam, they had been entirely self-evolved, with no trace of Aryan or Semitic influence ever having reached them.

The Zulu daily life of a hundred, perhaps a thousand, years ago was precisely that which it is to-day : and this is what it is. In the Zulu social system every kraal is self-contained and self-supporting, and by a tradition that bears the force of law, the work of the home is clearly, though far from equally, divided between its male and female inmates. It is the peculiar province of the males to provide and maintain the fabric of the kraal ; of the females to provide the family and to support it, in other words, to find the food. The men functionate as the artisans and pastoralists ; the women as the housekeepers and agriculturists. Was agriculture an invention of the female sex ? Certainly much evidence may be found among primitive peoples that it was. To the Zulu man it falls to build the huts and keep them in repair ; to erect and renew the various fences of cattle-fold and kraal ; to hew down the bush and cut the long grass from such spots as the females are to cultivate ; to milk the cows and generally tend all stock. In these duties it is important to note that all take part, from the kraal-head, even the chief himself, down to the smallest boy. All who have passed the age of infancy, that is, are already beyond their sixth year, be they male or female, must work, or be ready to do so when called upon, the males under the direction of the father (or guardian), the females, of the mother.

Besides the aforesaid duties pertaining to the general maintenance of the home, every man has every day some small private task of his own, wherewith, in a leisurely way, to while away his time—a skin-covering to patch or make, a new stick to pare or polish, a hatchet or assegai to whet, his hair or head-ring to have dressed, a snuff-box or body ornament to manufacture, a wooden post to seek and fell in the forest, a medicinal herb for himself or family to search for, on the veld, a visit, friendly or on business, to pay some neighbouring kraal. Then, again, many of the elder men are constantly engaged with special offices, professions, or trades—of doctoring, divining, metal-working, wood-carving, basket-making, stock-castrating, skin-dressing, head-ring making, shield-manufacturing, or travelling as messengers of the headmen. And when no more urgent business presents itself, an occasional hunt, a visit to a wedding-dance or beer-drink, a courting expedition in search of an exogenous girl to woo or to a sweetheart already won, add spice and variety to daily life.

The boys, up to about the age of sixteen, go out with the cattle



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ZULU TYPES—HAMITIC



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ZULU TYPES—NEGROID

after sunrise, returning with them, first, towards midday, for milking, and finally in the evening at sundown, thus spending the whole of their days in the exhilarating sunshine and free life of the open veld. In rainy and, in winter, often very cold weather, the younger boys are permitted to remain in the home, but the elder have to stick manfully to their guns—a fine, healthy life that can hardly result otherwise than in weeding out the weak and producing a vigorous and robust type of manhood.

To the wives and their daughters, as already said, falls the duty of keeping house and cultivating the fields. Immediately after break of day—in summer as early as 4 o'clock in the morning—these hardworking drudges cheerfully shoulder their hoes and wend their way to plant or weed in their gardens. As each wife is allotted her own separate hut, and oftentimes her own separate milch-cow, so also does she receive her own separate garden-plots to be attended by herself and her daughters and to furnish foodstuffs for the family. Throughout the early morning, while their mothers and elder sisters are in the fields, the smaller girls, each with her appointed task, are busily engaged minding and feeding the babies, sweeping out the huts and surrounding yard, fetching water in gourds from the neighbouring spring or stream, while one of the elder daughters crushes the boiled maize or prepares other food for the approaching meal. Two good meals a day—in times of dearth only one—is the normal Zulu dietary, the first at about 11 o'clock in the forenoon, when the cows come back from the veld and the workers come home from the fields; the last in the evening, before repose.

The hut, to which each family returns to rest or sleep, is a dome-like structure of compactly arched wattles covered externally by a thick layer of thatch and resting upon a floor, ten feet or more in width, of hard dry and smoothly polished earth, with an oval, slightly sunken fire-place in the middle. For the meal each takes his or her appropriate place according to sex and seniority, males on the right of the hearth, as one enters the hut, with the elders nearest the semicircular doorway, females and children on the left. From a rack each withdraws a rolled sitting-mat of rushes and squats thereon with legs adjusted in regulated fashion according to sex; for it were ill-manners to sit upon the ground within a hut. Before each group, male and female, a daughter of the house places a common bowl of food—boiled maize-grains, toasted maize-cobs, sour clotted milk, boiled sweet potatoes, a mash of pumpkins, fermented sorghum porridge, or some other of their forty-odd varied dishes—with a requisite number of clean wooden spoons standing round it on the ground, with their ladles resting on its rim. Hurried and greedy eating is severely checked

in children. Before the meal all hands are washed in a special earthen basin, and after it mouth and teeth are rinsed with water.

The rougher home-jobs having been performed before the meal, the younger men may now anoint their bodies, already washed at the river, with a pomade of fragrant herbs, don their gala-dress of beads and feathers and be off to flirt with the girls. The females, during the hours of midday heat, employ themselves with light household duties or private pastimes, such as mat-making or beadwork; then, later on, they shoulder again their hoes, or betake themselves to the bush for firewood.

A Zulu home in the good old times of so-called savagedom lacked indeed our comforts and conveniences; yet, on the other hand, it was to many so-called civilized homes a very **Education** model of discipline and manners. Amidst the crudest of surroundings, the very highest of social virtues flourished; and by their practice, they taught. Great and salutary and lasting were the lessons there taught and there learned by the developing child.

The one great law that governed there was the law of complete submission to parental authority; and that authority was drastically enforced. Unquestioning, unanswering obedience to the supreme power was demanded without distinction, of all alike, of mothers, of sons (some of them already middle-aged men with families of their own), of every child. Every failure to obey was immediately followed by a penalty inflicted without mercy; while persistent insubordination might lead to the disgrace of expulsion, and open revolt might even terminate in death. And what each inmate of the kraal saw practised by the father, he in turn practised in his own regard, demanding of all his juniors the same measure of obedience as was demanded of him by those above. Alongside, or out of, this practice of complete submission was gradually evolved something more than mere respect, almost a holy awe—*ukw-esaba* or to fear, as the Zulus call it—for those above one. And this again was mutual and universal, the little boys revering the bigger boys; the bigger boys, the men; and all, their parents.

The child-mind having been thus once reduced to this happy state of perfect docility, it was now capable of being moulded in a hundred other fashions. By precept and by example the child was led, or forced, into ways innumerable of nice and proper behaviour—how it should be sympathetic and generous towards its companions, treating the little ones with consideration, and unselfishly sharing every good thing with all; how it should accustom itself to its share in the tasks of daily life, by herding the

calves, by minding the babies, by fetching water and firewood ; how it should take a pride in personal appearance, in cleanliness and neatness ; how boys should associate with the males of the kraal and grow manly, and the girls with their mothers and grow womanly. There were rules of etiquette governing almost every phase of Zulu daily life—how to deport oneself before elders ; how to behave at meals ; how to respect the places and property of others. In such ways as this were habits of order and orderliness, of civility and cleanliness, of unselfishness and self-respect, of industry and sexual propriety, constantly encouraged and gradually acquired in this admirable and efficient school of precept and practice.

Zulu mothers were hard-working folk, who had little time for toying with their children. From the age of four, and earlier, girls and boys, but especially the latter, were largely left to their own devices and thrown upon their own resources. Within the limits of the kraal and immediate surroundings, the little ones might roam at will and mind themselves. The bigger boys, of course, went out with the stock, and spent the day hunting on the hills and partly feeding themselves on roots and berries. Yet all the while they must remain alert, on sentinel duty, guarding and guiding the herds of cattle or goats—in those days ferocious beasts of prey were common—each bearing an increased weight of responsibility according to his age. Thus, on to the gentler habits of respectfulness, obedience, generosity and decency were super-added the manlier virtues of love of freedom, of sense of duty and responsibility, of trust and trustworthiness, of self-reliance, self-control and self-defence.

Meanwhile too a large amount of nature study was quietly proceeding, and a large amount of nature knowledge being gradually accumulated. The small girls with the babies were learning many secrets of human anatomy and of the care of children ; while their elder sisters were passing through a complete course of domestic art and science, equal to their needs, alongside their mothers in the home and on the field. Out on the veld the boys were busy studying the nature of plant and tree, the habits of insects, the peculiarities of rocks, and ere long could interpret the meaning of the winds and clouds and mists ; could give the names of the grasses and the medicinal uses of many trees and herbs ; could describe the qualities of the different kinds of wood, the shapes of the different types of leaf, and explain the bodily structure of insect, bird and beast within their little world. Thus, through the ages this admirable system of forming character and imparting knowledge continued, until at length was evolved a Zulu race noble of heart, dignified of bearing, refined of manners,

and learned in natural science—qualities, alas ! rapidly dying out before the destructive and demoralizing advance of European ‘civilization.’

Two or three years after having reached the period of sexual maturity, *ukuTómbá*—which occurred with the Zulus anywhere between the age of 14½ and 19 years—the boy moved up another rung on the scholastic ladder—he passed from the preparatory school to the college. With other lads of like age, he would go up to *kleza* (i.e. drink milk direct from the udder into his mouth) at one or other of the numerous military kraals, there to tend, no longer his father’s, but the king’s herds. This was an established institution in every boy’s up-bringing, needed, it was said, to ensure his ‘growing well,’ in which no doubt the copious supply of milk at this particular period of life materially aided.

During the two or three years of his stay in the military kraal, milk-drinking and cattle-herding, he had been confined entirely to male society, that of the young soldiers of the clan. Now at length he was to graduate. So soon as there seemed to the king a sufficiency of unenlisted youths in the military kraals, a brand-new guild or regiment, *ĩButó*, was created for their enrolment, with a brand-new barrack kraal for their reception and a brand-new uniform (generally some novel head or body decoration of fur or tails or feathers) for their distinction.

Life and manners in a Zulu military kraal were much as they are and ever have been in other barracks. That spirit of joviality, comradeship and *esprit de corps* ever strong in the African nature was here at its best and always maintained at the highest standard of English public schools. While ease and freedom were abundant, stern discipline continuously reigned ; but it was a wholly moral force, the young men being thrown entirely on their honour, without standing regulations and without supervision ; and they seldom dishonoured that trust. They were there for the sole purpose of fulfilling the king’s behests. They acted as the state army, the state police, the state labour-gang. They fought the clan’s battles, made raids when the state funds were low—the state funds of course being the king’s cattle ; they slew convicted, and even suspected, malefactors and confiscated their property in the king’s name ; they built and repaired the king’s kraals, cultivated his fields and manufactured his war-shields ; for all which they received no rations, no wages, not one word of thanks. It was their duty to the state as men, and they did it without question or complaint. Save for a few royal oxen slaughtered perhaps once a week, no state provision was made for the body’s needs. The 500 to 2000 warriors crowded within a single barrack kraal must fossick for themselves how, when and where they

could, finding a meagre sustenance by mutually sharing occasional 'parcels' of grain from home or by drawing on the extraordinary hospitality—one of the most admirable traits in Zulu character—of neighbouring families.

In such ways as this was each and every individual of the Nguni clan, boys and girls, maids and men alike, taught, first to father, then to king, to be ever obedient, docile, disciplined, self-sacrificing unto the last, unto the supreme test of offering one's life on the field of battle.

To us it must seem strange that, despite this unusual advance in social and state organization, the art of war, prior to the wonderful efficiency afterwards attained by the martial genius of Shaka, had remained throughout unaltered in its most unsophisticated form. For, on rare occasions, misunderstandings did arise between clan and clan, and, peaceful efforts providing no remedy, recourse must needs be had to the arbitrament of arms. And this was the Gilbertian manner in which the battle was fought: A day having been mutually arranged beforehand, each clan turned out *en masse* to enjoy the excitement. A score or two of warrior youths—for single clans were mostly small before the union—bearing assegais and shields, marched proudly and gleefully forth, with as many women and girls to stand behind and cheer. No malice was there, no hateful intent to kill their neighbour, with whom but yesterday they had joined in merry beer-drink or love-dance; no longing to burn down his home or to destroy his herds; nought but an enthusiastic patriotism to safeguard their country's interests, and ambition to excel. Each party, drawn up at a distance from the other, for all the world like ancient Philistines or Greeks, would send forth its chosen braves to single combat in the arena. Such a champion falling wounded would become the prize of the victors and be taken home by them to be ransomed, perhaps before sundown, with a head of cattle, 'like a mere captured woman.' Or, again, each party might stand there before the other in battle array and provoke its rival to action by pungent abuse, shouting at them, not the Philistinian challenge, 'We defy the armies of Israel this day,' but the ruder jibe, *Ya-ntsiniza, ya-ti sina* (the dog merely shows its gums and snarls—afraid to bite) or *Ya'ntsini za'nja, nje-ya, nje-ya, nje-ya*, (it is but a dog baring its teeth, like that one over there, yes! over there). Then would the javelins fly, each returning back the darts of their rivals, till at length the worsted took to their heels and fled; whereupon a rush would follow for male and female prisoners and enemy cattle, the former to be subsequently ransomed, as before, the latter to be permanently retained. Over the slain mutual condolences would be exchanged;

and had a youth perchance a sweetheart in the hostile clan, he would oftentimes send home his shield with his friends and go off with the recent foe to prosecute his love-suit with their sister.

Thus on these very hills and plains of Zululand, Homer's heroes lived and wooed and fought once more—only one hundred years ago! Menelaus and Paris meet again, between the marshalled ranks, in single combat, with Iris and Helen watching.¹ If the reader will bear all this in mind and compare it with the great campaigns of conquest soon to be inaugurated by Senzangakóna's son, he will be able to form a better judgment of the marvellous military genius of that untutored savage, Shaka.

Let us now endeavour to arrive at some rough though reasonable computation of what the **population** of Zululand and Natal may have been at the time of Senzangakóna's death, c. 1816.

Lieut. Farewell, as a trained officer of the British Navy, may be judged as well capable as anybody else of making a fairly accurate calculation of massed numbers of men. Writing from personal observation in September, 1824, he says:—

“ Chaka's country appears very thinly populated. . . Fifty thousand souls, fourteen of which might be fighting men on a push, form the whole population of the large territory he is possessed of.”²

Capt. Gardiner, likewise of the Royal Navy, actually viewing the troops as they passed before him, reckoned that the warriors assembled at the principal, emGúngundlovu, kraal of Dingane (Shaka's successor) in 1835 totalled 900.³ An average military kraal—in other words, an average regiment—in Shaka's time could hardly have contained a greater number of men; and since, from our own personal investigations, we have found that, by the year 1824, Shaka had already enrolled about fifteen different regiments, we may safely assume that Farewell's calculation of 14,000 fighting men was, at any rate, not too low. But from Farewell's 14,000 we may reasonably deduct a body of at least 2000 as having been recruited from the conquered peoples of Natal, leaving a body of 12,000 warriors as the total supplied by Zululand. These regiments, it must be remembered, included every able-bodied male adult in the country between the ages of 20 and 40 years as a minimum; and, if we reckon one such male to every eight* of the population, we shall obtain 96,000 as the population for Zululand in the year of Farewell's visit, 1824.

* It is interesting to note that Caesar (*Bello Gallico*, XXIX.) states, without comment, that the Helvetii and their allies, according to their own account, put into the field *one in every four* of their population!

The census returns of the Cape Colony in the years 1891 and 1904 showed the local Native population as 838,136 and 1,158,980 respectively, which indicates a doubling of their number in a little less than 28 years.⁴ Theal accepts this as the regular rate of Native increase; but, having ourselves found that more recent censuses of the Transkei, Zululand and Natal, do not support this computation, nor indeed furnish any reliable and consistent data for any computation at all, we find ourselves unable to accept both Theal's census figures and his deduction from them. Prof. Gregory, in his address before the British Association (Geographical section) in 1924, stated that, from world statistics obtained in the opening years of this twentieth century, mankind was now doubling its numbers every 60 years. This was presumably a 'world' average; for we believe that for England, for instance, taken individually, this figure would prove much too low, that is, that the doubling there takes a much longer time. On the contrary, we believe that for our South African Bantu the figure is too high, that is, that the doubling there takes a much shorter period, which we would prefer to place at somewhere about every 45 years.

Now, if the population of Zululand was, as we have assumed, 96,000 in the year 1824, it must have been, according to our own calculation, somewhere in the region of 78,000 in the year 1816, the close of Senzangakóna's reign.

Owing to the great and constant war-losses and to the fact that, throughout the whole period from 1824 to 1840, fighting-men up to about 40 years of age were not permitted to marry, we think that the total increase of population during that period could not have exceeded one-quarter of the normal Bantu peace figure (roughly, 35,000, or, say, 9000 souls), if indeed there was any increase at all. For 1840 we shall hazard the figure for Zululand as 105,000. Forty-five years later (i.e. in 1885) we should then have a 'Zululand' population of 210,000. As a matter of fact, the actual Government computation for the year 1898 was only 196,500.⁵ But if to this last figure we add the large number of Zululand Natives (Qwabes, Cúnus, Ngcobos, Mtétwás and others) who since 1840 have migrated into Natal, we think our figure would be approximated, and our general calculation thus be proven fairly correct.

We have, therefore, computed an aggregate population of 78,000 souls for Zululand in 1816.

Let us now endeavour to apportion this among the several there-resident clans. At a rough guess, based upon our personal experience as to the relative frequency of the *clan-names* in Zululand and Natal, we should be inclined to estimate the relative

clan-sizes somewhat as below. A large portion of some Zulu clans migrated north with Soshangane, Nxaba and Mzilikazi. In those cases, our calculation is based mainly on their prestige and military achievements while unscattered at home. Thus, for instance, if the Butélezi could, as tradition asserts, regularly vanquish the Zulus in fight, we may reasonably assume that they were at least equal to them in numbers, despite the fact that at the present time they are not nearly as numerous.

| Clan. | Ratio. | Population. | Clan. | Ratio. | Population. |
|-------------------------------|---------------|-------------|------------------------|---------------|-------------|
| Zulu | 2 | 2052 | Mkwánazi | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 |
| Butélezi | 2 | 2052 | emDletsheni | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 |
| eziBisini | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 | emaNcubeni | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 |
| Dlamini (Butélezi) | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 | emaNzimeleni | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 |
| Sibiya | 1 | 1026 | Sokúlu | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 |
| Zungu | 1 | 1026 | Mbónambi | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 |
| emaMbáténi | 2 | 2052 | Dube | 1 | 1026 |
| emaQungebeni | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 | Mbókazi | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 |
| emaNtshalini | 1 | 1026 | Mtétwá | 4 | 4104 |
| Kúmalo | 2 | 2052 | ebaTénjini | 2 | 2052 |
| Mabaso | 1 | 1026 | emaNgádini | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 |
| Kóza | 1 | 1026 | Xulu | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 |
| emaHlutshini | 8 | 8208 | ēLangeni | 2 | 2052 |
| emaNgwáneni | 4 | 4104 | Mpungose | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 |
| emaNgwèni | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 | Magúbane | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 |
| Mazibuko | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 | Sitóle | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 |
| Ximba | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 | emaCúnwini | 2 | 2052 |
| Ndwandwe | 4 | 4104 | emaBomvini | 1 | 1026 |
| emaLangeni (Gumede) | 2 | 2052 | eMbó | 3 | 3078 |
| Nibele | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 | Ngcobo | 8 | 8208 |
| Msane | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 | emaCubeni | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 |
| emaNcwangeni | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 | Lutúli | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 |
| Mnqobokazi | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 513 | Qwabe | 7 | 7182 |
| | | | Total | | 74,898 |

Such, roughly—there may be difference of opinion regarding some of the ratios, but a few alterations there would make no appreciable difference to the total—was the relative size and population of the clans inhabiting Zululand about the year 1816.⁶

The population of Natal in the same year must, we think, have been of equal density; but the country being there so much larger, the total number of people would be by so much the greater. Considerable tracts of country having been practically uninhabited, we would place the figure for Natal at about 100,000. Of these a very large proportion were driven, or fled, into the Cape Province, where, as Fingoes (*amaMfengu*), they have since remained.

¹ Homer, *Iliad*, Bk. III., 1-180.

² Bird, *A.N.*, I., 192.

³ *J.Z.C.*, 62.

⁴ Theal, *Y.D.P.*, 175.

⁵ Russell, *Natal*, 6th ed., 73.

⁶ Bird, *A.N.*, I., 292; Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, II., 335; Shaw, *M.*, 66; Holden, *K.R.*, 134, 135, 138, 139, 160; Kay, *T.C.*, 407; Calderwood, *C.*, 31; Grout, *Natal Government Gazette*, 1842, p. 1100; Theal, *E.*, 211, 278, 405; Colenso, *T.W.N.*, VII, X, 146.

CHAPTER 10

THE RISE OF THE MTÉTWÁ POWER (c. 1720-1818)

TEN miles from the Indian main, between the Ntseleni river and St. Lucia Lagoon, and thence away for twenty miles or more inland, dwelt, c. 1808, the **aba-kwa-Mtétwá** clan (They of Mtetwa) under its king, Dingiswayo, at that time the most powerful monarch in all North Ngúni-land. This was by no means the largest of the clans (82); but the moral and intellectual superiority of its present ruler had soon raised it to supremacy of power and importance among them.

Although the Mtétwás belonged to the same Ngúni-Bantu family (4) as the Zulus, they did not belong to the same branch, (viz. the Ntungwa-Ngúni) of that family as the latter, but to the Tóngwa-Ngúni branch (7). The Ntungwa-Ngúnis have never regarded them as first-degree brothers—referring to them contemptuously as 'Tóngas'—though a certain distant relationship has always been recognized between them. Their affinity to the Tóngas was evidenced by their obviously Tóngaised forms of speech, now long become almost entirely obsolete, as well as by the fact of their having come down from the Tóngwa neighbourhood; while their habit of *tekela* (a system of consonantal change in roots) proved their kinship also with the eMbó (or Dlamini) Ngúnis. In Bleek's manuscript *Zulu Legends*, preserved in the Grey Library at Capetown, a certain Bopopa (*sic*), an eMbó man, gave the genealogy of his clan as "Zihlandlo, of Gwabe, of Camazele (= Kábazele), of Mavovo, of Kupela (= Gubéla), of Sitwéba, of Ntlozela, of Langa, of Mkíze, of Mtétwá, of Nyambóse, of Nkulunkulu." It is clear from this that, in those earlier times, c. 1860, this common origin of the Mkízes (= eMbó clan) and the Mtétwás was still recognized: and the relationship between the eMbó and the Dlamini people is still well known.

The first home of the Mtétwás in Zululand after their entry from the north was in the tract of country adjacent to the Black Mfolozi, on both sides of it, above its junction with the White. They came down from the neighbourhood of the Mabúdu (= Mputa) river, south of Delagoa Bay, probably under the leadership of their oldest recorded chief, Xaba, about the year 1720. As this was the time when Dlamini himself also came south (364), it is probable that the Mtétwás, the Dlaminis, the eMbós, the Ndwandwes, the Mashabanas and the Ngwánes (Swazi) all migrated at one time and, at the start, in one body.

But the end of the Mtétwás' wanderings had not yet come. Ere long we find them pushing forward again, first seawards along the northern banks of the Mfolozi, then, wheeling round, over that river towards the south. They had now arrived in their Promised Land, and their leader had been Xaba's son, Madango. Gradually they crept along southwards till, about eMbâbe, near the present-day Mbônambí railway station, they came up against a 'stone-wall,' viz. their relatives the **aba-kwa-Mbókazi** (People of Mbokazi).

Nqola, son of Káyí (who at that time was apparently **Mbókazi** aged, if still living), was accordingly sent forward to placate the obstructionists, who eventually permitted Káyí to build on their northern flank. This alliance was subsequently cemented by Jobe, heir of Káyí, taking in marriage, Mabâmbá, daughter of Nzimase, a royalty of the clan, who in due course bore him a son, the famous Dingiswayo.

In still later years, when Dingiswayo was on the throne, and the Mtétwás felt themselves thoroughly entrenched, they demanded of Menaba, son of Ndengezana, the Mbókazi chieftain, that he either unconditionally surrender or clear out. Indignantly refusing either, Dingiswayo organized a secret plot, whereby Menaba, when complacently emerging from his hut one morning, found an armed force staring at him over the kraal-fence, and promptly received an assegai stab in his heart. The Mbókazis immediately recanted, and were permitted to remove forthwith under Menaba's son, Guluzana, into the abandoned Mtétwá lands along the northern banks of the Mfolozi. Guluzana, with a following, took the earliest opportunity of clearing right out of this hornet's nest, when, in Shaka's days, Somveli (of the Mtétwás) and Mandeku (of the Msweli-Nxeles) deemed it advisable to make tracks for the north into Tóngaland.

Here, then, in the lowlands of the coast, between the Ntseleni and Mfolozi rivers, the Mtétwás developed in numbers as in power. There, like the Zulus and Qwabes, after a weary tramp through the length of Africa, thousands of years old and thousands of miles long, they had at length come to a final standstill. They had reached their final home, the last they were destined to possess. And even that, alas ! is theirs no more.

When the Mtétwás arrived in this location, besides the Mbókazis, they found the Mbônambí-Dube branch of their own Tóngá-Ngúni family already in possession along the seashore. Northwards of these latter were encamped certain *amaNtlwenga* (pure Tóngá) people (282), who later on were driven off still further north. On their south-western flank they had the Qwabes of Malandela, along the south banks of the Mhlatúze.

As all these Ngúni Bantu were exogamous, it was clear that

in regions where only two or three clans existed together, one clan became, consanguineally, easily swamped by another, for its wives and mothers had to be drawn from among the daughters of the latter. In this manner, the Qwabe people, originally speaking the up-country language, but now very largely dependent for brides on their Tōngan neighbours, soon had their speech affected by the intermixture, gradually adopting the Mtétwá-Ngūni habit of *uku-téfula* (i.e. of softening every *l* into a *y*).

As Zulu history starts practically with Senzangakōna, so does that of the Mtétwás start with his contemporary, Dingiswayo, hardly more than a century ago. So, over the ages of impenetrable darkness away behind we must reluctantly skip, and commence our narrative almost within these our own times and with such few trifles of history as have remained recoverable.

Think nought a trifle, though it small appear ;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life.

—YOUNG.

The genealogy of the Mtétwá clan is as below :—



It is the year 1805, and Jobe is on the throne—Jobe, of Káyi, of Madango, of Xaba. We hear also of Kúbazi, Ndinakazi, Ndlovu and others; but nobody can satisfactorily place them or explain who they were. They may as easily have been uncles or brothers of the last-named, as his ancestors.

Of Madango, we know nothing more than that he had a wife, the daughter of Makása, who bore him his son, Káyi.

Káyi, too, had a wife; but when she came to him as a virgin-bride, she was found to be already in child by a paramour of the Seme clan. This unfortunate discovery getting noised abroad, much to Káyi's disgust, he named his kraal *enTlambéni* (from *inTlambá*, a calumny). Evidently Káyi regarded the child as his; and he named it Shangane—father of Shaka's great friend, Mmbiya.

When Isaacs travelled up to Zululand in 1825, he found Myaka, son of Jobe, established between the Túkela and amaTigulu rivers.

"He received me quite kindly," he writes,¹ "and gave me a bullock to kill, which afforded me a welcome repast, being the first animal food I had tasted from the hour of starting. His kraal was extensive, being about a mile in circumference, and comprising within it about four hundred huts, besides the palace of the chief and its appendages. Young females were numerous here, very pleasing and tolerably good-natured. Cattle were also plentiful, and I saw several sheep, the first I had seen in the country."

But Myaka was not destined to 'make history.' This was left to an elder brother, Ngódongwana—others, Godongwana, alias Dingiswayo—who was born of the Mbókazi princess, Mabámbá, at Jobe's ebaLungwini kraal, overlooking the emaWunzi bush (the latter is in a valley near the south bank of the White Mfolozi, not far from the inVamanzi stream).

As years progressed, and too the harem, King Jobe came to find it wise to place a wider berth between the younger brides and the older of his wives. So he built the latter a new kraal (higher up the White Mfolozi and near the mouth of the Fúyeni stream), named it *ōYengweni* (The Lure) and thereto enticed old Queen Mabámbá, along with her boys, Tána, the elder, and Ngódongwana, the younger.

Jobe, at this time, c. 1805, was already well advanced in years, and the family of Queen Mabámbá was just then in disfavour. Various accounts are given as to how this happened, of which here is one. To the Mabámbá boys—and to Ngódongwana in particular, most eager to see his brother on the throne—Jobe appeared now an obstacle to progress; he could not rule and would not die. And they distributed their thoughts quite freely. But in the old man, as they would feel, there lingered still a

deadly kick. Their murmurings having reached the ears of the local headman, Nodunga, son of Makánya, this whispered the news to Jobe. Counselling by Nodunga, Jobe grasped the urgency of now putting his house in order; and, probably as a preliminary to proclaiming him his heir, he ordered Tána to advance to the higher rank of ring-man (the conferring of the head-ring implying attainment to the full status of manhood). Tána, however, refused to don the new decoration.* Jobe had now, as he thought, positive proof of rebellion, and took immediate steps accordingly. Contumacious sons in those days were summarily removed—for all time. So it was arranged that a punitive force should invest the hut in which both Tána and Ngódongwana were sleeping, and remove them. This they accomplished as to Tána; but his more agile younger brother ran the gauntlet of the enemy's volley of spears and, carrying with him a barbed assegai in his back, scrambled through the kraal-fence, and off into the protecting cover of the night. In the adjacent emaWunzi bush he was subsequently discovered, hidden beneath a tree, by a couple of the party sent in pursuit. But these were mercifully inclined, and, concealing his whereabouts, reported that he had made good his escape. In the wood he was tended and fed by his sister, till he could formulate a plan. It seems probable that he fell in with a party of up-country hawkers, then trading on the coast, and accompanied them. His path took him up-country, through the Nkandla district, and finally landed him in Hlubi-land (the country of the emaHlutshini along the upper Mzinyati, 120 miles from the sea) then ruled by King Búngane, son of Ntsele. It is quite improbable that he gave out his real name of Ngódongwana as he went; and the name of Dingiswayo (He who is caused to want and be at a loss as to what to do) by which he was ever afterwards known, was most likely coined by himself to meet the circumstances on the way. Arrived in Hlubi-land, he sought shelter in the kraal of one, Ngqwashu, who duly reported him to his chief. The latter summoned the fugitive to appear before him, and eventually gave him a billet as cattle-herd. While still employed in this humble capacity, Dingiswayo one day found himself suddenly famous. Single-handed he had attacked and killed a lioness that had been causing considerable havoc among the cattle, bringing home, as a trophy, a couple of her cubs. He immediately sprang into fame as the 'brave' *par excellence* of the clan.

But about this time something still more marvellous happened there in Hlubi-land. A seeming man, white of body and with hair

* So stated by Mfandela's sons, Sokwetshatá and another, to the writer.

like filaments of maize, carrying thunder and lightning in his hands, and accompanied by a white 'dog,' suddenly appeared, none knew whence; and, when they inquired of him whither, knowing nothing of their speech, he would but point to the skies. Finally some of Maqubela's people ushered the apparition into a hut, which at night they well trussed round with bundles of dry grass and enkindled therewith a mighty conflagration, in which they reckoned the apparition would roast alive. Imagine their dismay when they beheld the form rise serenely through the roof, hurling down upon them the awfullest maledictions, till it became engulfed in the blackness above; where, when it had arrived, it at once despatched a furious whirlwind, which tore up the kraal by its roots and swept the whole caboodle into space, huts, men, women, children, beasts, fowls, and even the grinding-stones, not a trace of which was seen for evermore! That was for the family. Then a terrible famine, the *Madlatûle* famine,* descended upon the whole populace, in which, as the apparition had promised, people would feed on their own children. That was for the land. So telleth veracious tradition.²

What really did happen was that a white traveller, accompanied by a party of Chwana-Sutû carriers or hunters, appeared in Hlubi-land, seeking perhaps guides to Delagoa Bay, the nearest European settlement. Dingiswayo, who, it is said, had already heard rumours of his father's demise, was the man for the purpose, with his home and his heart by the sea. So the party set out, consisting of the white stranger—who, during his stay with Búngane, had created a great reputation for himself as a wonderful 'doctor,' owing to a successful operation performed on the chief's knee—his Native companions, and Dingiswayo as guide.

Following no doubt his former route, the latter headed for the location of the Qwabe clan, which already extended inland almost as far as the Nkandla forest and, towards the coast, abutted on the borders of his own Mtétwâ country. There in Qwabeland, the march seems to have come to an unexpected stop, owing to the local potentate, Kóndlo, having called a peremptory halt. Sea-animals of this kind, "which traversed the ocean in large shells, feeding on such elephants'-tusks as might be placed for their convenience along the shore and leaving in return beads gathered from the bottom of the sea,"³ obviously could not be permitted to roam at large. So the ghost at last was fairly laid: and that is the last we hear of this ill-fated *umLungu* (Whiteman).

When Dingiswayo came back to the coast from Hlubi-land, he

* This famine may have been five years earlier (see p. 63).

was accompanied by a party of Natives—Nomashingila of Bango, Ntshuku of Gawula, Bóvungana and others—calling themselves **aba-kwa-Mahlase** (People of Mahlase) who could have been nothing else than the white man's carriers. They are said to have been 'foreigners,' and after their employer's death to have got stranded. We find no 'Mahlase' clan among the local Ngúnis; but there was a section of the *maKhwakhwa* Sutú clan about that time located in the Bethlehem district of the Free State, who called themselves the 'people of Mahlatsi.'⁴ Maybe the white traveller traversed that district and picked these 'Mahlases' up as he did so. Then, again, they are said to have called themselves **izimPisi**, a name which led to their being confused by the Zulus with the *iziBisi* (loc. *eziBisini*), one of their own up-country Ntungwa clans (114), somewhat oddly resident also not far from the Hlubi-land border. The offspring of the stranded foreigners accordingly became generally known by the local clan-name, *eziBisini*, despite the fact that the genuine *iziBisi* of Zululand disowned all connection with these self-styled **iziBisi za-kwa-Mahlase**. One of these latter people, by name Nomxamama, son of Soshaya, in after times rose to the honourable position of second butler to Shaka (667).

Having witnessed the alarming end in Qwabe-land of his pale-skinned friend, Dingiswayo promptly seized possession of the derelict 'dog' and gun and, lest he himself suffer a similar fate for having brought the evil portent there, left straightway for home. Upon reaching his father's territory, the latter's death was ascertained.

UJobe wakoKáyi, uNomagaga wabelungu,*
 Utúlisa, kozwakala.
 Umkónto usimuka noNdiyane.
 Wahlab'indlovu yakoKúshwayo.
 Ugagane lwehlanze, uNomagaga,
 Lubala abantwana esibunjwini,
 Bahámbe sebexamalaza.

Tána dead, Ngódongwana fled, old Jobe had gone to rest, after having already formally instituted the next in rank, Mawewe, as his heir.

An extraordinary sensation was now naturally wrought by the sudden appearance in their midst of a being racing around astride a large unknown beast † of so wild and fearsome an aspect.

* This had reference to shipwrecked White men, *abeLungu*.

† The horse, till then unheard of, subsequently became known among the Zulus as *inJomane* (akin to *Z. iJomela*, tail-feather of a cock), probably from its conspicuous 'caudal plume.'

The marvellous occurrence could not but be of most portentous import. Dingiswayo directed his course towards the kraal of a relative named Mbángambi, son of Dlozi (of the Lushozi-Dubes). As he approached, he greeted his old friends, already from the hill-top, by shouting abroad the old *iziBongo* by which they had been wont to applaud when he performed the *giya* dance: "*Ngqwaba! ngqwaba! Y'-emuka nayo. U-yi-yenga ngani na?*" (There fly the knock-out blows! Away he goes, driving the enemy before him. What is it he is enticing it along with?)

Mbángambi at once passed on the wondrous news to his local headman, Nqola, son of Káyí. This, however, proved a man of conservative politics, who did not approve of pretenders and revolutions; and Mbángambi was directed to acquaint the stranger with the fact

Mbángambi, for his part, was otherwise impressed. He had noted that the stranger had come on 'business,' and by the scar on his back was convinced of his identity. "Well, Mbángambi, look here," said Dingiswayo; "Ngódongwana, you see, is speaking. Now call out your young warriors of the neighbourhood instantly." Appropriately harangued, the young warriors followed like a flock of sheep. In the dead of night Dingiswayo led them to the kraal of the refractory Nqola. At dawn the kraal was surrounded and Nqola and all other lights therein extinguished.

Consternation was now added to sensation, and spread like wildfire through the land. The reigning monarch, Mawewe, son of Jobe, despatched a councillor to interview the stranger. The result was that the councillor, convinced of the genuineness of the stranger's credentials, and overawed by the fearsome beast and firelock accompanying him, at once capitulated and enlisted in the enemy's service. He returned and advised his sovereign to send out a force against this impudent rival. The advice was taken and the councillor placed in command. The latter was thus enabled to arrange that in the rear of the force a trusted party, admitted to the secret, should be so posted, that, in the conflict, they should attack their former comrades from behind. A rout, of course, ensued, and Dingiswayo marched on the capital. The reigning monarch, however, had already hurriedly left. He headed for the White Mfolozi; crossed it; then the Black; and emerging by the umMona stream, found himself in Ndwandwe-land.

In that neighbourhood one of the Jobe girls (Mawewe's 'sister') had married one Malusi, son of Mkátshwa, head of the Nxumalo section of the Ndwandwe clan. Thither Mawewe betook himself, and there for the nonce remained, awaiting developments.*

* See also Stuart, *B.*, 14-24.

Thus, then, was it that Lara came home again :—

And Lara left in youth his fatherland ;
 But from the hour he waved his parting hand,
 Each trace waxed fainter of his course, till all
 Had nearly ceased his memory to recall.
 His sire was dust, his vassals could declare,
 'Twas all they knew, that Lara was not there.
 Nor sent, nor came he, till conjecture grew
 Cold in the many, anxious in the few.

Another chief consoled his destined bride,
 The young forgot him, the old had died.

He comes at last in sudden loneliness ;
 And whence, they know not ; why, they need not guess.

—BYRON.

Sir Theophilus Shepstone, in charge of Native Affairs in Natal during the early and mid-Victorian period, almost succeeded in establishing a myth in regard to this flight and return of Dingiswayo. In *Despatch No. 34* of Lieut.-Governor Scott of Natal, 1864, and subsequently in a "Paper on the Zulu-Kafir Race" appearing in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, 29th January, 1875, he declared that Dingiswayo "wandered from tribe to tribe and eventually found his way enough south to come in contact with white people ; he studied the habits and mode of warfare of his new acquaintances, perhaps as a servant, and at length returned, after his father's death, to his own tribe"—all which is still retailed as fact by unwitting Europeans, though never by Natives. Shepstone was obviously unaware of the more reliable account that had been written by Fynn so long ago as 1839.⁵ Nor was he acquainted with the Native evidence we have since gained from Hlubis, eziBisini and others. Shepstone misunderstood the 'white person' as 'white people,' and knowing the latter to have existed only in the south, naturally concluded that Dingiswayo must have met them there. But Grahamstown, then the nearest outpost on the British-Kafir frontier, was not founded until 1811, six years, approximately, after Dingiswayo's flight and three after his return,⁶ and continued to be the extreme outpost until 1839 at least.⁷ And even that nearest of European settlements was fully 450 miles away as the crow flies ! In short, Dingiswayo never went 'South,' and never came into contact with 'white people.' Where he went, as Fynn relates, was to his sable majesty, king Pangane (= Búngane), of the emaHlutshini Blacks.

A century and more has passed since that 'unknown pioneer' (the first of our race to penetrate thither by the overland route) received his only reward, a painful death in the wilds of Zululand ;

and there he has since lain. Is it too late to give even his name a passing thought? Who was he?

When Fynn supposed that the stray Whiteman may have been a certain 'Dr. Cowen' (*sic*), we feel, despite his wide error as to dates—he placing the incident about A.D. 1750—that there was good reason for the surmise. Of this traveller, the missionary John Campbell, writing in 1813, says:—

"About seven years before, lord Caledon, when governor of the Cape, sent a party to explore the interior of Africa as far as the Portuguese settlement at Mozambique, consisting of Dr. Cowan,* Lieutenant Donovan, twenty soldiers of the Cape regiment, a boor and a Griqua from Griqua Town. From the time of their leaving Lattakoo [where Campbell was writing], they had never been heard of by the government." The whole party was "murdered near the town of Melita, about five days' journey to the north-east, in the country of the Wanketzens [= baNgwâketsi], whose chief's name was Makhabba." †

This latter part of the story had been circulated by Tsusani, rebel son of Makaba, who had invoked against his father the aid of Mothibi, chief of the baRolong, ‡ and must be regarded as considerably 'suspect.'

The famous missionary, Robert Moffat, writing of this same matter in 1818, says §:—

"The next travellers who visited these regions [of the baTlapi clan] were Dr. Cowan and Captain Denovan (*sic*), who had a respectable and efficient party, with two wagons, under the auspices of the English government, in the year 1807. The object of the expedition was to pass through the Bechuana country and penetrate to the Portuguese settlements near Mozambique. They passed successfully through the various tribes of Batlapis, Barolongs, Bauangketi and Bakuenas, and perished at no great distance from the eastern coast, but by what means has never been ascertained. When the writer was in the Bakuena country, about 300 miles north-east of Lithako, he met an individual who had accompanied the expedition as a guide to a river, from description supposed to be the Sofala, where he stated he left them, they intending to cross the stream and proceed along its course to the ocean."

Dr. Livingstone, our last witness, writing of a time soon after 1845, gives us probably the most correct version of this mysterious story. He says ||:—

"In the days of the father of Sechele, the chief of the baKwena clan, two white men, whom I suppose to have been Dr. Cowan and Captain Donovan, passed through the country (in 1808), and descended the river

* This party of Dr. Cowan and Donovan must not be confused with that other of Dr. Cowie and Green who travelled from Grahamstown (July, 1828) over the same route, and in April, 1829, both died of fever, on their return, near Delagoa Bay. Steedman, *W.A.*, 280-92; Kay, *T.C.*, 219, 221, 353, 406, 412; Callaway, *R.S.*, 95.

† Campbell, *T.S.A.*, 125, 126, 132, 135, 155, 157.

‡ Moffat, *M.L.*, 106. § *Op. cit.*, 60, 106.

|| *T.S.A.*, 13.

Limpopo. They and their party all died of fever. . . . A son of the chief at whose village they perished, remembered, when a boy, partaking of one of the horses, and said it tasted like zebra's flesh."

Now if it be possible to harmonize the date, as given above, of Cowan's journey with other known facts of Zulu history, we may reasonably suppose that Dingiswayo's white man may have been a single survivor of Cowan's ill-starred party. We think such harmonization is possible. Lieut. King, who knew Shaka personally, estimated the age of the latter, in 1825, as 38 years; * while Farewell understood, in the year 1824, that Shaka had then been reigning already eight years, † which would place the year of Shaka's accession about 1816. Between that date, then, and the date of the Cowan disaster (viz. 1808) and the contemporaneous return of Dingiswayo, we have an interval of eight years, which, we believe, would amply suffice for the various historical occurrences that must have taken place during that period. But whether the companion of Dingiswayo may have been Dr. Cowan himself or some other member of his party cannot be said with certainty; although the fact that the individual does seem to have possessed some surgical knowledge would at any rate favour the former supposition. ‡

The only alternative to the Cowan hypothesis is that the mysterious white man must have been some travelling trader from the Portuguese territory, who, having come into possession of a horse in the interior—possibly from a roaming Griqua §—was now anxious to make his way to the coast and so home. This hypothesis would explain even better than the preceding the peculiar commercial intercourse subsequently established between Dingiswayo, when king, and the Portuguese at Delagoa Bay. The missionary Arbousset, writing during the "'30's" of the past century of the baPedi (or baPeli) || Sutús of the north-eastern Transvaal, says:—

"They used to procure copper articles of hardware and cloth at Lorenzo Marques and barter them in the interior for ivory, horns, cattle and skins." ¶

Cloth of Surat manufacture, which could have been obtained only from the East African Portuguese, was found by the missionary Melvill among the Mantatisi Sutús about 1823,** and Isaacs †† personally encountered such Portuguese traders about 1825 at the Bulawayo kraal of Shaka.

* Bird, *A.N.*, I., 184.

† *Ibid.*, 93.

‡ See also Stow, *N.R.*, 435, 548; Owen, *N.V.*, I., 319.

§ There were no horses at Delagoa Bay, Bird, *A.N.*, II., 365, 433.

|| The Zulus called them *abaBéku*.

¶ *N.E.T.*—see Ellenberger, *H.B.*, 33.

** Stow, *N.R.*, 481.

†† *T.E.A.*, I., 70; also Keane, *B.S.*, 22.

Assuming, then, that Dingiswayo returned to his home in company with some survivor of the Cowan expedition, or with some Portuguese trader about the same time, he should have re-entered Mtétwáland c. 1808 (90).

The significance of so seemingly trivial an incident as the flight of Dingiswayo and his return in company with a European traveller lay in its consequences. We do not believe that this white man—unless he may have been a Portuguese trader—had any knowledge of the Zulu language, or that Dingiswayo had any of English ; but it were reasonable to suppose that the former was impelled to a good deal of relevant thinking as he went along, and by help of some smattering of Chwana (with which the neighbouring Hlubi, and so Dingiswayo, may have been acquainted) may have been able to communicate something thereof to his Black companions. Certainly the progressive ideas and activities subsequently displayed by Dingiswayo do suggest such extraneous influence ; for, as a pure initiation of the Bantu mind and a product of purely Bantu training, they would have been decidedly extraordinary.

Here we seem to be at that insignificant spring which marked the starting-point of the deluge of bloodshed soon to devastate all this part of the African continent, driving thousands upon thousands to homelessness and misery, thousands upon thousands to torture and death ; the tiny seed from which grew forth that many-branched disturbance of the Bantu race which had as its direct results the foundation of the Zulu nation, culminating in the Zulu War ; the foundation of the Sutú nation, leading to the Basutú War ; the foundation of the maKololo nation, and its political disturbances along the Zambezi ; the foundation of the maTébele nation, ending in the Rhodesian War ; the driving forth into all quarters of the continent of fugitive hordes of lawless marauders whose continuous course of ravage and rapine stretched away even as far north as the Victoria Nyanza ;* and, finally, that bringing of the Boers from over the Drakensberg which resulted in the proclamation of Natal as a British colony—when we remember all these things we come to see that the insignificant Mtétwá boy was answerable for much. Had there been no flight and no return of Dingiswayo with a thinking and talkative white man, there might have been no subsequent Mtétwá aspirations and conquests ; no Mtétwá conquests, no Shaka impelled to martial and imperial ambitions ; no warlike Shaka, no Zulu nation, no Zulu War ; no Sutú nation, or Basutú War ; no Tebele nation,

* Stanley, *Through the Dark Continent*, Ch. XVIII., 318-22 ; *Darkest Africa*, II., 404-5 ; Elmslie, *Among the Wild Ngoni*, 13, 14 ; Speke, *Discovery of Source of the Nile*, 21, 176 ; Cameron, *Across Africa*, I., 287 ; Last, *Polyglotta Africana*, 20.

or Matebele War. Nor would our own Natalia have been born so soon.

Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

—EVERETT.

¹ *T.E.A.*, I., 69.

² *Aylifi, H.A.*, 5.

³ Fynn—*Bird's A.N.*, I., 62.

⁴ *Ellenberg, H.B.*, 72, 386-8; *MacGregor, B.T.*, 23.

⁵ *Bird, A.N.*, I., 60.

⁶ *Theal, S.A.*, 143, 145, 147.

⁷ *Bird, op. cit.*, 503.

CHAPTER II

THE FOUNDATIONS ARE WELL AND TRULY LAID (1808)

IN the year 1808, then, we assume that Ngódongwana, son of Jobe by a daughter of the Mbókazi clan, had returned as Dingiswayo from his *Wanderjahre* and was now on the Mtétwá throne. This metaphorical throne was established at the tribal Windsor Castle, a circular collection of numerous bee-hive huts, called after the home of his boyhood, old Jobe's *ōYengweni* kraal, and situated on a ridge between enTsangoyana and Dondota (between the enTseleni and Mfolozi rivers), under the custody of Mzaca, son of Mnqinya, of the emaGéngeni sub-clan.*

But the final disposal of his fugitive rival, Mawewe, who ever loomed a menace over the border, had still to come. So Dingiswayo's first official act was to demand the extradition of the royal absconder. The Malusis, recognizing Dingiswayo's unquestioned right to the Mtétwá kingship, advised Mawewe to return. Which he no sooner did, than he was promptly and finally 'disposed of.' This act can hardly be accounted to Dingiswayo's credit; and as it was not in accord with his subsequent humane methods, we attribute it to the heat of passion consequent on Mawewe's unwise attempt to contest Dingiswayo's undisputed birth-right.

Ngódongwana wōYengo, u-vunukwa ezingunjini zamanzi; izinto zakō zo-muka namanzi (Ngódongwana of the Yengo kraal, thou hast bedecked thyself with finery down in the river-nooks; beware lest thy finery be carried away by the stream). And, in truth, down the stream ere long did Dingiswayo go—to married life; and his first-born was a son, Somveli, followed by a long quiver of other sons—Seyama and Mngóye (of the same mother); Mawewe, Mondise, Sonkonde, Ngóngómbána, Mtákati, Hlombé, Manqe,

* For other kraals, see *Stuart, B.*, 41.

Shuqu, Kúzwayo, Mgcobo, Ndabayaké and others, with as many daughters, one of whom, Nobelungu, married the Zulu king Mpande and bore him a son, Magwéndu, and was installed in *Kosikazi* over the *isaNgqu* regimental kraal. Seyama, being Dingiswayo's favourite son, might have succeeded him had circumstances continued normal. He died young, however, without issue. Seyama's brother, Mngóye, named after the ōNgóye hill-range, where perhaps he was born, fled from fear of Mpande in 1849 into Natal, and there begat Mashwili.

Dingiswayo, measured by the average of his surroundings, was a quite exceptional character, a decidedly capable man, observant, thoughtful, imaginative, pushful—and by no means wholly engrossed in wine and women. His early trials and travels had proven for him a fruitful and appropriate education. They had brought him into contact with other peoples and other ideas, and had led him to observe and to ponder upon many evils in the surrounding social and political system. His general outlook in life had become in this way considerably broadened and his bearing towards other people tempered with greater altruism and benevolence. His projects and ambitions, now that he found himself possessed of power, were no longer confined, as they otherwise would have been, within the parochial boundaries of the little Mtétwá patch over which he reigned. They now extended much further afield, and busied themselves with the welfare of those in need outside. And yet all this while Dingiswayo had remained, from our point of view, the same untutored savage and ignorant heathen he ever had been. He could not unmake himself, or transcend, in any impossible degree, his environment; but what he had done was, from so much as he had seen and learned, to develop within himself the higher qualities of his being, in so far as the stimuli experienced had sufficed, and to lift himself far above his fellows.

From his hapless travelling-companion with the pale skin he had learned that there existed a culture far in advance of anything he or his people had ever known, and that an outpost of that culture was established only a few miles beyond his own northern borders, at Delagoa Bay. Moreover, he had observed that he was on all sides encompassed by a tumultuous and disintegrated mass of humanity which seemingly ought to have been bound in peaceful unity together—a multitude of tiny kindred clans, all speaking the same language, or dialects of the same language, all leading the same mode of life, all with the same type of political organization, and yet each so weak as to be unable to protect itself against its neighbours; all so powerless and unproductive, because of continuously wasting their thought and energy on fighting each

other. And he concluded, with uncommon insight, that all this was attributable to lack of unity and peace under a common leadership. An alluring vision of what might be gradually formed itself and illumined his soul. Here was he seated amidst this darkness and disorder, and yet possessed of the power to put his noble schemes into operation. Two great projects accordingly came to impress themselves on his imagination—he would introduce at once culture and cohesion into the little African world around him.

We have already (82) arrived at a rough estimate of what the population of Zululand may have been at the period of which we write, and we have accredited the Mtétwá clan, together with its sub-clans, with a membership of 4000 souls, of whom one in every eight (i.e. 500 in all) may be regarded as males of fighting age. With this little troop of half a thousand inexperienced but enthusiastic warriors Dingiswayo will ere long set out 'to reform the world.'

Not only with the mere novelties of horse and gun was it that Dingiswayo had returned from exile, but—ininitely more momentous—with the ideas of civilization and militarism which those things signified. The stray white man, upon learning that his guide was none other than a great chief, at least prospectively, had no doubt conceived the philanthropic desire of instilling some more elevated ideals into his savage breast, informing him how countries were governed and peoples ruled where he came from, and how much better it would be to introduce the same system here. And Dingiswayo, though probably unaware of the exact value of the advice, yet was taking it all in, and, upon the first opportunity, proceeded to act upon it. The white man's advice had had reference to commerce, and he had instructed his pupil how a start could be made; it had had reference to the army, and he had supplied him with an improved plan of organization and usefulness.

Dingiswayo accordingly set about busying himself, first of all with the arts of peace at home, and later with the arts of war abroad. He at once opened up trade with Delagoa Bay; he established home industries for the dressing of skin-mantles, the weaving of baskets and the manufacture of articles of furniture, and generally sought to inspire his people with an ambition for a higher social state.

"In the first year of his chieftainship, he" (i.e. Dingiswayo), writes Fynn,* "opened a trade with De la Goa Bay by sending 100 oxen and a quantity of elephants' tusks to exchange for beads and blankets [such, no

* Bird, *A.N.*, I., 63.

doubt, as he had become familiar with during his association with the white man and his exile up-country, where, as we have already heard, Portuguese trade-goods were common]. . . . The trade thus opened by Dingiswayo was afterwards carried on on an extensive scale, though the Portuguese in person never entered his country. The encouragement held out to ingenuity brought numbers around him, liberal rewards being given to any of his followers who devised things new or ornamental. Milk-dishes, pillows, ladles of cane or wood, and snuff-spoons were produced. A kross [i.e. kaross] manufactory was also established, a hundred men having been generally employed on that work. From the presents received from De la Goa Bay he selected some for imitation, and a handsome reward was offered for the production of a chair and table. The former was accomplished. It was cut from a solid block of wood, and was by no means disgraced by the presence of its model of European workmanship."

But all this was subsidiary to the matter of prime importance, the superior military power of his own clan. In his corner of the world, right was only held by virtue of might; and he had the greatest peace who was the most powerful. As we have already noted, the country thereabout was at that time filled with numerous small independent clans who had a natural weakness—no less apparent in their descendants of the present day—for submitting all their petty disputes to the arbitrament of arms. True, this seldom amounted to a genuine battle, and war-waging on a large scale was, in those 'good old times,' unknown. It was mere faction-fighting, in which a few might meet their death, but no atrocities would be committed. Beginning as it did and ending in a single day, the victors would consider themselves amply rewarded in having dealt their adversaries the merited punishment and enriched themselves with a few cattle or prisoners, mostly females, subsequently to be redeemed by a stock-ransom. But Dingiswayo regarded this incessant petty fighting as a symptom of general unruliness; and, with the object of bringing order into chaos, he determined to constitute himself so powerful a policeman that none would be able to dispute his word.

He accordingly marshalled the whole mass of men over whom he found himself ruling into an organized fighting force, wherewith the better to control, correct, and if need be, to conquer the world. The force itself, of course, was and always had been there long before he came; but, from his point of view, it had been used to very poor purpose. His contribution to the system was that he employed his material to more profitable ends. That the Zulu regimental system was an invention of Dingiswayo's, is entirely erroneous: it was simply a natural outgrowth or legacy left by the now defunct institution of circumcision. These 'regiments'—so-called by Europeans; and indeed they did later practically develop into such—were simply survivals, now reorganized on a military basis, of the original circumcision guilds—termed in Zulu

amaButó (s. *ĩButó*), signifying nothing more than 'a gathering-together or collection' of youths of a like age to be circumcised at the same time—by which name the subsequent military 'regiments,' also consisting of precisely the same collection of youths, were likewise called. Each guild had its own distinguishing name, by which all its members were in conversation frequently referred to. Such 'regiments' were universal throughout Ngúni-land centuries before either Dingiswayo or Shaka was born. To mention only a few whose names have chanced to come down to us, we may mention the *ũYengondlovu*, and perhaps the *iNyelezi*, of Dingiswayo's father, Jobe; the *amaNkayiya* of Zwide, among the Ndwandwes; the *imQula* of Pákatwáyo, among the Qwabes; the *uShi* of Matiwane, among the *emaNgwáneni*.

Circumcision had fallen into disuse among the Mtétwás already in Jobe's reign, perhaps even before then; for Sokwetshatá, of Mlandela, of Mmbiya, of Shangane (Jobe's brother), assured the present writer that his grandfather, Mmbiya, most certainly was not circumcised. Among the Zulus the custom went out with the *amaWombé*. As for Natal, the early 'Fingo' refugees into Kafraria are said to have been without the custom.*

The formation of guilds, that is to say, the periodical assembling and naming of all young clansmen of a like age, nevertheless continued to be practised by the chiefs; and Dingiswayo, like the rest, did his share in adding to the list of such bodies.† He recruited in his earlier years solely from among his own Mtétwá clansmen; so that a 'regiment' in such circumstances could hardly have mustered more than, say, 50 men. This was the case also with the earlier regiments of Shaka; but his later must have numbered nearer 1000 apiece.

Inspired by this rejuvenated consciousness of martial superiority, Dingiswayo and his new-formed army were not long in seeking to try their fortune with the generally disorganized fighting-crowds of neighbouring clans. The success that attended their arms was immediately apparent, and very soon Dingiswayo became the most powerful monarch in all those parts.

The system followed by Dingiswayo differed radically from that of Shaka. Being by nature more humane and by training more refined, his policy was not, like that of the latter, to incorporate or destroy: it was simply to conquer and then rule in a patriarchal fashion in the interests of peace and good order. It sufficed him to bring his adversary to subjection, and as a witness thereto, as a chastisement or lesson, to allow his warriors to sojourn a while in the enemy's land, living on their crops, though

* Kay, *T.C.*, 406.

† For the names of some of his 'regiments' see Stuart, *B.*, 22, 24.

leaving their chief, their women and their cattle untouched. But these coercive measures were applied only to the recalcitrant. Chieftains who showed a spirit of willingness to work with him and under him in friendship, as one united whole, were not interfered with, and retained their territory and sovereignty in all other respects unimpaired. For Dingiswayo was not only a king of sound business instincts, but was also a 'real good sport.' The chivalrous knight was not yet extinct in this African Arcady.

CHAPTER 12

THE CHIVALROUS KNIGHT PROCEEDS TO BUILD AN EMPIRE (1808-16)

How prettily and unresistingly this sable 'savage' could capture the hearts and allegiance of his little world! Moral suasion was his first resource; only when that failed, martial.

He often found himself at discord with his neighbours, the large Qwabe clan; so on one occasion he marshalled his ūYengondlovu regiment and marched on the Qwabe capital. Kōndlo, the Qwabe chief, was at his eMtādeni kraal, midway between Eshowe and Entumeni mission station, down below, on the right-hand side of the road, near the *emTōnjeni kaKōndlo*. Espying the enemy advancing, he gathered up his personal and bovine goods and retreated to the friendly cover of the neighbouring forest. Dingiswayo, however, met this manœuvre by bringing forward from the rear a troop of pretty damsels—Jobe's daughters. Their fear thus dissipated, outtrooped the young Qwabe warriors to investigate. An *īJadu* love-dance was held there and then, and after a few words of warning, the enemy marched home. Thereupon the tribal musician (*inGqambi*) composed the following dance-song of victory:—

*Nants'inkosi yezitá, Mtétwá,
Bangén'emahlalni, nyakana sahlasela kwaQwabe;
Umlānda wabalekela enTumeni.*

In after years, Dingiswayo had to chastise this clan once more. Pákatwáyo, son of Kōndlo, was then on the throne; who when he saw the foe advancing, vanished with his men. In the scare, he had unchivalrously left his family in the lurch, and when the enemy arrived mothers, wives, daughters and bairns were captured *en masse*. Another love-dance was arranged, in which Dingiswayo participated. When he was tired, "Now take them home," he

said ; " I fight with men, not women ; and when men are obliged to leave their women to the enemy, that already is sufficient sign that they are beaten."

In this noble concept of empire-building the untutored Dingiswayo, by his own unaided intellect, formulated the very highest type of imperial organization. Not one of the ablest statesmen of the much-vaunted civilizations of the Mediterranean, neither Egyptian nor Persian, neither Grecian nor Roman, ever proved himself capable of creating a wiser policy of empire-building. Only modern England has succeeded in rising to this height of imperial statecraft, and has been universally voted wonderfully wise in consequence. The Negro, however, who did precisely the same thing, and long before, has never been regarded as more than ' a mere benighted savage.'

In this comparatively humane way, Dingiswayo overcame, at times by actual force, at times by moral suasion, one after the other the whole of the chieftains and clans of Zululand. He

" declared war," writes Fynn,* " on all the neighbouring tribes, assigning as his reason that he wished to do away with the incessant quarrels that occurred amongst the tribes, because no supreme head was over them to say who was right and who was wrong—a state of things that could not have been the desire of Umvela, the first of the human race [= *umVelinqangi*].

" An old Umtetwa prophet " [by which no doubt we are to understand a necromancer or spirit-diviner], says Shooter,† " mentioned no less than thirty chiefs who acknowledged Dingiswayo's supremacy."

One of the first was that of the *ebaT'énjini*. Jama, son of Mnisi, in his enTlangwini kraal by the enTseleni, rebuffed all peaceful overtures to be enslaved. So against them Dingiswayo employed the old Ng'uni device of surrounding the kraal at night and bringing the inmates to their knees at morn, before the neighbouring populace could receive an alarm. In the mêlée that followed, the uncomplying Témbù chief was brought right down to the dust ; and there remained.

The next venture was against the *Xulus*, whose chief, Xabáshe, son of Donda wa-s'eNkweleni, had his capital by the eLumbi hill, on the left bank of the upper Mfule river. Here the same stratagem was again employed, with the like result to unfortunate royalty. His people, however, received the alarm, and rushing to his aid, kept up a running fight before the pursuing invaders, till they were finally overtaken and dispersed beyond the kwaHlokoHloko hill, near Eshowe, already within the Qwabe domain.

Lower down the same Mfule river dwelt the *emaNgádini* folk ; king, Madlokovu, son of Mlaba. These also refused to recognize

* Bird, *A.N.*, I., 64.

† *K.N.*, 250 ; also Ellenberger, *H.B.*, 117.

Mtétwá interference. So they too were to be 'put in order.' But Madlokovu got wind thereof, and decided to retire to a monster cave, impregnable to javelin-fire, on the enKweleni precipice, overlooking the Mfule, wherein he and his people, and also their cattle, could be stowed away. By a timely sprint, he succeeded in getting himself and some of his people there, but not the stock. This 'the police' distrained in default of payment in human kind. But Dingiswayo, already growing magnanimous, graciously returned a moiety for breeding purposes, and marched home in triumph with the remainder, to be subsequently distributed among his braves as 'salt-money.' *

Having by this time effectually studied the power of this new limb of the law, clan-royalties had taken the lesson to heart and grown more cautious and astute. Makédama, son of Mbéngi, *eLangeni* sovereign up the Mhlatúze river, had latterly kept his weather-eye constantly fixed down-stream. One day, by no means to his surprise, he espied the little black cloud arising from the sea and, taking a leaf out of Madlokovu's log, immediately took in sail and headed his ship of state into a jungle-covered precipice—since called *eNqabeni kaMakédama*, Makedama's stronghold—and there remained in quiet retirement till the pirates went home. He then emerged and paid his dues 'of his own free will.'

We have related (55) how the Mtétwás reached *Butélezi*-land, and how Dingiswayo had brought Púngashe, the chief, to submission, and then, by killing Bákuzá, Senzangakóna's son, brought this latter also to his knees.

The *emaMbaténi*, under Káli, son of Shandu, were likewise honoured with a visitation about the same time; but by a judicious retirement to their stronghold on the Ntlazatshe mount they evaded defeat. Nkomo, however, Káli's younger brother, dwelling by the esiHlalo mount, was not quick enough, and was captured and killed.

Wheeling about to their left, the Mtétwá filibusters took Nyanya, son of Sogídi, by surprise in his nook behind the esiHlalo mount, on the Macanca flat. He was chieftain of the petty *Dlamini* branch of the *Butélezis*, and in the unequal scrimmage got hurt, and died.

From Dlamini-land the next move was over the imBékamuzi to the more imposing capital of Donda wesiZiba, of the *Kúmalo* clan. He surrendered (172) without more ado and so preserved his head for the Ntombázi museum (172).

Satisfied for the present with its work up inland, the Mtétwá expedition wended its way home.

There is no satisfactory evidence that Dingiswayo ever made

* On what gallant terms Dingiswayo dealt with the *Qwabas* we have already told (100).

the acquaintance or obtained the allegiance of the Ngcobos, Cubes, Cúnus, Témbús and other clans along the Túkela and Mzinyati valleys. Their turn might have come later, had not Zwide forbidden.

The clans of the coast, on the other hand, were either close relations of the Mtétwás and so easily ready to enter into alliance with them, or else they were already Mtétwá vassals before Dingiswayo's day. The territory beyond the Mfolozi was mainly recognized as within the Ndwandwe sphere of influence and had a very powerful policeman of its own, Zwide by name, of whom Dingiswayo wisely fought shy.

The **aba-kwa-Mbónambi** clan, between the Mtétwás and the sea to the north of the Mhlatúze mouth, was ruled by chief Sigotá, who meekly submitted to Dingiswayo without so much **Mbónambi** as a bleat. Among the Ngúni, it is only the larger clans that have any history to relate; and even they can seldom regale us with anything more inviting than the sordid of brutish fight or 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 Mbónambis proudly pointed to a line of kings longer, if less renowned, than that of many clans of much greater size and historical importance. Such noble lineage sufficed alone to prove their greatness.

Ngáwonde (*d. c. 1701*).
 |
 Sifiba (*d. 1719*).
 |
 Ngónyama (*d. 1737*).
 |
 Gwala (*d. 1755*).
 |
 Mananga (*d. 1773*).
 |
 Nomaguma (*d. 1791*).
 |
 Ngiba (*d. 1809*).
 |
 Sigotá (*d. 1827*).
 |
 Mkósana (*d. 3.6.1900*).
 |
 Somlomo.
 |
 Manqamu.

But they possessed something still more to their credit; for, of the magicians of Ngúniland, Mabódlá, son of Ntlatatí, was

facile princeps. This celebrity was not a king, who merely governed kingdoms, but a smith who fashioned the assegais that won them. And of his tools the most marvellous was a magic wand of brass. Himself, he dieted mainly on mussels, of which he was a ravenous eater, challenging anybody to dare fish in his preserves; and in view of that wand of his, all knew it was not worth the risk. Whenever he felt inclined for a longer walk than usual, he was wont to stretch forth the rod over the waters of the deep, and lo! they would recede and allow him to explore their depths—in search of mussels—as far out as he would. Should the sea-gods prove unpropitious, he drove down black cattle on to the sea-beach and slaughtered them there for their placation. Sometimes, when the tide was high, he would find himself left alone in the home with the children. But while their mothers were away in the fields, he would take down his medicine-horn, extract a charm and put all the noisy brats—*iziMbwaá*, howling dogs, as he was wont to call them—into a state of unconsciousness till their mothers came home or the tide went down. This charm proved equally effective against any enemy so audacious as to invade his precincts; for it would throw him into a state of helpless stupor, when he was easily disposed of. His most amazing miracle, however, was his last. Seeking to get over to the other side, he struck once more the waters of the deep, and they 'were as a wall on his right hand and on his left,' and he passed over on dry ground; and was never seen again in Mbónambiland for evermore!

Now for fact.

The Mbónambís, it seems, were great as manufacturers of assegai-heads, either obtaining the iron-ore from inland, or the metal itself from fragments of wreckage along their coast. One day, a party of these spear-vendors made the discovery that, on the spit of land separating St. Lucia Bay from the sea, there dwelt a Ntlozi clan, which, 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 the Mbónambís saw an opening for something more profitable than trade in hardware. So one day these artless Arcadians beheld the erst-while pedlars appear in force, with the redoubtable Mabódla at their head, laden with spears—for war. A few days hence, and none but Mbónambís and a wealth of cattle remained in the land—once more the 'obstructing sea had withdrawn at Mabódla's command, and left the mussels behind.' At St. Lucia Bay, he had found the waters impassable, the tide being high; but striking the waters at a favourable moment—when the tide was low—the waters receded, a shallow crossing revealed itself, and

he and his passed over 'on dry ground.' Once established on the *terra firma* beyond, his first concern was to look about for a wife; and by means of some charm, carried now not in his medicine-horn, but on his face, he soon conjured up an 'Indian' lady—whether from Delagoa Bay, or from the half-caste offspring of some shipwrecked mariner, we know not—one of whose descendants, from whom this veracious narrative proceeds, was in recent years resident in the Mvoti district of Natal. In exchange for this beautiful gift which the new land had given him, he gave to it the hitherto unknown grain-foods, pennisetum (*uNyawoti*) and maize (*ūNgóye*). There on that out-of-the-way peninsula the little Mbónambi colony continued to flourish, even to these present days, subsequently developing into a separate and independent clanlet calling itself **aba-kwa-Sokana** (They of Sokana). Whether this Sokana was Mabódlá's other name, or that of his grandfather, or that perchance of his son, or even of some superior officer, we are unable to say.

The major portion of the Mbónambi clan continued to remain in their old country, where they were, even before the Mtétwás had arrived, and where they still are, under Manqamu, son of Somlomo, of Mkósana, of Sigotá. In Shaka's reign they received due attention from his majesty. He honoured them once with a special visit—to beg blankets from some wretched survivors of a shipwreck on the coast; which when he had obtained, he graciously showed them the way to safety down the coast to Port Natal. But when, later on, he sent to the Mbónambis themselves for more princely tribute, and Sigotá had impudently attempted to get rid of him by sending along a few miserable cattle, "Wawu!" shrieked Shaka; "only cows? Am I then a wife? Where are the belles?" Sigotá's fate was there and then decreed. Happily, Nqoboka, chief of the neighbouring Sokúlus, had received information of Shaka's impending wrath. He accordingly gave Sigotá a friendly hint and took his boy, Mkósana, with him into hiding. When the punitive expedition arrived, it was astonished to find Mbónambiland a wilderness—the clan vanished, as by magic only possible to the family of Mabódlá. Nor did they emerge again from their jungle cover till after Shaka's death.

But whence this curious myth, cropping up everywhere throughout Africa, of leaders of migrating hordes dividing impassable waters with their rod of power and so procuring a passage for their followers on dry ground? Whence this indispensable magician's 'wand'; this 'rod' of Aaron? Neither Fraser, nor Taylor, nor Lubbock, who have fairly covered the whole realm of primitive magic, ancient and modern, offer us one word on the subject. Yet, here in Africa, the myth is ubiquitous.

"I found," says Speke,¹ "that the Waganda have the same absurd notion here as the Wanyambo have in Karague, of Kamrasi's supernatural power in being able to divide the waters of the Nile in the same manner as Moses did the Red Sea."

Zwangandaba, who led the aNgōni from Zululand to the Nyasa lake, struck the Zambezi in a similar way and with the like result. It was either this same leader, or his rival leader, Nxaba, who, as the Swazis tell us, did the same when crossing the Bálule (Olifants river). Shaka also is credited with having exercised the power, when held up by the Mkómazi. Certainly, the idea seems no product of the African mind; it has about it a distinctly Oriental flavour. Could it have been the Moslem Arabs who were responsible for the dissemination of the legend? Or was the legend perchance still older than Moses?

The **Dube** people, under the chieftain Kúshwayo (Maqámehlezi), of Gwabini, of Sodubo, adjoined the Mbónambis on the south. They were brother clans, both originating from **Dube** the same parental stock. Their main settlement was along the northern banks of the Mhlatúze lagoon. Feeling themselves weak and few, they wisely refrained from opposing either Dingiswayo or Shaka, and so when in March, 1827, Farewell and Isaacs travelled that way in search of ivory, they found Nzwakele, son of Kúshwayo, in some mild sense still reigning in the old fatherland.

"I reached Ens-vac-a-ler," writes Isaacs,² "who received me with great kindness and treated me most hospitably. He was unwilling, however, to trade, but much disposed to receive presents: after some little reasoning and persuasion, I obtained his ivory."

Elephants were once very numerous in these parts. Captain Rogers, who visited Natal in the early years of the eighteenth century, reported elephants

"so plenty here that they feed together in great troops, a thousand or fifteen hundred in a company."³

"The last," says Mohr,⁴ was "shot on the Berea Mountains [Durban] some twenty years ago (in the early '50s) by that mighty hunter, John Dunn"

—though we believe a stray beast was encountered there even a few years subsequent to that. So late as 1880, a solitary herd was still existent in the swamp-lands of the lower Mfolozi in Zululand, and of this herd the last surviving member was killed by a Native well within this present century.⁵

Continues Isaacs,

"I was the first white person who had visited this chief [Nzwakele], although both his people and himself had met the European party at the residence of Chaka."

Upon the final break-up of the Cele clan (542-3) during the earlier years of Dingane's reign, one of their number, Mningi, father of Góloza, trekked with his family from the **ema-Ndlazini** Mzimkúlu—whither many of his clan had recently betaken themselves—and sought adoption by Nzwakele, the Dube chief. In Dubeland Mningi built himself a kraal which he named *emaNdlazini*. The descendants of that family have since named themselves **aba-s-emaNdlazini** (The People of *emaNdlazini*).

After having had this remarkable good fortune to preserve for themselves their homeland and their integrity throughout all the perilous times of Dingiswayo and Shaka, the Dube clan was fated to suffer the slaughter of its old chief, Nzwakele, and its own utter ruin and dispersal at the hands of Shaka's successor, Dingane, most of its adherents fleeing over the Túkela into Whiteman's Natal, where they are now found everywhere scattered.

Nzwakele, however, had a good friend in the not far distant Sokúlu chief, Nqoboka. Nqoboka was a boyhood's friend of Shaka during his years with Dingiswayo, and afterwards succeeded in ingratiating himself equally as well with Dingane and Mpande. He performed many generous actions both to Mbónambis and Dubes. Having received a hint of Dingane's evil intentions towards Nzwakele, he managed to have the latter's chief wife secretly brought up to him beforehand. She thus escaped the general massacre, and bore her deceased husband a posthumous heir, Hábane, who grew up in Nqoboka's home.

One day, Dingane being dead, Nqoboka proceeded on his periodical ceremonial visit to the Zulu king, now Mpande. While there, a messenger arrived announcing that Hábane, while hunting, had been seriously injured by a buffalo. By throwing himself flat on the ground, he had contrived to evade its horns, but not so its hoofs, and suffered a severe trampling by the furious beast. Cetshwayo, who was in the kraal, hearing the news, "What's this?" he inquired of Nqoboka. "So you have a Dube calf down there?" "Let him come up," added Mpande, "that we may see him." This was done, and Hábane was courteously received. But placing no great trust in wily despots, he took the first opportunity of crossing the Túkela to his people, many of whom were then dwelling at kwaMandelu on the northern side of the Mvoti river, not far from the sea.

After the death of Nzwakele, Dingane brought down a certain Madlebe, of Mgédeza, of the Zungu clan, from Mpapála and installed him as viceroy of Dubeland. Then he sent Mahúhúlo, also of the Zungu clan, from Mahlabatini, on the Mkúmbáne, as a

second royal representative to keep a weather eye on the viceroy. Madlebe, however, contrived to keep body and soul together till Dingane's death; but Mpande later on sent him underground. During the minority of Madlebe's son Lokotwáyo, Pálane, of Mdinwa, of the Mkwánazi clan, was regent. Lokotwáyo at length coming into his own—it was now towards the end of Mpande's reign, when Cetshwayo already held the reins—Hábane, of Nzwakele, deemed it safe to return from his self-imposed exile in Natal (107), and passed the last years of his life in the old homeland, leaving behind him, as heir to the extinct Dube chieftainship, a son, Ntungelezane, who in turn left Magémegéme. Lokotwáyo died on 22nd September, 1892, and was in 1898 succeeded by his son Zanya, alias Mzanywa, as chief in Dubeland; and Pálane, as a sop to his humiliated dignity, was cheered with a district on the opposite banks of the Mhlatúze (*kwaDlangezwa*, from Shaka's military kraal there), where his son, chief Ngógwáne, died on 1st February, 1920, and in turn was succeeded by his own son, Mbuyiseni, the present chief.

Sodubo (*d. c. 1781*).
 |
 Gwabini (*d. c. 1799*).
 |
 Kúshwayo (*d. c. 1817*).
 |
 Nzwakele (*d. c. 1835*).
 |
 Hábane.
 |
 Ntungelezane (*d. 7.8.1925*).
 |
 Magémegéme.

But the Mtétwás received additions to their family not by moral and martial force alone. Stress of circumstances more than once compelled fugitive or impoverished parties to seek shelter or settlement with them. Each of these parties, not being members of the Mtétwá family, in the course of a hundred years or so had already built up, in the Mtétwá midst, a new dependent clanlet, usually congregated together under its particular patriarch in its own allotted location.

When the Mtétwás first came down from the north under Xaba, about the year 1720, they found divers Tóngá peoples already in occupation of the country along the sea-front (84). About half a century later, there arrived on the coast a certain Dlabela—whose reputed descent from Sikángane, of Noxoko, requires further confirmation—hailing

from the Kúmalo neighbourhood about the sources of the Black Mfolozi, where continued harassment by the emaHlutshini had rendered life there no longer tolerable. To the Kúmalos they were closely related, if not indeed an offshoot of them. They were particularly famous for their extraordinary breed of cows, so fat that they could move only with difficulty. Very proud of their cattle, to use a stick when driving them was deemed sacrilege, and only light switches were employed.

The wandering Dlabela, arrived on the coast, sought adoption by Káyí, the Mtétwá chief. "Very well," said Káyí, "go and thrive away those *amaNtlwenga* (Tonga) people from the patch south of the Mfolozi mouth, and you may keep it for yourself." So away strode Dlabela bravely; but returned on the morrow to report that he had been driven away himself! However, a party of Nyawo Swazis turned up, out on a similar quest. Dlabelas and Nyawos accordingly united forces, stormed the Ntlwenga stronghold and drove the latter hurry-scurry over the Mfolozi, back to their brethren up north (282, 283). The Dlabelas now quietly settled down and became the forbears of the **Sokúlu** clan subsequently found in those parts.

The Sokúlu family, by this feat of valour having attained to a certain degree of respectability in their neighbourhood, Jobe, who had now succeeded Káyí on the Mtétwá throne, gave one of his own daughters in marriage to Langa, who had succeeded Dlabela on that of the Sokúlus. The issue of this union was the well-known Nqoboka (alias Mazwi).

When Nqoboka had grown up and his father, Langa (the Sun), gone down, contention arose in the family as to who should succeed. Nondlovu, another son of Langa, proving victor, Nqoboka betook himself to his mother's people, the family of Mtétwá Jobe, and there for the nonce remained.

When Dingiswayo had succeeded his father, Jobe, and had got some stamina and verve into the Mtétwá state, as part of his general scheme he set about planting out on the thrones of Ngúniland such of his protégés as might have any shadow of a right to them. He supplied Nqoboka with an adequate force, and commanded him to go forth and oust the usurper from Sokúluland. Nqoboka had already become famed as a valiant warrior, and it was not surprising that he should extinguish his rival, Nondlovu, and all his pretensions, utterly and for all time.

Nqoboka set about at once putting his nest in order, and to this end, first of all, quashed his neighbour, Sibaca, the emaGóngeni chief, and then attacked Kónjwayo, of the emaNzimeleni clan, on the northern banks of the Mfolozi, whom he slew.

With all this halo of glory around his head, Nqoboka made

frequent appearances to pay his respects to his protector and suzerain, Dingiswayo; and it was on the occasion of these visits that the budding Shaka came to make the great man's acquaintance, and a lifelong friendship to grow up between them (107).

When at length evil days fell upon the Mtétwá state, and its great king, Dingiswayo, had been treacherously murdered by Zwide, the Ndwandwe chief, the Sokúlus joined the Mtétwás in their fear of impending invasion and retreated with them to the emaTigulu river, whence, after Shaka's sensational victory over Zwide, they subsequently returned.

At this period Shaka had arrogated to himself the imperial mantle of Dingiswayo, and was demanding that all erstwhile Mtétwá dependencies should now submit to him. Nqoboka, knowing his man, with all the rest who were wise, prudently submitted. As had been his habit with Dingiswayo, he now paid frequent visits of homage to his friend, Shaka. Indeed, so welcome and influential was he at court, that certain other of Shaka's favourites grew envious. So one day they whispered maliciously in the despot's hearing, "And is, then, Nqoboka a second king, that he should spend more time in his own kraal than in that of his majesty?" "What, then, do you require?" asked Shaka quietly. "Let him be killed!" they growled. "Very well! have a try," replied Shaka with a knowing wink; for he well knew Nqoboka of old as a master fighter. The jealous headmen thereupon proceeded to assemble a detachment and to put their project into execution.

While all this was proceeding 70 miles away in Shaka's capital, Nqoboka, at the coast, had dreamed a dream—so he told them—that he was about to be killed, and had accordingly called up the most powerful doctor obtainable to fortify his kraal and the surrounding hills with his most potent charm.

While the charm was still fresh on the ground, the treacherous *impi* appeared on the hills; then, marvel of marvels! kraals, cattle, pathways, everything they needed to see, instantly vanished, and they found themselves lost in a maze of jungle! Rather than cast themselves headlong into the pot by passing along invisible paths into the arms of invisible enemies, they concluded it were safer to abandon the chase and return home to report. This they did; and, much to their surprise, Shaka laughed as he had never laughed before. Nor did they see through his trick when, on their heels, Nqoboka himself arrived, driving five fat kine as a thank-offering to his majesty.

After this uncanny experience, Nqoboka was left by mischievous courtiers severely alone, to enjoy himself in peace at his home, till Shaka himself was slain. And even then, when

Dingane was king, Nqoboka remained as great a favourite with this latter as he had been with the former. After the rout of Dingane by the Boers, Nqoboka advised him to flee with him coastwards; but other counsels prevailed, and Dingane went on to his doom over the Pöngolo, and Nqoboka to his home by the sea.

There he continued to live till well on in Mpande's reign—and to live well! Among other events worth noting, the Hon. H. Cloete, British Commissioner in Natal, recorded that

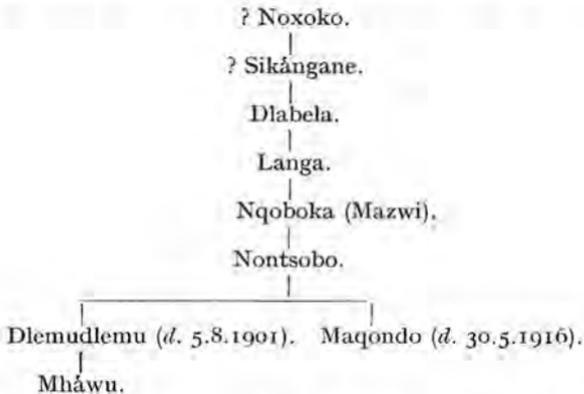
"on the 11th October [1843] we reached the kraal of Umcaboca, the chief of the Lukoela tribe . . . an indolent, pampered being, measuring 4 feet 6 inches round his naked waist."

His tribe, this illuminating Commissioner continues, had been subdued by "the Uurtittas," a fearsome people certainly, but who never had any existence in Zululand!⁵

At the time of Cetshwayo's 'installation' by Mpande, 1857, Nqoboka was still living, but now, like Mpande, so old as to be no longer capable of holding the reins from the grab of his greedy children. Like the Zulu king, he too was forced to witness the painful spectacle of his sons fighting before his very eyes for the crown already wobbling on his head. Nontsobo, the eldest, successfully rid the field of his rival, Gcabáshe; but this did not please the outraged father, who immediately conceived the idea of substituting in place of the deceased another son, Mapúmane, born of a younger wife affiliated to Gcabáshe's branch of the family. Nontsobo's patience was now exhausted. "And how long then is this old man to continue living?" he querulously asked. The family butler, understanding the hint—at least so the 'opposition party' convincingly imagine—adroitly dropped 'something strong' into the old man's beer, and they were soon relieved of his presence.

Mapúmane now found the neighbourhood distinctly unhealthy and, taking in tow two of his best-loved girls, cleared for Natal. On the Mvoti he joined his old friend, Hábane, of Nzwakele, now installed as headman over a small Dube following, and soon became Hábane's principal officer. But Mapúmane was violent and domineering; and before long Hábane found his position so uncomfortable between this overbearing *inDuna* and a discontented tribe, that, when Cetshwayo sent over to invite him to return to Zululand, he and many of his people gladly availed themselves of the opportunity to escape from their troubles. Mapúmane, now left alone with the remnant of a tribe that did not want him, felt it wiser to move away and live in seclusion by the Tongaat mouth, where his descendants still are.

But Nontsobo did not live long to enjoy his ill-gotten dignity. Dlemudlemu was his heir, who, likewise dying, left a minor son and a dilapidated crown in charge of his brother, regent Maqondo.



The **Mpukunyoni** clan entered Zululand *via* the Ngwávuma river, out of Swaziland. Swaziland at that period was peopled by three different types of Bantu—Sutús, Ntungwa-Ngúnis and Tóngá-Ngúnis. The Mpukunyonis, it is asserted, were 'not Sutús.' They must therefore have been one or other of the Ngúni types mentioned. Gravitating as they did towards the Mtétwás, we would like to believe that they were moved by a recognition in them of blood-relationship, and were therefore, like the Mtétwás, Tóngá-Ngúnis—though we think more probably they were of the eMbó variety, like the Ngwánes.

Precisely what may have set the Mpukunyonis in motion, we cannot say—it may have been the intruding Ngwánes; or the Mpukunyonis themselves may have been roaming along with the latter. Both movements, we take it, occurred about the same period, say *c.* 1770.

Upon reaching the Ngwávuma river, the Mpukunyonis found the Ntungwa-Ngúni Tábetés already in occupation. These they drove further down stream, and themselves settled in their country. Subsequently the Mngómezulu Sutús wandered along under Mafú, son of Mdluli, and in turn ousted the Mpukunyonis from their holding (342).

Passing away down south, the Mpukunyonis divided into two sections. Of these the one, led by Mnyenyeza, settled inland of the emaNcwangeni, between the Hluhluwe and Nyalazi rivers. There they developed into an independent clan, called **aba-kwa-Mnqobokazi**; and there they flourished in peace until the ruinous advent of the Zulus (281).

Mnyenyeza.
|
Wokoza.
|
Nkomo.

The Mngómezulus had had no difficulty in evicting these Mpukunyoni people from their Ngwávuma home; for they were of a class with those unsophisticated folk whom Mabólla and his Mbónambís ejected from the neighbourhood of St. Lucia Bay—they possessed no arms! Their neighbours in their new settlement, the Msanes—and probably the Nibeles too—were in the same plight. Whenever two of the parties came to loggerheads, which was often, their weapon was fire, which they used to great effect in burning down the enemy's homes, and oftentimes burning up the enemy himself within them.

The other section of the Mpukunyoni immigrants, headed by Cungele, son of Mdolombá, forded the iNyalazi river and entered the territory already annexed by the Mtétwás, at that Mkwánazi time ruled by Káyi, with whom they allied themselves.

There they multiplied in peace and grew to be the **abakwa-Mkwánazi** clan (281).

Now, Cungele's son, Velana, became possessor of a real iron axe (*ĩZembê*), a priceless acquisition in his clan. This he used so skilfully as a professional hide-scaper, that he established a reputation for himself; so much so that when Dingiswayo came to the throne, he promoted him to the position of headman over his *õHéni* kraal. Velana afterwards gave his life for his king in a fight between the Mtétwás and the Ndwandwes to the north.

Malanda, Velana's son, was honoured in after years by being given in marriage by Mpande that king's own full-sister, Ntikili, who became the mother of Somkéle, who, in recent years deceased, passed on to his heir, the present chief, Mtúbatúba, the charge of the Mkwánazi folk still clinging to their old homeland.

Mdolombá.
|
Cungele.
|
Velana.
|
Malanda.
|
Somkéle (d. 21.2.1907).
|
Mtúbatúba.

At the time of the entry of the Ntungwa-Ngúnis into the Vryheid district out of the south-eastern Transvaal, and their subsequent break-up there into divers clans, there was among them a certain leader—perhaps even already a small clan—named **Mlotsha**. From this Mlotsha family were afterwards derived the small *eziBisini*, *emaNcubeni*, and *Kámbúle* clans.

The family branch which later formed the **eziBisini** clan did not migrate far afield. In origin they were closely related to the Mabaso-Kúmalo-Kóza group of the Nondweni district; and, being few in numbers, they allied themselves with the Butélezi chieftain and occupied a portion of his dominions abutting on the emaMbáténi and ebaTénjini, southward of the White Mfolozi. These were they who called themselves *iziBisi za-kwa-Butéla*, *ezi'mlom'ubomvu nabantwana bazo*, *za-kwa-Sikiti sa-Ngi'mpongo-yembúzi*. They regard the *iziBisi za-kwa-Mahlase* as an entirely different people (89). The most important personage among them in Shaka's time was one Mtshana. His son, Mnqandi, eighty years later, was among that galaxy of braves slaughtered by Zibébú, son of Mapitá, at the ōNdini kraal in 1883; and his grandson, Sishishili,* met a less glorious, though not less honourable end at the hand of a perfidious guest after the Bámbáda rebellion of 1906.

To the neighbouring Témbús another Mlotsha branch allied itself and became there the **aba-kwa-Nkabini** clan.

Besides the eziBisini (above), there was another Mlotsha party who subjected themselves to the Butélezi chief, and there grew into the **emaNcubeni** clan. Among surrounding folk they were nicknamed the *amaZilankatá* (They who reverence the grass-coil—placed on the head when carrying burdens). With them these grass-pads were never thrown away, as was the habit elsewhere, but were scrupulously burned and the ashes smeared on the belly of every inmate of the home, lest he or she become afflicted with 'stomach-disease.'

But before this nickname had become affixed to them, some of their number had migrated coastwards in search of more congenial building sites. There they subjected themselves to the Mtétwá chief—Jobe (86), being then on the throne (c. 1790-1807)—and were allotted a home about the Dukuduku bush, near the mouth of St. Lucia Bay. At

* Sishishili murdered, 25.11.1907; Ndabihlezi kaSishishili appointed 27.1.1920. Two men acted as chiefs, in turn, meantime.

their head was Zisongo, son of Makómbólo ; though we also hear of Magúla, son of Ngónyama, of Solambá, of Mdungazwe, of Sidi-mbáne. Somewhat strangely, this section of the family down at the coast became there known as **aba-kwa-Ncube**, not as *aba-emaNcube*ni.

The **aba-kwa-Kámbúle** were another branch of the Mlotsha clan. These, at the same time as the migration of the Ncubes coastwards, made their way into Swaziland, led by a **Kámbule** certain Mlambó and accompanied by Sihálibébé, son of Ngónyama. Considering the very near relationship of these people with the Ncubes, one would like to identify this Ngónyama with him of the Ncube family (see above) ; but precisely at the same time, the Dlamini chief in Natal was named Ngónyama and was, moreover, possessed of a son named Sihálibébé (366). The Kámbúles were not welcome guests in Swaziland, and Ndungunya, then reigning there (c. 1797-1815) promptly threw them back over the border. Feeling very sore and forlorn, the Kámbúles then entreated the emaNgwáneni chief, above the Black Mfolozi, to take them in. Then, in turn, the emaNgwáneni were invaded and evicted by the Ndwandwe chief, Zwide. Whither now for protection and peace ? They clung on to the flying emaNgwáneni and landed together with them in Natal. There they separated, the Kámbúles feeling there was surer safety in a quiet independence. They sheered off seawards, in search of some solitary, unoccupied corner where at length they might find rest. They reached the emPolweni stream, north tributary of the Mngéni, and believed they had found it ; and there, along its banks, they built their nests.

But the heart of their poor chief was already broken. Mbúsi (Mpambáni), son of Mbózane, son of Lukómbó, hunted and harassed throughout a whole life beyond the extreme of human endurance, at this last stage surrendered to despair.

Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath and infinite despair ?
 Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me, opens wide ;
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

—MILTON.

So, bedecked in full panoply of war, with towering feathers and finest furs, shield and assegai complete, on the brink of the river's darkest pool he stood before his assembled people, a brave and noble inspiration. Solemnly he adjured them how, in the hard struggle for existence he foresaw ahead, they were bravely to light the foe and preserve for themselves an honoured place

amongst the nations. Suddenly, with a final shout, "Such is the spirit in which battles are fought—and won," like a warrior dashing gloriously into the midst of the fray, with brandished assegai and shield, he flung himself into the waiting jaws of death; and the waters of the pool noiselessly closed behind him. So deranging was this climax on the minds of the onlookers, that some succumbed to the irresistible impulse, and plunged after their noble leader into a common grave.

It is nowadays often assumed, even by the clansmen themselves, that the **emDletsheni** were scions of the Mtétwá house, and not mere foreigners subject to them. Fortunately, **em-Dletsheni** traditions of their true origin have not yet entirely died out; and those traditions point unmistakably to a relationship with the Mlotsha-Kúmalo group of Ntungwa-Ngúnis, formerly located in the Nqutú district, where, indeed, Qaba, father of Mqombólo, and grandfather of Shaka's prime minister, Ngómane—who is known to have belonged to this **emDletsheni** clan—had actually resided prior to the family's migration seawards.

The date of that migration was contemporary with that of their relatives, the Ncubes (above), and Nombóbó was the name of their leader. Nombóbó's end was sudden and unexpected. He had treated himself to a visit to his friend, Langa (*d. c.* 1795), king of the neighbouring Ndwandwes. Langa treacherously arranged that into Nombóbó's beer something suitably strong should be opportunely dropped; of which when Nombóbó had sufficiently imbibed, he died. They planted him there that self-same day.

It seems Shemase, alias Shamase, was the 'stick,' as the Zulus say, he had left behind in Mdletsheniland. We hear as well of Donda and Mgúngu; but we cannot satisfactorily place them, though we think they may have come between Shemase and Nombóbó. In later times Yisewabo is cited as direct representative of the line, although the tribal sceptre has somehow passed into the hands of Ntaminemidwa, son of Somsushwane, of Mfusi, of Manyala.

The tiny **emaCambini** clan—which we would have preferred to believe a mere offshoot, or at most a collateral branch of the Mtétwás—showed itself more plucky than many of its **ema-Cambini** big brothers. Its home was on the south bank of the Mfolozi; and in defence thereof it put up a feeble and futile resistance against the Mtétwá invaders, in which the reign and dynasty of the patriotic King Maliba came to an abrupt end.

The **emaNqayini** were a people, who, members of, or subject to, the **emaHlutshini** tribe—that among whom Dingiswayo himself had found shelter—came down to the coast during **ema-Nqayini** Dingiswayo's reign, and were willingly adopted by him into his family.

Besides the afore-mentioned augmentations of the **Mtétwá** clan by force or alliance, scattered round about were divers natural offspring of it, each forming of itself a tiny clan under its own vassal chieftain in its own little kingdom.

North of the **Mfолоzi**, between the **Nyalazi** river and **St. Lucia Bay**, dwelt the small **aba-kwa-Nxele** clan. A **Mtétwá** king was smitten by a daughter—some say sister—of a clansman named **Msweli**. The bride's family accordingly received a clan-name of their own, and, after an ancestor, probably **Msweli's** father or grandfather, were called 'The People of **Nxele**,' *aba-kwa-Nxele*.

This **Msweli** was not himself the senior in his family; but owing to the royal favour, he soon essayed to prove his superiority in the family by mortal combat with his senior brother; and he persuaded the royal **Mtétwá** brother-in-law to back him. The result was that the senior partner with his following had to retire into the inhospitable marshes skirting **St. Lucia Bay**. There, had not turbulent **Shaka** raked them out, they might in course of time have developed into a sample of Bantu 'pile-dwellers,' akin to the **awaTwá** in the **Great Lukanga Swamp** in Northern Rhodesia.⁷ As it was, they became only adepts at bustard (*Z. iSeme*) hunting, such birds being numerous thereabout. There being little scope for pastoral or agricultural pursuits in a swamp, bustard hunting became their national characteristic, and they themselves became everywhere known as the **Bustard People**, the **aba-kwa-Seme**. So runs the story. But **Seme** was more probably the name of the senior brother of the family. The opposition faction became distinguished at the same time as **aba-kwa-Msweli**, 'The People of **Msweli**.'

A party of **Semes** sought hunting-grounds further afield. They followed the shore of the 'lake' northwards, but got caught in a cul-de-sac. Then, evidently by wading, they crossed **Ntlozi** the 'lake,' and finally claimed as their own preserve the peninsula jutting into the 'lake' at **False Bay**, and that stretching down between the 'lake' and the ocean. There they remained and grew to be the **aba-kwa-Ntlozi** clan. These were the artless **Arcadians**, lacking even a piece of iron wherewith to defend themselves, whom the **Mbónambi** spear-smiths

later came and expelled (104). In Shaka's days their chief is said to have been Sonkopé, father of Hlawukana (others have Hlawukana, son of Dobo). In more recent times we find in charge oñe, Mayiwana, presumably son of Hlawukana, though some say of Sonkopé. Mayiwane left two sons, who quarrelled for the spoils, with the result that the one, Myindane, crossed the 'lake' and settled by the Sokana-Mbónambís (105) near the sea, while the other, Siwanyana (Silwanyana), remained with his faction on the mainland. Myindane was later succeeded by his son, Mgwázeni.

As for the Semes proper, Ndebe seems to have been the master of the bustard hunt in Shaka's time; and Mandeku head of the opposition Msweli camp. Mandeku later abandoned his calling and accompanied Somveli on his trip to the north (473). What Ndebe did, we know not. In more modern times we hear of Mlotsha, son of Sotiti, of Ndaba (? Ndebe). Likewise of Hanyana. Having no army in their Arcady—save the 'fire-brigade' (see 279)—the arms of the Nxele folk never became emblazoned on the historical page.

Once, in the low coastlands, a great famine occurred, and a party of local inhabitants went off to *phánza* (beg for food from other families). A second went off in search of game. **Mpanza, Masondo** A third did not go off at all. The first party subsequently grew to become the **aba-kwa-Mpanza** clan; the second, to become the **aba-kwa-Masondo**, because they followed the footprints (*amaSondo*) of the game; and those who remained at home and only 'talked' (*Z. tétá*), became the **aba-kwa-Mtétwá**—a pretty story, of course, for bairns.

The Mpanzas, so-called from a founder of that name, were really an offshoot of the Mtétwás, and the Masondos, from a man of that name, an offshoot of the Mpanzas. Mpanzas and Masondos in earliest historic times were located above the Mtétwás (to whose chief they were subject), on both sides of the lower White Mfolozi, between enTsangoyana hill and the Zungu people. They cite Mkówe, son of Mantinde, as their most distinguished clansman. What he was distinguished for, they do not know.

Among other Mtétwá sub-clans, named after persons or their kraals, may be noted the **emaGéngeni**, **aba-kwa-Páhla**, **aba-kwa-Ntenga**, **aba-kwa-Mafáyela**, **aba-kwa-Masinga**, **aba-kwa-Ntane**, **emaLangeni**, **aba-kwa-Nqibilika**, **esiNqileni**, and **emaBúleni**.

¹ Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile, 349.

² T.E.A., I., 220. ³ Bird, A.N., I., 57. ⁴ V.F., 33. ⁵ Ludlow, Z.C., 91.

⁶ Bird, A.N., II., 296. ⁷ J. Mowbray, in S. Central Afr., 60.

CHAPTER 13

SHAKA BECOMES KING OF THE ZULU CLAN (1816)

THROUGHOUT all these stirring times of conquest and tribal expansion, the youthful Shaka, observant, impressionable, thoughtful, imaginative, passed as enthusiastic participating witness. This was the training, in all the arts of politics and warfare, pre-eminently suited alike to his nature as to his needs, preparing him, as none other could, for that triple rôle of statesman, general and king awaiting him.

We left him (67) at the gate of Dingiswayo's kraal, bidding his father adieu, with no tear in his eye, but with a maddening thorn in his side. That thorn was his own brother, Sigújana, alias Mfokazana, whom he suspected of the 'crime' of being his rival. That thorn young Shaka, greedy, intolerant, inordinately ambitious and, moreover, adroitly resourceful, had determined to remove. The supreme moment had come when Shaka must embark on independent life, and choose to sail or sink. Now at the dawn of his career, he stood on the shore awaiting the rise of that sun which should cover him with glory, and the tide that should carry him to fortune.

There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;

We must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

—SHAKESPEARE.

It is the year 1816. The report of Senzangakóna's death has just reached Dingiswayo's court. Who shall succeed him? Dingiswayo is recognized suzerain of the Zulu king, and his candidate shall reign. And his candidate is Shaka. There is no right of primogeniture among these royal Ngúnis, nor yet of tribal selection: the king appoints, if he will, of his sons whom he prefers. Senzangakóna did not appoint, and is no more. Dingiswayo assumes the rôle.

With the news of the father's death, came also the news of the assumption of the chieftainship by the favourite son up at the Zulu capital. About twenty-six years had passed since Shaka and his mother had left that home. He had long become to them there a negligible quantity; as forgotten as the dead.

As a matter of fact, he was very much alive. He was, indeed,

actually embarking on his great martial career ; and an enemy encountered him right here and now at the gate—an enemy, and a problem. So the brain-machine was set in motion—for the first time under Shaka's own independent management. It proved itself capable of producing material, of the tactical and strategic type, of quite a high order, eminently suited to the crisis. That brother that had dared to usurp his throne was Sigújana, alias Mfokazana, alias Nomkwayimbá. He must be removed forthwith. But how ? That was the problem. And here is the strategy that will solve it.

Along with him in Mtétwáland had been for many years a younger half-brother of his, dearer to him than all, Ngwádi by name, offspring of his mother, Nandi, by her second marriage to Ngéndeyana. This Ngwádi will be his tool. But Ngwádi was no *persona grata* with the family of Senzangakóna—born, among the gentiles, of a woman expelled from their midst. So they concocted a tale. Ngwádi would at once travel up and, in touching accents, narrate how Shaka too had followed his illustrious father to the grave, killed by Dingiswayo ; and how he himself, now helpless and forlorn, besought their generous protection.

Now, these Zulu 'savages' are blessed with extraordinarily good characters. Harboring no malice against a former foe, they forgive and forget ; while unrestricted hospitality and mutual service are outstanding canons in their life. Taking advantage of this fact, as part of the plan, Ngwádi was generously received as the prodigal returned. And this is how that generosity was repaid—another 'contrary' trait in Zulu character, that when it serves their purpose, they know no qualms of conscience. So familiar had Ngwádi soon become with his reigning relative, that he often accompanied him to the river to bathe. That, then, would be his opportunity—when the two would be alone, out of sight and out of hearing. So on the appointed day he concealed a couple of accomplices in the tall grass by the river bank, and, as the king sat bathing in the limpid waters, two spears pierced his body from behind and nailed him there : and Ngwádi and his accomplices cleared for the coast.

Whether or not Dingiswayo was privy to these proceedings is not recorded ; but probably little occurred without his knowledge or connivance. The net result was satisfactory to him, and he now arranged for his protégé a suitable send-off. He placed his own headman, Ngómane, of Mqombólo, of the emDletsheni clan, in charge, with his nephew, Siwangu, of Mbikwane, of Káyí, as companion, and as fitting, and perhaps useful, escort, detached a company of Shaka's own camp-comrades, of the second *iziCwé* regiment. Thus equipped with imposing staff and troop of tested warriors, Shaka bid farewell to his noble and

adopted father, Dingiswayo, whom he never saw again, and launched out on to the ocean of independent life and effort. In face of such array of power, no opposition was offered on arrival at the Zulu headquarters, and Shaka settled down at once, as lawfully established chief, to home and tribal business.*

An amusing incident is related of the journey up. "Here!" said imperious Shaka to a Mpanza youth, named Húbú, son of Bêjane, "take this hide of mine." Húbú submissively placed the roll on his head; but when, on the way, a troop of pretty girls appeared, the irrepressible Húbú could not resist. So, pitching his burden unceremoniously overboard, "Here, take this hide of yours," he shouted to Shaka, and was off with the girls. When Shaka was king, he remembered this act of unprecedented effrontery and quietly inquired of a courtier, Manqondo, "And what has become of Húbú?" "Oh, sire, I know not," replied Manqondo. Shaka continued, "But they say he went to you?" To which Manqondo, "If it please his majesty, let him send a force to search my home and see whether he be there." But at the same time Manqondo despatched a secret word to Húbú, that he should take up his residence within a certain roomy earthen beer-vessel and have the mouth covered with a large basket. The force arriving, but not in search of beer, passed the beer-pot by, and returned to report that no Húbú was there. "It is well," said Shaka, "for I had intended to kill him. Let him be sought for all over the land." And all over the land the cry rang out, "Is Húbú there?" But no Húbú was forthcoming. All the time he was with Manqondo, acting as overseer of the females when they went out to till: and there he remained, till Shaka himself was assassinated; when forth into open public he emerged, shouting merrily, "See now the old girls who called me a cow for slaughter." Dingane, hearing of this escapade from Manqondo, was highly amused, and permitted Húbú to rest now in peace as Manqondo's permanent carrier—*uHúbú kaBêjana, uSinge-sinama-Kálane* (Húbú, son of Bêjana, Mr. Tick-covered Buttocks), an appellation henceforth applied to any 'artful dodger.' †

Old Natives and European pioneers who saw Shaka in the flesh have delineated for us more than one picture of his person; but over his countenance, indiscreetly we opine, they have drawn a veil. None has portrayed for us the facial features of this most interesting personage. From this we conclude he was neither remarkably attractive nor especially repulsive; just the normal mean of his race, with the Bantu characteristics of large, soft brown eyes, full lips and broadened nose, all moderately chiselled.

* See also Stuart, *B.*, 40, 80.

† Stuart, *T.*, 9.

Physically, all accounts agree, he was of splendid build—tall of stature, though not so tall as his brother, Mhlangana, robust yet sleek in limb and torso, with buttocks full, yet not so massive as were those of his brother, Mpande, and clothed throughout in a glossy skin, as Isaacs says, decidedly black in colour. Like his father, Senzangakona, and his protector, Dingiswayo, he had not been circumcised,* and being, even at the time of his death, still a 'young unmarried man' (*inTsizwa*), he had never worn the head-ring.

In October, 1825, King and Fynn—in the eighth year of his reign—paid Shaka a visit; and as they lighted on him in full gala uniform, they were able to furnish us with a detailed account of his dress, which accords with that of any modern Zulu of standing when ceremonially attired.† Round his bare head he wore a circlet of stuffed otter-skin (*umTini*), bearing within its circumference twelve bunches of gorgeous red lousy plumes (*iGwālagwāla*) and, erect in front, a high glossy black feather, 2 feet in length, of the blue-crane (*inDwa*). Yellow smooth-surfaced disc-shaped ear-studs, manufactured of dried sugar-cane reed (*uMoba*) and with ornamented edges, filled the large hole in each ear-lobe. Hanging over shoulders and chest was a fringe, 3 inches long, of manufactured 'tails' of spotted genet (*inTsimbā*) and blue-monkey fur (*inTsimango*). Depending from the hips almost to the knees and completely encircling the body, was a kilt of numberless similar 'tails' (*izinJobo*) of the same furs, though now full 18 inches long. Above each elbow were bound four dressed ox-tails (*amaShoba*), concealing the arms beneath a glossy white fringe a foot in length. Similar white ox-tails, fastened beneath the knees, covered the lower leg to the ankles. Carrying in his left hand a large oval ox-hide shield, 4 feet long and snow-white of colour, tempered by a single deep-black spot, and in his left a polished assegai, Shaka proudly advanced to meet his visitors.

Such probably was his appearance too on that auspicious day when he marched in triumphal procession into the Zulu capital to take possession of the chieftainship. It was at the same period that Dingane too arrived, back from Qwabeland, whither he had been on visit. He also had come as a claimant, little expecting to find Shaka had already forestalled him. But he came without a following, with no force to support him, and so found himself outwitted in every way. There was no course open to him now but to submit to a *fait accompli*. It was here that Shaka, insufficiently experienced as yet in all the wiles of statecraft and the perils of sovereignty, made the mistake of his

* Gardiner, *J.Z.C.*, 95.

† Moodie's *B.S.A.*, Fynn's Papers, II., 397; Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, I., 61.



Copyright, Author.

YOUNG LADY'S GOWN—SIKAKAN PERIOD, 1820
Made of underskin of ubEndle leaves twisted into strings
and browned



Copyright, Author.

DANCING COSTUME—MODERN PERIOD, 1920
Made of variegated glass beads strung on fibre thread,
designed and made by owners

MODES ET ROBES

life—from *his* point of view ; for, while he had wreaked his vengeance on Mudli, his paternal uncle, who presumably had been no friend of his or of his mother, he yet permitted the much more dangerous rivals, his several brothers, to continue their intrigues alongside him ; which fraternal trust eventually cost him his life.

A quick and active doer is so phenomenal among the Zulu Bantu as to be a real 'black swan' ; yet there is no atom of doubt that Shaka made things hum and people hustle. He was no sooner installed than he set about putting his house in order with energy and despatch—the latter, at times, to the lasting detriment of divers subjects.

His prime concern, as was the custom with all new kings, was to erect a 'palace' of his own. He selected an agreeable spot on the right side of the Mhōdi stream, a tributary of the Mkúmbāne, and, with a heart still brooding over the bitter wrongs suffered in childhood, he named the new kraal *kwaBulawayo* (the Place of him who was killed—with afflictions), in ominous remembrance of those tearful times.

In the midst of the kraal was the usual circular palisaded cattle-fold—with nothing in it ; at least, not to Shaka's cultured taste. But he knew where the fine kine were and how to get them. So one day he went over the Mtōnjaneni heights, down to his distant relative, Madlokovu, head of the emaNgādini clan, at the Mfule. This gentleman-farmer was in possession of some universally admired stock, of a parcel of which Shaka requested a present, and received in response six heifers, one ox and one bull. With these he bred up his subsequently famous milk-white herd, known as the *ūPōngolo*.

Then he discovered that the royal cooking was unsatisfactory. So he imported up from Mtétwaland a party of chefs of the local *cordon bleu*, Gūdayi (Ngōmane's sister, and wife, without issue, of Dingiswayo) and Zikāla and Sihūbela, the first of the ebaTēnjini, the second of the emaNzimeleni clan. These were to instruct the unsophisticated Zulus in the art of toothsome cooking. Why, these latter were ignorant even of the 'Mtétwā' method of preparing *amaSi* (sour clotted milk), known to the merest child down there ! Instead of the cleanly calabash of Shaka's Mtétwaland, these Zulu barbarians prepared their milk in nasty cow-skin bags (*inTlanti*), little round sacs of stitched cow-hide, having a small opening at the top as mouth. These, while still wet, were stuffed with a mixture of earth and cow-dung and allowed to dry hard, the stuffing being then removed and the vessel washed for use.

Things having thus been brought into order at home, Shaka turned his attention to pressing needs of state. The most urgent

of these was the provision of an adequate defence—and still more, offence—force. Plainly, he could not spend the rest of his life 'doing nothing.' And what had he been doing all his life hereto but fighting? He looked around for the Zulu army, and found none. Obviously the Zulu state was as deplorably organized as the Zulu kitchen. Nothing but a lot of guild-boys, circumcised and otherwise, to fight its battles. So he gathered them all together, the manhood of the clan, and sorted them out. There is good reason for believing that the Zulu regimental names that have come down to us were all of Shaka's coining at the time of his reorganization of the clan's manhood. All such of his father Senzangakóna's men as were of no further use as soldiers, Shaka scornfully rejected as beneath his notice—unhonoured and unnamed they passed out of Zulu history forthwith. Of those whom he regarded as nearing the border-line of senile decay (born *c.* 1775-85)—most of these were little older than himself, about 30-40 years of age—he banded together and labelled, irrespective of their former guild-names, the *amaWombé* (sing. *iWombé*). He observed that all these were both head-ringed and married; so he permitted them to retain both head-rings and wives, and built for them on the Nolele stream a new head-quarters kraal, which he named the Ever-lasting Pest (*umBelebele*, loc. *emBelebeleni*), and placed it and them in charge of his maiden aunt, Mkabayi, a virago well calculated to keep the old boys in order.

Next in approach to the army age-limit was a group (born 1785-90) which he called *uDubinlangu*, alias *inTontela*. These, though head-ringed, were not yet wived, and he peremptorily ordered them to cut off their head-rings and to renounce all further aspirations to the married state, and become boys (*izinTizwa*) again. He barracked them in his father's *isiKlebé* (loc. *esiKlebèni*) kraal, overlooking the right bank of the Mkúmbáne, under the presidency of his 'mother,' Senzangakóna's first love, Mkabi (with Langazana as an able coadjutor). There they became henceforth known as the *uJubingqwanga* (They of the headring ukase). Along with Senzangakóna's unringed men (now grouped together as the *umGámule* or *uDlambédlu*, born 1790-95, and barracked in the same kraal), they all together formed the *izi-mPohlo* (or Bachelors' Brigade).

Finally, Shaka summoned before him the crowd of idle boys of about 20 years of age. These were better raw material and would bear some knocking into shape. He banded them together as his first real fighting-force, the first genuine 'regiment' in his embryonic military system. He named them *uFásimbá* (the Haze), and installed them as the garrison of his new Bulawayo capital. So grandly did they respond to his effective training,

that they became henceforth his favourite regiment, 'Shaka's Own.'

CHAPTER 14

SHAKA EMBARKS ON HIS CAREER AS TYRANT AT HOME AND ABROAD

WITH a brand-new army at his disposal, Shaka at last felt strong enough to administer 'justice' more effectively both at home and abroad, and to start cleaning out the Augean stable.

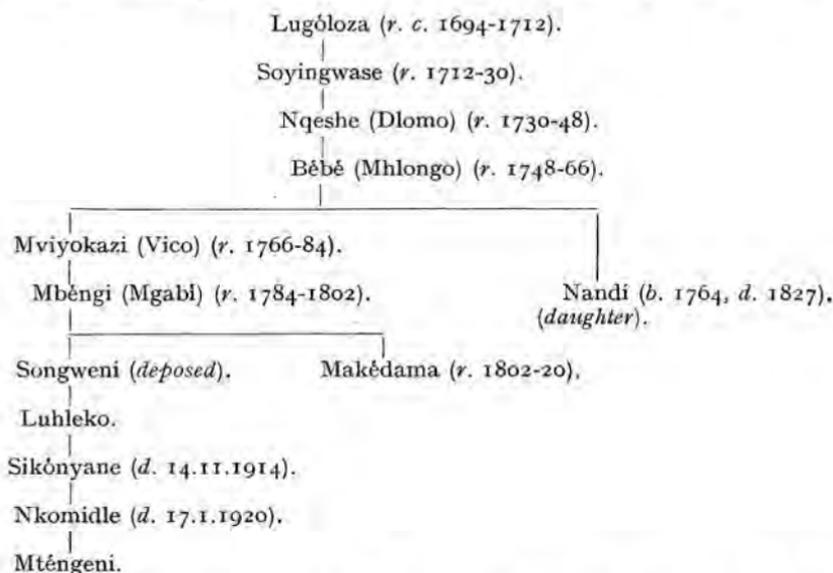
First of all, he would put in order his own house. He would sweep it clean of all uncles, nephews and such like against whom he harboured a grudge. He did not take long in discovering just cause why Mudli, grandson of Ndaba, Zivalela, son of Jama, and divers others should be at once consigned to the Tower. But in his dungeons—three feet of hole, one apiece, well underground—there was no lingering incarceration; only prompt and eternal rest.

All was at last cleaned up at home. He would now extend his reformative, and retributive, process outwards. He had dealt so far with individuals; now he would tackle whole **eLangeni** clans. Nearest and vilest was the **eLangeni**, of which his own mother was a daughter, in which he and she had spent those first hideous years of exile and sorrow, and been there so cruelly treated. Nemesis had come home at last.

The **eLangeni** folk did not, like the Zulus, belong to the Ntungwa branch of the Ngûnis. As remote relations, the **emaNtshalini**, the **Ndwandwes** and the **Sibiyas** have been variously cited by elders of the clan. Our only evidence therefore is that they were, along with the clans just mentioned, members of our so-called **eMbô-Ngûni** group.

They were at the time in point an independent clan ruled by their own chief, **Makédama**, and were occupying the hill-country about **emTinemide**, overlooking the middle **Mhlatúze** river, on its northern side. **Nandi**, Shaka's mother, was a child of this clan. There is much confusion as to her descent, as well as to that of **Makédama**. The following table will show what has appeared to us most probable, after endless inquiries in 1896 among the oldest then-living members of the clan. **Nandi** is described as the daughter, now of **Mbéngi**, now of **Mgabí**, then again of **Bébé**. The weight of evidence favours the latter—**Nandi** was a daughter of **Bébé**, born in his **eBozeni kraal**. Again, **Makédama** is variously described as son of **Mbéngi**, then of

Mgabi; and Mbéngi, in turn, is sometimes made son of Mgabi, then Mgabi made son of Mbéngi. What is certain, however, is that both were equal members of the one same *enGúgèni* kraal. From which we conclude, either that—as we prefer to believe—Mbéngi-wenGúgá and Mgabi-wenGúgá were one and the same person, or, alternatively, that they were brothers, of which the first, probably Mbéngi, dying without issue, was succeeded on the throne by the second, who, perhaps by taking (*ngéna*) his widow, raised posthumous seed, viz. Makédama, for him.



Upon these *ēLangeni* folk Shaka proceeded straightway to administer 'justice'. He marshalled the *umBelebele* boys and made a forced march of 25 miles over the *Mtónjaneni* heights to *ēLangeni*-land. Arrived on the scene—that painful scene of untold miseries 20 years before—he surrounded the capital, Makédama's *esiWeni* kraal, ordered all against whom he had old scores to wipe off to be brought before him; then, one after the other, had them empaled on the top of the palisades surrounding the circular cattle-fold and, while wriggling there, roasted alive above stacks of faggots and grass. Such is tradition. Against the chief, Makédama, he would seem to have harboured no ill-feeling, for he spared his life and permitted him to build his *emZulwini* kraal farther down the *Mhlatúze*, near the present *ēTémbèni* Mission, where, however, he afterwards killed him. Then near by the gruesome spot, as a monument of standing

warning to all cruel treaters of children, he erected a kraal of his own, which he grimly named *enDlāmaté* (the Place where he swallowed his spittle—supremely satisfied). All this, naturally, was very awful—to us; but to primitive monarchs it appears to have been quite proper conduct. While the highly civilized kings of ancient Assyria made a speciality of empaling and flaying alive,¹ those of cultured Egypt locked people up and then burned them.²

Makédama had taken to wife a technical 'sister,' that is, a child of his own *ēLangeni* clan, though distantly related, by name Sidade (Zidade, Sozidade), daughter of Mazwana, of Yengwayo, of Mabúlu, of Mavundla, of Qumbúbété, of Lugóloza. The family of Mazwana were accordingly given a new name, being dubbed **aba-kwa-Magwáza**, because the chief had '*gwáza'd*' (stabbed) or 'criminally assaulted' one of their daughters. Others give 'Magwáza' as the name of a person, a son (*īKóhlo*) of Lugóloza—possibly another name for Qumbúbété; for in genealogical lists supplied by very old men of the clan we find no mention of any 'Magwáza,' Qumbúbété being tacked on immediately after Lugóloza.

Makédama died leaving no issue—perhaps his offspring had been killed. He had not been his father's rightful heir. This was an elder brother, Songweni; but the latter being physically disfigured by a patch of albinism on the body, had not met with the clan's approval as succeeding chief. Makédama dying without living heir, Luhleko, the son of Songweni, regained his rights. Sikónyana was Luhleko's heir. He started his public life by falling in love, against the law—neither his own regiment (*isaNgqu*) nor that of the girl having been yet *jujiwe* by king Mpande, i.e. permitted by proclamation to marry. Rather than face the consequences and lose the girl, the pair fled to white man's land, Natal. There both were promptly captured by the Government Border agent (*Mashonga*, Capt. Walmsley), and indentured to European employers for a term of three years. While thus working in the Stanger district of Natal, Sikónyana became acquainted with John Dunn, at that time in *Mashonga's* employ as interpreter. When later Dunn migrated into Zululand and obtained a position there under Cetshwayo, Sikónyana followed his friend and became in course of time one of Dunn's district headmen. The present head of the clan is chief Mténgeni, son of Nkomidle, of Sikónyana. Sikónyana died on 14th November, 1914, and Nkomidle on 17th January, 1920.

A commoner named Mtóndo, of this *ēLangeni* clan, happened to become appointed butler to Langazana, widow of Senzangakóna, in her *enDliwayini* kraal near the coast. His son Muti afterwards became a headman under Cetshwayo. For some reason

not at all apparent, it is said the descendants of this Muti are wont to regard themselves now as a separate sub-clan, posing as **aba-kwa-Muti** (The-People-of-Muti).

Despite the partial success of Shaka's hideous plot as related above (126), it would seem in part to have aborted. The news leaked out before it was due, and certain parties on whom Shaka had had his eye, had succeeded in evading his clutches by flight. For this disappointment somebody must needs be made to suffer. So, as the story goes,* a scapegoat was found in one, Mpitikezi, of the Qwabe clan. This unfortunate individual was accused of having thrown out a timely hint to the eLangeni lambs (among whom were his own maternal relatives) that the wolf was already stalking them. A force was despatched to take him into custody; but, though it searched and searched and searched, it could nowhere find him—he was safely up a tree, looking all the time at them! Gone now to him was home, sweet home; henceforth must he live, as best he can, in woods, on hills, hunted as though a beast, and often with nothing 'more substantial' to appease his ravenous hunger than the fatty mud along the river-side. No longer able to endure the torture of this solitude, he would throw himself on the mercy of Sitayi, of the eGazini clan, father of Mbopá, the latter subsequently Shaka's assassin. Sitayi, fearful of harbouring a wanted fugitive, sent the poor soul on an errand to Shaka's own kraal, in the certain hope, no doubt, that he would be recognized—which, in fact, he was. It was Shaka himself who espied him in the crowd. "Ah!" he cried; "that face I seem to know. That yellow-skinned wretch there I do believe is Mpitikezi." Hearing which, and knowing the evil it portended, Nandi, who was of the eLangeni clan herself, rushed quickly from her hut, and mollifying her son with some of his fondest praises, soothingly added, "Kill Mpitikezi! Don't worry yourself about the dog." And Shaka relented. "Away, you red-eared indigent," he roared; "your mother has saved you. Off, you wild cat (genet) that outwitted my dogs. The cat is already rubbed raw with perching on tree-trunks." And Mpitikezi went!

* J. Stuart, *uTulasizwe*, 56.

¹ Breasted, *A.T.*, 157.

² Herodotus, II., 111.

CHAPTER 15

SHAKA PROGRESSES, FROM BEER-DRINK TO BATTLE

It is the new year of 1817—or thereabouts ; and Shaka partakes of the local good-cheer. Wine, women and war were ever monarchs' delights. Women, to Shaka, were an abomination—when wives. Of war, he had had his fill—for the present. Ale, then, is his uppermost present concern.

Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness.

—SHAKESPEARE.

But oh ! the insipid gruel these barbarous Zulus offered him. The emaQungebeni folk, over the river, they were the lads who knew how to brew good ale—and to drink it. So, over from Ntuzuma hill he invited certain ladies, that they teach his stupid subjects how to brew ale with a grip in it (*ūTshwala*, sorghum beer), the foaming pot that cheers as well as inebriates.

Whether it was by such jovial methods that Shaka conquered the hearts of the **emaQungebeni**, we cannot say ; but we hear of no mutual blood-spilling, either before or after **ema-Qungebeni** Dingiswayo's death. Of course, during Dingiswayo's lifetime, it was not competent for Shaka to usurp any part of that king's empire ; but beyond that, the tribal chiefs were perfectly free, if they would, to submit their private differences to the arbitrament of arms ; and Shaka, being Dingiswayo's special protégé and up-country agent, was, no doubt, allowed a special measure of freedom.

These emaQungebeni people, it would seem, were among the earliest arrivals in this region. They were on the spot probably before Malandela went to the coast, and certainly before the Zulus and emaMbáténi, the Sibiyas and Butélezis, came to hem them in. Yet from their tribal legends it is clear that some other clan was there before them. It may have been the Gwabini (25), also very early arrivals. Some say it was the Malandela party, still on their trek (17, 25).

At first, their dwellings were in the caves of the Ntlazatshe mount, with their fields along its slopes. Ere long their neighbours, whoever they may have been, came to investigate these new chums. But, according to Ngúni custom, before the emaQungebeni could extend a welcome to the visitors, they must first 'see' them. So they retired out of sight, into the recesses of their caverns and, not liking the look of their visitors, remained there.

"Oh!" thought the latter, "these are queer folk. Perhaps they are Bushmen." And knowing how to draw a Bushman from miles away, they slaughtered and roasted an ox to windward of the cavern mouth. Yet there was no response. Now they hunted a hyæna—which was stronger—and taking the fat, fried it at the door. That brought them. So! they are merely Bantu after all: and henceforth the two peoples became close friends. Owing to their reluctance to appear, the cave-men were often referred to as *aba-kwa-Donda* (from *donda*, to be slow to move); but the appellation that endured was that of *amaQungebe*, from the trick amongst their men of making their *amaSi* (sour curds) out of other people's milk—*ab'-equng'-ebe*, they used to pour the new milk into their gourds, having stolen it!

In course of time, the question arose, which party was to boss the other. It was therefore agreed that whoever should stab their next quarry on the 'great hand' (left-hand side, under armpit), he should become their chief. This the *emaQungebeni* successfully accomplished; but when they notified the other side, they were surprised to find they had done so too! They settled the matter by each party retaining its own half of the chieftainship.

In Shaka's days, Ntusi was the *emaQungebeni* chief, and he resided at the Ntuzuma hill, left of the lower Mpembéni. Ntusi was the only son of (?) Makálakatá, and he himself begat an only son, Mkúmuza, who followed suit with Mmekeza. Both Ntusi and Mkúmuza, some say, were killed by Dingane; but they cannot say what became of Mmekeza. Anyway, he got lost somewhere, and the ancient dynasty came to an end.

Under Shaka, new individuals of the clan were brought to the fore. Sigqulaza, father of Manyonyo, became a headman. Another youth, Xongo, was presented to Sitayi (of the ēGazini Zulus), who took him along with him to his home at the Táka river. Mfokazana, son of this Xongo, of Mtintisi, of Mbikwe, of Donga, afterwards, in Mpande's time, proved himself a valiant member of his clan and was rewarded by the king with an appointment as headman over a district lying between the Mzinyati river and Nqutú. Round him a goodly number of *emaQungebeni* people reassembled. Leaving no heir, the succession devolved on his brother, Siháyo, who thus found himself suddenly become an exalted personage in Cetshwayo's reign. Certain criminal actions perpetrated by Siháyo's sons, Mehlokazulu (also sometimes pronounced Mehhlakazulu), Nkumbikazulu and Tshekwana—in defiance of the law they had crossed the border into Natal and there murdered one of their father's wives, who, accused of adultery, had fled there for safety—furnished one of the immediate pretexts

while sisters and wives stood by cheering or jeering as the blade found its target or missed, the game at times winding up with mutual regrets, at times with mutual courting. Contrast now that picture with this !

Shaka was an entirely precocious sample of his race. He had seen and thought and learnt much in the new military school of Dingiswayo ; but the methods and tactics there followed did not commend themselves to his keener mind. The custom of hurling an assegai, mostly without any effect, at a distant foe, was to him as though merely throwing one's weapon away. This antiquated practice must disappear from an army so ' up-to-date ' as his own. To give his warriors an ocular demonstration of his new fighting-method, he ordered two divisions of his army to supply themselves with reeds and then engage in a sham-fight, one party hurling their reeds, the other charging with a single stabbing weapon. The onrush of this latter division was naturally irresistible, an immediate and complete victory demonstrating beyond any doubt the superiority of the new charging method of attack. The Zulu warriors would therefore henceforth carry but one stout assegai (*ĩKlwa*) and with this, under pain of death, they must return from the fight or alternatively remain a corpse on the field. Then, again, the plan of fighting an enemy, as did Dingiswayo, merely for the satisfaction of exercising a momentary jurisdiction over him by a display of one's present superiority, while the adversary was left easily capable of recuperation and future retaliation, was in Shaka's view altogether deficient of any adequate gain, and imperfect, even dangerous, as lacking finality. If a foe were worth conquering at all, he was worth crushing out of existence once and for all. Whatever was to fear in the tribe must be eternally removed ; whatever was good and serviceable must be appropriated by the victor as a reward of triumph and applied as a further strengthening of his own position. In this way something could be gained and then securely held. Shaka's army, therefore, would charge the enemy, and, when it fled in panic, as inevitably it would, they would follow it vigorously home, kill its chief, and return with its cattle and women as booty. Thus reduced, without a head, without women, without cattle, a vanquished clan had no recourse but to avail itself of the ' clemency ' offered it of incorporation with the victor's own people.

In this new stratagem lay the secret of all Shaka's great military success. A chief now himself, with a little army of his own, a vast field for creative energy and incomparable gain lay open before him. His new method of attack he would test now on poor deluded Púngashe.

War was accordingly declared. The opposing forces faced each other at the appointed trysting-place in battle array; the women hard by 'to enjoy the fun.' Shaka generalled his troops in person, as was to be his wont henceforth; the Butélezi chief, in accord with universally accepted precedent, remained, it cannot be said a safe, but an interested, spectator from some distant point of vantage. What now must have been Púngashe's dismay and the consternation of his braves, when the 'poor man's' army, with a blood-curdling howl, charged without warning and like a pack of ravenous wolves right home on the inertly wondering Butélezis! Universal panic at once ensued, and the latter were dispersed in headlong flight without even a semblance of resistance, with the ferocious enemy pressing at their heels, stabbing indiscriminately men, women and children as they ran, rounding up their herds and finally celebrating their victory in a mighty blaze of the Butélezi homes.

Shaka had no further doubts. It was both magnificent, and war; and a new order of warfare had been inaugurated in Ngúni-land. True, the chief himself had not been captured; but he had been forced to abandon his country and his tribe in the enemy's hands and himself to flee for safety to the powerful chief, Zwide, of the Ndwandwe tribe, over the Black Mfolozi. "Oh! sire," gasped Púngashe, "I am here before you, driven from my home by the Zulu chief." "And, prithee, what may be the size of this chief who can drive away another chief so great as you?" inquired the sneering Zwide. "A mere lad," replied Púngashe; "but his fighting is as irresistible as fire; the like of which I have never seen before; and, moreover, led in person by himself." Zwide was astounded, and not a little perturbed. He is reported later on—though the report needs confirmation—to have betrayed Púngashe's confidence by having him 'removed.'

Dingiswayo's 'poor man' was now the ruler of the Butélezis; and their own young braves, along with those of the ēLangeni, emaQungebeni and Sibíyas, must perforce maintain him there. The captured cattle, however, were claimed by Dingiswayo, under whose paramountcy Shaka was supposedly acting; but to his protégé he allowed a goodly portion.

A few years later (c. 1823), one of Púngashe's sons, apparently Msicwa, grew contumacious. Shaka therefore devised a stratagem for dealing with him. Mzilikazi had recently been despatched on a raiding expedition, and had decamped with the spoils. Nzobo, of Sobadli (of the Ntombéla clan), was commanded to raise a levy from among the Butélezi warriors and to follow him forthwith in pursuit. While the warriors were away and none but old men and females at home, Shaka sent Nzobo on a second errand.

Following Nzobo into the hut of the contumacious son, in the royal *ēLangeni* kraal on the emCakweni heights, there entered a Zulu bearing a shortened assegai concealed beneath his skin mantle (*isiPūku*). A prompt stab hustled Msiwa into eternity. Lubisi, the eldest son, had gone off with the levy—it may have been a refusal on his brother's part to do the same that brought about his death. Hearing at length the news of his brother's murder, Lubisi came to the conclusion that he was safer where he was (among the Sutūs in the Transvaal). There he remained and was seen or heard of in Butéleziland no more. Another son of Pūngashe, Mtshubāne by name, survived, but became lost later on in the general turmoil.

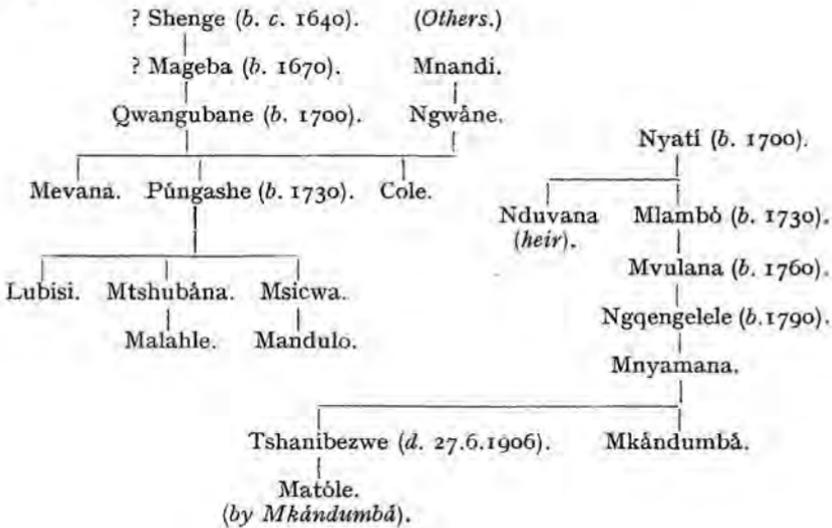
About this time a certain Ngqengelele, son of Mvulana, son of Mlambó, of these Butélezis, quarrelled with a 'brother' and, getting worsted, fled over to Shaka. Despite the fact that he had made some useful medical studies away behind—he was the introducer among the Zulus of the well-known *inKomankoma* (*Nephrodium athamanticum*) remedy for tape-worm—he was received with scant respect by the Zulu folk, being contemptuously referred to as a 'Sutū,' i.e. a mere barbarian, owing to his having failed to have his ears pierced according to the custom of all 'gentle' folk in Zululand. Such an uncouth creature Shaka thought might suit the post of menial to the royal bed-chamber at the Mbelebele kraal, there to sleep at his master's feet as a kind of foot-rest and to receive on his person the royal spittle and expectoration when royalty felt inclined to dispose of it. His official title was *inTsila yenKosi* (the King's Dirt); and amongst other humble duties was that of taking care of the babies in the royal kraal when their mothers happened to be absent.

Two reigns later, Mnyamana, Ngqengelele's son and heir, had outlived these humble antecedents and aspired to more exalted favours of kings, Mpande and Cetshwayo, which latter raised him to the dignity of first-rank headman. Tshanibezwe, his son, died on 27th June, 1906, leaving Mkándumbá to pose as Whiteman's chieftain over such of the Butélezi as had again reassembled around the person of his distinguished grandfather. Most Ngūni chiefs harbour a strong secret craving for divers sorts of human fats. They say they require them for fortifying themselves in various ways. And thus Mkándumbá was convicted of having caused the murder of a black boy, the fat from whose corpse would render him as much admired and liked among his own as was this amiable child. Mkándumbá was executed, and a younger brother, Matóle, thereupon succeeded to the inheritance.

A brother of Ngqengelele, Kóboyela, had a son, Klwana, who rose to become one of Dingane's war-captains. By virtue of this

high authority he felt himself competent to appropriate certain property left by his deceased uncle, Ngqengelele, which did not by right devolve to him. Dingane at length being ousted by Mpande, his favourite, Klwana, fell with him from his high estate. Then Mnyamana (134) rose to hold the same position under Mpande; whereupon he demanded of the fallen plunderer that he disgorge, which Klwana failing to do, he used his influence to have him killed.

The genealogy of the Butélezi clan is already practically forgotten. Who was the son of Shenge; who the father of Púngashe; was Mevana son, brother or father of the latter—are all points obscured behind a thick fog of controversy. We submit the following provisionally :—



CHAPTER 16

THE BATTLES AND BARBARITIES OF THE REDOUBTABLE MATIWANE (1818-29)

SHAKA has made his début. Throughout an act, of near two years' duration, he has monopolized the historic stage and thrilled the Ngúni world with a presentation of the tragic art more realistic and amazing than any ever witnessed before. Hidden behind the scenes his principal has sat applaudively observant. But now the

eclipse is passed, and the glorious figure of Dingiswayo, momentarily obscured, emerges on the boards once more. The two in company, supported by their grand troupe of selected warriors, will now perform their celebrated war-dance for the last time prior to dissolution of partnership; after which the redoubtable Matiwane will engross the audience with his special and exclusive programme.

A new winter season—the great season for martial sport among the Zulus—of the year 1818, has been ushered in, and Dingiswayo looks round for further trophies. Away at the outermost confines of Ngūniland, beyond the limits of his last year's furthest record, he espies the **emaNgwāneni** clan, doing nothing particularly wrong and yet presumably no less than any other 'in need of correction.' So off go the Elephant-baiters (*ūYengondlovu*) and the Spoon-bags (*iNyakeni*) and the Bushmen (*iziCwē*), trained and spirited hunting-dogs all, straining at the leash. By vassalage and friendship Shaka is still Dingiswayo's 'man,' and is bidden to add his contingent for the general adventure. Other reinforcements will be collected from the emaNtshalini, under Kōndlo, from the Vezis, presumably a clanlet of the Hlubi tribe, and from other sources.

On the further side of Ntabankulu mount, above the sources of the Black Mfolozi, Matiwane, son of Masumpa (by his wife, Zangose, daughter of Kābingwe, of the emaNtshalini), son of Tshani (by his wife, Tshibāne, of the Ndaba clan), son of Ndugunya, son of Ngwādi, son of Ngwāne (perhaps son of Mafū, perhaps son of Dlabatī), reigning chief of the emaNgwāneni people, fiercely paced his kraal, wrapped in his accustomed cloak of black-and-white calf-skin, restlessly vigilant, scenting danger. He was a man of short, brawny build, with a pronounced stoop, and a head and a heart of whose martial genius and latent ferocity the world was as yet entirely unaware. His virtues and his vices are now about to be wrung out from him on the rack of persistent persecution and perpetual warfare for the rest of his days. His long, roaming trail will be marked through hundreds of miles by a series of brutalities, devastation and military achievement as vile and almost as vast as those of Shaka himself, leading up to their fitting climax in a tortured self-immolation on the altar of his own atrocities.

Masumpa, his father, was responsible for a good deal in his son's make-up, and then further damned him with a deliberate training in the art of marauding. For Masumpa himself had been a notorious filibuster in his days, and on one excursion of his had so permanently damaged and demoralized the Sutū baFukeng, that,

after finding shelter for a time among the friendly baMayiyane near Fouriesburg, they decided to turn gipsy and rove in bands about the country with women, children and stock, thriving on crime.

Masumpa's **emaNgwāneni** clan was of the Ntungwa-Ngūni breed, akin to the neighbouring Mabasos and Kūmalos, and occupied the country from about the *esiKāleni seNgōnyama* (Lion's Neck), above kwaNtabankulu mount, away inland towards the Transvaal (Sutú) border, about Wakkerstroom.

The intelligence department of these Bantu peoples was surprisingly efficient, and Matiwane had been kept well-posted in the gradually approaching and ever triumphant invasions of Dingiswayo and Shaka. Practically every clan between his own and the sea had been already attacked and subjected. What then, he asked himself, could be the purport of this present universal mobilization, of which report had now reached him? His mind was filled with anxiety and foreboding. Able captain as he was, he prepared for the threatening storm. An order was despatched that all cattle of the clan should go at once into hiding, and a petition was forwarded to Mtímkúlu, the neighbouring Hlubi chief, begging cover for the herds in his mountains. Then the storm broke upon him. We already know (79) how feeble a thing a war-storm was in that Golden Age; and this to-day was in no wise different, though the actors, no doubt, thought it all very terrible. At the end of the fight, the **emaNgwāneni** felt themselves overpowered and fled; but not alone. Amidst the general confusion of the fray a daring Ngwāneni knight grabbed the skin-mantle of the Dingiswayan commander, Ziyongo, and scurried with it from the field. This was a serious disaster; for the Mtétwá general, coming from the semi-tropical coast, shivered wretchedly in those frost-covered highlands. As a reasonable *quid pro quo*, he in turn promptly took divers of Matiwane's wives and daughters, and refused to part with them till his kaross be returned. The Mtétwá demand was readily conceded, a woman being deemed more valuable than a wrap. And as a further sop to Cerberus, Matiwane presented the Mtétwá king with his daughter, Magéngé. With this sole piece of booty Dingiswayo returned whence he came, after, no doubt, having first laid down the law and announced his firm resolve to maintain order among the quarrelsome Ngūni clans and to raise them into a great and good nation under his own paternal supremacy.*

Dingiswayo's intention was no doubt very pious, but was utterly without avail. For no sooner had he descended from the pulpit,

* See also Stuart, B., 29.

than Matiwane sent a request to Mtinkúlu to return his cattle, and the latter raised objections. Mtinkúlu's tribe was big and powerful, and enjoyed Dingiswayo's especial favour, he having himself, on a former noted occasion, found refuge there. Matiwane, in his perplexity, bethought himself of a wife of Mtinkúlu who was a daughter either of his own or of some kindred clan, who consequently might be expected to prove both sympathetic and helpful. Blood being 'thicker than water,' this devoted spouse contrived to purloin some of her royal consort's dropped hairs, the possession of which, with the proper charming, was in Ngúni witchcraft as good as the possession of the owner himself. With Mtinkúlu's hair now in his hand, Matiwane held complete (occult) ascendancy over him, and, theoretically, he might be deemed as good as dead.

But while Matiwane was priding himself inwardly on this easy triumph, behold! suddenly from the east a second invader, as mighty as Dingiswayo, but without his mercy, Zwide, the Ndwandwe king, swept up irresistibly upon the amaNgwáne and drove them in headlong panic before him. With scarce a moment wherein to heave a sigh, the amaNgwáne, already robbed of their wealth, found themselves now deprived of homes and country. Matiwane determined there and then to abandon this hell of ceaseless intertribal contentions and strife. But whither?

He quickly decided. Placing himself desperately at the helm, he would swoop with his army, before even they could be aware of its coming, direct on the Hlubi capital and annihilate the whole place and all within it. Cattle he must have to carry on his way, and he would have his own back now tenfold. This was that tide of desperation which, if taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

Athwart his line of retreat, stretching in succession from the Blood river to the sources of the Mzinyati, were the scattered kraals of the large emaHlutshini (Hlubi) tribe, ruled by the rógue who had dispossessed him of his wealth, Mtinkúlu, son of Búngane, son of Ntsele. After forced marches and with picked troops, Matiwane had surrounded in the night the king's Great Place by the inGcuba stream, and, falling like a thunderbolt upon it, hurled to death every soul therein, Mtinkúlu included. Following up this initial advantage, Matiwane proceeded to scour the country before resistance could be organized. Mpangazitá, the slain chief's brother, would fain have made such attempt; but his younger brother, Mahwánqa, persuaded the crowd rather to save its head. So away the whole tribe scurried over the Drakensberg, into the Sutú domain, with Matiwane hanging on their heels and in charge of the cattle.

Matiwane was by birth and training a flat-land dweller, and

looked askance at Alpine climbing. Giving up the chase (for the present), he forded the Mzinyati river and skirted the vacant lands along the eastern flank of the Drakensberg mountains in search of land on which to settle. But before he got there, he entered the **amaBéle** location, under Qunta, Hlati and others, covering the country about the Klip and Sundays rivers. Being first cousins to his old foe, the Hlubis, he smote them hip and thigh, mercilessly burning and butchering infants and females, aged and sick alike; and wherever a fallen chief could be found, he plucked the gall-bladder from the corpse and greedily drank its contents, believing thereby to add their courage and ferocity to his own.

Not in their hateful land would he sojourn. So he waded the upper Tükela and at last settled in what appeared a haven of rest, within the triangle of the Drakensberg, where he and his could build them homes once more, grow the brown corn, and live merrily again over the frothing pot, there on the threshold of Champagne Castle* (1818).

Vain hope! Relentless fate pursued him. Only for four short years would the homes there stand—the last four years of joy and peace ever to be again experienced by a united emaNgwá-neni clan. First subjugated by Dingiswayo, then plundered by Mtimkúlu, next banished by Zwide from their fatherland, this last bright glimmer of Ngwáneni tribal life was now to be for ever extinguished by Shaka.

In the year 1820-21, Shaka invaded Natal. A Zulu army led by the subsequently famous general, Mdlaka, son of Ncidi, of Ntshwankeni, of Ntopó, of Ndaba, of the emGazini clan, crossed the Tükela on a marauding mission, and after manifold diversions on the way finally appeared (1822) on Matiwane's horizon. Little did the draught of Béle galls avail him now. The effort was hopeless; and, with hope, all courage left him. Gathering his people around him, he simply fled. His beloved cattle, the only tribal wealth and mainstay, he would forsake to the enemy—'twas all they sought—if but thereby to save himself and his people. Once again, then, still hunted and homeless on to the war-path!

So, farewell hope; and, with hope, farewell fear!
Farewell remorse! All good to me is lost.
Evil, be thou my good.

—MILTON.

* One of the highest points (12,000 ft.), also called Catkin Peak (*kwa-Mdedelele*), of the Drakensberg mountains.

Scaling the Drakensberg (see p. 557), in the footsteps of the Hlubis he himself had broken four years before, he would plunder and murder and devastate all in his path.

Arrived on the great central plateau beyond the Drakensberg, he found himself in the country of the baTlokwa Sutús about Harrismith. Being unsupplied with commissariat, he pillaged their grain-baskets, and raided cattle from among the people of Nkahlé and Makholokoe.* In this way he fed his hungry horde and timed over the first season.

The second season was no better; for the Ngwánes had no hoeing-lands. They accordingly arranged a predatory visit to the baMolibeli under Ratsotsane and ransacked their granaries; then to the maPhuthing and lifted their herds; and concluded by burning and destroying the homes of the baTsweneng, under Khiba, and these unfortunate people, sadly crippled by a previous visitation from Mpangazitá's Hlubis, were now broken up and dispersed.

About 1823, two years after he had established himself at Butabute, Mshweshwe was attacked by Matiwane and relieved of some 2000 head of cattle. After this experience, Mshweshwe professed fealty to the invader, and despatched a further tribute of six beasts, hoping thereby to touch the magnanimity of his oppressor and so regain the looted goods; but in vain.

Mpangazitá, the Hlubi chief, ever since his hurried exit seven years before from his fatherland, had spent his time like Matiwane roving and ravaging from place to place among the Sutú clans. He was resting now in apparent security and peace; as a matter of fact, he was unconsciously awaiting his impending doom from the man he feared most of all and least expected to meet.

Matiwane had made his way as far as Senyotong. There he made an appalling discovery: the amaNgwáne and amaHlubi were neighbours once more! Only a few miles away, at Mabilela, was encamped Mpangazitá, son and heir of Mtímkúlu (the villain who had stolen his cattle), and whom he had so effectively sped on his way up the Berg seven years ago—it was now 1825.

Keep a young and spirited army in idleness, and it will breed mischief and rust. Matiwane soon discovered this, as did Shaka after him.

Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels.

—SHAKESPEARE.

* The French missionaries have introduced into the Sutú language so unscientific a system of orthography, that one can never be sure of the correct sound of many written words.

So at the clarion call, the Ngwáneni braves, the *uShú*, the *inTsimbi*, the *amaZizi*, fell upon the Hlubis over the way—to find themselves outnumbered! Day after day the Ngwánes resolutely returned to the fray, making every day a hole in the enemy's battalions and suffering another in exchange; till on the fifth, Mpangazítá gave way and retreated to a rocky mountain-stronghold in his rear, at Mekwatleng, on the western side of the Caledon, where the pursuing Ngwánes ferreted him out and slew him.

Fugitives, at that time enjoying the protection of Mpangazítá, were a party of baTloug Sutús, with Titi, son of Montso, at their head. After the death of their protector, they transferred their allegiance to his conqueror. And this is the protection Matiwane showed them. In revenge for a serious reverse his troops had suffered at the hands of some relatives of these people—"well, if it was not you, it was your cousin," said 'the wolf'—he had them all driven, naked and unarmed, together with a herd of bulls and oxen, into a stone-walled cattle-fold. This Roman gladiatorial display, he reckoned, would soften his temper and provide a little acceptable compensation for his beaten warriors. The latter he had posted round the walls of the fold, who then with their spears goaded on the beasts till, infuriated and unable to escape, they charged and gored and trampled underfoot the hapless captives, so that soon nothing remained of them but so many mangled corpses—less one survivor; and that was their chief. Taking up a great stone, Titi hurled it at the Ngwánes before him and, while they ducked a moment behind the wall, cleared it and them, and was away before they could recover themselves.

Hearing about this time that the baTsweneng, under Khiba, whom, some seasons back, he thought he had annihilated at Mesobuya, had since recovered themselves and reassembled at Hangklip, over the Orange river, Matiwane sent thither a force to demand, "How dare you, once destroyed, establish yourselves again?" Khiba was at once extinguished beyond recovery or reply, and his clan demolished for ever more.

The great Mshweshwe (*Sutú*. Moshweshwe), observant of his race's weakness owing to their disunion, and soon to consolidate the clans into one strong united nation, managed for several years to stave off the lion by paying his tribute like a lamb. At length wearying of his helplessness, he bethought himself of a ruse. He had already heard of Shaka's marvellous conquests on the eastern side of the Berg. So he sent him a present he knew he would value, of ostrich, crane and black-finch feathers, together with a parcel of otter and jackal skins, accompanying his gift by a prayer to be taken under his wings. Now, feathers

and skins of this kind, forming as they did part of the regular uniform of several Zulu regiments, a constant supply of them was most gratifying to Shaka. But when Zulu emissaries next arrived to fetch the goods and found nothing awaiting them, Mshweshwe pointed apologetically over at Matiwane as the villain. "The rascal!" said Shaka, when he received the report; and he despatched a suitable punitive expedition, of which the Sutús aver Dingane and Mhlangana, Shaka's brothers, were members, and further that the former returned home bearing an honourable decoration placed by a spear-thrust on his breast. Mounting the Drakensberg by Van Reenen Pass (1826), the Zulu force wheeled round to the south, crossed the Caledon about Maseru and encountered the amaNgwáne at Likhoele further south, hustling the whole crowd of them back again west of the Caledon, where they managed to get free. The Zulus then indulged in a joy-march down-country and over the Orange river, where, feeling tired, they deemed it time to go home. On their way, they encountered the amaNgwáne again at Kolonyama, and again at Ladybrand, where they succeeded in attaching their cattle and going off with them as evidence of their effective work.

Although the preceding adventure of 'Dingane and Mhlangana' is by no means impossible, there is no tradition whatever of any such expedition among the Zulus. We think the 'Zulus' in this affair must have been Mzilikazi's men, not Shaka's.

Matiwane, however, continued undismayed. The lost cattle must be made good; and who could be expected to do it better than those abaTémbú down there at Barkly East, governed by Ngúbencuka (alias Vusani),* son of Ndaba, of Tondwa, of Dlomo, of Tato, of Madibi, of Hala, of Dumakazi, of Xekwa, of Toyi, of Cedwini, of Bomoyi, of Témbú, of Mgti, of Malandela †—Ngúbencuka, father of Mtiáhá, father of Dalindyebo, father of Jongilizwe now living? But when his army returned minus spoils, but plus a mysterious disease that had thinned their ranks and emaciated the rest, he thought otherwise.

It is said to have been about this time (1827) that Mzilikazi first appeared in this neighbourhood, and soon experienced a longing to renew acquaintance with Matiwane; for were they not both of the good old Ntungwa-Ngúni stock, and in 'the good old times' next-door neighbours away by Ntabankulu mount? But kinship could not be allowed to interfere with political rela-

* Vusani himself lived about a mile from the umGwali, tributary of the upper umBáshe.

† This noble pedigree is obviously merely a corrected reflex of the long list of names (probably including royal brothers, uncles, regents and the like) strung together by Holden (see *K.R.*, 147, table). Its accuracy cannot be relied upon further back than Tondwa, alias Zondwa.

tionships. Accordingly Matiwane, with an army depleted by recent events, discreetly made off in another direction, there to vent his ire on Mshweshwe, who, he declared, had drawn down this lion on his fold. Mshweshwe, comparatively weak in arms, was potent in wits, and neutralized his weakness by investing it in a practically impregnable natural stronghold, the Mountain of the Night (*Thaba Bosiu*), not far from Maseru. Though striking with disastrous effects at several points in the open, in the main attack, on the impenetrable schantz of the Mountain of the Night, Matiwane got badly mauled and was definitely shaken off with appreciable damage.

This decisive defeat by the now-recognized leader of the Sutú clans broke at last the spell of Matiwane's prestige. With, on the one hand, the Sutús rapidly gathering strength in union, and on the other Mzilikazi waiting an early opportunity to pounce upon him, Matiwane gathered up the remnants of his Ngwánes, together with such of the Hlubis as had subjected themselves to him, and moved away over the Orange river, near where Aliwal now is, and on 27th August, 1827, ventured a second and successful attack on the Témús near Hangklip Mount, Queenstown district. Thereafter he marched on to the sources of the Mtátá river and decided to settle there.

His arrival was most untimely. It was now about June, in the year 1828, and Shaka was then sojourning at the Mzimkúlu, while his army went forward to raid the Mpondos, under Fáku, of Nqunqushe, of Nyanza, of Tahli. Finding the Mpondos had gone out along with their cattle into the woods, the Zulus continued on their course towards the Témús. There, after traversing Témúbland to its confines and to within a couple of days' march of Hintsa's kraal,* they felt satisfied with their booty and returned home, on the way sweeping up the Mpondo cattle—these people having returned prematurely from the woods.

While the Zulus were thus occupied in marauding, Ngúbeneka, paramount of the Témús, and Hintsa (son of Kewuta, of Gcaleka, of Palo, of Tshiwo, of Ngconde, of Toko, of Sikomo, of Newangu, of Tshawe, of Nkosiyanintu, of Nkosinyane, of Newayubo, of Malangane, of Xósa, of Malangela, of Injanya, of Mbulali, of Zwidi),† chief of the Xózas, had hurried off messengers to the nearest British military camp to call in

* This was situated a few miles from the mouth of the Kei (northern bank).

† This list we hold of no value beyond Ngconde. It is simply a repetition of the string of names given by Holden (*K.R.*, 147, table)—with a few more added on.

assistance. A squadron of men was immediately sent off, with others to follow.

Throughout all this disturbance away in lower Těmbúland and Mpondoland, Matiwane was innocently engaged pitching his huts, more inland near Baziya mount. Suddenly, on 24th July, 1828, what was his amazement and dismay to find himself unsuspectingly subjected to a small bombardment such as he never before had known, of blasting musketry fire. What was the meaning of it? He could not understand. As a matter of fact, it was Major Dundas with his 30 British and Dutch adventurers, accompanied by a multitude of Těmbú allies, who had been sent up to stay the progress of the marauding Zulus.

One month later, on the 26th August, 1828, an appalling spectacle to the south held Matiwane spellbound with terror. Heralded by roars of thunder and wreathed in clouds of smoke and blasts of flame, Col. Somerset majestically came, heading a host 1000 strong of pale-faced men (200 men of Cape Cavalry, with a commando of Boers) clothed 'in gore' and mounted on fearsome beasts, set in a black and yelling background of 18,000 Kafirs, contributed by Hintsá and Ngúbencuka. Reduced to utter hopelessness once more, Matiwane knew now that the crack of doom had sounded for him. Again and again did the maddened Ngwánes rush forth to beat the hideous spectre away. But as they charged, warrior on warrior fell, stricken by invisible javelins, while the horror, unapproachable and unarrested, drew ever nearer and nearer. In a few short minutes the erstwhile unconquerable Matiwane fled in terror, leaving his faithful clan to its fate. Men, women and children, they were all but exterminated by the supporting Kafirs. Those that escaped sought refuge among the local Fingoes (*amaMfengu*)—Tōnga-Ngúnis who, during the last eight years, had fled to the Cape from Natal out of the way of Shaka's army. Among the few survivors was Matiwane's own brother, who lived to become a peaceful citizen, literally exchanging the assegai for the hoe, and in 1850 taking a brave part in the defence of Fort Beaufort village against the Hottentots during the War of the Axe.

And all the while the whole tragic thing had been a lurid mistake! 'Some one had blundered!' Nobody seems to have known precisely against whom the expedition was marching. So they belaboured the first intruder they came across, while Shaka, the real culprit, got off scot-free, with the spoils.

As for Matiwane, he was never seen again—down there. He was already far away, despondent and disillusioned, retracing, with a handful of companions, the long and lonesome trail back to his starting-point.

Oppressed with grief, oppressed with care,
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I set me down and sigh,
 O Life! thou art a galling load,
 Along a rough and weary road,
 To wretches such as I.

—BURNS.

As he sped through the Sutú country, among the people he had for years so barbarously afflicted, he passed once more the Mountain of the Night. There Mshweshwe, with heart as noble and magnanimous as ever Nature bred, forgiving and forgetting all, compassionately invited him to dwell with him in peace. But Matiwane, leaving in his care one of his wives and sons, himself broken of heart and sick for home, passed on his way. After being nearly trapped in a cave, where he was resting, by Sigónyela, the baTlokwa chief, Matiwane finally reached Zululand to find Shaka assassinated and Dingane on the throne. This latter, no doubt while considering his plans, accommodated him for a time with a site near by, over the Mkúmbáne on the ridge called *kwaHlomamabutó*, where Retief would later lie buried.

Plans concluded, probably with the aid of those two arch-villains, Ndlela and Nzobo, Matiwane was summoned before the king. Suspecting the worst, he solemnly removed his brass arming (*ǀSongo*) and handed it to his son, Zikáli, who was instructed to remain at home.

"Where are your people?" asked Dingane. "Here they are, all that are left of them," was the reply. "Then take them all away," Dingane ordered. Whereupon they were led away, and each Ngwáne had his neck broken by a violent twist of the head, and Matiwane his eyes gouged out and wooden pegs forced up the nostrils into his brain. Retribution at last had found him.

The life of his absent son, Zikáli, was spared, and he was afterwards enrolled in the umKúlutshani regiment. He was with his regiment at the Nobambá kraal when the Boers came to Zululand. On the overthrow of Dingane, Zikáli fled into Swaziland, and while there fell in love with Nomlalazi, daughter of Sobúza, the Swazi king. Alas! the stigma of the Matiwanean name had followed him there, and his death was secretly decreed. His sweetheart hearing of the plot, gave him a timely hint, and Zikáli hastened back into Natal. Gradually he gravitated back to those scenes best loved of his childhood, under the shadow of Champagne Castle. He reached there after the Boers had entered Natal, and found one or two of them already settled in his old neighbourhood. There he built himself a kraal, whither, true to her pledge, Nomlalazi, his love, absconded and repaired, and in

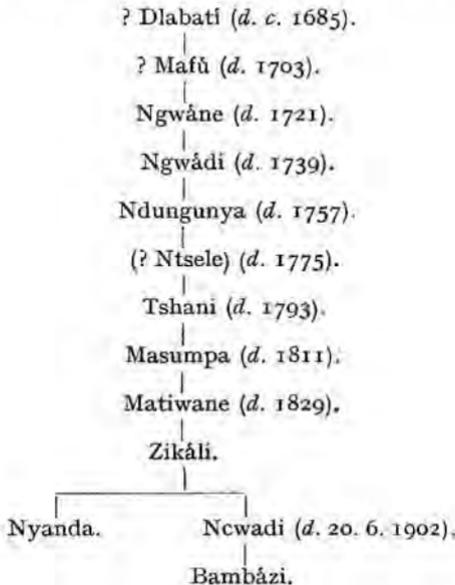
due season became the mother of his sons, Nyanda and Ncwadi. As time progressed, others of the emaNgwāneni, who had chanced to be left behind on the original flight over the Berg, or who had managed to find their way back from the Cape, gathered themselves about him and formed the nucleus of a newer clan. Bishop Colenso visited him in his home in 1854, and describes him as a young man of 33 or 34 years—he was more probably about 40—

“not of very prepossessing appearance. He looks dissipated; and is very haughty and overbearing in his manners.”¹

Another who knew him describes him as

“truly a magnificent savage: tall, fine features, commanding appearance, and polite and dignified in manner. He was afterwards murdered mysteriously in his hut.”²

Upon his demise, his son, Ncwadi, followed him in the chieftainship; and the latter in recent years dying, was succeeded by his heir Bambázi, who, happily, is no longer able to carry on the Matiwanean tradition. For the so-called **aba-kwa-Zikáli** clan, see p. 285.



¹ *T.W.N.*, 141.

² Moodie, *B.S.A.*, I., 224.

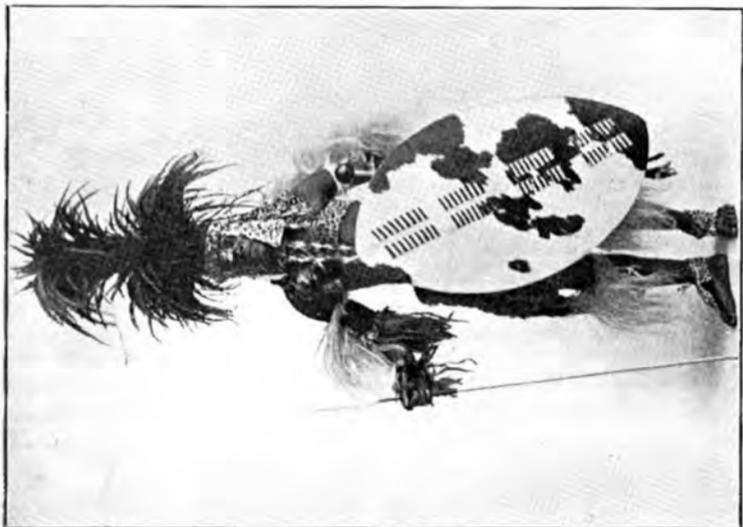
References: Holden, *K.R.*, 21. Fuze, *A.A.*, 36, 66. Ayliff, *H.A.*, 5, 7, 8, 10, 16. Shooter, *K.N.*, 216, 287. Ellenberger, *H.B.*, 88, 110, 119, 122, 130, 139, 142, 154, 156, 172, 176-9, 185-9. Steedman, *W.A.*, I., 280. MacGregor, *B.T.*, 16, 17, 37, 41, 56, 62. Moodie, *B.S.A.*, I., 221, 223-4-5, 241-7; II., 71, 75, 222, 394. Kay, *T.C.*, 300, 328-32. Widdicombe, *L.*, 36. Casalis, *B.*, 16. Callaway, *R.S.*, 51. Colenso, *T.W.N.*, 141. Pringle, *P.N.*, 494.



Copyright, Mariannuhill.

A HLUBI, YOUTH

With Hair-mop (*isi Yendane*) complete



Copyright, C. Frogg.

A ZULU BRAVE

In full dancing dress

CHAPTER 17

THE GREAT HLUBI TRIBE FIGHTS ITS WAY TO DESTRUCTION

WE occasionally hear tell of 'epidemics of crime,' in which a whole group of individuals, even of nations, becomes swayed by some common mentally-overwhelming impulse. Such a wave of political animosity, panic, fear, or general unrest seems to have invaded the South African native mind in the earlier decades of the past century—or even, indeed, the whole negro race-mind; for we find evidence of similar political upheavals at the same period also in other parts of the Dark Continent. The distemper had entered upon its earlier stages even prior to the days of Shaka and Dingiswayo; but it reached its crisis in them.

The **emaHlutshini** tribe escaped the ruinous honour of appearing on the pages of Shakan annals. Yet it possesses an imposing chronicle of triumphs and calamities of its own, and partook in adventures equally as thrilling and in ruin equally as complete.

This, with its numerous clans and sub-clans, was one of the largest Bantu tribes in South Africa. Its habitat at the period in point extended roughly from the Blood river to the sources of the Mzinyati. It belonged to the eMbó (or Dlamini) Ngúni group.

Like all such, the Hlubis did not speak the 'pure Zulu' language (*uku-misa ūLimi*, to make the tongue stand up straight), as did the Ntungwa-Ngúnis, but a so-called *tekela* dialect thereof, abounding in dentalized sibilants (*ts* for *z*) and other such changes. The skin-girdle of the Ntungwa-Ngúnis, pendent in front and behind and open at the sides, they replaced by a cloth of supple skin passing between the legs and bound round the waist, after the Sútú fashion (*uku-subela*). Instead of the head-ring and divers fantastic coiffures of the former they, all alike, wore the hair in pendulous twisted strings, matted together with grease, and falling, 3 or 4 inches long, round the head like an inverted mop (*umYeko*). Hence they were nicknamed by the Zulus *iziYendane*, people with heads like a bunch of drooping millet.

The Béle-Zizi group to which they appertained formed the vanguard of the whole eMbó (or Dlamini) stream which came down south from the region inland of Delagoa Bay and occupied upper Zululand and upper Natal somewhere about the time when the Pure-Ngúnis (Xóza-Zulu group) were passing through those parts from the interior to the coast—roughly A.D. 1550-1650. The

Béles and Zizis pushed forward into upper Natal, while the Hlubis remained in upper Zululand.

It was to these Hlubi people that Dingiswayo eventually came, c. 1805, and found shelter among them for several years, after his historic flight from the Mtétwá motherland on the Zulu coast (p. 87). At that time Búngane (*d. c.* 1810) was on the throne, son of Ntsele (*d.* 1792), of Mashiyi (*d.* 1774), of Hádebe (*d.* 1756), of Mlotsha (*d.* 1738), of Mashwabade (*d.* 1720), of Buswebengwé (*d.* 1702), of Mtímkúlu I. (*d.* 1684), of Musi (*d.* 1666), of Mhlanga (*d.* 1648), of Dlamini (*d.* 1630). Naturally, we do not offer so long an ancestral train as gospel truth—as far as Mashiyi only can it be relied on; and this notwithstanding that we received it as such from one of the oldest scions of Mtímkúlu, Búngane's son's family, in 1909 still living.* Others ask us to credit a list of nondescript ancestors doubly as long as the above, and leading up to a final common union of the Hlubi and Béle ancestry in the person of Diwu.

The Hlubis are declared to have been a race of intrepid warriors. Certainly, one Makátá is said to have been the tribal commander-in-chief of a gallant *iziYendane* army during Búngane's reign; but of his military achievements, we hear nothing. In after years, however—upon which, no doubt, their reputation rests—when put on their mettle by the Sutús and Ngwánes, the Hlubis gave every time a good account of themselves.

The most important event during Búngane's reign was the arrival there, about the year 1808, of a mysterious white man. Of the astonishing miracles he is said to have wrought we have already told (p. 87). The aftermath of all this was that Búngane himself became 'endowed with the gift of prophecy.' For Hlubi historians relate that soon afterwards he gathered his people around him at his Great Place and solemnly adjured them, saying,

"I see a time when the *abaMbó* [his race] will be dispersed, and will come into contact with people having long flowing hair and bearing a 'roll' [a paper one presumably] in their hand. That roll you must accept."

This white man, the Hlubi tradition relates, was the king of magicians, from whom all others, including Búngane, received their powers. Plain proof of this they saw in the fact that his garment—perhaps a rolled-up Mattamac!—was so small as to be held in the grasp of one hand, and yet, when slipped over his

* John Zulu Mtímkúlu. We cannot make this 'Dlamini' pedigree fit in with any other of that ilk, neither with that of the Swazis (p. 314), nor with that of the ekuNene (p. 366). We think the Dlamini of the Hlubis may be the same as Dlamini I. on the Swazi list, and that the ekuNene Dlamini must have been another individual altogether, perhaps Dlamini II. of the Swazis.

head, covered the whole body. On his feet were no toes, and his heel was so long as to penetrate the ground—where sandy. He was mounted on an animal of great speed, and carried in his hand a pole which spat fire and thunder, and killed animals it looked at. Naturally, before his presence the Natives fled, after having first killed an ox to be consumed by him; and whenever he entered a kraal, beads and brass were, strangely, left behind by him and found by the Natives on their return. At least, so Fynn was given to understand.

Colenso's Zulu was at one time declared as paragonically virtuous as Macaulay's Maori, and his mastery of logic was supposed to be instinctive. Búngane was a 'Zulu'; therefore Búngane's logic must be masterful. And this is how he reasoned, and how his logic demonstrated the reverse of what it proved. If, he argued within himself, this white man's magic rod, when pointed at any four-legged beast and then bang-fired, brings down that beast instantaneously stone-dead, it should follow as day the night that, if pointed at that two-legged beast over there, named Matiwane, chief of the amaNgwáne, the like result will happen. So he borrowed the fire-and-thunder rod, and, unbeknown to his family, secretly sallied forth in Matiwane's direction, hurling before him, with absolute assurance, as he went, the accustomed imprecation, "Thou son of Masumpa, to-day I say to thee, 'Sun! good-bye' (*Langa, valela*)."

Arrived on the scene of operation, he pointed the gun and pulled the trigger. Such a terrifying clap of thunder immediately followed that every armed warrior dashed instantly from the kraal towards the royal magician—with Matiwane, more ferocious than ever, at their head! That was how it came about that next morning the Hlubi tribe awoke to learn that their renowned chieftain 'doth no longer exist'—the elephant had been choked with its own trunk.

It was during Búngane's reign that one day a party of breathless strangers arrived, stating that they had been driven from home and country by an irate petty chief, Lucuncu, son of Lubóko, and therefore uncle of the emaCúnwini chieftain, Macingwane, farther down the Mzinyati. They proved to be the **Mcumane** section of that clan and to consist principally of the families of Mbánguba and Késa, both sons of Makátini, son of Vilwana. Ngúni chiefs were never loath to augment their fighting numbers by the incorporation of absconding aliens; but Búngane, when Késa's daughter appeared before him, tendered them not only a hearty welcome, but tendered too 100 head of cattle for the damsel on the spot. She became the mother of Mpangazitá, to be so honourably mentioned in this history.

The heir to Búngane's throne was, however, uNgwadlazibomvu,

alias Mtimkúlu. What tragic end befell this ill-starred youth (c. 1818) has been already told (p. 138)—how Matiwane, on his flight before Zwide, fell upon him and his family in the night, massacred them all, then drove the Hlubi tribe *sauve qui peut* over the mountains out of the land.

But as the debris rose once more to the surface, sundry survivors, sons and brothers of Mtimkúlu, reappeared amidst the wreckage. There was, for instance, a son of Mtimkúlu called Luzipó, who, with a band of followers, launched out on independent ventures in the Standerton district. Thinking to oust the maPhuthing Sutús from their holding, he got hustled out of life himself; and the bulk of his followers with him.

Then a number of tribal grandees collected another band of fugitives and headed with them for Natal—Zulu, son of Mafú, of the Hádebes, with him Mtimkúlu's son, Mhlambiso; Zibi, of Monakali—Monakali himself, being Búngane's brother, preferred to cling to the main swarm, under Mpangazitá, but, being very aged, was frozen to death in his pious resolve when scaling the Drakensberg mountains; Matomela, Mbilase and Zimema, of the Héledwanes; and Msutú, of the ekuNene. This party skirted the Drakensberg on its lower side, crossed the upper Mkómazi and Mzimkúlu rivers into Griqualand East, passed through Tembúland, and came to rest in the country of Hintsá, Xóza-Gcaleka chief.

The main body sped off over the Drakensberg—the larger section led by Mpangazitá, Mtimkúlu's brother, soon to become so dreaded by the Sutús as Pakadita; the other under Mahwánqa, a younger brother, and now acting-regent for the dead chief's minor heir, Dlomo (full-brother of Langalibalele). To this combined party we shall attach ourselves in its adventurous career up and down Sutúland, till its old arch-foe, Matiwane, encounters the tribe again and deals it the final *coup-de-grâce*.

After crossing the Drakensberg this fugitive horde found itself in the land of the Tlokwa Sutús, formerly ruled by Mokotjo, now by his widow, Mantatisi, the heir, Sigónyela (*Sutú*, Sikonyela) being still an uncircumcised lad. They were the very people Mpangazitá wished most to meet. There were old scores, long rankling in his breast, to wipe off with them, and he felt just now in the mood for any desperate venture.

The old score came about in this way. Some few years back, a certain Hlubi headman, Mjoli by name, had courted and won the hand of Mpangazitá's daughter. All went merrily enough till father-in-law and son-in-law came to loggerheads over that old bone of contention, the bride-price. Mpangazitá being the king's brother, Mjoli considered the only way to evade his creditor was to abscond. He accordingly vanished, with the wife and a

considerable following, and the next heard of him was that he had become a subject of the Tlokwa chief. Mantatisi, the lady in charge, had received him in the most friendly manner, given him land within her tribal domain, and then started being nasty; and he rued the day.

Three months later the lad Sigónyela, duly circumcised, deemed himself a man. Knowing that his mother harboured a grudge against this nasty foreigner, he would prove the fact. Armed with a battle-axe, he found Mjoli basking peacefully at home, with his beautiful brass neck-ring glittering in the sun. Sigónyela's covetousness for the bauble was immediately aroused; so he chopped off Mjoli's head, and went home with the neck-ring, delighted in the one stroke to have conferred at once a good service on his mother and on himself. Mjoli's family (including his wife, Mpangazitá's sister) and Mjoli's following accordingly packed up and went back to Hlubiland, whence they had come. For all this wickedness Mpangazitá now resolved to have amends.

He could have struck no more doughty adversary than this widow. Mantatisi was no ordinary *umFazi*, but a born Amazon. Like a pack of wolves, the Hlubis rushed down on her fold. The impact, terrific enough, was that of the collision of two equally pitted forces, and each body, considerably damaged, was flung rebounding back in opposite directions. But Mpangazitá got off—to the north-west—with the spoils. Mantatisi, on the other hand, with nothing saved but her skin, took the contrary path—to the south-west—and with all her people hurried away to her parental clan, the baSiya. There she soon discovered that her huge family was proving a heavy strain on the parental larder. So, like a man, rather than be a burden on her home, she resolved to go out and work for her own living.

This she did so successfully that, within a year or two, she had scattered the baFukeng, frightened the baKwena out of her way, plundered the maKhwakhwa, and even beaten Mshweshwe himself at Butabute in the War of the Pots—so-called because, in the fight, Mantatisi got all her tribal crockery broken.

Throughout these wanderings she had been unconsciously describing, so to say, a semi-circle in the direction of Mpangazitá. The latter, on his part, had been meanwhile equally as busy belabouring other unfortunate Sutú peoples, and in doing so likewise describing a semi-circle in the direction of Mantatisi. What, then, was their mutual astonishment when they suddenly ran up against each other again at Maboleta! They immediately joined in hearty martial embrace, from which the Amazon chieftainess, after a brilliant struggle, disengaged herself, fled over the Caledon below Kolonyama and kept the villain at bay on the

other side. 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 clawing received, Mpangazitá has gone home to be repaired.

The nightmare vanished with the dawn, Mantatisi 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 foraging 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 the hill, Tlapaneng, on 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 are 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 onward on its long and weary search for a new homeland. Many nations have had their Boadiceas; but none a greater than Mantatisi.

At length Sigõnyela came of age and released his ageing mother from her political worries. He proved a man of arrogant and bellicose disposition, and, after he had established himself at Ywalaboholo (The Great Beer Place), he made himself, by incessant raiding and molestation, the hated enemy of every clan around him. Mshweshwe, who by this time had commenced to do for the disunited and disorderly Sutú clans what Dingiswayo in Zululand had done before him for the Ngûni, and had accordingly constituted himself Overlord of all Sutúland, at length felt called upon to stamp this Tlokwa nuisance out. On the 22nd October, 1852, he vigorously threw his army on the Tlokwa settlement, drove Sigõnyela in headlong flight to Sefomela, slew his brother, Mokitiketi, captured his cattle and most of his women and children. This brought Sigõnyela down on his knees. He humbly begged the restoration of his females and children, and

Mshweshwe as graciously granted his prayer, forwarding them all after him to Bloemfontein, whither he had betaken himself. In the following year, 1853, to the general relief, he betook himself still farther afield, entered the Cape Colony by way of Colesberg, and ultimately reached the finish in the Herschel district of that province.

His brother Mota, however, had fled eastward into Natal. After the Anglo-Zulu War—1879—his son, Hlubi, was placed in charge of a considerable tract of territory in Zululand, where a number of immigrants from his own and other Sutú clans subsequently collected around him. By a strange coincidence he was allotted the original country of those very Hlubis who had first expelled the Tlokwas from their own fatherland.

Returning now again to these Hlubis and their adventurous career under their leader, Mpangazitá, 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 1825 they had the ill-fortune to meet again a horde of savages more ferocious than themselves. At Mekwatleng, 20 miles north of Ladybrand, they ran counter, for the last time, of Matiwane and those self-same emaNgwáneni who, seven years earlier, had driven them from their fatherland near by the Zulus. There Mpangazitá fell (141) and the last remnants of the great Hlubi tribe were cast to the winds, never again to bully the humblest of clans, but to be their menials. The scattered fugitives craved adoption among all manner of strange peoples, and their offspring may be found to-day sprinkled everywhere from the Vaal river in the north to Queens-town in the south.

A tiny fragment of the broken tribe adhered to Mpangazitá's heir, Sidinane, and a younger son, Mehlomakúlu. Utterly emasculated of their strength and stranded amidst a universe of foes, whither shall they now betake themselves? The problem was soon solved. Wandering aimlessly abroad near the Vet river, they were surrounded by raiding Matebele and led captive—1826—to Mzilikazi on the Apies river (426). Mehlomakúlu, it seems, was a fine stalwart youth and skilful dancer. A common stunt of his was, while doing the *uku-giya* dance (leaping frantically about in a *pas seul*), to hurl his knobkerry high into the air

and then dexterously catch it as it fell. This performance pleased Mzilikazi greatly—for a time.

Tired at length of playing with the mouse, the cat decided to give it its quietus. But Sidinane got warning, and, with his wife, bearing an infant daughter on her back, wandered helplessly abroad, he knew not whither. Then the infant perished from cold in their hands. So distressful was their plight, that even reason seemingly forsook them; for the next we hear of them is that they had returned and surrendered themselves, trusting in his pity, to that ruthless monster who but yesterday had slain their father and annihilated their clan. The result was only to be expected—Matiwane ordered that Sidinane be at once put out of his miseries by strangulation. Certain Hlubi men subject to Matiwane secured the corpse of their chief and deposited it in an unknown grave on the veld.

Mehlomakúlu, on his part, along with some companions, likewise followed—June, 1827—the trail back to Sutúland. They were pursued by a Matebele force; but luckily among that force were several men of the Hlubi and kindred clans, who, in the fight, assisted Mehlomakúlu and repulsed the Matebele. On the morrow they again waylaid the latter in a narrow valley and practically exterminated them.

With augmented numbers Mehlomakúlu passed along, picking up still other stray Hlubis as he went. Fate leading him again straight into Matiwane's arms, he was compelled to make a dash over the Drakensberg and down into the Matatiele district below. Great was his joy there in East Griqualand—it was now about the year 1827—to find he had at last alighted upon a host of friends, members of the kindred amaBéle clan headed by Mdingi and previously their neighbours in upper Natal. Alas! his joy was but short-lived; for here too a state of universal chaos reigned. For long years past his amaBéle friends had been engaged in unrelenting warfare with a neighbouring multitude of desperate vagabonds from Natal, led first by Madikane, later by his son, Ncapáyi. Indeed, Mehlomakúlu had hardly arrived, before he found himself constrained to reinforce his friends in one of their attacks on these so-called *amaBáca*. They took the enemy by surprise and sent them scurrying away in panic, leaving their wealth of cattle in the hands of the amaBéle. But the Bácas soon recovered from the shock, and returned the blow with such vigour, that Mdingi cleared for Xózaland and Mehlomakúlu back over the Berg.

This time Mehlomakúlu resolved to try Mshweshwe. Ever merciful and gracious, Mshweshwe offered his former enemies a peaceful home near Ficksburg, and there they enjoyed rest for

more than a quarter century. Then, about the year 1854, sundry Sutú chiefs thereabout took umbrage at this Hlubi encroachment on their preserves, reopened old sores which the Hlubis thought had healed and made the position of these latter generally unpleasant. Just then a certain Wesleyan messenger of peace, the Rev. W. Shepstone (father of Sir Theophilus Shepstone), chanced to visit those parts; and the good tidings he brought them was that the British Government had but recently conferred on their compatriot, Mhlambiso, on Sigónyela, their old enemy, and on other-some in similar plight, grants of land in the Herschel district of the Cape; and the good counsel he gave them was that they should go there too. And Mehlomakúlu went. He applied for and received a welcome home in that district under the tender paws of the British Lion; and there he died, and his children after him.

But where, in all this scattering of the swarm, was the young 'queen-bee' who might resuscitate the hive? Yes, there was still another fragment of the tribal wreckage. These were they who, with Mahwánqa, younger brother of Mpangazítá, were swept away by the waves of fate, we know not whither. After apparently drifting with the tide through several years, in 1833 we hear of them as having anchored themselves to the ægis of Mshweshwe's protection. Five years later they abandoned that and clung to the raft of the Zulu king, Dingane, which brought them at last to a haven of rest. There, back again in the dear old land, they built themselves huts amidst the bush by the Mzinyati, out of sight and out of the way of persecuting brother-man.

Their accustomed occupation gone of fighting others, they now for a change started persecuting one another. Mahwánqa (Mtímkúlu's brother) fell out, it is said, with Mtímkúlu's reputed heir, Dlomo, and had his revenge by supporting the claims of the Luzipó house (150) to seniority in the family. Dlomo retaliated by killing Mahwánqa. Such disorderliness and usurpation of royal authority within his realm, brought down upon the Hlubis the wrath of the then reigning Zulu king, Mpande, who sent up a force which, in turn, extinguished Dlomo.

Of Dlomo's house, Langalibalele was now first in rank, and about thirty years of age. His people too few and weak to maintain a separate independence, he united with his uncle, Pútini, son of Mashoba—Langalibalele also having been born of a daughter of Mashoba—then ruling the emaNgwèni clan in that vicinity.

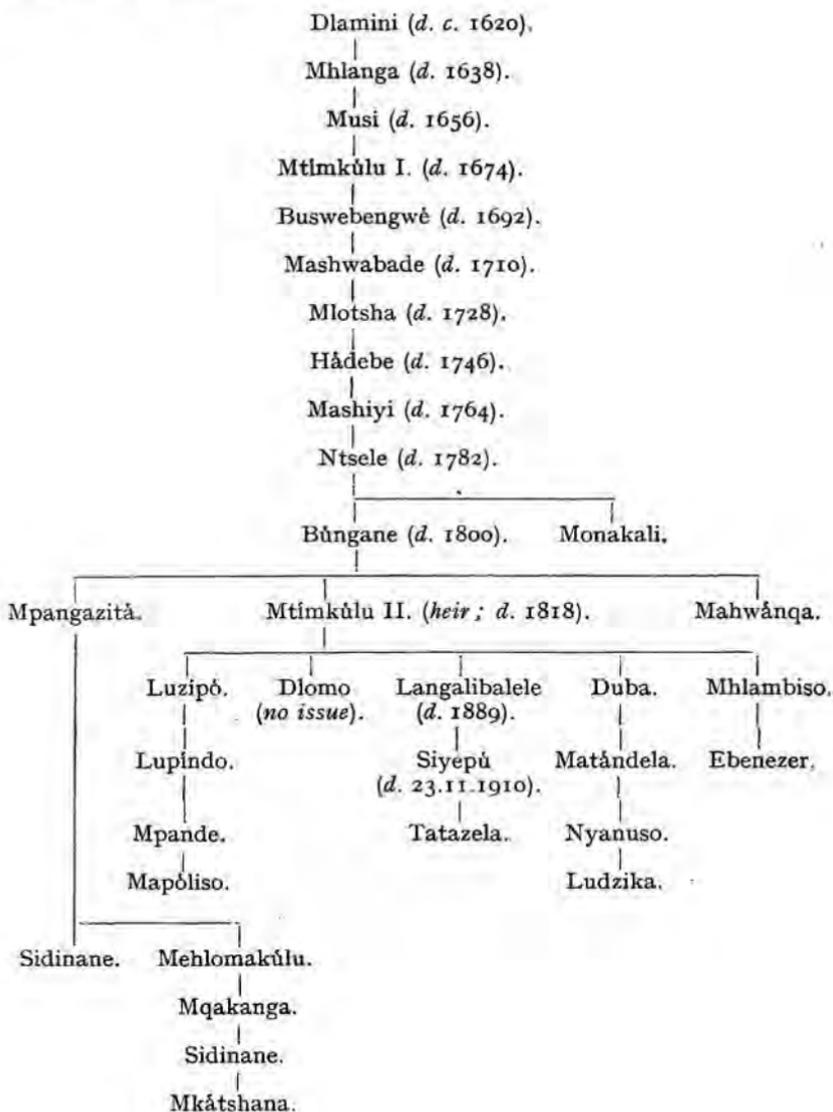
In 1848 Pútini fell out with the Zulu king Mpande, and was forced to vacate his territory and cross the Mzinyati into Natal. And Langalibalele partook in that misfortune. They were granted a location by the Natal Governor, first on the upper Klip

river, afterwards—certain Dutch immigrants having claimed that land as theirs—on the upper Bushman. There, under the Drakensberg mountains in their worst infested part, it was thought they would serve as a useful barrier between the Natal farmers and the raiding Bushmen from the Berg. Here Colenso paid Langalibalele a visit in 1854. He considered him more modest, genial and good-natured than Pácade—whom he had also visited—of the amaCúnu clan.

“ He is in appearance rather a young man, of perhaps twenty-six years [he must have been nearer thirty-six], tall and in good condition—you would hardly call him stout—with that dignity and grace in his actions, which so commonly, amidst the most savage nations, proclaim the king.”

The Bantu character is one to us not easily analysed. It is largely a study in contrasts ; one may say, even in paradoxes. In the one same breath we hear it said—and, what is stranger, with perfect truth—that ‘ the Native is very dirty ’ in his habits, and, a moment later, that ‘ he is very cleanly ’ ; that ‘ you can never trust a Native,’ and, again, that ‘ he never gives his friend away ’ ; that ‘ he has an extraordinarily retentive memory,’ and then, that ‘ he very soon forgets.’ Anyway, after such a terrible experience of life-long deprivation, misery and strife, one would have expected Langalibalele, now at last so cosily rested in peace and plenty, to have been mindful of the past and have avoided, *velut diabolum*, all that might jeopardize such bliss. And yet already in 1873 we find him deliberately defying the Government that had so blessed him, by treating with contempt its order to have registered his people’s firearms, lately imported by them from the Diamond Fields. No other course was open to that Government than to embark on military proceedings against the rebellious Hlubis. Again, in his old age, was Langalibalele, accompanied by hundreds of his people and thousands of cattle, forced to climb those same Drakensberg mountains and seek refuge with the Sutús beyond. Mr. Griffith, British Agent in Basutoland, called on the local chief, Molapo, to effect his arrest. This he did by sending his son, Jonathan, with a posse of Natives, against him. But finding his force considerably outnumbered, Jonathan resorted to the stratagem of posing as the Hlubis’ friend and inviting their chief to his father’s residence. The local magistrate being informed of Langalibalele’s presence, despatched a troop of Mounted Police, who arrested him with five of his sons and counsellors. He was duly tried and sentenced to banishment for life ; but after passing a portion of his sentence near Capetown, he was granted a reprieve in 1886 and permitted to return to Natal, where he passed away in 1889. His son Siyepú was appointed a chief by

the Natal Government on 22nd July, 1897; and he, in turn, has been succeeded by his heir Tatazela, who was appointed probationary chief on 11th January, 1926, and is accorded recognition as the hereditary head of these Hlubis, with jurisdiction over a following located in a limited area in the present-day Estcourt magisterial district.



The above list is not reliable beyond Mashiyi. Some authorities give us 'Mashiyi, son of Dlomo, son of Ncobo' (brother of Hådebe). But those we trust the more, distinctly state that 'Mashiyi was the son of Hådebe' and therefore his descendant in the direct line. The fact that 'Hådebe' has ever figured as the principal *isiTákazelo* of Búngane's house confirms the claim that they descend from *him*. Dlomo, son of Ncobo, may, we think, have been the principal heir; but, dying without issue, the succession passed over to Mashiyi, of Hådebe's branch of the family.

References: Ayliff, *H.A.*, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 14, 90-96. Ellenberger, *H.B.*, 45-8, 67, 85, 119, 120, 124, 125, 127, 139, 154-5, 170, 180, 206. MacGregor, *B.T.*, 12, 17, 22, 27, 32, 41. Bird, *A.N.*, I., 61. Colenso, *T.W.N.*, 124, 132. Lagden, *B.*, 24, 482. Fuze, *A.A.*, 181. Shooter, *K.N.*, 314, 377. Callaway, *R.S.*, 88. Colenso, *A.*

CHAPTER 18

DINGISWAYO IS BEATEN AT LAST BY NDWANDWE MAGIC (1818)

LIFE is but a mirage, luring men on to its diaphanous palaces of delight, to slake their thirst in its limpid pools of vacuity; then, vanishing, leaving them there, stranded before its only solid fact—disillusionment and death, in a desert.

Through a decade of years, Dingiswayo had been pursuing this alluring vision, but little he wist that now it had brought him to the last tragic scene in the phantasmagoria of life wherein, in a twinkling, the enchanting dream would be suddenly dispelled and transformed into a hideous awakening.

From a homeless waif he had raised himself to the supreme position in northern Ngúniland. "No less than thirty chiefs acknowledged his supremacy";¹ all save one—the powerful Ndwandwe chief on his north-west frontier. "Was not Zwide," he was wont to say, "my father's companion? He, then, my sacred trust, must not be molested." This generous act proved his last and fatal error.

The Ndwandwes of old Zululand and the Ngwánes of old Swaziland were brother-clans, both descending from the same father and the same fatherland. Along with the Kúzes, Ndwandwe the Mkízes, the Bêles and the Hlubis, both were members of what we have termed the eMbó (or Dlamini) branch of the Ngúni family of Bantu. Somewhere about the year 1750, a certain Dlamini, son of Hlubi, son of Ludonga, migrated, at the head of a clan then calling itself the **emaLangeni** folk, from the region inland of Delagoa Bay, southwards along the

seaward face of the Lubombó range. The southern extremity of the hill-range reached, they sojourned there a while, then parted company (c. 1770). While the Mashabanas remained where they were, the Ngwáne and Ndwandwe parties both wheeled sharply inland and marched up the Póngolo river, the Ndwandwes along its southern, the Ngwánes along its northern bank.

Arrived at the emaGúdu hills, overlooking the Póngolo on its southern side, the Ndwandwes settled, and there their leader died—probably Langa or Xaba—and was, according to emaLangeni custom, secretly deposited in the wood nearby—some assert that it was the common Ngwáne-Ndwandwe leader, Ngwáne II. who died and was buried here, the Ngwáne family subsequently passing northwards over the Póngolo under Ndungunya (see p. 317). However that may be, henceforth that wood was sacred territory, not to be profaned by irreverent trespassers. To maintain it sacred, it must be rendered fearsome; for 'to revere, and be revered' and 'to fear, and be feared' to the Ngúni mind—and to the primitive mind in general—are, respectively, identical conceptions (*Z. ukw-esaba; ukw-esabeka*). And to make it fearsome, what so effective as to proclaim it haunted? The Ngúnis had no idea of ghosts; but they were well acquainted with uncanny psychic phenomena. So to the children of the clan it was solemnly announced that in that wood there lurked a bogey; and the belief grew up with them into the adult state. Should one be so bold or so profane as to enter there for firewood or timber, the terrifying barking of invisible dogs, the din of clattering milk-pails, and divers other weird happenings would surely rise up against him and drive him forth.

The hunter, Leslie, once came unwittingly on that little forest, and was about to enter it, when his Native companion drew him sharply back. "Don't go into that wood," he said. "Why not?" asked Leslie. Then the Native gave the hunter the story of his own alarming experience when once so foolhardy as to enter the wood. He explained that it was filled with *iṃKóvu* (roughly, dead people who have been disenterred by wizards and then transformed into a kind of malevolent incarnate sprite).

"Some years before," he related, "my brother died and was 'flung away' [= buried] in the usual manner. We dug a hole, sat him up in it, covered him up, and left him. Next day, we saw him walking up to the kraal. He told us he had been in a fine country, where the corn and sugarcane grew thick and tall, and the cattle were as fat as fat could be. 'I remembered nothing more,' my brother said, 'till I found myself lying on that hill. I looked at my legs and arms, said *wow!* and came home.' Well, my brother went about the kraal, but he seemed to continually mourn for the good things he had left; would speak to no one, and wandered about as if he did not belong to us. At last it began to be whispered that he must be an *Esemkofu* (= *eseṃKóvu*). At last it was agreed that I

should take him to that wood—the emaGoodu—which was known to be haunted, and if he fraternized with the others, it would set the matter at rest and we should get rid of him from the kraal.

“ We entered the wood. When we had gone about ten paces, a sound, as if the wind was rising and moaning amongst the trees, began to be heard. Yet it was not altogether like the wind, but dull and heavy, as if you could almost feel it. I looked towards my brother, but he seemed unconscious of anything peculiar. I cut a wattle. Immediately the sound increased in intensity—came nearer to us, round us, over us, under us and, I may say, in us; and amidst it I seemed to hear half-broken ejaculations of the human voice. I looked towards my brother; he seemed waking up, more life was visible in his face. Cheered by this, I cut another wattle. No sooner had my axe struck the wood than immediately were heard on all sides exclamations of surprise and anger; the sound increased in loudness, and a heavy pressure seemed to be upon me. I could scarcely breathe, and felt as if something was fingering my axe and assegais. I looked towards my brother; he evidently was now alive to his situation; terror was in his countenance, and he looked beseechingly towards me. Convinced now that he was no Esemkofu, I shouted aloud for joy, and struck one more blow at a tree. With the blow there came a rushing, irresistible force—like a great river after mighty rains—and from the midst we heard the angry exclamation—‘Wow, wow! who comes here? Do they dare us?’ Resistance was impossible; something we could not see twitched the axes and assegais out of our hands; there came at us, propelled by some unseen but powerful agency, showers of stones and branches of trees; but not one struck us. We were swept out of the wood in less time than I take to tell it, and when we reached the open country, even the faintest sound was inaudible.”

In course of time the eMbó-Ngúni immigrants around the emaGúdu hills had so increased and multiplied as to form quite a respectable body, which called itself **aba-kwa-Ndwandwe** (The People of Ndwandwe), and, with its several branches, the emaNcwangeni, the Manqele, the emaNkwanyaneni and others, had arrogated to itself—at the period of which we are writing—quite half of northern Zululand, from the middle of Pôngolo to the southern side of the Black Mfolozi (up to the esiKwébezi, down to the Zungus), and from near the eNgóme forest seawards to the St. Lucia Bay.

In the days of Dingiswayo and Shaka, the Ndwandwe clan was ruled by Zwide, son of Langa II., son of Xaba, son of Ludonga I. (presumably, of Mavuso, of Langa I.—see *Swazis*, p. 314). This was the *iNdlunkulu* or principal branch of this particular Ndwandwe family.

The branch of this line next in importance to the preceding was that headed by Soshangane, son of Zikode, of Gása, of Manukuza. This is said to be the *iKóhlo* branch of the Ndwandwe family. It is not known with certainty whose son this Manukuza may have been, but we assume that his father was either Langa or Ludonga.

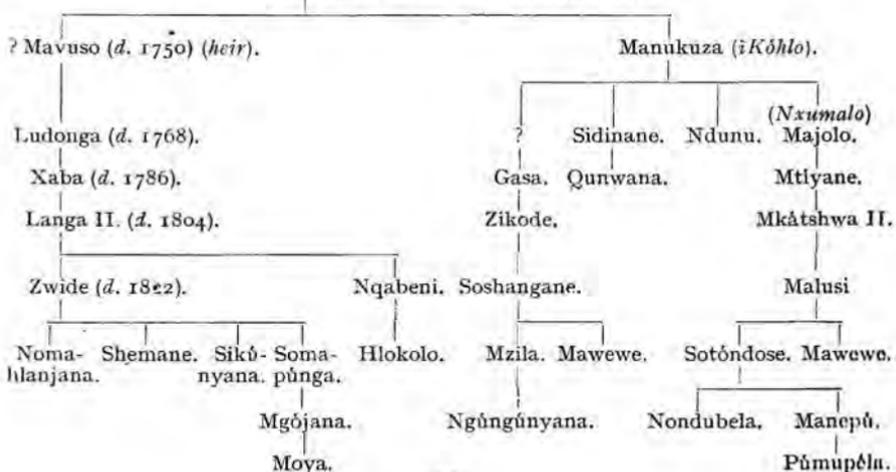
Then we meet with a third branch of the family, that repre-

sented by *Sotóndose*, son of *Malusi*, of *Mkátshwa*, of *Mtiyane*, of *Majolo*. Since the whole *Ndwandwe* clan claim to be descendants of 'Mkátshwa,' we conclude that there were two of that ilk, and that the *Mkátshwa*, father of *Malusi*, was named after his ancestor, a very common habit among the *emBó Ngúnis*.

One day the daughters of *Manukuza*, (?) son of *Langa*, were sent with a present of beer to the then family-head and tribal-chief, apparently *Mavuso*. Among the damsels was one whose charms the tribal-chief really could not resist, despite the fact that she was legally his 'sister' (= clanswoman) and that to marry one's clanswoman was, among these people, prohibited. But the pair were married; and to prevent scandal, the girl's family was given the new clan-name **aba-kwa-Nxumalo** (The People of *Nxumalo*). Why this particular cognomen was chosen does not appear; for the explanation usually given—namely, that *Manukuza's* mother having died during his infancy, it was therefore necessary to suckle him with an *umNxuma* (a leathern funnel through which the child draws the milk)—is hardly convincing. The country occupied by this sub-clan was that about the confluence of the *umNgéni* (above the *emMona*) and the *Black Mfolozi*, where *Mkátshwa II.* is buried. *Monase*, mother of *Mbúyazi* and *Mkúngo*, and best-loved wife of the *Zulu* king *Mpande*, was a daughter of *Mtungwa*, son of *Mkátshwa II.*

So conflicting is the evidence in regard to the genealogy of the *Ndwandwe* royal family, that certainty in the older stages is no longer attainable. The only scheme we have been able to construct, that would bring the several fragments of tribal tradition into some sort of consistent harmony, is the following:—

? *Langa I.* (? = *Mkátshwa I.*) (d. c. 1732).



Zwide was no magician. He could neither cure the scrofula by a touch of his hand like his Britannic majesty, nor work a 'miracle' (*Z. umLingo*) like several other Ngúni royalties. His surpassing excellence was in his strong right arm, which he wielded with an effect more unerring than that of magic. But the paternal defect was in some degree neutralized by the remarkable powers as rain-doctrress of his daughter, Madungudu. Indeed, so busy a life did she lead bringing down rain or holding it up, as her clients desired, that she forgot to get married, and so died, at emaGúdu, a virgin.

Accomplishments are universally perfected by practice; and although we have stated that Zwide's forte was rather in the noble art of fighting, he was at first not quite so successful as he was destined to become. He first tested his cunning on a very fifth-rate antagonist, one Zwangendaba (see 459), a puny sub-chief of the emaNcwangeni clan (276) down seawards, with the disgraceful result that he himself was brought home by the enemy in triumph. Zwangendaba magnanimously released him and had him escorted home, accompanied by a present of cattle. Such gracious treatment, felt Zwide, only aggravated the reproach, and he determined on revenge. One of his half-mothers, Nowawa, animated by a nobler sentiment—maybe she was a relative of the emaNcwangeni chief—endeavoured to dissuade him from so ungrateful—and risky—a resolve. Her pleadings were in vain. Not to be outdone, she decided on measures more impressive than words. So when the army was marshalled in the cattle-fold preparatory to departure, she wildly rushed into the enclosure—a place strictly tabu to the female—and, standing there in the midst of the encircling soldiery, deliberately disrobed before them. Such a heinously wicked act, thought Zwide, could not but be of evil omen—in which opinion the scared army agreed; and all accordingly stayed at home.

Balked in this direction, Zwide made up his mind to regain his reputation in another. He had heard that Dingiswayo's force was then patrolling the upper districts, and he deemed it his duty to point out to them, as an incorrigible law-breaker, a certain Mlotá, chief of the emaNtshalini, living near the Ntabankúlu (about the sources of the Black Mfolozi). 'Would they oblige him with a little assistance in the much-needed chastisement of this disorderly potentate?' So with an army thus reinforced, Zwide attacked the emaNtshalini, destroyed Mlotá, achieved a glorious victory and took all the kudos. And Mlotá's skull went to augment the array at the back of his mother Ntombázi's hut, where all such trophies were religiously preserved, and conferred on the owner a species of occult prestige. Perhaps that too

was why the British, after the Zulu War, disinterred the bones of Mpande at Nodwengu kraal,* and why they chopped off Bámáda's head at the emHome Gorge † and carried it away in a sack ?

This was encouraging, and Zwide longed for more. Some time before, Dingiswayo—as we have already narrated (p. 136)—had administered severe castigation on another troublesome chief still further ahead, Matiwane of the emaNgwáneni clan, beyond Ntabankulu mount ; but in his usual benevolent way, had left him as contumacious and perverse as ever. Inspired by his recent success, Zwide resolved to correct the error and complete the cure. With masterful éclat he threw his *amaNkayiya* regiment on the unexpected foe, and, in one frenzied swoop, swept the emaNgwáneni pell-mell out of the land (p. 138), and covered himself with glory.

Elated by this illustrious victory, Zwide was tempted to ask whether even the Ngúni paramountcy might not be within his reach. To that supreme achievement two obstacles only stood in his way, Dingiswayo, already virtually emperor, and Shaka, his formidable vassal.

Doubtful of being able to encounter the first-named mighty potentate in the arena of arms, he would test the efficacy of magic. He knew, as one of the first principles of that esoteric science, that if he could but procure some particle of Dingiswayo's person—and the more intimately personal it might be, the more powerful the results—he could have that particle so worked up by magic that the consequences would be felt, by sympathy, in Dingiswayo's own person.

He therefore ordered off his own sister, Ntombázana (Little Ntombázi—Ntombázi being her mother's name), to the home of the Mtétwá chief, ostensibly to win his love, accompanied by another girl, a distant cousin of his, daughter of Malusi, son of Mkátshwa, which Malusi, moreover, had married Dingiswayo's sister. Before they went, he secretly adjured Ntombázana *ut, cum rege concubans, seminis ejus compotem fieret*. The pair then went their way, and in due course returned, the one carrying off with her the chieftain's heart, the other (Ntombázana) coming home with 'him' in her hand.

Arrived in Ndwandweland, the tribal medicine-man took possession of the smuggled goods, and set to to manufacture the charm. At this opportune moment, Zwide happened to have a serious misunderstanding with Malusi afore-mentioned, 'the rascal who (or whose daughter) had dared to possess a philtre more potent than his own.' This poor man was now accused of having

* Vijn, *C.D.*, 87.

† J. Stuart, *History of the Zulu Rebellion*, 1906, Macmillan & Co., 1913, 337.

'reported' Zwide to Dingiswayo—probably by that daughter who had wheedled herself into Dingiswayo's heart and jostled his own daughter out—that he (Zwide) had been treating him (Malusi) harshly. Manifestly intrigues of this kind with rival chieftains were downright treason, and 'Malusi must be removed.' So Malusi was for ever put out of harm's way. His bones lie not far from his father's on the north side of the Black Mfolozi, above the umMona stream.

Malusi's widow (Dingiswayo's sister, Nomatúli by name) naturally told her brothers and sisters all about the wicked man, Zwide. This, in turn, brought Dingiswayo into the feud. Much enraged, not at the deed itself—which was the normal sport of kings, like boar and big-game hunting in other parts—but at the contempt shown in selecting his own brother-in-law, Dingiswayo at once despatched a messenger to Zwide demanding that Malusi be produced *in oculis hominum*. Zwide sent back an appropriate epithet expressive of inability to comply; and Dingiswayo cleared for action. The Ndwandwe tribal magician now plied his charm with redoubled vigour. The effect of this treatment would be that the patient be gradually robbed of his 'power,' become transformed into an 'emasculated imbecile,' a mere 'old woman,' easily dealt with (*Z. uku-lutéka*).

But Dingiswayo had not become the emasculated imbecile yet. On the contrary, he mobilized his *iNyelezi* brigade, and despatched word to his vassal, Shaka, to do likewise, both armies to invade Ndwandweland simultaneously. The Mtétwá force passed through the Mkwánazi location and along the ridges till it reached a point near the present-day Nongóma-Somkéle road, a few miles east of the Nongóma magistracy. But where was Shaka? No signs of him, even on the far horizon. Thus was the Mtétwá army detained.

In this neighbourhood were scattered the several royal kraals of the Ndwandwe chief—the esiKwishini below the esiGwégwéni hill towards the iVuna, the oPiyaneni on the ridge west of Nongóma magistracy, and the kwaDlovunga at the kwaMbúzi hill (afterwards removed to eTókazi hill, still farther inland). Was Zwide, then, asleep? Zwide, on the contrary, was unusually alert, bombarding the invader for all he was worth with the most deadly brand of magical mystery-stuff. Dingiswayo, quite unwittingly, had brought himself straight into the lethal zone, and the spell soon showed obvious signs of operation. For suddenly he conceived the inane idea of separating from his army and proceeding onward—none knew whither—alone, with no other bodyguard than a bevy of dusky Hebes, who had been brought along with the army to serve as cup-bearers to the king. Evi-

clently already befuddled—at least so the magic people tell us,—he sauntered gaily over the open veld towards kwaMbúzi hill, and walked into a Ndwandwe platoon there awaiting him. *Nolens volens* he had now perforce to proceed along with these to the capital, kwaDlovunga kraal.

The Ngúni Bantu were reputed 'savages,' and yet were, in some respects, as cultured as ourselves. In general life no epithet fitted them so well as that of the 'perfect gentleman.' Their instincts were noble, their manner dignified and respectful, their social life governed throughout by Spartan discipline and an elegance of etiquette; but the decrees of their code of 'justice' were fearfully thorough, relentless, inexorable. By those decrees the fate of Dingiswayo was already ordained; and yet upon arrival at kwaDlovunga kraal he was treated with the utmost courtesousness, as became a royal personage. A beast was slaughtered for his entertainment and beer was served in regal fashion. Thereafter the ordeal of stern reality, of contumely and death commenced.

An evil-minded woman—'Oh! tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide' *—now appeared behind the scene, Ntombázi, mother of Zwide and of the rejected girl, who, with proverbial feminine spite, urged the Ndwandwe chief not to falter or let the royal prisoner escape. Dingiswayo, on his part, incensed at the murder of his son-in-law, was little inclined to display a friendly attitude. So when a party was sent to him with the command, "Mdingi,"—this was a play, of deliberate contempt, on his name of Dingiswayo—"Zwide, the chief, summoneth thee," the proud Mtétwá indignantly replied, "Is, then, a king summoned?"

Of angry words the natural corollary is blows; and when the Zwidean party attempted to force an entrance into the hut where the Mtétwá chief was sitting, a scuffle ensued with the irate Amazons blocking the doorway. As was to be expected, the tender creatures were roughly handled, their little hands receiving many cruel cuts from cowardly assegais. But the fat was in the fire; and Zwide, after having kept his royal prisoner incarcerated in the kraal for several days, hearkened at last to the woman's promptings and gave the fatal word, and Dingiswayo was killed. The faithful maidens were then ordered to return to their own; but they resolutely refused to budge without their lord, and sacrificed their lives for him there outside the kraal, thus loyally accompanying him right to the end. Dingiswayo himself—or, rather, that which remained of him after his head had gone to adorn Ntombázi's hut, and divers bits of his person had been cut away and stewed in a pot for their fat, and his head-ring carefully scraped

* Shakespeare, *Henry VI.*, III., l. 4.

of its mystical dirt—was granted a ceremonious burial under the direction of a specially deputed *umTākati* (he who had done the cutting-up and stewing) previously fortified against all possible evil consequences. A number of slaughtered oxen, buried in a separate grave close by, furnished the royal traveller with agreeable provisions on his long journey to the Elysian Fields (1818).

What dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things.

—POPE.

Thus, in or about the year 1818, passed from this mortal stage, Dingiswayo, of chiefs the most enlightened and most promising of his race.

Bamhlaba ngenjongólo uSobangwa,
Bambangela amanxeba uku-lupála.
UMadlekezela wōYengo, uSongóbese wamakánda,
Uye kwaMahlama ngamazwi entlambá.
Ugódo alushi ngokubaselwa.
Umsindo olapá ngowani ?
Bahlabá indlovu yakōDelwase,
Ubexaba 'nduna yakōXaba,
UNgódongwana wōYengo.
Izulu lidume futi, gwábi kaNdaba ;
Indlukula zamaNtungwa zimukile.
Lidume enTlangwini kubaTémbú,
Bakwéza baya ngoJama kaMnisi.
Ingqambi eyahlula amakósi amanye ;
EbinjengoSongódo es'ahlula uMalusi.

Meanwhile, Dingiswayo's force, alarmed at this strange disappearance of its king, remained inactive and disconsolate at its camp. But when at length it beheld the Ndwandwe host swarming over the distant hills, it knew that the worst had happened, and the all-conquering Mtétwá army became for the first time apprehensive and unnerved. Deprived of its head, it felt as though its very soul were dead, and the heart failed it. Yet it stuck manfully to its duty, succumbing neither to cowardice nor panic, and with a half-hearted effort to save the position, beat an orderly retreat, fighting effectively along the path homewards. But that the Mtétwás were sorely pressed is evident from the fact that the retreat—the Sokúlus having been caught up in the rush as it passed—was continued as far south as the amaTigulu river.

That the Mtétwá army, heretofore so consistently victorious over every clan, should thus have failed in the supreme moment valiantly to respond to the call of its captured king, can only be attributed to the innate helplessness of the Bantu people when once deprived of their leader. Individually incapable of initiative and independent action, they develop will-power and energy only when, collected in the mass, there arises one stronger than the

rest to lead the way. Like sheep, they will follow a strong leader blindly, even over the precipice unto certain death; but left alone, they will stand idle and helpless, or be scattered by the ravening wolf.

But what of Shaka and his expected reinforcements throughout these fateful days? He was already at the amaYiwane neck (*esiKáleni samaYiwane*—a low ridge at the head of the amaYiwane stream, two or three miles southward of the present amaHlabatini magistracy) when word reached him from Donda, one of the Kúmaló chiefs at the *esiKwébezi*, asking, "Whither are you going? Dingiswayo is already killed." Thereupon Shaka, thinking furiously, retraced his steps homewards.

It has been our wont to cultivate the delusion that our race alone can produce great men; that the Negro race is worthy only of contempt. Such pride is born solely of ignorance; for the Negro is backward only by the accident of his surroundings. Great men are the product of great minds, and mind is not the monopoly of any race or any place. Great minds have constantly appeared, irrespective of locality or blood; but all have not been equally able to develop their innate powers and display them at their full worth owing to unfavourable environment. Some of the sublimest conceptions and most momentous discoveries of mankind—indeed almost all of them—conceptions and discoveries upon which were laid the very foundations of the civilization we call our own, were given to us by savage man. The discovery of fire, and metals, and tools; the conception of God, of moral and social law, of religion, of the presence of a soul, of a life after death; agriculture, domestication of horses and cattle, architecture, weaving, medicine, music, painting, sculpture, poetry, all had their origin in the mind or manual skill of people we are wont to hold as fools; even worse, as almost animals. But one with profounder vision wrote:—

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
 Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

—GRAY.

One judges the worth of an object by its contrast with the rest of its class. And one can gauge the true worth of Dingiswayo's character only by comparing him with other men of his position whose greatness is universally acknowledged. Turning to the outstanding political geniuses of the ancient Mediterranean and Oriental world—the founders of our own civilization—we shall be astonished to note how identical were the mental characteristics which drove those men to such glorious deeds, and those which animated Dingiswayo in his humble African world ; how the same mental impulses produced in all the same schemes and aspirations, noble or merely grandiose. The difference between them was not essential, but purely accidental, and was due to conditions without the man, not within. Dingiswayo lived isolated from all the accessories needed to perfect development and fecundity. His talents were buried in a field whereon the light of knowledge never shone, and whereto the fertilizing waters of foreign intercourse never penetrated. It was a universal truth which Gray proclaimed, when he wrote :—

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Recollect now what we have said concerning Dingiswayo's industrial and political aims (p. 98) and read the following of the famous nation on the Nile :—

“ The Egyptian, and after them the Greek, writers tell us that the first historical king was Mena or Menes. . . . According to Diodorus, Menes taught his people the fear of the gods, and to offer them sacrifices ; also to make use of tables and beds and of fine garments. . . . He was probably the first to unite the whole country under his rule, and thus he was the founder of the Egyptian kingdom.” *

This was somewhere about 5000 or more years ago (c. 3400 B.C.). A thousand years pass as a day in the life of the world, and we find ourselves in the times and country of the Amorite king Hammurabi, founder of the Babylonian empire (c. 2100 B.C.), who,

“ with his eye thus upon every corner of the land, alert, vigorous and full of decision, finally saw how necessary it was to bring into uniformity all the various and sometimes conflicting laws and business customs of the land.” †

* E. Naville, art. “ Origin of Egyptian Civilization,” in *Journal of Roy. Anthropol. Inst.*, London, XXXVII., 212.

† Breasted, *Ancient Times*, 130.

fortunate in being born into an age and land wherein the art of writing was already known, his magnificent Code of Laws, the first ever known to have been formulated by mankind, was engraved on a shaft of diorite, and was thus preserved intact to be picked up only a few years ago from amidst the ruins of Susa. The inscription opens (in its second paragraph) with the following noble thoughts and lofty aspirations that might have been uttered by Dingiswayo himself, had he but been equally enlightened:—

“ Then Anu and Bel delighted the flesh of mankind by calling me, the renowned prince, the god-fearing Hammurabi, to establish peace on the earth, to destroy the base and the wicked, and to hold back the strong from oppressing the feeble: to shine like the sun-god upon the black-headed man, and to illuminate the land.” *

From the history of Egypt and Babylonia we pass on to that of Greece; and if we compare the Negro Dingiswayo with Philip of Macedon we shall by no means degrade the reputation of the latter. Though the knowledge, the opportunities, the means, and consequently the conquests of the one can in no wise be compared with those of the other, yet we are not prepared to account Dingiswayo, when measured by his surroundings, any the less a statesman or an inferior general. Of Philip we read that

“ when he gained the power over Macedonia, in 360 B.C., he understood perfectly the situation of the disunited Greek world. He planned to make himself its master, and he began his task with the ability both of a skilled statesman and an able soldier. With clear recognition of the necessary means, he first created the necessary military power. As a hostage at Thebes he had learned to lead an army under the eye of no less a master than Epaminondas himself, the conqueror of the Spartans. . . . From the peasant population of his kingdom Philip drew off a number large enough to form a permanent or standing army of professional soldiers. . . . These men he armed as heavy infantry of the phalanx, as he had seen in Greece. . . . They soon became famous as the ‘Macedonian phalanx.’ This new chapter in the art of warfare was possible only because a single mind was in unhampered control of the situation. The Greeks were now to witness the practical effectiveness of one-man-control as exercised by a skilful leader for many years. With statesman-like insight, Philip first began his conquests in the region where he might expect the least resistance. He steadily extended the territory of his kingdom eastward and northward, until it reached the Danube and the Hellespont.” †

Save as to places, every word of this, *mutatis mutandis*, might be written equally truly of Dingiswayo. These selfsame things he too had done in the same way and almost in the same order. But *he* had no historian to blazon his deeds to the ages—though in Shaka he found his Alexander.

* Edwards, *Oldest Laws of the World*, ch. iv.

† Breasted, *op. cit.* 426.

The Negro race is not incapable of producing masterful minds capable of glorious achievement, were but equipment and opportunity given them; and from the Mediterranean civilizations we shall now pass back to a world-state infinitely older than any of these, and yet, in point of chronologic date, much younger. From the noontide of enlightenment in Egypt and Greece, we shall betake ourselves into the benighted regions of darkest Africa.

Not long before the time when Dingiswayo was inaugurating his scheme of cultural progress in the south, another like-minded dusky potentate, amongst the Bushongo Bantu in Congoland, had been kindling a similar beacon of light, which, like that of Dingiswayo, was all too soon to become extinct for want of feeding. This was

"King Shamba Bulongolongo, the greatest of their national heroes. This chief ruled at the time when his tribe was at the zenith of its power, and he appears to have been a remarkably enlightened king. In his younger days he travelled widely to the west, even reaching as far as the Kancha River [a distance of more than 100 miles away]; and in thinking of this journey, one must remember that before the arrival of the European in Africa, the Natives practically never left the territory of their own tribes, and rarely knew more of the country round them than could be visited in a day's march. Shamba's journey, therefore, was a very extraordinary one. Furthermore, he travelled with his eyes open, and introduced among the Bushongo on his return many innovations which had struck him as useful during his wanderings. At the commencement of the seventeenth century, this negro chief had ideas so advanced that he issued an order forbidding his troops to take more life in war than was absolutely necessary, and instructing them to, where possible, gain their victories by temporarily disabling their enemies. Until one has visited Central Africa, and to some extent studied the various tribes with whom one comes in contact, it is hard to believe that such humane and civilized ideas could have emanated from the brain of a negro despot. One is too apt to imagine that all African Natives were, before the arrival of the European, as savage and as degraded as are the Bankutu of the great forest."*

No page in Zulu history will afford us a better illustration than does this simple story of Dingiswayo of the truth of the ethnological dictum that a nation's cultural progress is dependent on its intercourse with other peoples.

"It is as true now," says Haberlandt,† "in the age of universal intercourse as it was in the days of yore, the period of the most primitive development of the life of nations, that the most potent factors influencing the culture of peoples were their connections, their intercourse, with others, whether of a hostile or friendly nature, whether in war, commerce or marriage."

Dingiswayo, alone of his race, was vouchsafed such intercourse, and then only of a few short days' duration, catching merely a

* Simpson, *Land and Peoples of the Kasai*, 206.

† *Ethnology*, 18.

momentary glimpse of European enlightenment ; and yet with the far-reaching results we have already seen. Alas ! that intercourse was not continued, and what happened before happened again, and the whole fabric of the infant culture collapsed. The great 'leader' had passed away, and history repeated itself once more. The same occurred in Athens.

" After the fall of Cimon, there came forward a handsome and brilliant young Athenian named Pericles. . . . He desired to build up the splendid Athenian Empire of which Themistocles had dreamed." Under the guiding hand of Pericles, " Athens had made herself the chief centre of refined and civilized life in the Greek world." But the era which had begun so gloriously for Athens and which, " under the leadership of such men as Themistocles and Pericles, had seen her rise to supremacy in all that was best and noblest in Greek life, closed [when Pericles was gone] with the annihilation of the Athenian Empire." *

And thus was it too with the humbler efforts and empire of Dingiswayo—though, as before, others followed who built upon its ruins.

We hope the name of Dingiswayo has received something of its rightful recognition at last, and its honour has been redeemed when tradition was on the point of becoming extinct for ever. No portrait of his person has been preserved for us in imperishable marble or bronze ; no record of his life bequeathed to us on papyrus or clay. But from the meagre traditions still obtainable, we know him to have been a man of progressive and praiseworthy ambitions ; enlightened and constructive in his policy of social improvement and political reform ; an able military organizer and a clean fighter. Magnanimous in his wars of conquest, benevolent in his rule at home, the fair name of Dingiswayo remained unsullied by deeds of barbarism and tyranny—a noble record, indeed, of a statesmanlike, if barbarian and Negro, monarch. If Shaka was the consolidator of the Zulu nation, Dingiswayo was its first and real founder. If Shaka was the Timur and the Attila of his race, Dingiswayo was its Menes and its Alfred the Great.

* Breasted, *op. cit.*, 344, 378, 392.

¹ Shooter, *K.N.*, 250.

² Leslie, *A.Z.*, 120.

CHAPTER 19

ZWIDE NOW MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF SHAKA

WITHOUT telegraph wires, postal correspondence, news agencies or newspapers, news in the Ngúni country travelled and secret deeds got whispered abroad with a certainty and celerity that would have amazed the village communities of England at the same period. It was a very short while, therefore, before Zwide had heard all about Donda's intrigue—how he had kept the enemy, Shaka, *au courant* with events proceeding in Ndwandwe-land, and so led him to return home instead of walking, like Dingiswayo, straight into Zwide's lair.

Of this Donda and his Kúmaló subjects we have narrated something (102), on the occasion of Dingiswayo's corrective visit to them some time ago. Dingiswayo's policy was one simply of submission, not destruction; and so, after surrender, Donda had been permitted to 'live happily ever afterwards.' Quite different were the tactics of Zwide; and Donda's recent compromising attitude towards Shaka only made his intentions the more malign. Zwide accordingly made up his mind to put an abrupt end to all such possibilities in the future. So he sent a plausible messenger to Donda to say, "My dear king Donda, let us arrange a little *umSenge* hunt and have a merry day together."—This *iNqina yomSenge* was a short informal hunt, followed by the usual *iJadu* (love-dance), which the girls attended bearing *umSenge* branches.—"We will beat one only bush; then dance till the sun goes down. And do not be scared if you see my men coming battle-armed, for they will be proceeding afterwards on a visit to my friend, Shaka." The hunt accordingly came off; not so the dance. For what Zwide was hunting was Kúmaló men, whom having surrounded in the trap, the Ndwandwes closed in upon and a general massacre followed. King Donda was soon laid low, and Donda's heir; but another son, Maqandela, father of Mmbiyana, more fortunate, escaped (c. 1818).

Donda and his clan were located along the esiKwébezi river; but between the esiKwébezi and the Mkúze dwelt another section of Kúmaló folk ruled by another chieftain, Mashobana. Zwide, not yet appeased, now proceeded straightway to wreak further vengeance on them. Great too was the slaughter there, wherein Mashobana himself went down. Then stringing the two royal heads in a bunch together, Zwide marched off to hang them up in his hut at home alongside those of Mlotà and Dingiswayo.

Mzilikazi, Mashobana's son, apparently found favour with the conqueror and was graciously permitted to become his vassal; but having no desire to see his own head—as the Irishman would say—added to the Zwidean collection, he soon removed it on to the estate of Shaka at the Mkúmbáne.

Over the Pongolo river, to the north of Ndwandweland, dwelt the Ngwáne (Swazi) chief, Sobúza, alias Somhlola. This potentate's domain had in years gone by included also the southern bank of the river; but, on coming into his rather considerable patrimony, about the year 1815, he had entertained so inflated an idea of his present majesty, that he dared to fall foul of his neighbour, Zwide, who hastening northward promptly put him across the river, and kept him there. Among the less formidable folk over in that direction Sobúza soon repaired his battered crown by the addition thereto of a few new bay-leaves. When at length he attained his fortieth birthday—more or less—he decided to celebrate the occasion by appointing a Great Wife, who should bear the tribal heir. Looking around for an acceptable bride, he concluded that among surrounding kings there was none for whom he entertained a more profound respect than Zwide. Sobúza, too, by this time having regained his reputation, Zwide in no wise deemed it derogatory to his dignity to honour Sobúza's request by forwarding him—upon adequate payment—a selected daughter of sweet sixteen, Kutándile (She-that-hath-loved-thee). This young lady bore her lord his son and heir, Mswazi.

But Zwide was no pagan saint. He preached and practised the doctrine of his race that it is better far to receive than to bestow; and while he was ever ready to confer his gifts, for a consideration, with the one hand, he always expected to receive compensating blessings, for nothing, with the other.

Some years ago, Senzangakóna, the father of Shaka, had crected a kraal on the esiHlungu hill, near which was his ancestor, Magéba's, grave. This action gave rise to considerable strife with the next-door clan, the Butélezis. These held that the particular site was situated on their side of the frontier, the which Senzangakóna disputed. Dreading hostilities—in which, on numerous previous occasions, he had invariably emerged with the worst of the argument—Senzangakóna concocted the plan of cajoling the more able Zwide (on his northern side) into rendering him some moral, and even martial, support if needed, by causing to be brought to the knowledge of the Ndwandwe chief the profound respect and unwavering friendship he, Senzangakóna, had always cherished towards his august person, the which loyal sentiments he proposed, at the very earliest opportunity, to confirm by a present, which he hoped would be acceptable, of three

selected Zulu belles, all in a bunch. After which harrowing effort, the poor man died. But that did not cancel the contract; for, according to Ngûni law, an heir inherited not only the estate, but also its debts—and it was remarkable how many debts suddenly cropped up after a wealthy man's demise. So no sooner did Zwide hear the sad news, than he despatched a demand on Shaka, the heir, for an immediate delivery of the goods. "What impudence!" yelled Shaka; "never shall a sister of mine wed that old dried-up hide (*lolo 'luGâgâda oludala*) who has already devoured half the chiefs in the land. Let him come and fetch them." How the infuriated Zwide came—but never pulled the belles—we are now about to relate.

Three valiant attempts did Zwide essay to capture these Three Graces—and all abortive. He had never yet had the pleasure of making Shaka's personal acquaintance; but he arranged to meet him now for the first time at kwaGqokli hill, southwards of the White Mfolozi (c. 1818). And Shaka too made every preparation to tender him a warm reception. Having mustered his army in a great circle, Shaka took up an assegai and threw down a black shield, shouting, "Where is the brave that will deal the first stab?" Quietly cooking in a hut near by was Manyosi, son of Dlekezele (of Mpukane, of Ngwênya; others, of Mashiba, of Shandu), the Mbâtâ champion—though now a Zulu domestic, along with Ngqengelele, son of Mvulana, and consequently released from military duties. Hearing there the royal challenge, out from the hut he dashed, pushed his way through the massed ranks into the cattle-fold, emerged in the open arena and took the assegai from the king. "By Mkabi!" he swore, "it is I who will do it." Then taking up the black shield, "By this," he said, "you shall see me in the fray." Spurred on by this bold example, then rose Nkayishana, the Kûzwayo champion, and said, "And as for me, I will beat the whole isiKlebê brigade. Sire, I shall start by binding my man and bringing him to you; then return and stab away and surpass every other isiKlebê man." "If you do that," said Shaka, "the number of your cattle will defy an equal."

After this interesting harangue, Shaka arrayed his troops in the usual Ngûni style—a central 'chest' (*isiFûba*) flanked by two extended encircling 'wings' (*izimPondo*, sing. *ûPondo*). The Ndwandwes, whose plan had been to rush events, were already upon them. Suddenly, forth from the Zulu ranks sprang Nkayishana, grappled with the nearest Ndwandwe warrior, bound him up and left him rolling there. Thence into the enemy's midst he threw himself, stabbing on every side till engulfed by the crowd.

"Aha!" cried Shaka, observing the battle from a distance,

"there goes the black-shield fellow." And, indeed, there was Manyosi dealing out death to right and left, hurling out of his way the fallen victims into the gully near by. Yet in spite of his amazing feat, the isiKlebê wing in which he fought was obviously yielding, gradually crumpling back, till finally driven upon the royal kraal itself. Seeing which, Manyosi ran and took his stand before the door of the royal hut defying anyone to approach. No foe, indeed, took up the challenge; but in his stead one hurled a barbed javelin, which came and lodged in proud Manyosi's loins, ended all bravado and compelled Manyosi hurriedly to withdraw.

Things looked black; but at the opportune moment, the more forceful Wombés of the umBelebele brigade appeared on the scene and saved the day. These had hitherto been successfully engaged with the flower of Zwide's army. They had made a speciality of royal princes, and as a consequence Nommbêngula, Mpepá, Dayingúbo, Sixoloba, all sons of Zwide, and even Nomahlanjana, the Ndwandwe heir, had all alike bitten the dust. As a counter-vailing calamity, the Ndwandwes had captured and decamped with the Zulu cattle: and the loss of the tribal wealth was held tantamount to defeat. But the Zulus rallied betimes, were off in hot pursuit and regained a goodly portion. With the remainder the Ndwandwes got away; but they left their head, Nomahlanjana, behind, and marched disconsolately home to perform his obsequies. Shemane, his full-brother, became henceforth heir-apparent to the throne.

CHAPTER 20

THE ZUNGU, EMANTSHALINI AND EMANGWENI TRIO ENTERTAIN WITH A TURN (1818)

THE *dramatis personæ* in this great Zulu play are perplexingly numerous, and rush on and off and back again on to the stage in a most inconsequent manner. But that is characteristic of many great tragedies.

There now comes on the stage an entirely new character, the **aba-kwa-Zungu** clan. These Zungu folk we place provisionally among the Ntungwa-Ngúnis, along with the Qwabes and Zulus, despite the suggestion of some eMbó-Ngúni relationship (25). When Malandela, the originator of the two last-named clans, trekked, about the year 1650, coastwards, the Zungu forefathers,

along with those of the Cúnus, the Kózas, the Qungebes and others, preferred to remain in divers up-country localities.

These Zungus were really one-half of the original 'Gwabini' clan already referred to (25). They sprang from one, Ncwana, son of Mhlelo, then head of that clan. In the days of Mhlelo and his forebears the clan was gathered around kwaHlopékúlu hill, near the north bank of the White Mfolozi, gradually extending itself towards the uluNdi plain (*amaHlabati amasha*).

Ncwana there died and left two sons, respectively named Makóba, the elder, and Zungu, the younger. Now, according to tradition, in the ordinary course of events Makóba should have succeeded to the property and title; but of so mean a disposition was he and consequently incapable of displaying that hospitality and generosity which characterized every genuine Bantu chieftain, that his father felt constrained to nominate the younger son, Zungu, as tribal-heir. Makóba, an entirely unambitious youth, accepted the position calmly and, after his father's death, moved away with his entourage, and without the usual disputes, into the country about kwaNtabankulu hill (midway between the White and Black Mfolozis) and thence away towards the imBékamuzi stream. There was born the **aba-kwa-Makóba** clan; while behind, in the old country about kwaHlopékúlu hill, the people called themselves after the rival brother, and became the **aba-kwa-Zungu** clan. Below these latter coastwards were the Mtétwá-Ngúni Mpanzas; along the White Mfolozi to their south, the Sibiyas of Gazu; on their west, beyond the emaBedlana hills, the Mbátás.

In the merry times of Shaka, Manzini sat on the royal Zungu mat—Manzini, son of Mkónto, of Tshana, of Zungu. Besides Mkónto, Tshana begat also Mbónde, by whom was begotten Mpande's wife, Ngqumbázi, mother of Cetshwayo, as well as of Silwane and Ndabuko and a daughter, Mbixabixa.

Mkónto does not appear on the historic stage; from which we conclude that he died during his father, Tshana's reign. The latter died while Mkónto's heir, Manzini, was still too young to rule, so the latter's elder brother (the *iKóhlo* son of the family), Mjiza by name, became regent. When the time arrived to vacate office—perhaps about 1817—Mjiza refused to comply. Tribal ructions ensued, in which Mjiza was ignominiously dislodged, and saved his life only by scurrying away into sanctuary with Zwide.

Zwide's martial ventures had been of late so far-spread, so bold and so successful, that they began to drive a deep impression into even Shaka's pachydermatous conscience. Recent events in Zunguland were more than likely in the very near

future to bring Zwide down on that sole buffer-state; and if that were demolished—? Why, only recently Shaka himself had barely escaped a catastrophe at Gqokli hill. Plainly, as a far-seeing statesman, he must hustle his defence-force into more effective trim. So he sent over to Manzini, young and unreflecting, the alluring offer that he might add considerably to his dignity and wealth by exchanging some of those idle and superfluous youths of his useless regiment of Wild Dogs (*amaNkentshane*) for a real exquisite herd of prize cattle, which would prove much more profitable to him and, as a pleasure to gaze upon, might supply an agreeable contrast to that other distinction for which his *kwaMpungabi* kraal (The Evil-Smelling Place) was already famous. Manzini leapt at the idea; and Shaka in the same day became possessed of a nice little company of spirited youths—whom he soon lashed into disciplined warriors—at the price of 20 head of oxen plus one heifer apiece.

The transaction was hardly closed, when Manzini received another flattering offer from his neighbour on the other side, the mighty Zwide, to get rid of some of his superfluous girls. If Manzini were agreeable, Zwide would arrange an early inter-tribal love-dance (*iJadu*), which would most assuredly be to their mutual advantage, bringing together the young people of both clans and culminating, it was hoped, in the entry on a large scale into blood-brotherhood, thus cementing still more strongly the cordial relations which had ever existed between the two clans. Manzini grabbed at the proposition. So the love-dance was arranged by Zwide, and everything went off according to schedule; for, in the midst of the proceedings, a free-fight suddenly developed, in which the guileless Zungu youths, unsuspecting such amiable Danaos, found themselves involved in mortal combat and forced into blood-relationships of quite an unanticipated kind—the love-dance had become unaccountably transformed into a war-dance; from which the Zungu lads, headed by Manzini's son, Sidada, and in company with their fathers, mothers, wives and children, beat a hasty retreat. Wildly they dashed into the broad torrent of the Mfolozi, and rested not till safe beneath the wing of Shaka's boundary. So far, Manzini himself had taken no part in the theatricals; but at this stage, so unresisting was the clamour of the audience, that he felt reluctantly compelled to execute there and then with surprising success a solo retreat all the way to Pákatwáyo's kraal in Qwabeland, 40 miles away, south of the Mhlatúze—where presumably his mother's people dwelt.

Behind this strange dénouement of a harmless love-dance stood revengeful Mjiza. So convincingly had he dinned into Zwide's ears the utter wickedness of Manzini and the whole Zungu

crowd in robbing him of his throne, that Zwide, to preserve his reputation, had felt constrained to act on Mjiza's behalf, with the result shown.

Prior to Manzini and Joko, the genealogy of the **Ncwana**—Zungu-Makóba—clan is hopelessly confused and unreliable. The following table, based on a mass of conflicting evidence, is merely tentative :—



The **emaNtshalini** folk are already old acquaintances (162). Their particular estate stretched from the iTáka river up the Black Mfolozi towards kwaNtabankulu mount. Adjoining them to the south dwelt the related **emaPiseni**, stretching away, above Ntlazatshe mount, to the White Mfolozi. Relations of the Ndwandwes, these **emaNtshalini** belonged, not to the Ntungwa, but to the eMbó-Ngúni group; and, as their earliest-known home, they point to 'a large lake' (presumably St. Lucia Bay) south of the Mkúze. Later they pushed on to the sources of the Hluhluwe, and finally reached the iTáka.

With the chopping off of Mlotá's head (162), it is not surprising

* So Leslie, *A.Z.*, 176, writing in the '60s or '70s of last century.

to be told that there followed a serious break in the royal succession. At the same time a new bunch of clansmen **Ndebele** appears on the scene, calling themselves **aba-kwa-Ndebele**, as well as *amaZalankosi* (the King Breeders). Yet none can explain whence or why. Two points, however, are conceded—that Mlotá left an only daughter, and that there was provision of a royal successor by proxy. For ourselves—despite the fact that the immediate successor, Kóndlo, is sometimes described as ‘son of Mlotá’—we think that all Mlotá’s sons perished with him, or that he had none. But as he had a daughter, we take it that a husband was found for her within the emaNtshalini clan; that that husband may have been this Kóndlo; and that henceforward the members of Kóndlo’s family became distinguished by the new clan-name of *aba-kwa-Ndebele* (or *amaZalankosi*).

Following Kóndlo, we hear of Magálela, described as Kóndlo’s son. And after Magálela, we hear of Hlangabeza. But while some give Hlangabeza as Magálela’s son—which we doubt, the sequence of events being here too rapid—others make him son of one Páhlane, and others still, son of Mantshinga, son of Ntsele. Was then perchance this Páhlane, or this Mantshinga, he (and not the aforesaid Kóndlo) who took to wife Mlotá’s daughter to raise up seed through her, Kóndlo having been Mlotá’s brother?

Then, again, we are told that these *aba-kwa-Ndebele* were an offshoot of the **amaPiseni**. True it is that, in historic times, the **amaPisa** have always lived in close contact with the **amaPiseni** **amaNtshali**. And yet the better evidence declares that the **amaPisa** were an offshoot of the **Ndwandwe** **Nxumalos**. Was, then, once more, this husband of Mlotá’s daughter (this Kóndlo, this Páhlane, this Mantshinga) in reality a **Nxumalo** man, whose family (among the **amaPiseni**) subsequently became the *aba-kwa-Ndebele*? With this we let the tangle lie.

So much at any rate is certain, that at the starting-point Kóndlo is on the throne; certain, too, that he had recently come to blows with the neighbouring emaNgwéni chief, Ntshotsho, son of Mangétè. We cannot affirm that this matter of Ntshali internal affairs was any particular concern of Shaka’s; but plainly it became such immediately the report reached him, for he despatched word forthwith to demand, “How dare you, in my presence?” This ominous inquiry obviously portended the usual punitive expedition. But, always astute enough to look before he leaped, Shaka first of all resolved on an informal visit, ostensibly to investigate, in reality to settle matters decisively in his own way. He was received at Kóndlo’s in friendly fashion with abundant feasting and singing. Having duly taken stock,

he politely asked leave to run home. At his Bulawayo kraal he hastily mustered the there-located braves and proceeded at once to Kóndlo's in state. While the festivities were proceeding, he cunningly handled things so that the whole of the Kóndlo clientele should be encircled by his warriors. Then, strangely, the Bulawayo troop struck up their war-song:—

Se-kw-enze njani ? Hayi ! hayi ! hayi ! oho !

What is the row about ? Go it ! go it ! go it ! oho !

Hastening to see what was wrong, Shaka gave the password, and the Bulawayo men fell upon the home party with their sticks and knobkerries, and in the *mêlée* the poor chief did not escape ; nor did his heir, Magálela.

Now, all this was so perfectly stage-managed, that even Shaka himself had scarcely time to raise a cry of anger and surprise at such heinous conduct of his troops. However, since all the Ntshali chiefs were killed, he condoned the massacre as a lamentable misunderstanding. And to prove his peaceful intentions—now that the heads were dead, and to save the limbs, lest they run over to fill the ranks of his rival, Zwide—he had all the royal cattle (which did not belong to him) collected, and 'generously' distributed them amongst the survivors. From that time forward the amaNtshali deemed it safer to do without a Kaiser and to become simply 'the people of Shaka.'

The amaNtshali, however, were only half the tribe, and the destruction of Kóndlo only half a victory. That was not Shaka's way ; his was one of thoroughness and originality. He dispensed on this occasion with all protracting ceremony and, passing on to the other half, the amaPísa ruled by Mlambó (father of Mabédla) at eNdlovana, near Ntlazatshe, simply waited till everybody, including Mlambó, was asleep,

Then the Angel of Death drew his wings round the kraal,

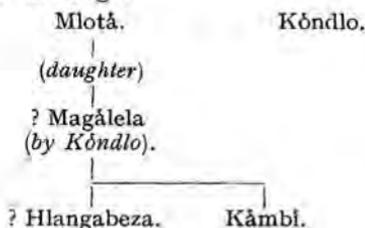
That thus there escape him not one of them all ;

And the eyes of the sleepers were frenzied with fear

When they opened, and gazed at the point of a spear.

—*Apologies to Byron.*

After that, the amaPísa, minus Mlambó, quietly followed the amaNtshali into bondage.



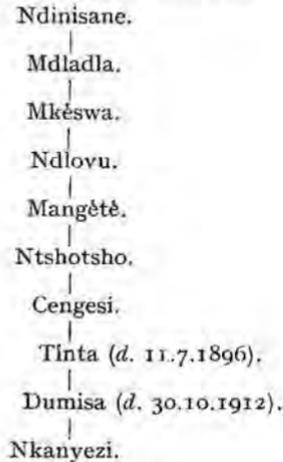
As for the *emaNgwéni*, the 'co-respondents in the case,' Shaka commissioned Ntlaka, father of Seketwáyo (of the Mdlalose clan), to go and clear them out, bag and baggage, from the *ema-Ngwéni* Hlobane district; and where their royal kraal had previously stood (near where the Hlobane Colliery now is) to erect one of his (Shaka's) own, to be ruled by his paternal aunt Mkabayi, and named *ebaQulusini* ('The Place of those who display their buttocks'), the reference being to the *amaNgwé* and *amaHlubi* hitherto resident in those regions, who had the habit of 'exposing their buttocks,' by wearing the *Sutú* breech-cloth instead of the regulation Zulu *umuTsha* (hanging girdle of skin). Such a costume, in the Zulu's estimation, was low and unrefined; hence they contemptuously nicknamed the *Sutús* *izinGádanqunu* ('People who run about naked').

Both these tribes, the *amaNgwé* and the *amaHlubi*, affected the same 'tartan' because they were both of the same stock, and close cousins. They belonged, along with the *Ngwáne-Swazis*, *Ndwandwes*, *Kúzes* and others, to what we have termed the *eMbó* branch of the *Ngúni* family. The *amaNgwé*, along with the *Zwanes* and others, sprang from a certain common ancestor, *Ntsele*—a different individual from *Ntsele*, father of *Búngane* (148).

As already mentioned, they were ruled at the time of our story by *Ntshotsho*, son of *Mangété*, son of *Ndlovu*, of *Mkéswa*, of *Mdladla*, of *Ndinisane*, represented in these present days by *Dumisa*, son of *Tinta*, of *Cengesi*, of *Ntshotsho*.

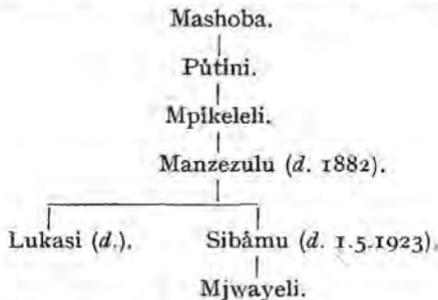
After being expelled from their home about the Hlobane hill, the *amaNgwé* moved off to dwell in old *Hlubiland*, near the *Mzinyati*. But after a few years' sojourn in that district in constant dread of further molestation by Shaka, a large portion of the clan decided to abandon his neighbourhood altogether. They accordingly moved away and joined *Mzilikazi*, at that time—about 1823—resting by the *Olifants river* (*ūBálule*).

The fragment of the clan left headless behind now united with the people of *Pútini*, son of *Mashoba*, who, himself heretofore an adopted subject of the *emaNgwéni*, now became their leader. With him they subsequently moved into Natal, and may still be found ruled by his successor, about the *Little Túkela river* (155).



The list is hardly reliable beyond Mangètè.

The **aba-kwa-Nyoka** (The People of Nyoka) were a sub-clan of the emaNgwèni, and to them there came—whence we cannot say—a party of strangers, naming themselves **aba-kwa-Ngxanga** (Family of Ngxanga), seeking adoption. Mashoba (or his father) was leader of these, and Pútini was Mashoba's son.



We have related (155) how, in 1848, Pútini was attacked by Mpande, and driven, accompanied by Langalibalele, the youthful Hlubi chief, and the chiefless fragment of the emaNgwèni, over the Mzinyati river into Natal.

The **aba-kwa-Ntanzi** (The Family of Ntanzi) have been frequently regarded as a section of the Zulu clan; but this was only by adoption, not by birth. A party of the ema-**Ntanzi** Ngwèni were so weary of repeated harassment by Zwide, on the one side, and Mzilikazi, on the other, that they determined to forsake their homeland and seek security,

and perhaps peace, under Shaka. They were adopted by him into his own family, and happily found both.

Apparently related to the emaNgwëni, or even one of their sub-clans, were the **aba-kwa-Linda** (The Family of Linda, son of Mafu), whose present humble head is Tinta, son of Linda Didiza, of Wome, of Mandlana, of Nkomazana. Jocularly they are referred to as *aba-kwa-Lind'unKônto* (Those who keep good watch over their assegais.) A small herd-boy of the family, evidently a greenhorn on the veld, was one day startled by a cry *hi! hi!* amongst the cattle, and rushed home to report the presence of some wild beast devouring the herd. The males of the kraal flew to their weapons and dashed forth to demolish the beast. Gingerly approaching the danger-zone, an old owl blindly darted out at them, and calmly flew off homewards. Moral: Don't be over-hasty with your weapons.

A number of these Linda folk, under the headship of Mdolombá, son of Ntshotsho, of the emaNgwëni royal house, were assembled, in Mpande's time, along the White Mfolozi, beyond Cebekúlu Ntlazatshe mount. Whether or not such was the name of the most important personage among them, Cetshwayo is said to have dubbed them the **aba-kwa-Cebekúlu** (The Family of Cebekulu).

The best-known individual of this family was one Mzimbá, son of Gobó, son of Nomagéje, son of Kúzwayo wa-s-emaXasheni. He was an *inDuna* (captain) and distinguished warrior in Shaka's *amaWombé* regiment. In recognition of his services he was afterwards appointed by Shaka headman of the Babanango district; was then transferred to the amaTigulu on the coast, and finally to the country which Shaka considered better than the latter for cattle, between the Mhlatúze and Ntseleni. Apparently, after Shaka's death, he returned up-country; for in Dingane's time we hear of him accompanying the headman Madlebe, of the Zungu clan, recently appointed over the kwaDlangezwa district, *vice* Nzwakele, the Dube chief, whom Dingane had killed.

While at the coast, Mzimbá became possessed of a useful bovine freak—almost as valuable as an *umLingo*—namely, a cow gifted with the faculty of foretelling rain by a special bellow! This novelty appealed so strongly to king Mpande's fancy, that he longed to add it to his own collection. To this Mzimbá demurring, it was not long before some pretext was discovered whereby he lost both his life and his cow.

Kúzwayo.
|
Nomageje,
|
Gobó.
|
Mzimbá.
|
Mbízo (*d.* 14.9.1900).
|
Mkónto (*d.* 17.5.1908).
|
Mncinzeni.

Just as the Ntanzi emaNgwèni became in course of time reputed Zulus owing to their adoption by those people, so now the Mazibuko Ntungwas, **aba-kwa-Mazibuko**, *Mwelase ongaweli Mazibuko ngaZibuko*—some call them Sutús, others Swazis—came to be regarded as pure emaNgwèni folk, in a similar manner. There came down, from some more inland part, one Kóndlo, son of Mabuza, of Mzila, of Nkobeni, in order to establish a medical practice under the emaNgwèni chief. He selected a suitable site near by a deep pool (*isiZiba*) in the eNkongolwane river. For he was a 'tremendously skilful' doctor, as his possession of an *umLingo* sufficiently attested; and for the successful performance of this *umLingo*, he needed a deep pool. The performance consisted in his plunging into the pool bearing a flaming torch in his hand, and then coming to the surface again with it still flaming!

CHAPTER 21

(THE QWABES AND THE ZULUS REOPEN RELATIONSHIP (1818))

QWABES and Zulus were brother clans that had separated in the huffs one hundred and fifty years ago (19). They were now about to be reconciled at last—the one inside of the other.

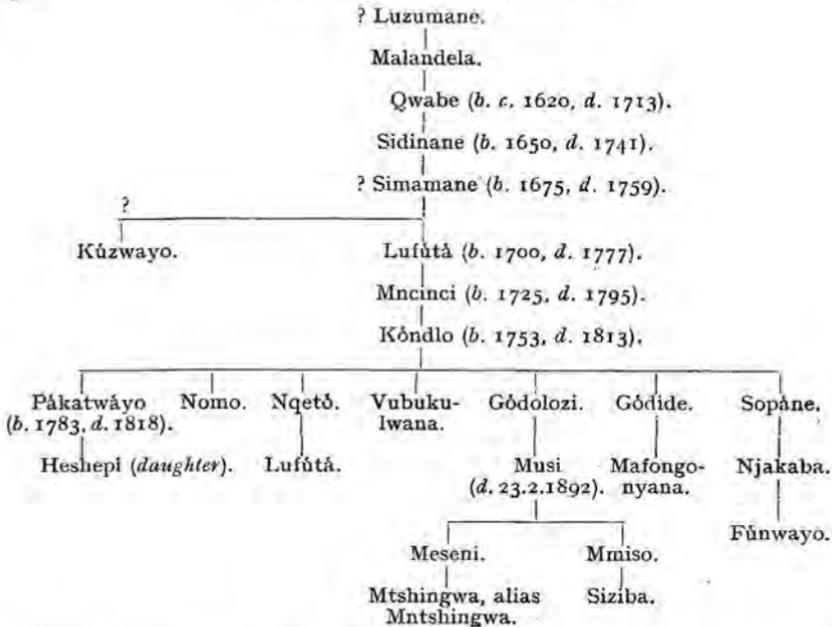
The Qwabe chief could not aspire to anything so sensational in the magical line as that *umLingo* of the Mazibuko chieftain, above described. Yet he could, at times, 'bring down the rain; that's all.' Whenever there happened to be a drought, Páka-twáyo, or Kóndlo, or whosoever chanced at the moment to be in charge, would issue an ukase that all men and women of the tribe should assemble at a particular spot on the river. There, bearing cabbage-tree leaves (*umSenge*) in their hands, they bathed and frolicked about, each sex apart. The game at an

end, a feast followed. Black oxen were slaughtered, all for the ancestral gods—but the meat was eaten by the congregation. 'And then came down the rain, in torrents.'

This useful endowment of the Qwabe chief—which, we may add, he merely shared with most other royalties—was part of the entailed estate he inherited from the great tribal ancestor, Malandela, the *uNkulunkulu* of the clan, to whom, indeed, those cattle had been offered and who supplied the rain. This Malandela was the party who did the long walk from Babanango hill to the Mhlatúze river, somewhere near 300 years ago; then died, and left his family there (13, 17). That family, in orthodox African fashion, then set about squabbling among themselves; whereafter the one party, brother Zulu, went off and set up an independent establishment. In a couple of hundred years, the 'children of Qwabe' had trebled in numbers the 'children of Zulu' (19). Indeed, of all Ntungwa-Ngúni clans that of the **aba-kwa-Qwabe** (The People of Qwabe) was in Shaka's time the largest. From a tiny nucleus beneath the emaNdawe hill, south of the Mhlatúze, the family had expanded, on the one hand, seawards along the ōNgoye hills and Mhlatúze river, till it had reached the Dube and Mtétwá borders, and on the other, up the Mhlatúze river almost as far as the Nkandla forest, winding up by peopling all the country between the Mhlatúze and Túkela, and finally overflowing into Natal.

When Dingiswayo commenced his career, Kóndlo was on the Qwabe throne. The idyllic little war that engaged the pair at eNtumeni has been related (100), and the reader will recall how the gallant knights of Kóndlo's *imQula* and *izinKonde* regiments there proved themselves more chivalrous than brave. Soon after that, Kóndlo was laid to rest, near where his spring (*umTómbó kaKóndlo*) refreshes no longer human lips, running to waste in a Whiteman's wilderness, midway between the woody heights of *iShowe likaMbandantloko* and those of eNtumeni. At the time of Shaka's accession, Kóndlo, then, had already been superseded by his son, Pákatwáyo.

The following table shows the descent of this family of Qwabe. The table, of which the dates are purely conjectural, save from 1892 onwards, is reliable only as far as and including Lufútá. Between Lufútá and Malandela the line becomes lost in a nebula of numberless stars—Kúzwayo, Mahlobo, Simamane, Nongálo (made by some father of Simamane), Mahlomo, Nonjiya, Mdeli, Songemase and Sidinane, most of them obviously simply brothers and uncles of reigning chiefs; for, into the single century at our disposal, it were manifestly impossible to squeeze so many generations. Of them all, Sidinane may be accounted the only certitude.



And yet of all these great ones, the grave of Simamane alone is longer remembered—there below a conspicuous white rock on a small precipice overlooking the left bank of the emaTéku stream, about a mile below the well-known site of Pákatwáyo's eMtándeni (from *u-m-tánda*, 'You love him') kraal on the opposite side of the same river. Lufútá and Mncinci are thought to be lying somewhere along the ōNgoye hills, while Kóndlo was planted in his kraal, near the *umTómbó kaKóndlo* (Kóndlo's Spring) on the right-hand side of the ēShowe-eNtumeni road, about 3 miles before reaching the eNtumeni mission station.

The Qwabe folk were often jocularly referred to by their neighbours as *aba-ka-Nozidiya* (They of Mrs. Long-skin-apron), from the habit among their women of wearing such aprons (*iziDiya*); and the country round about the emaNdawe hill, seawards of the Melmoth-ēShowe bridge over the Mhlatúze and where the Malandela party first settled, is still known as *kwaNozidiya*, i.e. Qwabeland. This expression, *uQwabe kaNozidiya* (The Qwabe People of Nozidiya), has in latter times, both among Natives and Europeans, become a frequent source of misunderstanding and surprise, seeing that 'Nozidiya' is obviously a female name, and a clan originated by and named after a female is a monstrosity otherwise unknown in Ngúniland. By such, the name *uNozidiya* has been erroneously supposed to have been the name of Malandela's wife

and Qwabe's mother. The preceding explanation clears the cobweb away.

The expression, again, of *uQwabe kaShiyampahla* (Qwabe of Mr. Abandon-the-cattle), in a similar manner no doubt refers to the whole clan collectively, being a play on some unrecorded event in the clan's history.

In so large a clan, it is not surprising that chief after chief succumbed to the charms of his own 'sister' and, marrying her, gave rise to numerous sub-clans, each with its own distinguishing name, but all united under the one Qwabe head. There are surmises that the *emaSomini* (534), hazy traditions that the *emaNgangéni* (545) and absolute certitude that the *Kúzwayos*, the *Cilis*, the *Makányas* and a dozen other such, were all but divers offshoots of the Qwabe—or in some cases, perhaps better, of the original Malandela—family.

Among these tiny sub-clans men of imagination have been at times forthcoming who have invented, for the satisfaction of the tribal bumpkins, some idyll or romance supposedly explanatory of his people's origin.

The **aba-kwa-Kúzwayo** often gratify their vanity by arrogating to themselves the pride of precedence in the family; but their claim falls flat in face of the fact that the sceptre has been consistently transmitted along the other or Lufutá line.

Some of these Kúzwayos crossed over to assume proprietorship of the unpeopled country between the Nonoti and the southern bank of the Túkela. But when the day of the great annual Festival of the First Fruits (*umKósi*) arrived, at which every male of the tribe was expected to appear at the royal kraal, what was their disappointment when they found that the mighty torrent of the flooded Túkela prevented them from crossing. Their relatives on the opposite bank, awaiting their arrival, beheld nothing but a distant array on the other side of nonplussed men in gala attire standing there with hands above their eyes (*Z. ukwaká umKánya*) to protect them from the sun. "Oh! very well," said they, when they saw the hopelessness of the position, "stay where you are, you *umKánya* chaps." After that—for some inconsequent reason—the south-bank folk are said to have become generally known as the **aba-kwa-Makánya** people. Their headman at that time was Mnengwa, who begat Duze, who begat Makútá, who begat Mtámbó, who begat Dabulesinye. When Shaka appeared, Duze was in charge, and when, in the time of Dingane, Nqetó (200) made a hurried migration down towards Póndoland, most of the Makányas followed on his tracks. But Nqetó being prematurely slain, they retraced their steps and, under Makútá, established themselves

along the emaNzimtoti and ezimBókodweni rivers, where they still are.

The emaMbédwini branch of these Makányas, living under Mpunzi, son of Vumazonke, of Kányile, of Ndingi, had never crossed the Túkela; and when Shaka's mother, Nandi, in later life fell in love with Ngéndeyana, one of their number, they were in occupation of the Mpapála flats, at the sources of the amaTigulu.

The aba-kwa-Kwéla likewise claim descent from, or at least relationship with, the Makányas. Their antecedents, however, are obscure. It almost looks as though a certain man of Qwabe extraction (of some sort), named Totose, said to be son of Lufútá, driven out perhaps by his own people, sought adoption by the emaNgángèni (who were neighbours of the Makányas), and there amidst these last-named people originated a tiny alien clan of his own, of which the head was Mtiya, son of Magúya, of Totose.

There was once a hunt, in which two Qwabe families shared. A buck was killed, and would by right devolve on the family that had administered the fatal stab. But before the successful party could reach the spot, the crafty lot who had been to the rear of the buck hastily removed from the wound, which was on the flank, a clot of blood and inserted it within the anus, thereafter carefully concealing the wound by laying the carcase on its injured side. When those who had really stabbed the beast came up to claim it, the others protested, saying, "There is the wound—there in the stern; and it is ours." But the former knew better, and, pushing them aside (*Z. uku-ti cili*), grabbed the buck and went off with it. From that time forward—so we are asked to believe—the 'artful-dodger' family was called, **aba-kwa-Cili** (The pushed-aside-people).

But we suspect these Bantu wags, who could achieve such lofty imagery as these clan-name tales disclose, must have been the local substitute for poets. They seem—in some far-off degree—to answer the Shakespearean definition:—

The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

They 'gave us names,' out of an 'airy nothing.'

Pákatwáyo succeeded to Kóndlo's throne; but it must not be assumed he had an uncontested walk-over. Whatever arm-

chair legislators may have ordained to the contrary, it was in actual practice a recognized part of the coronation ceremonial that a royal aspirant should 'wade through blood to his throne,' or at any rate be prepared to do so. A fundamental instinct among primeval man seems to have been that a right to any good thing, be it country, kingship or bride, could be most satisfactorily established by capture, and its possession be justified by the power to retain. Technically, of course, in Ngúni law, each king should have appointed, with tribal approbation, a Great Wife during his lifetime, and the Great Wife—or a substitute affiliated to her—should have supplied a Great Son during hers, to take the Great One's place upon his promotion to apotheosis in the spirit-world. But experience through countless ages had proven to Ngúni kings that sons, and above all heirs, are apt to turn out Frankensteins. So they became chary of them, and mostly preferred to do away with them as they emerged, or before, as Shaka and Dingane did, or to let them fight it out among themselves, as did Senzangakóna and Mpande. Thus it came about when Kóndlo went below, that Nomo, who was the eldest boy in the family, and preached the fallacy that seniority of age implied also seniority of rank, ventured to proclaim his superstition abroad. The Qwabe people, however, failed to respond; so much so that Nomo, a martyr for the faith, found it expedient to seek other missionary fields and a new line of action. He appealed to Dingiswayo, then most powerful monarch thereabout, who remained equally unimpressed, and advised him to modify his zeal and remain quietly where he was, in Mtétwáland, out of the persecutor's way. To Pákatwáyo, the rightful heir, this mere bunging of the boiler appeared a poor preventive against explosion, and he resolved to be on the safe side by putting the dangerous machine out of action for all time. So he secretly sent a company of iziNkonde boys over the border at night, who first suitably spiked the 'boiler' (*Z. uku-joja*, to impale *per anum*), then fired the whole sedition-factory aloft in flames. By the time all this had been accomplished, the alarm had reached the Mtétwás, who pursued the invaders well back over the Mhlatúze and Mlalazi into their own country and then returned home, liberally helping themselves to Qwabe herds as they passed along.

Dress was always an absorbing interest among all Zulu youth, male as well as female. Fancies and fashions reigned with them as with us, and, though it may be surprising to hear it, they were always—till the white man came with his ugly rags—distinctly a well-dressed people. Little though there was of it, that little, in cut and in colour, was always in exquisite harmony with its setting, neatly fitting, gracefully hanging, becomingly

placed and pleasing in its colour-schemes. The selection of colours in furs and beads, the variegated coiffure of the hair, the carve and polish of their kerries, the patterns worked on mats and baskets, were all matters of careful thought and workmanship, and always displayed remarkably good taste. There were girdles and skin dresses for ordinary home-life, finer sorts for visiting their friends, and the most elegant trappings for wedding-dance or state occasion. Every girl dearly 'loved' to see her beau in fine attire, and he to see his belle. No Beau Brummel of ours could ever match as a work of art the superb athletic figure of a Zulu youth, upright and proudly borne as that of a gladiator, with his silky brown form sparsely bedecked with black and white sporan, a band of light-blue beads, the gift of his sweetheart, tight round his neck, and a plume of greenish-black feathers dangling above his fine round head, gracefully holding on his left arm an amber-brown shield and in his right hand a knob-kerry or a spear. Nor could any marbled Venus or Galatea surpass, in beautifully rounded limbs and fine-drawn curves, the lithe and graceful figure of many a Zulu maiden.

My love in her attire doth show her wit,
 It doth so well become her :
 For every season she hath dressings fit
 For winter, spring and summer.
 No beauty she doth miss
 When all her robes are on ;
 But Beauty's self she is
 When all her robes are gone.

—ANONYMOUS.

Shaka was great in many ways, and was not least of all a man of fine taste. He liked 'nice things' about him. That is why he was so struck by the milk-white herd of Madlokovu, the Ngádi chief, and obtained a troop thereof to adorn his own home (123). And now, when visiting Pákatwáyo, his fancy is so taken by the pretty markings of a certain cow, that he begs it of the chief for a dainty dancing-shield to adorn his person.

The object of this visit, however, was to arrange an inter-tribal love-dance. Though out of fashion nowadays since the clans have been demolished and their members become mixed up all higgledy-piggledy together, in former times, when each clan lived independently and apart, these *amaJadu* or love-dances were a recognized institution rendered necessary by the fact that the Ngúni Bantu were strictly exogamous. All members of a single clan, being descendants of a common ancestor, were regarded as 'brothers' and 'sisters' together; and to have intercourse with one of these, marital or otherwise, and however

distant the relationship might be, was tantamount to what we should term incest, although in their speech they really had no word for the latter concept, simply describing the action as 'bad' or 'wrong,' *ku-bi*. When pressed as to what this 'bad' or 'wrong' might signify, it turned out to mean simply 'strongly disapproved of by the tribe.' We say 'tribe' advisedly, because different tribes disapproved of different things, had different standards of 'morality,' although certain 'first principles,' upon which these moral standards were based, were universally recognized. On account of all this, wives and husbands had to be sought from other clans; and to enable the young folk to come on friendly terms together and to have time and opportunity, under proper control, to see and know one another, these mutual entertainments were devised. Marriage and birth-rate were matters of supreme importance to every clan, for they determined the clan's size or numbers, in other words, its prestige, power and prosperity. That was why these love-dances were under state-control, organized by chiefs or local headmen.

All this gave rise to the Terpsichorean art being highly cultivated—in their own peculiar fashion—among these Bantu people. A skilful dancer was admired by the ladies almost as much as a mighty warrior, and emulation between both individuals and clans was constant and intense. Naturally, then, on such a visit as this of Shaka to Pákatwáyo, the conversation soon turned on to the subject of comparative dancing. The irrepressible Shaka could not refrain from acclaiming the art and skill of his own lads and lasses as unapproachably excellent. This unnecessary braggadocio ruffled Pákatwáyo's feathers, and to bring the conceited youngster down a peg, he gave him a drastic dose of mind. "Pooh!" he said; "and do you then think that my Qwabes could be beaten by your tiny string of beads, insufficient even to encompass one's neck [the smallest part of one's body?]"—the nasty thrust being at the comparatively paltry size of the Zulu clan. Vain people are peculiarly sensitive to taunts of this kind, belittling their own importance, and Shaka's thoughts just then were probably:—

Give me the avow'd, the erect, the manly foe,
 Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow;
 But of all plagues, good heaven, thy wrath can send,
 Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend.

—CANNING.

Shaka went home considerably piqued, yet all the more determined to undeceive these conceited Qwabes. The appointed day at last arrived. The girls put on their best fringe-girdles (*imKindi*)

and the boys their gala skins, and off they trooped to the selected trysting-place—a suitable grass spot on the open veld near the Qwabe border. Numberless pots of foaming ale, carried there by both parties, soon set tongues awagging and limbs aworking; and a long day passed quickly and sweetly away in jollity and song, in a dream of pretty faces and stolen embrace. But when the curtain fell, the palm fell with it into Qwabe hands; the Zulus had been outclassed. This was to Shaka especially galling, not only by reason of Pákatwáyo's taunt, but the more so because at the dance he had become quite captivated by some of Pákatwáyo's 'sisters.' And here he was disgraced before them by these clumsy Zulu clowns of his.

At this time, Shaka was still convalescing from the sad mauling he had recently received from Zwide at the Gqokli hill (174), and was daily haunted by presentiments of renewed hostilities. Conscious of his inability to withstand a second and probably aggravated attack, he bethought himself of his candid friend, who anyway was of his own kith and kin, which, he considered, —though it counted for nothing with him—ought to count for a good deal with other people. So he bade the royal messenger, Ncozana, son of Moni, take to Pákatwáyo the pathetic appeal, "Raise unto me thine armpit, O king, that I may enter in [*Ngi-pákamisele iKwápa, ngi-ngéne*, Take me under thy protecting wing]. Behold, the king of the Ndwandwes seeketh to slay me, saying, I have called him an old dried-up cowhide" (174). And Pákatwáyo, having inquired and found that the accusation was true, said to them that were sent, "Go ye and say to the king, Why didst thou do this thing, and hurl insulting epithets at thine elder? If now thou wouldst have protection, go seek it of the *abeSutú*." Which when Shaka heard, he swore by his sister, Nomcoba, and said to the messengers, "Return, and say to the chief, *A-ka-písele-ke*, Let him then get the blades in their hafts."

Back went the messengers with this portentous pronouncement, naming moreover a day when the bout-at-arms would be held. Pákatwáyo was dumbfounded, and could find no more effective phrase wherewith to express his feelings than that "*Wo! madoda, ngi-húdelwe yiHúbúlu*," "Wo! my men, I have been voided upon by a raven—flying overhead" (= I have got myself into a mess I was not looking for). Of course, there was nothing now to do but to submit to Shaka's orders, and get the blades into their hafts as rapidly and as many as possible.

And *Der Tag* soon came. But it was not the one either Shaka or Pákatwáyo was expecting.

CHAPTER 22

A NDWANDWE INTERLUDE (1818)

SHAKA was a marvellous sport. He sat him deliberately down on a hornets' nest, raked them all out, and then, with the infuriated beasts buzzing daggers all around him, set to with frantic delight to ward them off or beat them down, till, one after the other, he had cleared the field.

While still busy exasperating Pákatwáyo, and when just about to swat him, a breathless messenger hurried in from his Dlamini friend across the Mfolozi, and pointed to a black swarm of Ndwandwe warriors careering down over the emaYiwane neck (*isiKála samaYiwane*) towards the Zulu country.

Despite his many distracting occupations, Shaka had still found somehow time to prepare for this contingency. He had managed to get into secret touch with a certain double-faced counsellor of Zwide's, Noluju (The Honey-Man). This Noluju, however, had not yet had time to lay any very deep-laid traps for Zwide's undoing; the latter had been too premature. Rumours had reached him that the Mtótwás, in league with Shaka, were contemplating reprisals for Dingiswayo's death. He had determined to check this little plan by securing Shaka's person beforehand, with the idea, no doubt, of sending it after that of Dingiswayo. Noluju now suggested that, the necessary period having elapsed since Nomahlanjana's (Zwide's heir's) death at the Gqokli fight (174), the opportunity might be availed of to perform his regulation *iHlambô* (ceremonial mourning-hunt), and that, in place of wasting time stabbing harmless game in the woods, they might be more profitably occupied stabbing Zulu 'buck.' But for this purpose it would be necessary, he said, that the Ndwandwe warriors all be shaven before going on the field—Noluju hoping, by this device, that something of their vigour might be cut off with their hair.

Sudden and rapid as Zwide's dispositions had been, Shaka, with the fighting agility of a cat, had been too quick for him; for when he arrived in Zululand, Zwide was both astonished and chagrined to find the 'buck' had vanished, and his army been led into a lifeless wilderness. Nor man, nor cow, nor dog could be anywhere seen this side the horizon; and he began to wonder what news-carrying agency was there in vogue. But he was as yet unacquainted with the Dlamini system.

Upon receiving news of the enemy's coming and of their surpassing strength, Shaka had ransacked his wits for tactics, and

had resolved on calling starvation to his aid. What foodstuff in the homes could not be carried, was to be scattered on the veld ; then man, woman and child, as well as every vestige of domestic stock, was to scurry away to the Nkandla bush.

As he retreated, however, Shaka left behind him on the trail just so many scouts or decoys (*izinTloli*) as would suffice to keep within the enemy's view and draw him on, the farther the better, from his base. The Ndwandwe host had left their homes bearing a solitary day's rations of sorghum-bread, already long devoured, hoping by sundown to be resting in a land rich with meat and millet. And here they were stranded in a foodless wilderness. But perhaps those mysterious forms flitting about the horizon would lead them somewhere ; so they hastened along after will-o'-the-wisp, until, 20 miles ahead, they reached the Ntsuze river, when will-o'-the-wisp vanished. Now followed a tiring game of hide and seek after the Zulus, till the Ndwandwes, dead exhausted, found they had gradually worked round again towards the Mhlatuze ; and at a place called kwaNomveve, between the enTumeni heights and the emVuzane river, they rested.

Stealthily creeping behind the hilltops, Shaka had been following all their movements, and now beheld them there below him. " Now," thought he, " we will strike—first, rob them of what little strength remains, then make an easy hash of them." So he flung at them a battalion of young bloods, full of spirit and dash, to worry them and wear them down. A ferocious tussle ensued in which the vigour of the Ndwandwes was a surprise to Shaka. His young bloods, though giving a good account of themselves, could make no headway, and must perforce retire, equally surprised. Happily, the Ndwandwes were too exhausted to pursue.

But Shaka was perfectly content. " When all is dark, and all asleep," he whispered to his trusty veterans, " you will creep along like snakes among them, *niti kisi kisi kisi*, stabbing them as they lie ; and see you cease not, nor return before the approach of dawn."

The worn-out Ndwandwes were soon hushed in sleep ; but hardly so before each awoke with a start, and a yell, and a painful stitch in the side. In a moment the field was changed into a pandemonium of hundreds of hand-to-hand encounters, in which, all enveloped in darkness, none could see who his foe might be, so that eventually, the first sharp round being over, the battle resolved itself automatically into a general truce in which, all clothed alike and speaking one same language, each sat down and suspiciously eyed his neighbour.

It was in this awkward position that the valiant Zulu knight,

Nombanga, found himself. After slaying, with wondrous bravery, an untold number of harmless sleepers, his mighty arm grew weary and he sat him down amidst the corpses. After a time—perhaps after a doze—he became aware of the uncanny stillness of the night, and began to wonder what had become of his comrades and where he should look for them when the morning bugle sounded. Were they all dead? Was he alone in the world? Shaka's orders had been explicit and imperative—"do not come home till morning"; and it were safer just now to let all sleeping lions lie. He little dreamt that most of his valiant comrades had skedaddled long ago, and at that moment were in the sweet embrace of Morpheus beneath yon friendly bush, as commendably punctilious regarding Shaka's orders as he himself—they were not veterans for nothing.

En Brer Possum, he lay dar like he wuz dead, twel blimeby he raise up sotter keerful like, ter see ef de coas' wuz cle'r.—HARRIS.

While musing thus on life's strange vagaries, and patiently longing for more light on the subject, Nombanga got a sudden scare. A sepulchral voice, issuing from one of the seeming dead near by whispered—apparently to another of the dead, "See, it is already less dark in the east. Soon we shall be looking at each other, we and little eyes that don't belong to us." This prophetic pronouncement caused Nombanga considerable uneasiness. Should he 'wait and see'? Up like a flash, he plunged his assegai deep in the speaker's breast, then into that of another, then a third—

En den Brer Possum, he scamper off like sumpin was atter 'im

and arrived in camp 'just as it was about to dawn.' "Why, Nombanga, wherever have you been?" asked his comrades in surprise. "We sought and sought you all the field over, and could find you nowhere." This was indeed a cruel insinuation. So, when the Ndwandwes had gone—which they did without delay, having 'failed to discover the Zulus'—Nombanga took down his friends and showed them 'the heaps he had slain.' And they believed; and Shaka decorated him with a new 'clasp' to his already numerous *iziBongo* (praises)—*umNyakanya aduka namaPêla*, the sakabuli feathers that got lost among the Beetles (*amaPêla*, the name of the Ndwandwe regiment). After that Shaka and his whole tribe followed exultingly in the footsteps of the Ndwandwes, homewards.

CHAPTER 23

SHAKA RE-VISITS PÁKATWÁYO, AND PÁKATWÁYO DIES (1818)

THIS disagreeable business safely transacted, Shaka was now free to re-consider the Pákatwáyo matter (192). He was general enough to know that the intelligence department is the first line of a nation's defence. So he called together his secret service corps and bid it hasten forth to see what the enemy were doing and hear what he were saying. The secret service, conscious of the danger of returning empty-handed, one behind the other brought back each his special faggot of fuel to feed the fire, and very soon a tremendous conflagration was set ablazing inside of Shaka. One averred that Pákatwáyo had impiously referred to his august majesty as an "*iGamalá-ndukwana* (a silly little ass who doesn't know yet how to hold his fighting-stick), who, when eating his food, holds the spoon in the one hand and the porridge (*umCaba*) in the other, and, when the dog comes up to rob him of it, gives it a knock with his head." Scarcely had Shaka managed to gulp down this bitter pill, than a second spy came home with the disturbing information that Pákatwáyo had been indulging—at least so they said—in highly indecent liberties with the sacred person of Shaka's own mother, Nandi—who, since her marriage to the emaMbédwini man, Ngéndeyana, had become a subject of Pákatwáyo. That could not be swallowed; and so painfully did it stick in Shaka's throat, that it drove him almost frantic. Pákatwáyo's demolition was decreed there and then. He must be at once deposed; and, more than that, deposited—sent to hug his own mother, Earth. Thus, "by our ears our hearts oft tainted be."

The royal medical man was accordingly summoned, and he brought along with him his *imPakatá* or trusty henchman. This latter, by means which were his own close secret, the doctor first of all rendered utterly incapable of giving the plans away, no matter what the circumstances. Thus fortified, he despatched him on his fateful errand. The gods proved propitious. In a very short time the kraal of Pákatwáyo had been successfully treated with the most potent and deadly charms and counter-charms known to the Zulu pharmacopœia, and the medical man became possessed of the following priceless acquisitions: *item*, one scrap of Pákatwáyo's dress; *item*, pinch of scrapings from his wooden headrest, in rag; *item*, sample of clay from the floor whereon he slept, ditto—all which, when properly treated according to the methods of the science of magic, was body-material

enough to extinguish Pákatwáyo twice over. With Shaka's peculiar thoroughness, precautions were not forgotten likewise at home. His kraal too was liberally besprinkled against all possible evil machinations, and he himself, by medicated incisions in the body, rendered immune against all baneful influences. He now considered himself invulnerable, and Pákatwáyo to all intents and purposes already demolished.

Whether it is to be attributed or not to the vast and incomprehensible powers of Shaka's magic, we cannot say; but about this time an ill-starred ship sailed into Pákatwáyo's country, and its only inmate (known to local inhabitants), led by misplaced confidence to the Qwabe king, was by him rewarded with immediate slaughter as an undesirable sea-monster.

Shaka was daily learning in the hard school of practical experience. *Crescit eundo*. He had raised a standing army of full-blooded braves, and now found that it was a magnificent thing for show-purposes and extending his kingdom, but a dratted nuisance when standing idle. That is why he kept it always on the move and achieved so vast an amount of work in so short a space of time. So he ordered the youngest of his recruits, "Go, build for yourselves a kraal in such and such a place"—indicating a spot just on the wrong side of the Qwabe border—"but should the Qwabes come up and drive you away, just go, and don't attempt to fight with them—(*sotto voce*) lest perchance you be so many warriors lost—then on the next day return and start re-building. Should they come again, throw down your weapons and run to them, clapping your hands and crying *umBandamu! umBandamu!* (Ringworm, Ringworm)." Of course, the Qwabes came; but when they saw the brave Zulus throwing their assegais away and rushing down upon them shouting 'Ringworm! Ringworm!' at first they stood amazed, then bolted—probably unable to make anything at all out of this queer performance. Maybe this was a device of Shaka's to lead the Qwabes to the delusion that the Zulu warriors were a lot of consummate fools not worth troubling about. If so it be, that lesson was duly taught and learnt.

The next was that Shaka massed his troops, and reinforced them with a contingent of Nxumalos supplied by Mawewe, son of Malusi, who since Dingiswayo's death had deemed it safer out of Zwide's way. He then sent Ncozana, son of Moni, back to Pákatwáyo requesting to know whether he had already 'put in the blades,' and bearing a declaration of war on a certain day.

Punctual to time—we assume it was still about the year 1818

Shaka's army appeared on the farther bank of the Mhlatúze, opposite the emaNdawe hill (near the present Melmoth Bridge),

and there encamped overnight to await the coming of the 'enemy.' That ogre of the north, Zwide, still threatening to come down again at any moment, Shaka had been unable to leave anything behind during his army's absence. Women, children and cattle had therefore all been removed and safely deposited out of sight in the eDlinza forest, at the present day eShowe.

The one defect in Zulu military organization was the absence of commissariat. Shaka might have advanced even to that in course of time, had he lived long enough; but they wouldn't let him do that. He knew as well as Napoleon, that an army marches on its stomach; but Shaka's plan was to let that stomach be filled by the enemy, or anybody else on the way. Supper-time, then, having arrived, and no cooking-pots or anything to put in them, Shaka gave a general order that they proceed to forage in any fields within reach. "But," said he, "gather not the ears with your hands, but feed on the raw millet from the stalk, as do the cows."

Then somebody rushed up to report that one of the men had been bitten by an *iMambá* (certain deadly snake). "Bitten by an *iMambá*?" queried Shaka. "Not he. I am the (only) *iMambá* who is to bite; and he whom I shall bite is the son of Kóndlo." Whether this wise saying cured the snake-bitten man, is not recorded. Probably that never entered Shaka's mind.

On the morrow Pákatwáyo sallied forth to have a peep over the hilltop. Yes; indeed they had come. And what a wicked host of them! Hastily he mobilized his veteran *imQula* and *izinKonde* regiments (of Kóndlo, his father), and his own *abaNtungwa*, *uZungu* and *amaTóyatóyi*.

On the following morning he sent forth this formidable army on to the field, he himself posted safely behind it, a very interested spectator. The Qwabes, it would seem, started the ball by attempting to force their way over the river. But the Zulus prevented all approach. Then the Zulus attempted the same feat, with the same result. A kind of stalemate thus ensued, and continued all day. Darkness came to Shaka's aid; for in the night he sent his younger troops up the river to find a crossing there. In the morning these were not only over the river, but already in possession of the kwaHlokohloko heights overlooking Pákatwáyo's ekuDabukeni kraal, near the eNwaku stream, a few miles west of Eshowe. It was not long before the Qwabes, massed down at the Mhlatúze, became aware of this embarrassing contretemps. So they budged at once, and attempted to retire on their king and his capital. But the Zulus once over the river, no orderly retreat was longer possible, and very soon the battle became transformed into a disreputable *sauve qui peut*.

In a short time messengers arrived from Mawewe's Nxumalos reporting that they had captured the Qwabe king. The shock caused by the distressing spectacle of his utter defeat had brought on some kind of fit—technically known as *ũValo* (fright or shock) by the Zulus. They had come across him on the veld, writhing on the ground in convulsions. When Shaka heard this, he gave immediate orders that the fighting cease and the fugitive enemy be allowed to return to their homes. Inquiring as to how Pákatwáyo was, "His neck is twisted," they replied, "and his head now looks to the rear." "Then do him no harm," said Shaka. "Convey him to his ekuDabukeni kraal, and let cattle be sacrificed to his ancestral spirits. But I shall not approach him, lest my presence overpower him (*ngi-m-eleke ngesiTúnzi*), and he die."

Thereafter Shaka made his way to the emTándeni kraal (*Z. u-m-tánda*, Thou lovest him), the Great Place of Pákatwáyo—built on a gentle slope running down to the right bank of the upper emaTéku stream at its bend, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-west of Cross Roads Store, on the Eshowe-Empangeni road. The special attraction at this particular place was those charming damsels (Pákatwáyo's 'sisters') quartered there, whose pretty faces had haunted him since the day of the *ĩJadu*. Now they were his!

But while he enjoyed himself with the girls, he did not forget their suffering, moved thereto perhaps by them. He ordered that some of Pákatwáyo's brothers be sent to watch by their king through the night, as he did not wish him to die. Owing to 'some inexplicable mistake,' the brothers selected for this pious duty chanced to be those who were in violent strife with Pákatwáyo regarding the family property. This transparent wile is, of course, attributed by the critics to the 'crafty one' himself, in the hope that these pious watchmen might in the night feel disposed to give the head another twist, and so render him and them a welcome service, while bearing all the guilt alone. Shaka's knowledge of evil human nature was profound, and, as he had so presciently anticipated, news was brought him in the morning that Pákatwáyo had given up the ghost. Loudest in accusing the brethren of some foul deed was Shaka himself; and to prevent their reaping their reward, he ordered all the royal cattle to be collected for himself, and went home with his tribe after another good day's work.

Strange to say, Pákatwáyo's harem had presented him with but a single child, and that a daughter, by name Héshepi, who was wedded to Fúnwayo, son of Mpopóma, of the Lutúli clan.

No heir being apparent, the customary scramble took place between Vubukulwayo (or Vubukulwane), whose mother had been

a younger sister of the mother of Pákatwáyo, and Nqetó, presumably the eldest surviving son. Nqetó won, and Vubukulwayo considered it advisable to transfer his allegiance to Zwíde of the Ndwandwes. A location was allotted him near eNtlungwane, south of the Black Mfolozi; but when his numerous following swarmed along, Zwíde grew apprehensive. Zwíde never took chances, and proceeded to chop off a few heads, so to say, and amongst the latter was the head-of-heads, Vubukulwayo himself. The survivors not regarding this as very promising, returned whence they came, to Nqetó.

Soon after the accession of Dingane, Nqetó found himself (c. 1829) in conflict with him, and resolved to remove, with the bulk of the Qwabe clan—and a large parcel of the king's cattle—to a refuge unknown (391). He waded the Túkela and soon found himself pursued by a Zulu army, which attacked him in several places, but failed to recover the booty. He passed through Natal, which was then virtually a wilderness, crossed the Mzimkúlu and found further progress blocked by Mpondos and all the riff-raff of Natal which had accumulated there.

A comparatively small remnant of the tribe had, however, remained behind. Left now once more without a head, two other sons of Kóndlo, namely, Gódolozí and Gódíde, competed for the position. The former proved successful. When he too, in due course, died, he left behind him an only son, Musi, which would have simplified matters, had it not been hinted that this was not his son at all. The mother of Musi, declared the opposition, had been wedded to Gódolozí with Musi already in being, the father being a certain Don Juan of the Mbónambi clan. These scurrilous insinuations, however, no longer provable, were of little avail, and Musi retained the title.

While Nqetó was still in Zululand, Musi had been living with his mother's brother, Mbókazi, at the emaTigulu river. When, about the time of Mpande's revolt, 1839, the Makányas, who had accompanied Nqetó to the south, had after his death returned therefrom, they settled along the ezimBókodweni river (south of Durban), together with a considerable number of the pure Qwabe people of Nqetó. These latter were afterwards accommodated by Sir Theophilus Shepstone with a location of their own in the Stanger district of Natal; whereupon Musi betook himself to them and became hailed as their chief.

Mafóngonyana, son of Gódíde, also crossed over the Túkela with his own particular following, and also established himself in the Stanger district.

Upon the death of Musi, the usual scramble was indulged in by his sons, Meseni and Mmiso. At that period, however, the

white man was in charge, and settled the quarrel for them by giving the title of seniority to Mmiso, but the bulk of the people to Meseni.

Finally, Meseni in 1906, convinced that his medical man was in possession of a specific for melting the white man's bullets into water, joined in the Bâmbâda revolt against the Government of Natal, and lost his crown, a martyr for his faith. This crown, deprived of much of its lustre and its gems, has been recently replaced by the Government on the head of his son, Mtshingwa.

It was a remarkable coincidence that the same Bantu mind, here in Natal and 1500 miles away in German East Africa, should have been moved, almost at the same time, by precisely the same impulse to rebellion, to employ the same form of magic which would change the white man's bullets into water, and to aim at the same object of driving the white men into the sea. Such indeed were the features characterizing the Bâmbâda rebellion in Natal in 1906, and equally so also the Majimaji rebellion in German East Africa in 1905.*

The overthrow of the large Qwabe clan, involving the death of their king, Pâkatwâyo, was the most significant of Shaka's positive triumphs to date. At one stroke he had removed, excepting Zwide, his most formidable rival from the field; had, by the incorporation of Pâkatwâyo's people into the new nation, increased his own fighting power to the extent of hundreds of additional warriors; and, last but not least, had acquired by capture, if not by love, several new mistresses for his seraglio, the long-coveted daughters of Kôndlo.

CHAPTER 24

SOME MINOR EVENTS OF 1818, OR THEREABOUTS

IN such a ferine character as was that of Shaka increase of power bred only an aggravation of the savage instinct. On his victorious march homewards after his conquest of the eLangeni Qwabes, he could not restrain the impulse to pass from his path with murderous intent to the kraal of his own mother's close relation, Makédama, whose eLangeni clan he had already destroyed, and whom himself, ageing and harmless, he

* Weule, *Native Life in East Africa*, 51.

now slew, it is said with his own hand, without any provocation whatsoever or any obvious gain.

There can be little doubt that since Dingiswayo's death the demoralized Mtétwá clan had offered itself a tempting prey to Shaka's rapacity. But up to the present the ever-impending menace of the Ndwandwes on his northern flank had debarred him from gratifying his desires in that direction. He is said to have favoured the appointment as head of the clan of his 'father,' Mmbiya (= Mmbíla), a cousin of Dingiswayo, to whom he seems to have become somewhat attached during his years of exile with the Mtétwás. But Mmbiya was not in the direct line; and Dingiswayo's sons being all still young, the clan had preferred to nominate Myaka, half-brother of Dingiswayo, to the regency. Myaka however demurred, and another half-brother, Mondise, was installed—a weak and incompetent ruler, when compared with Dingiswayo and matched against the masterful and domineering Shaka.

It was either just before or after the last-mentioned Ndwandwe attack on the latter (193), that Zwíde had invaded Mtétwáland. Deprived of the ability and inspiration of Dingiswayo to spur them on, the Mtétwás had shown themselves utterly impotent, and had escaped destruction only by an ignoble flight, in company with the Sokúlus and presumably also the Dubes and Mbónambís, as far as the amaTigulu river.

To see degenerated to such an abject pass the once mighty power of Dingiswayo, the home of his childhood, of his only friends and of the only happy days he ever knew, cannot have remained a matter of indifference to Shaka. For the nonce, however, he permitted Mondise to pose as Mtétwá figurehead undisturbed; but no sooner had Zwíde been satisfactorily disposed of and his country annexed (208), than he made up his mind to dispose in a similar manner of the incompetent Mondise and so virtually to annex Mtétwáland also.

In these political schemings, no bait ever proved so attractive and so effectual as the love-dance, *iJadu*. That would invariably draw the most wary; and after that the actual enmeshing, one way or the other, was of easy and certain accomplishment. It was the bringing of the lamb to the stream to drink. So an invitation was issued to Mondise and Dingiswayo's heir, Somveli, to honour such an entertainment with their presence. Mondise made himself a fool by hearkening to this folly; for, while hilarious and babbling over the beer-pots, his secret thoughts found vent in song, or in noisy remark, of which the burden was that whereas he had always been able to feed himself, "there were certain others

who had been forced to beg of him." Now Ngómane, Shaka's prime minister, who chanced to be present, was sufficiently sober to note the *double entente*; and Shaka too, when notified by the latter, was not so obtuse as not to see that the cap exactly fitted him; for had not he, when banished with his mother from his and her own country, been compelled to seek the hospitality of the Mtétwá people? So, there and then, Mondise paid for his jibe with his life; but Somveli was permitted to return home alone, and whole.

Shaka now resolved to install his own candidate as boss in Mtétwáland. Somveli and the other sons of Dingiswayo were all too young, and his brothers all too wise, to venture any claims in the teeth of Shaka's opposition. After them of the direct line, the most important personage still surviving of the royal house was one Mlandela, son of Mmbiya, the latter first cousin of Dingiswayo. Mmbiya who, seemingly, had but recently died, had been, during Shaka's childhood and youth, the only 'father' this latter had known, and Mmbiya's son Mlandela, now a member of Shaka's *izimPohlo* regiment, and almost Shaka's own age, had been Shaka's boon companion through all the years of his exile. This old favourite he would now exalt to the headship of the clan, which thereafter, in this simple manner, became completely subject to his own paramountcy. Later on, Dingane confirmed the bond of friendship by presenting Mlandela with two elder sisters, Nomzintlanga, the *inKosazana* or crown-princess of his father, and Nomcoba, the second child of Shaka's own mother. But the value of the gift proved much discounted by the fact that both were so elderly and obese as to be no longer capable of maternity. To make amends for this shortcoming, Mpande subsequently presented Mlandela with a further triple bunch of family chattels, Nomqotó, Gijima and Nomaklwa, all daughters of Senzangakōna. The first-named became the mother of Sokwetshatá, late head of the clan; then of Ndlebezomlilo and Somcuba. Gijima proved barren; but Nomaklwa was blessed, first with a couple of girls, Ndafaza and Mhlopé, afterwards with Makwini, a boy, the last-named alone still—1927—living.

Thus it came about that, throughout the whole of the historical period and the universal upheaval of the local Bantu world, the Mtétwá clan, first by its own power, then by prudent submission, continued in undisturbed possession of its ancient homeland, while almost every neighbouring clan had been desolated or destroyed.

Shaka had become already all too painfully familiar with the rugged country of the near Túkela region during the days of his

hiding there out of the way of the stalking Zwide. And oftimes still would he recall to mind the many flocks of 'lambs' peacefully grazing there and turn his greedy eye wistfully towards them. But the ever-imminent menace of Zwide on the north had so far prevented his roaming far from home and in full force towards the south. Nevertheless, small raiding parties had frequently been sent out in that direction, among the emaCúnwini and elsewhere, as if to give them an inkling of the rod in pickle for them. But of these minor ventures few details are still remembered.

On one such occasion the Zulu raiders even crossed the Mzinyati, bent on plundering Nomagágá, son of Dlomo, chief of the emaKúzeni Dlamini, whose kraal was not far from where Pomeroy village now stands. The raid had been planned for a very dark night, so as to facilitate the encircling of the kraal. But the plan miscarried, as Shaka's *iziBongo* tell us—

"he asked the way of Dunjwa, but should have asked it of Mbózane. Himself he was in too great a hurry to get to Nomagaga's; for a cock came and frustrated him."

The party, not knowing the country, had asked the wrong man the path; and, instead of arriving in the depth of the night, they arrived towards dawn, when the fowls were already alert; and the good 'geese,' as once before, raised the alarm, so that most of the inmates, including Nomagágá, were able to escape, though some were killed and others, among them Kúkúlela, Nomagágá's little son, were wounded.

CHAPTER 25

ZWIDE CONQUERED AT LAST BY ARMS AND MAGIC (c. 1819)

It was now about the year 1819, and prospects were beginning to grow ever more gloomy for Zwide: all indications portended an early eclipse as imminent from the Mkúmbáne way. With all his wonted energy and resource Shaka was pulling the strings of fate to his own advantage. He had invoked or inveigled into his service all the past-masters of knavery in the land.

His victories heretofore had been generally attributed to the wondrous magic of his War Doctor, Mqalane, of the Nzuzá clan, inheritor of the marvellous medicines of his clansman, Nondumo, son of Mgídi. One of the feats now accomplished by this remark-



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THE MEDICINE-MAN WHO MADE THE MAGIC



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THE SMITH WHO MADE THE SPEARS

able wizard was to raise up—whence, unknown—a plague of rats. These he despatched *en masse* into Ndwandweland, where they not only demolished the stores of grain, but even nibbled away the fastenings holding together the assegai blades and shafts, thus weakening the enemy in his most vital parts, his food supply and his weapons.

At the other end intrigued Noluju, of the emaNqayini clan (193), who enjoyed Zwide's confidence on the one side and conspired with Shaka on the other. Regular consignments, furnished to order, were forwarded to the latter of every variety of Zwidean 'body-matter'—doorway-grass (*amaKôtâmo*), hair-shavings, nail-clippings, shreds of raiment and the like—as were required by the Zulu War Doctor to furnish the base essential for his deadly charms.

While plotting thus with Shaka, Noluju was equally busy (206) manœuvring Zwide into the trap. On the plea of making secret-service observations in the enemy's camp, he paid a visit to Shaka, and while there made final arrangements as to the trick of starving and wearing out the Ndwandwe army by leading it into an endless chase on an empty stomach. Leaving Shaka thus in perfect preparation, he hastened back to Zwide to report that now or never was his opportunity to "catch the Zulus asleep."

Zwide was far too business-like to miss a promising chance. He would plunge heavily and at once, as his trusty counsellor had advised. Millet bread was accordingly boiled for the march, shields were prepared, spear blades sharpened. Then the famous amaNkayiya regiment and the gallant amaPêla cantered away to conquer.

Shaka had the Dlamini news-carriers (193) in such perfect order, that the Ndwandwe host had hardly got into motion before the danger signal was received. The alarm was spread like wild-fire through the land. Women, cattle, warriors, children, all bearing what grain they could—the rest destroyed—swarmed in hurrying masses up the Mtônjaneni heights, then along the ridges towards their old fastnesses, the countless kranses and abysmal kloofs about enKandla. Down to the Ntsuze river they fled, over the Tùkela and up the heights of kwaNtunjambili beyond, in every kraal as they passed clearing out the grain-pits, replenishing their supplies of millet and scattering or concealing the rest.

The Ndwandwes followed quickly, lured onwards by Zulu decoys (*iziNtsaba*) left straggling behind. Zwide himself had not accompanied the expedition. Handing the royal shield to the honourable keeping of Soshangane, son of Zikode, of the iKôhlo branch of the Ndwandwe clan, he had remained behind to await

developments not far from the Zulu borders, with his 'child' Mangcengeza, son of Káli, the emaMbátèni chieftain. Among the Ngúnis smaller chiefs were always proud to have themselves installed by those of greater importance; and Zwide having thus been called in to install (*Z. ukubeka*) Mangcengeza, now regarded him as an adopted son—just as Mpande, in after years, installed the Swazi chief, Ludonga.

By the time the Ndwandwes reached the Túkela they were, as Shaka had anticipated, thoroughly worn out. Rather than be lured on indefinitely in this wearisome fashion, they deemed it time they should play decoy. So they turned right about and re climbed the steep Nkandla slopes they had just descended, expecting the Zulus would do the same, whereafter they might easily catch them.

And the Zulus *did* the same. The hunted now became the hunters. They eventually discovered the Ndwandwes encamped by òSungulweni hill, seawards of the Nkandla forest. Here the Zulu warriors, with the quarry before them, grew restless and called on Shaka to let them loose. During his inspiring harangue, a feather fell from his headdress to the ground and fixed itself upright in the soil. This portentous incident unnerved his troops, who regarded it as an unpropitious omen. Not so Shaka. With logic as convincing as that displayed at the snake-bite (198), he reassured them: "Let it stand!" he shouted, when they rushed to pick it up. "This one will not fall. There is *another* that will fall"—implying, of course, Zwide.

The omens having been proven favourable in this convenient manner, Shaka forthwith selected certain of the younger regiments of the umBelebele brigade, to wit, the izinTenjana (*ezákála òNgóye*), the uKángela and others, then unloosed the leash and shouted, with the Duke of Wellington, "Up, braves, and at 'em!"

The ardent young warriors made the welkin ring with their terrifying yells as they rushed on the weakened Ndwandwes. When tired with their vigorous execution, the Zulus, according to plan, beat an orderly retreat. After a short respite, back they charged on the foe, and repeated the assault all day long till evening, their instructions having been simply to harass the enemy and so to reduce his resistant strength. That was the first day's work.

With the dawn the Zulus were back to the fray. They had already discovered the enemy's weakness, and were themselves after yesterday's practice in the best of mettle. Overnight the Ndwandwes had withdrawn down into the Mhlatúze valley, near the confluence of the Mvuzane, thereby to gain the advantage of the river. To-day Shaka proposed to alter his tactics. With the

Ndwandwes well worn-down from yesterday's tiring ordeal, he would launch so fierce an attack as would bring the battle to a decisive finish. He would throw upon the enemy the whole weight of his strength—the energetic youths who had already battered down the ramparts so well, together with his older and more practised troops held yesterday in reserve, the valiant *iziMpohlo*—*uJubingqwanga* (= *iNtontela*), *uDlambédu* and other regiments of the *isiKlebé* kraal—and the veteran *amaWombé* (of the *emBelebeleni*).*

So irresistible was the initial impact of the Zulu *isiKlebé* division that the Ndwandwes were compelled to yield and retire across the Mhlatuze river. But no sooner were they across than they turned upon the pursuing *iziMpohlo* with such vehemence that they in turn were forced back to the other bank. These river fords, 25 to 100 feet in breadth, corresponded to our bridges in European warfare.

It was in this engagement that Ndlela, son of Sompisi, in after times to become prime minister of Dingane, and Hlati, brother of Mdlaka—the latter soon to become Shaka's generalissimo—were severely wounded.†

Upon this rebuff, Shaka ordered his *amaWombé* veterans to effect a crossing. But they too could secure no permanent foothold on the farther bank. The fight swayed to and fro amid-stream, till the waters of the Mhlatuze ran reddened with blood: and on each bank so thickly were the corpses strewn that the combatants stumbled and tumbled over them to their mutual peril.

At this stage Shaka hurried a strong detachment of his younger troops up the river to effect a crossing over the Mvuzane, then over the Mhlatuze, so to take the enemy in his flank. This stratagem drawing elsewhere the enemy's attention, reduced the pressure at the ford-head and the *amaWombé* succeeded in gaining and retaining the farther bank. Thereupon the mass of the Zulu army followed. So great were the confusion and excitement now prevailing that, it is said, the Ndwandwes, distraught from sheer fatigue and desperation, struck out indiscriminately right and left, even at their own comrades, thus hastening their own destruction: and they were soon in disorderly retreat. That was the second day's work.

* *IziMpohlo* were originally the *uJubingqwanga* only. They lived at *esiKlebéni* kraal. Subsequently younger squads, with other regimental names, were added to them, and the whole *isiKlebé* brigade together, old and young, became known as *iziMpohlo*, alias *isiKlebé*.

Older than the *uJubingqwanga* were the *amaWombé*. These were barracked in the *umBelebele* kraal. To them likewise younger bands, with other names, were later added, and all alike became known as *amaWombé*, alias *umBelebele*.

† Stuart, *H.*, 43.

Under cover of the night, Shaka hurried off his lads of fleetest foot, the umBónambi regiment and the isiPézi, on a flying march to Ndwandweland to secure the person of the king, Zwide, before his battered army should arrive. These were instructed, upon approaching the royal kraal under cover of darkness, to prevent alarm by chanting the Ndwandwe national song (*iHúbo*). This tragi-comedy they acted so successfully that upon nearing the emFakuceba kraal (not far from the present emaHashini store) where Zwide chanced then to be, the mothers and children from an adjacent kraal, attracted by the good old refrain wafted to them on the breeze, but seeing the singers only dimly, trooped gaily out to welcome back their victorious boys. With clapping of hands, they raised the lusty cry, rousing the inmates of emFakuceba, "Hurrah! for the hosts of Langa come home!" (*Hálala! abuy' amabandl' akaLanga!*). But when, as the boys approached, the women beheld them suddenly charging in upon them with brandished spears and heard the awful cry of *Nga-dla!* ('I strike home!'), their disillusionment was sharp and cruel.

This premature act of impetuous youth, however, defeated the whole purpose of their mission. For one of the women, with a wound in her shoulder, fled towards the royal kraal proclaiming aloud the presence of the enemy. That was enough: Zwide made a headlong dive down into the nearest reed-bed, where he concealed himself. The frustrated Zulus could now do nothing other than vent their ire on the deserted kraal itself, which they burned to the ground over the corpses of its inmates.

Ignorant of all these happenings, the remnant of Ndwandwe survivors, cheered onward by the hope of finding at last in home and family rest and comfort from all their miseries, trudged laboriously back, famished and footsore, to behold smouldering ash-heaps where once stood their homes, and mothers and wives putrid corpses on the veld—their children, their property, their king, all alike vanished, and not a soul left to tell the tale. To such depths of physical and mental wretchedness can arrogant and ambitious monarchs reduce their faithful subjects!

See! the wide wasting ruin extends all around,
 Our ancestors' dwellings lie sunk on the ground,
 Our foes ride in triumph throughout our domains
 And our mightiest heroes lie stretched on the plains.

—SHELLEY.

But no moment was left them to grieve over their sorrows. Hard on their heels followed the relentless Zulu army, giving no respite. It overtook and attacked them again near the eDumbé hill, and

left them not till it had chased them into the foreign lands beyond the Póngolo river.

Zwide had long since emerged from the reed-bed and struck a course over the sources of the Mkúze near eHlobane, thence due north over the Póngolo, leaving Swazi-land on his right, until, having forded the upper Nkomazane (= Nkomati) and then its northern tributary, the amaNzabomvu, he finally pitched his camp in the empty country thereabout. He did not know then, but was soon to learn, that this spot was within the territory claimed as his by Túlwane (= Túlare), father of Sikwata, chief of the baBélu * Sutús (S. *baPédi*), dwelling to the north-west near the Ndubase (Steelpoort) river.

Zwide was accompanied on his flight by his sons, Sikúnyana, iKóhlo son of the family, and Somapúnga; and, as they proceeded, a considerable number of fugitive clansmen overtook them. Soshangane, head of the Gása (iKóhlo) branch of the clan, who had been with the army at the front, had chosen another direction in his flight, passing off seawards towards Delagoa Bay, taking with him another moiety of clansmen (446).

When Túlwana heard of this unwarranted occupation of his country by a host of foreigners, he regarded the trespass as invasion and a *casus belli*. Now, Ngúni kraals were always built with a protecting fence of palisades encircling them; and one morning Zwide and his family awoke to find their home encircled by a further hedge of glittering spears without, borne by baPédi warriors. Of course, in present precarious circumstances, the Ndwandwes always 'slept on their spears'; but here they were in a strong trap with only a three-feet exit. Happily for them, another Ndwandwe kraal not far away had observed the position and, rushing down, took the baPédi in the rear. In the mêlée the Zwide party effected a sortie, and between them they soon demolished the presumptuous baPédi, including Túlwana's beloved son, Msiti.

Despite the fact that the warriors of that Boadicea of the Sutú race, Mantatisi, chieftainess of the baTlokwa (151, 153), were of the selfsame stock as these northern baPédi, the latter displayed no traits whatever of belonging to a fighting strain. Evidently Amazons like Mantatisi, herself of the baSiya clan, were freaks among her race; for poor Túlwana, scared by so insignificant a scratch, immediately tendered tribute and submission.

This timely little victory at once established Zwide's prestige and reputation in all that peaceful neighbourhood. But the

* It was from these baBélu that Dingane obtained his famous long-horned cattle, hence called ūBélu or ūSutú.

simple folk thereabout, though unwarlike, were by no means without resource. They were dreaded masters of magic. Surrounding clans, therefore, after this easy subjugation of so great a chief as was Tûlwana, grew apprehensive.

Among them was Mjanji (alias Mjantshi, S. *Mojaje*), daughter of Tôbela, of Siyoka, of Mgôdo, chieftainess of another section of these same baPêdi resident further north, between the Olifants (ûBâlule) and Crocodile (umGwénya) rivers. To fall into disfavour with queen Mjanji was ever a matter of gravest concern; for she was the magician *par excellence* of those parts, and the fear she inspired and the extent of her fame surpassed those of Mantatisi herself. She was the reputed queen of the locusts; as Makásana, chief of the Tônga Tembés, was their king; and one of her most dreaded forms of retaliation was the launching of this plague on the crops of her victims. This drastic penalty, according to season, she would vary with deluge or drought. Still other gifts were possessed by her—she had four breasts; wherefore among the Zulus she was generally known as *Mabelemané*, 'Queen-Four-Breasts': and so prodigiously long were these pendulous mammæ, that she could slap them over her shoulder and suckle the infant comfortably seated on her back; wherefore other some named her *Mabelemade*, 'Queen-Long-Breasts.' She was the most extraordinary, most powerful and most mysterious female of her time—if, indeed, as was asserted, she was not eternal—in all South Africa. At least, so tradition hath it.

"She has her sanctuary in a wooded gorge, where the rites and sacrifices are performed, which she ordains and presides over. With the exception of a few privileged 'ancients,' none dared approach the sacred grove; and if by chance some head of cattle venture across the boundary stream, whoever the owner may be, they at once become the property of the priests in charge, and are sacrificed without appeal. No stranger is allowed to penetrate into the village of this chieftainess: it can only be seen from afar, perched upon the mountain-side, like an eagle's eyrie, on the edge of a black forest. She herself is invisible, so that certain individuals take it upon themselves to doubt her existence. Those best informed assert that Mochache really exists, and they even add that she is immortal."*

Indeed, we think she must be, if she was already in her prime in Zwide's time (c. 1819) and was still able—as was then generally reported—in 1896 to send down upon South Africa the then prevalent plague of locusts. With such a record, it is difficult to know when her powers will wane and herself become extinguished; but those best initiated in the Mjanji mysteries inform us that

* Coillard, *On the Threshold of Central Africa*, 77.

her magic did not avail against the old man with the sickle, who reaped her into his barn in 1895.*

This fearsome goddess had been profoundly impressed by the undignified plight to which her relative, Túlwane, had recently been reduced. Despite her marvellous powers, she began to consider whether to permit so mighty a hero as Zwide appeared to be, to set up his kingdom within such easy reach of her Olympus, would not be courting disaster? So she ransacked her Pandora's box to see which ill were best befitting to send him. "Ah! here are the magic beads which, entwined once round his frame, will crush from him the life more surely than Laocoön snake." And she drew from her treasury coils of *inTotóviyane* beads, white with blue or black stripes, enough to fill a basket, and sent them by a trusted messenger to her honoured neighbour, the illustrious Zwide, as pledge of her eternal amity and admiration, and with the request that when next he should celebrate his royal harvest-feast, he might graciously deign to adorn his noble person with her present. Such effusive flattery from so suspicious a potentate as Queen-Four-Breasts filled Zwide, profoundly versed in the subtle ways of great rulers, with much uneasiness. "Wo-o!" whispered he to his son Sikúnyana, "here is death once more: and I had thought myself at last secure!" Then to the queen's ambassadors, "Certainly! when I *do* next hold my harvest feast." To which her ambassadors, "Nay, sire, her majesty hath commanded that we shall not return before the king hath first tried on the beads and seen how they become his royal person." Lest worse ensue, Zwide reluctantly consented. But when he had replaced them on the floor, to his amazement they spontaneously collected themselves into a single heap before him! Then he knew.

He required no further warning. Indeed, he had no time for it; for scarcely had the messengers departed than he was stricken down with illness—it is said that, as a parting gift, they had stealthily dropped some appropriate medicaments into the royal water-supply. Hurriedly gathering his people together, Zwide simply yelled, "Come, let us begone!"

Away! away! my early dream
 Remembrance never must awake.
 Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream?
 My foolish heart, be still, or break.

—BYRON.

* It would appear that Mjanji is not a personal, but a class name, applied to each successive ruler of these people, all of which rulers, at least for some generations, seem to have been females. This perpetuation of the name will explain the supposed attribute of immortality.

So back over the emaNzabomvu they marched and ventured a new settlement on a wood-clad hill not far away named kwaMtólo. Another name we get is eHúlu.*

Zwide's illness progressed apace, and ere long he could speak no more. Then, in their anxiety for the future, his wives assembled about him and begged him publicly to proclaim his heir. So he took from the hearth a small firebrand (*Z. isiKúnyana*), then smelt at it (*Z. amaPúnga*, smells) and replaced it on the fire, without a word. Mystified by this ambiguous oracle, the wives, bewildered, looked the one at the other, declaring some that he meant uSikúnyana, others that he meant uSomapúnga. As these were the only sons "in the running," everybody remained as wise as before, and the sons were left to settle the matter between themselves.

The spell worked away as before, and Zwide rapidly wasted away, and very soon was taken away altogether—to be buried (c. 1824).†

But where was Shemane? Nomahlanjana had been Zwide's appointed heir; but, slain at the Gqokli fight with the Zulus, his younger full-brother, Shemane, had assumed the heirship. This latter had gone to the front in the recent war, but had not returned with the survivors. As a matter of fact he was perfectly well, wondering himself what had become of his father Zwide, and what of his vanished clansmen. He had been wounded in the thigh early in the Mhlatúze fight; thence he hobbled away by devious paths and reached the homeland after all had become a wilderness. He pushed himself forward till he reached the original Ndwandwe home at emaGúdu, and there he built himself a kraal.

One day he was astonished to see a file of his brother, Sikúnyana's men passing by bearing on their shoulders a roughly-made stretcher whereon was a bundle wrapped in a mat of reeds, the mortal remains of his father Zwide, about to be laid with his fathers in the emaGúdu wood. "Mamo!" they exclaimed, "so you are still living! We had thought you had 'remained' (i.e. been slain) on the Mhlatúze field. Well, what now is to be done, seeing Sikúnyana has already assumed the chieftainship?" That was a question Shemane did not condescend to answer. But, after having forwarded word of his existence by the returning burial party, he followed on their tracks himself and was met, by arrangement, at the Ndololwane hill, north of the Póngolo river (593).

* Thence his people gradually spread themselves along both banks of the upper Nkomati on the modern farms, 149 in the Carolina district and 71, 72 and 69 in the Barberton district, both in the Lydenburg county of the Transvaal.

† For *iziBongo* of Zwide, see Stuart, *K.*, 58.

Sikúnyana does not appear to have had any qualms about Shemane's reappearance: he was on the throne and meant to remain there. Nor does Shemane seem to have harboured any intention of pushing his claim. What Sikúnyana did fear was lest Somapúnga should obtain the support of Shemane against himself. This suspicion led him to have certain of the former's people murdered. By these straws Somapúnga soon saw which way the wind was blowing, and that it was not one prognosticating long life and happiness for himself. Along with his uncle, Nqabeni, son of Langa, he therefore hied back to the old country; and in order to have something nice to say to the there-reigning despot, Shaka, and so secure his favour, he ransacked from his memory a casual remark made by Sikúnyana that "*he* was not going to be beaten and robbed of his country by a fellow who was merely his own equal."

This piece of information pleased Shaka—he knew what fine sport it portended; and Somapúnga was immediately received into his good graces. Instead of being instantly led off to execution, as he had almost anticipated, if for no other reason than the crime of being the infamous Zwide's son, Somapúnga was agreeably shocked to receive from the awful one, as a small token of his personal gratitude and esteem, a damsel, Mbikosi, daughter of Soshamile, of the emDletsheni clan, to be his bride, together with a fine herd of cows to supply the little ones with milk. But, as a countervailing precaution against all insidious knavery, Shaka placed him at a safe distance away, under the care of his faithful friend, Malanda, son of Velana, of the Mkwáanzi clan, with strict injunction to 'look well after him.' Mbikosi, we fear, proved not entirely a success; for Mgójana, Somapúnga's heir, was born of another, Mncikazi, daughter of Ntuku, of the Nzuzá clan, and Moya, son of Mgójana, is the technical head in this realm of the erstwhile mighty Ndwandwe clan. The bulk of his clansmen, however, are lost amongst the Tóngas and Shanganes of Portuguese East Africa. A younger son of Somapúnga (by Zicici, of Mngúni, of the Zondo clan) is Mankulumana, who became principal minister to Dinuzulu, and to his son, Salamoni.*

Of Nqabeni, who accompanied Somapúnga back to Ndwandwe-land, Hlokololo was the heir. After Shaka's death, Dingane released Somapúnga from the 'care' of Malanda, and permitted him to return to his motherland and build a home at the eNengeni hill, near the Black Mfolozi.

A sub-clan of the Ndwandwe, formed in comparatively recent

* Mankulumana died at 7 a.m. on 18th December, 1926, in a Johannesburg hospital.

times, was that of the **aba-kwa-Nxumalo** (The People of Nxumalo) (p. 199). The heads of this branch of the family at **Nxumalo** the time of the rout of Zwide were Mawewe and Sotōndose, sons of Malusi, son of Mkátshwa. This branch had already fallen into disfavour with Zwide, at the time of the latter's murder of Malusi. They were also intimately related by marriage to Dingiswayo, Malusi having married the latter's sister. When, then, Zwide followed up the murder of Malusi by that of Dingiswayo, the major portion of the Nxumalo family moved away, under Mawewe, and offered their allegiance to Shaka. Zwide, in turn, having been demolished by the latter, Mawewe returned to Ndwandweland and rebuilt his home a few miles eastward of the present Nongōma magistracy.

At this time Mawewe was already married to one of Jama's daughters, Mtémbáze—who subsequently became the queen (*inKosikazi*) of Mpande's *kwaTúlwana* kraal. Mawewe however wanted more, and fell in love, without Shaka's permission, with a further couple of the Jama girls, Silile and another. One day he was surprised to find the couple comfortably quartered in his kraal, truants from home come to enjoy a surreptitious visit to their sweetheart.

These gay ladies, of course, formed a portion of the heritable 'property' of the crown; and for any man to dare illicit intercourse with royal cattle—which was a natural corollary of a visit—was to incur the guilt of theft in its most heinous form: and the penalty of such was death. Their present innocent escapade, unluckily, had not succeeded in eluding Shaka's keen watch; of which Mawewe hearing, along with his brother, Sotōndose, he forthwith packed up and went. He shook from his feet the dust of Zululand, the land where even love was manacled, and betook himself to his relative, Soshangane, near Delagoa Bay, presumably the 'land of the free.'

There he was well received, and spent several happy years raiding the Tónga tribes and driving the Portuguese into the sea, in company with that horde of roaming savages led by the dreaded Manikoo (= Soshangane). But no glorious day but is followed by a night; and at the moment when, in far Zululand, Mpande's sun was rising, Mawewe's sun in distant Gasaland was setting. A friendly old woman crept into his hut one night and whispered into his ear, "A hunt is called for the morrow by Soshangane, and of that hunt thou art to be the 'big game.'" Up, then, once more. But where shall this harassed soul find cover now? The world so wide and gay, yet never a spot wherein to lie safe and at rest: wherever there's a man, there is woe.

Mawewe's gloomy cogitations were flashed telepathically to

king Shaka in distant Zululand. At that moment, when Mawewe is dreaming of Shaka, Shaka is dreaming of Mawewe. Indeed, the Soshangane campaign was launched partly for this very purpose of bringing Mawewe home. As we shall see (628), it failed to reach him. But he came home all the same, at his own convenience, and great was his delight to find the dreaded Shaka gone, and gone also Dingane. Mpande, now king of a united Zululand, received him graciously enough, and Mawewe rebuilt his old home on the old spot.

But Bantu life in those rude times, under its own unfettered system, was a cruel gauntlet, run, from birth till death, against the hardships of nature on the one side and the malice of pitiless man on the other. Hardly settled, as he had fondly imagined, in peace at last, Mawewe was dismayed to behold his home invaded by a hostile force sent up by Malanda on the coast to plunder cattle. Whether this was planned with Mpande's connivance is not known; but Mpande being an indolent and apathetic prince, and Malanda a child of Mpande's sister, more probably the latter felt it both safe and profitable to 'put on airs.' Mawewe, however, declined to submit to this African style of highway robbery, but was speedily brought to acquiescence by a spear-thrust in his thigh. And his fine herd, as well as that of Mapitá, Mpande's cousin, living not far away, went down coastwards, while Mawewe was left ineffectually striving to draw the barbed spear from his leg. Finally a skilful doctor, with a piece of reed as instrument, performed the operation successfully, and the patient recovered.

This was the last painful blow Mawewe was fated to receive. With it he had cleared the gauntlet and survived; and we hear of him no more.

Not so with the companion of his troubles, *Sotóndose*, hereditary head of the *Nxumalo* family. For him the ordeal was not yet complete. In their vicinity lived a local nabob, *Mbópá*, son of *Wolizibi*, of the *Hlabisa* clan. Like Malanda, this gentleman too was a near relation of Mpande, begotten of his maternal uncle. This class of royal relation, presuming on the present king's mildness, had long been taking liberties they had never dared under Shaka or Dingane. They delighted in playing cock of the walk amongst humbler folk outside the family circle and in sinning with impunity against those who, a few years before, had been their kings.

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear ;
 Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
 And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks ;
 Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Of preceding incidents we are unaware ; but one day Sotóndose and companions invited themselves—as is the recognized public right among the Ngúni—to a beer-feast at Mbópá's. In those days no man moved beyond his home unarmed ; but when Sotóndose's party reached the feast, they were ordered to put down their spears and ascend the kraal unarmed. This demand aroused Sotóndose's suspicions. Maybe he had received some inkling before—so Mbópá was really bent on killing him ! His party declined to comply, and departed. Sotóndose determined that an end had come to life in Mbópá's neighbourhood, and the next that was heard of him was that he was safe in the British country of Natal. Three years prior to this Mawa, Mpande's aunt, had, owing to similar fears, fled from Zululand into Natal—in 1843—and was now settled near the north bank of the Mloti, between Verulam and the sea. Thither Sotóndose betook himself, and sojourned in undisturbed peace till, after Mawa's death, he removed in 1851 to the Mvoti river, where his descendant, chief Púmupéla, of Manepú, of Sotóndose, till recently resided.

Sotóndose (*d.* 28.2.1895).

|
Manepú (*d.* 11.1.1899).

|
Púmupéla (*d.* 7.3.1924).

|
Gampokwe, Minor—Mambúka regent.

While Mawewe and Sotóndose were away at Soshangane's, a party of the Nxumalos who had remained behind in Zululand, weary of the constant insecurity and bloodshed there, decided, about the time of Shaka's assassination, to take advantage of the occasion to fly in search of Mzilikazi. The latter having by that time moved far away into the western Transvaal, they unfortunately failed to locate him, and must perforce return to Dingane. They were not long back before they were accused by the latter of the tribal Nxumalo frailty, namely of indulging like Mawewe in amours with the royal girls (the tribute-girls, *umNdlunkulu*, massed in the royal kraals), which, of course, was a very jealously guarded prerogative of the crown. Judgment against them was a foregone conclusion, and the capital penalty followed for all.

CHAPTER 26

SHAKA GOES A-HUNTING ON HIS NEW NDWANDWE ESTATE (c. 1819)

ONLY a short four years ago, Shaka had inherited—or rather usurped—his modest patrimony, a tiny patch of stony grass-veld, about 10 miles square, between the Mkúmbáne and amaPópóma streams. Such was the extent of the Zulu kingdom then. Now he could stand there and magnificently wave his arm from horizon to horizon, north and south, and proclaim himself monarch of a strip of country stretching uninterruptedly from the Túkela to the Póngolo. Indeed, with characteristic African hyperbole, he might have already extolled himself as the greatest king with the greatest kingdom 'in the world.' There was nobody within his range of knowledge who could equal him or compete with him. This was indeed smart business, and as an enthusiast Shaka was justifiably proud of his achievements. His most recent acquisition of the Ndwandwe domain was particularly gratifying; for it contained, notably between the two Mfolozis, some excellent hunting ground. After killing men, felt Shaka, the most exhilarating sport is killing beasts; and when not occupied with the major pastime, he would often wend his way over the Mfolozi for a little wholesome bloodshed in the contiguous woodlands, then teeming with buffalo, elephant, rhinoceros, kudu, zebra, lion, waterbuck and a dozen other species of mighty game.

In the low dry valley of the Mfolozi thorn-veld, the midday heat is sometimes overpoweringly intense. Shaka, out on an accustomed hunt, felt it so, and went down to quench his ardour in a stream beyond the eNtlungwane. The country thereabouts had till recently been an outskirts of the Ndwandwe estate, in the occupation of the **emaNkwanyaneni** section of the Nxumalo branch of the clan, there dwelling under their headman, Mtóboza, father of Somgcizo, father of Mhlekisana. These people had not been conspicuous as makers of history; still they were renowned as buffalo hunters and enjoyed a peculiar reputation throughout their own little world of being 'the stingy folk,' owing perhaps to chronic food-dearth in their sun-baked settlement. Misfortune had now overtaken them in the Ndwandwe collapse, and most of them had followed in Zwide's footsteps to retrieve their good name in a better land.

Yet not all. In the solitary nooks and crannies thereabout, sundry waifs and strays were still attempting a precarious hold on the motherland. So, while Shaka was dabbling in the brook,

his eagle eye detected a small boy, Matúnjana by name, son of Sibáxa, of these emaNkwanyaneni folk, hiding among the bushes, in evident alarm at the return of the enemy to exterminate his race. Shaka at once sent one of his body-servants to catch the imp. "Well, what's the idea?" asked Shaka. "Oh! sir, they have killed us all. And my father too they have killed. I wish the gentleman would take me with him. I could herd his cattle for him." We will not aver that Shaka was touched by this piteous appeal; but all was grist that came to his mill. So he ordered the boy to be taken to his doctor, Mbécwa, son of Mashoni, of the Sikákáne clan, and there have all evil taints possibly attaching to him charmed away, and be rendered proof against all evil propensities from within. Duly fortified and purged in this way, he was installed as personal milk-boy of the king. In such humble employ the lad grew to man's estate, and fifteen years later became directly instrumental in saving Mpande's life and sending Dingane to his death.

On these hunting excursions, Shaka had to pass through Zungu territory. This Zungu clan, some time ago, had been badly smashed up by Zwide (177). Their chief Manzini had on that occasion hurried away on urgent business—none knew whither—and had not yet returned; while his son Sidada had at the same time found it necessary to pay a pressing visit to Shaka, where he too remained. Shaka having recently driven Zwide from the field, the Zungus hailed him as a saviour, and Sidada brought his visit to an abrupt conclusion and hastened with his following back to the homeland, where, in the absence of anyone else, he posed as regent, *ca.* 1819.

Precisely who may have posed as Zungu regent during Sidada's absence with the Zulus does not appear; but it is related that Shaka courted his friendship with quite marked assiduity. He presented him with a Zulu bride, and by this gracious act members of the Zulu clan and those of the Zungu became, according to the local social code, respectively fathers and sons-in-law. Soon after this cementing of bonds, one of these amiable Zulu fathers-in-law—reputedly sent by Shaka—came over to beg reciprocal favours, namely, a more agreeable building site within the Zungu borders. The Zungu son-in-law was amiably willing; and while the details were being considered within the hut, in order to convey in a more impressive manner the 'profound sense of gratitude with which his heart was filled,' the Zulu suddenly drew forth from beneath his kaross a glittering assegai-blade, thrust it into the Zungu chief's heart, and disappeared!

Why, we may ask, this mean treachery, when Shaka had both nerve and power to carry out any design in honest daylight?

But who shall fathom the devious ways of Shakan diplomacy? Without a chief, without a regent, without any shepherd at all, "peres ter me, them ar Zungu sheeps wuz fairly cotched by der Wolf enyway." And the Zungus henceforth became Zulu vassals.

The weather being enticing, Shaka resolved on another day of sport on his new estate between the Mfolozis. On this occasion he did not feel the sun too strong, but his stomach too empty. Seeing some nice fat kine hard by, he inquired to whom they belonged, and was told they were Manzini's. "And where is Manzini? Go up to the kraal and tell them that Shaka's men are hungry." This was a polite demand for a slaughter-beast. But nothing was forthcoming, and the fat kine had vanished. Shaka went home; but on the morrow he got out the Zungu boys he had purchased from Manzini some time before and sent them across to murder off their contumacious brothers.

Joko, then head of the Makōba branch of the clan, now deemed it wise to tender submission to Shaka without further formalities. But Shaka did not want Joko; he wanted Manzini. So long as he is, he is a potential danger. "Where is Manzini?" he demanded. But Joko professed only blank ignorance.

As a matter of fact, "Brer Manzini, he see 'ow de lan lay, he did, en lay low way down in Qwabelan." He seems to have 'lain low' there for several years, the dignity of kingship apparently having lost all further attraction for him, with Shaka his immediate neighbour. But a long term of undisturbed security had rendered him less cautious and he at length came home, like a long-lost father from Johannesburg. It was after Shaka had gone to live at his new Dukuza kraal (now Stanger, Natal), and therefore probably during the year 1827, that king and queen Manzini ventured on a state visit to the Zulu monarch. This seemed to Shaka an unconscionably tardy *début*, and he entertained a shrewd suspicion that Manzini all this time had been hiding, not from Zwide, but from himself. "So-o-o!" thought Shaka, "out of your hole at last. Well, I'll guarantee you don't come out of the one I shall put you in!" And he ordered Manzini to be shown to the scaffold, another victim of misplaced confidence.

Poor Sidada, Manzini's son and heir, was in no position to avenge a parent's death: it was as much as he could do to dodge his own. Yet in this latter game he played with conspicuous success, and kept his innings throughout the overs both of Shaka and Dingane, till he was finally bowled out by a lightning ball thrown from a Boer musket on the eNcome (Blood river) field in the year 1838. He died without issue.

After the Anglo-Zulu War, 1879, Mfanawendlela, a son of Manzini, was selected by Sir Garnet Wolseley, as one of his thirteen waxen kinglets, to be stuck up, withal, in the former Zunguland. Of course, that Manzini's son, Ndengezi, father of Magqubu, was recognized by the clan as representing the superior line made no difference to Sir Garnet; or, more probably, he was totally unaware of the fact. But the reign of the kinglets was abruptly extinguished by the reappearance from exile of Cetshwayo, restored again to his former estate as king of the Zulus; whereupon the thirteen minor kingships automatically melted away. This was disagreeable to Mfanawendlela, and no doubt made him feel very sick of his restored sovereign, as well as with the British Government for thus befooling him. Intrigues with Cetshwayo's rival, Zibébù, son of Mapítá, and other indiscretions soon brought down the evil eye of Cetshwayo upon him. Then Mfanawendlela, when he knew he was found out, began to grow nervous; for the summary methods of Shaka were not yet entirely out of fashion. He even contemplated removing himself out of Cetshwayo's reach by entering the British Reserve, south of the Mhlatúze. But this was rendered no longer practicable when, waking up one morning in his home by the Black Mfolozi, Mfanawendlela found his neck already surrounded by the noose. While he had been peacefully dreaming, Cetshwayo's warriors, led by Mankulumana, son of Somapúnga, had been forming a ring round his kraal, and in a few minutes they had put an end to all further aspirations and intrigues.

When, after Cetshwayo's death, war was raging between Zibébù and Cetshwayo's successor, Dinuzulu, Mdabula, son of Mfanawendlela, and his Zungu lads were naturally found on the side of the former. And when, at ēTshaneni hill, this turned out to be the losing side, the old idea of betaking themselves for protection to the British Reserve rushed once more to mind, and off they went pell-mell. In 1888, however, after the British had restored peace by deporting Dinuzulu and his uncles to St. Helena, Mdabula was enabled to return once more to Zunguland together with his people, who, after his death, were governed by his brother, Magójela, on behalf of a minor heir, Mqiniseni. Mqiniseni was later appointed chief in his own right by the Natal Government.

CHAPTER 27

HOW THE ZULUS ACQUIRED A NEW NAME, AND HOW THEY THANKED THE DONORS (1819)

THE Ngúnis were a race of refined savages—which sounds paradoxical, but is not. Certain instincts of primordial brutishness reigned still impellent and unrestrainable within them; yet, in other respects, they had already reached quite a high grade of culture. Towards those they considered beneath them—and such were all ‘gentiles,’ enemies, criminals and the like—they displayed only the same feelingless contempt as they showed towards the animals; and yet, in their private life among themselves, their manners and address were gentlemanly and polished in the extreme.

That was why king Jama was so fastidiously delicate in regard to social proprieties; so much so that he sometimes blushed at mention even of his own name. King Jama was monarch of the Zulu clan, and grandfather of Shaka. As a Zulu clansman, the tribal *isiTākazelo* (15) by which he would be conversationally addressed, was that of *Lufēnulwenja*. Now, to be hailed by the ladies as ‘King Penis-Canis’ (*Z. Lufēnu lwenja*) was, he considered, positively indecent. To possess such an appellation his ancestor—for these *iziTākazelo* or names-of-address were usually the names of celebrated predecessors—must have been obscenity itself. He would strike his ignoble name for ever off the roll.

’Tis but thy name that is my enemy.

O, be some other name!

What’s in a name? That which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet.

—SHAKESPEARE,

But how, then, should his clan indulge in respectful gossip if without an *isiTākazelo* of address? Personal names were strictly tabu in his polished society; and celebrated ancestors could not be made to order. As it happened, the rival monarch reigning over the river, in Mbátáland, possessed an *isiTākazelo* that struck king Jama as both euphonious and elegant, to wit, *Ndabezitá*. The right to that illustrious title, by purchase, by theft, or by force, he determined to acquire.

“King Shandu,” he said one day, “you are the champion javelin thrower of the world. I challenge your ability to hold the title any longer. Therefore, let each stand a target for the other; and he who wins the tourney, wins the right to the title

'Ndabezitá.' Now, king Shandu had been utterly unaware of any such skill and fame before, and felt greatly flattered to find himself held in such high esteem; but to uphold the reputation now, he could hardly demur to the duel. King Shandu, claiming the prerogative of a champion, opened the duel; but scored a miss—a most deplorable piece of ill-luck. Then king Jama poised his spear and hurled it, straight as an arrow, at king Shandu's heart. The latter, seeing the cold blade coming, pulled round his leathern cloak and dodged behind it. "Aha!" shouted king Jama, "Mr. Dodge-out-of-sight (*Z. shandu*). I see you are the people who, when the spears come, wrap themselves (*Z. ambátá*) in their cloak." He then formally announced himself the victor, and carried home the palm. There he issued an ukase authorizing his clansmen to adopt henceforth as *isiTákazelo* 'Ndabezitá.' And henceforth, too, the king over the river became known as king Dodge (*uShandu*), and his subjects as the Blanket-Wrappers (*amaMbátá*).

When we ask these **amaMbátá** to give an account of themselves, they tell us that they "followed the grasshoppers (*izinTetē*) down from among the Sutús." From this premise they **ema-Mbatēni** then proceed to the conclusion that they are one with those neighbours of theirs, the *amaNgwane* and *Kúmalos* who likewise claim that they "came down from the Sutús, along with the large grain-baskets (*iziLulu*)"; and from this conclusion they finally proceed to its corollary, that therefore they are *abaNtungwa* (*Ntungwa-Ngúnis*), as those people are. Thus they arrive at the truth.

Some there are—and we think with grounds—who confidently declare that the Mbátás are actually a very early offshoot of the Zulu clan itself; with which people, they say, the Mbátás did not intermarry till Jama's time. This asseveration is, in a manner, supported, unwittingly, by the Mbátás themselves, who, among their earliest forefathers, mention "Mpangazitá, son of Magéba"; and Magéba, we know, was the name of one of the earliest Zulu kings (36, 38). In this connection it were interesting to note that the name 'Mpangazitá' appears again among the *isiTákazelo* of the *Ntombéla* sub-clan of the Zulus (37), and the two individuals may very well have been one. Further, it were by no means unthinkable that the Mbátá-Zulu-Ntombéla *isiTákazelo* 'Ndabezitá' may have been but another form or appellation of this selfsame Mpangazitá.

As their immediate great-ancestor, however, the Mbátás point to Shandu. By this we are probably to understand that he was their Moses, who first brought them into their present promised land and first set them up as an independent clan. But this

Shandu was a comparatively recent personage; was, indeed, contemporaneous with, and next-door neighbour of, king Jama, Cetshwayo's great-grandfather. From which of the neighbouring peoples had he now severed himself? Was it, after all, from those Zulus of Magéba? Yet, had he merely migrated from one side of the river to the other, he would hardly have ventured, or been permitted, to proclaim himself an independent chief and there set up a rival clan of his own.

Baffled by the conflicting evidence, we deliver a provisional judgment for a Ntungwa-Ngúni origin of these amaMbátá, and a probable early close connection between them and the Zulu family. That they "came down from the Sutus," we think, refers to nothing more recent than the general original break-away of the eastern and southern (Zulu and Xóza) *abaNgúni* from the western *baKoni* on the central plateau.

We left Jama and Shandu just having parted company after their sham duel. Curiously enough the father of each of them was named Ndaba. So constantly is this name of 'Ndaba' cropping up in the genealogical trees of Ngúni royalty, and always, strangely, at the further end of them, that we sometimes doubt whether it is a name at all, and not rather a mere dummy substituted for the real thing, which latter either, from the *hlonipá* custom, has fallen out of use, or, from some other cause, has become lost in oblivion.

Well, Mbátá Ndaba, son of Sontshizikazi, was blessed with two sons, Mbéje and Shandu, who so loved each other, that, no sooner was their father out of the way, than they became locked in mortal embrace—so powerfully was the instinct for possession developed among these Ngúnis. In this instance, Shandu got unlocked first and was off with the contents (the tribe), leaving to brother Mbéje the purse (of superior title).

Thus it came about that while Zulu Ndaba was sitting on his throne on the southern side of the White Mfolozi, Shandu, son of Mbátá Ndaba, came along, from somewhere, and annexed the opposite side of the river. Spreading his people out as far as they would stretch, he erected a human fence all round the country extending from the Sihlalo-Mabedlane line to that of the Ntlazatshe-Mfolozi; and before very long his people had even overflowed on to the southern banks of that river.

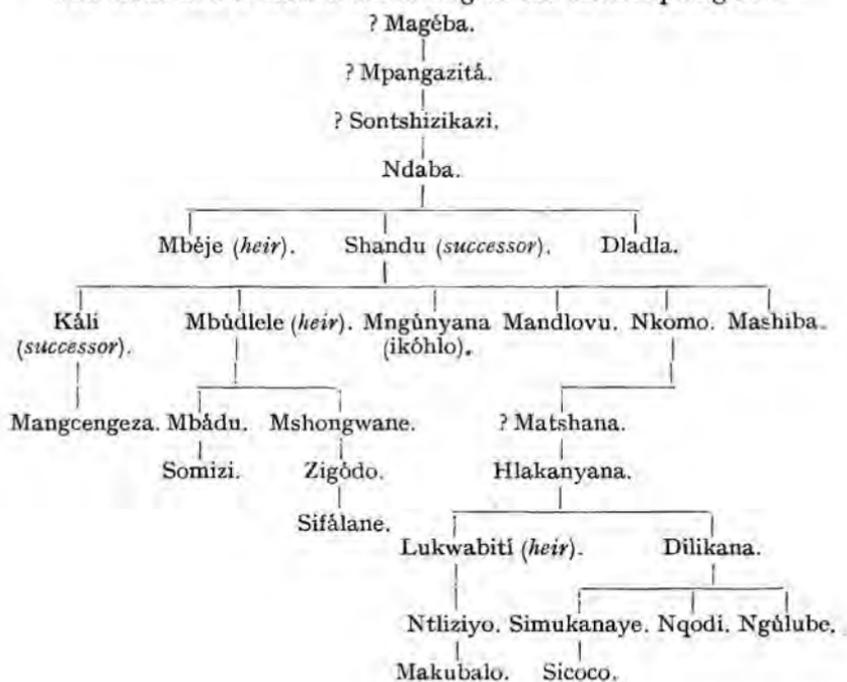
Whether the loss of that duel broke Shandu's heart, we cannot say. Certainly he did not long survive it—he died while king Jama was still enjoying the fruits of his victory and the pride of his new title, Ndabezitá. Heir to Shandu's crown and kingdom was Mbúdlele. But in the ointment there lay a fly, one Káli

(Sharp), another son. This Master Sharp, stimulated by his father's successful rule of life and practice, that 'the lion's paw lays down the law,' boldly contested Mbúdlele's rights, or rather ability to hold; and succeeded, like his father, in grabbing them for himself.

Mngúnyana was the *ikóhlo* son of Shandu; and his descendants, along with those of his brother Mandlovu, became known as the White Mbátás (*amaMbátá a-mhlopé*), owing to the prevalence of fair-skinned children among them, due no doubt to their mother having been of a fair-skinned strain. Those, on the other hand, of the senior—Mbúdlele-Káli-Nkomo-Mashiba—branch were known as the Black Mbátás (*amaMbátá a-mnyama*), because with them the skin was normally dark.

Nkomo was an inferior son of Shandu, who, perhaps at the time of the general faction fight in the family, migrated, first, to the eDumbé hill beyond the Hlobane, then returned and, giving Káli the cold shoulder, passed him by and subjected himself to Tshana, the neighbouring Zungu chief, within the borders of whose territory (near the isiHlalo mount) he and his following settled. It was while there that he was attacked by Dingiswayo's Mtétwás and slain (102).

The table below shows something of the Mbátá pedigree:—



When selecting his stand, Shandu, with much wisdom and foresight, had chosen a position strategically strong, with the Nlazatshe mount towering behind him, an impregnable castle. When, therefore, Dingiswayo's police advanced to cite the disorderly Mbátá chief, Káli (Shandu's son), before the Mtétwá tribunal, he promptly marched up the mountain and demanded delivery of the summons there; which was decidedly hazardous. The Mtétwás, born and bred upon the coastal plains, were rather weary at the risks of Alpine climbing; so Dingiswayo's bailiff looked around for some less dangerous Mbátá dog on whom to execute his orders. He espied Káli's younger brother, Nkomo, down under the Sihlalo mount, and wheeling his army about, went and slew him as a propitiatory sacrifice for his brother's sins. The major job of dealing with the Káli section of the clan was bequeathed by Dingiswayo as an acceptable legacy to Shaka.

Those portions of the Mbátá clan ruled by Mbúdele and Mngúnyana, and dwelling on both sides of the White Mfolozi, on the tribal flank nearest to the Zulus, and which had severed partnership with the section under Káli, had already been wise enough to take fate by the forelock and offer allegiance to the Zulu autocrat.

Already before the first Ndwandwe invasion of Zululand and battle at the Gqokli hill, these Mbátás had supplied Shaka's army with some of its most distinguished braves. Most prominent among these latter stands Manyosi, son of Dlekezele, whose chivalrous deeds glorified the field of Gqokli hill (174), and who, as trencher-knight, was without compeer. Seated in the banquet-hall, his portion was the carcass of a goat, which he would devour entire and pick clean, and then wash down with a five-gallon basketful (*isiCúmu*) of ale, poured into his cavernous mouth by a friendly carouser. Thereafter, we may suppose, would his bliss find vent in jovial song—something like this:—

I have fought my fight, I have lived my life,
I have drunk my share of wine;
From Trier to Cöln there was never a knight
Led a merrier life than mine.

—KINGSLEY.

With such extraordinary credentials, Shaka could hardly do otherwise than honour him with the appointment of royal cook. This high office he retained also under Dingane, and his appetite too. When Mpande revolted from the latter, with an eye to the most promising chance Manyosi joined the former; and in doing so lost his billet and his feasts, so that his friends would taunt him as they passed, saying, "*So-bohla, Manyosi*" ('now, Manyosi,

will your belly subside'). This soon became a standing proverb, applied to one who, having waxed fat and kicked, had lived to regret it. Manyosi, however, seems to have enjoyed the joke; for when later on he came to raise a son, he humorously christened him, 'Sobohla.' After himself and his capacious 'seat,' they jocularly named the flat-topped isiHlalo mount in Mbátáland, 'Manyosi's Chair' (*isiHlalo si-ka-Manyosi*).

When at length Shaka found leisure to attend to the Dingiswayo bequest of subjugating the recalcitrant Káli Mbátás, Káli himself was safely out of mortal reach, having left Mangcengeza to liquidate the debts. Shaka had long discovered that the safest and surest and simplest method of conquering people was to take them unawares. So he commissioned Mtshana (of the eziBisini clan) and Sitayi (of the ēGazini) to convey to the Mbátá king his friendly greetings and pledge of ever peaceful sentiments. Himself he followed close on their heels with an army, divided into two divisions of amaWombé and isiKlebé, hoping to pounce upon the unexpectant Mbátás from two different directions and so secure an easy walk-over (1819).

But Mangcengeza, mindful of the wooden-horse, "*Timeo Danaos, inquit, et dona ferentes,*" and kept his weather-eye on the alert. Thus it came about that in the next scene we find the Mbátás, likewise in two divisions, tackling the invaders in full battle array. Led by Mangcengeza, they met the amaWombé on the farther side of the Mhlahlane stream, and they valiantly kept them there. Facing each other on separate sides of the river, they hurled their javelins with such perilous effect, that neither could secure a crossing.

At last, as ever so, the insuperable charms of Mqalane (of the Nzuza clan) prevailed, and the Wombés gained a footing on the Mbátá bank. These, seeing the gods were unpropitious, threw down their spears—the Ngúni mode of hauling down the flag,—then fled.

Part to the town fly diverse o'er the plain,
Where late their troops triumphant bore the fight,
Now chased and trembling in ignoble flight.
Swift through the foamy flood the Trojans fly,
And close in rocks or winding caverns lie,
Confusedly heaped, they seek their inmost caves,
Or pant and heave beneath the floating waves.

—HOMER.

Away to their fastness of the Ntlazatshe mount they sped, hoping to reach security on its craggy heights. But the enemy pressed hard upon their heels and, hopelessly unarmed, compelled them to surrender. Other some, however, Mangcengeza ever leading,

conscious there was no chivalry in Shaka, pressed ever onwards, till they reached their old friends, the Témბús, on the Mzinyati, whom they soon after accompanied on to East Griqualand, whence they never more returned (253).

While this tribal tragedy was being enacted at the Mhlahlane, the Zulu isiKlebê brigade was breaking up that other moiety at the Mabelewambé. And from that day the amaMbátá were smashed utterly as a clan.

Mangcengeza now out of the running, and never heard of more, and the Mbúdlele house failing to assert itself, Dilikana, of the lower Nkomo branch of the family, pushed himself forward and soon became the most prominent personage in the clan. He became one of Mpande's most favoured courtiers, and was honoured by that king with a present of one of his own sisters. The fruit of this union was an heir, whom the father named Simukanaye (We depart along with him)—a name of evil omen indeed; for, a few years later, father and son perished together, along with many other notable Zulus, when resisting the calamitous attack on Cetshwayo by Zibébú at the Ondini kraal on the 21st of June, 1883. Sicoco, the only surviving son of Simukanaye, being of impaired intellect, and so incapable of perpetuating his house and governing his district, the succession devolved upon Nqodi, another son of Dilikana.

CHAPTER 28

THE MPONDOS OF THE NORTH (1819)

ALREADY in 1593 Bantu Natives were in residence at the Mzimvubu (or St. John's) river (10), the centre of modern Pondoland; and we do not see who else those Natives could have been than the ancestors of the modern Pondos (more correctly Mpondos). Further, the indications are that these Mzimvubu Bantu—and therefore the original Mpondos—were *tekela*-speaking people (7, 12), and consequently belonged either to the eMbó or the Tóngá (not to the Pure or Ntungwa) group of Ngúni.

Now, there used to exist a hazy tradition that the **aba-kwa-Xulu** (the People of Xulu) of Zululand and the Mpondos of the Mzimvubu were mutually akin—the former having been left behind by the latter on their united migration along the coast. If this tradition be true, there is an equal probability of the Xulus also having been originally *tekela*-speakers and members of the same eMbó or Tóngá Ngúni family.

On the other hand, we have the notable fact that while Xulus and Têmbús (which latter had never been *tekela*-speakers) dwelt side by side in early Zululand, away at the Cape Mpondos and Têmbús were again immediate neighbours. This would seem to suggest some early mutual attachment, if not indeed relationship between these several peoples, the Xulus, the Têmbús and the Mpondos. We cannot say that any claim to Têmbú relationship has ever, in recent times, been urged by the Xulus, or *vice versa*; yet, so far as we can judge, Mpondos and Têmbús (at the Cape) have always spoken the same 'Xóza' dialect of Ngúni speech. Apart from the dubious instance mentioned on page 10, we have no evidence that *tekela* speech ever existed at the Cape.

We cannot, therefore, at present offer any sound opinion on Xulu (as also on Mpondo) origins—they may have been Pure Ngúnis (along with their neighbours, the Têmbús), or Tóngá Ngúnis (along with their neighbours, the Mtétwás), or eMbó Ngúnis (along with the eLangeni and Sibiyas).

At the time we write about, they occupied the country between the Mfule and White Mfolozi rivers, on the seaward side of the Mtónjaneni heights. Their chief then was called Xabáshe. One has read of an Old Woman who had so many children she could scarcely suffer them; but we doubt whether one has ever heard of a man burdened with so many fathers as was Xabáshe—Xabáshe, son of Makátini; Xabáshe, of Madango; Xabáshe, of Mgidi; Xabáshe, of Tshana, of Madango; Xabáshe, of Ntuli, of Nongálo; Xabáshe, of Ntuli, of Makátini; Xabáshe, of Mdengi wa-s-ewuGúgêni; and (which we favour as most reliable of all, without any absolute certainty) Xabáshe, son of Donda (wa-s-eNkweleni), of Púhlapántsi, of Ntonga (yesiZimane), of Makátini, of Ntuli, of Bongwa (ngabaLandakazi). Yet even here we miss Madango, who, we feel, deserved a place—unless, perchance, he and Donda were one.

Dingiswayo, the Mtétwá king, who had imposed upon himself the laudable task of reforming the world, and notably its kings, had conceived the idea that, in this latter case, surprise was a main element of success. Having already, in orthodox reformer style, taught king Jama (of the Têmbús, farther towards the coast) that the alternative to recantation was burning at the stake (or its local equivalent), he now proposed to make the offer to Xabáshe, and withal by night. No warning Pucks were there in Zululand to give the timely hint,

The king doth keep his revels here to-night;
For Oberon is passing fell and wráth.

—SHAKESPEARE,

so Xabáshe slept, and dreamed his own midsummer dream; then woke to find himself imprisoned in his home. This made him wroth, and rather than reform, he died. Thereupon the faithful Xulu braves massed to avenge their lord; but alas! themselves were driven from their fatherland, over the Mhlatúze river and at last dispersed between kwaHlokohloko range and Kóndlo's Spring, far away in Qwabeland. Poor Xabáshe was buried where he fell, and his grave is still revered hard by the eLumbi hill. To mourn his loss, he left Tshana (presumably his son); who died there, too, a natural death.

It would seem this Tshana was the last of his line; for when a few years hence Shaka appeared to complete what Dingiswayo had begun, a new dynasty, or rather a collateral branch of the old, was reigning in the land, Mapóloba, son of Sweli, of Mgidi, of Nomandla, of Makátini (as before). And once again, the brave Xulus did not haul down the flag without a valiant, if futile, effort. The invading Zulus were met at a place named eNyana; but the Xulus soon found themselves hopelessly outnumbered and beating a precipitous retreat. Their leader, Mapóloba, fell on the kwaMaqwákazi hill, never to rise again. His brother, Madlozi, fell back too, but into Mtétwáland, and there survived. Another brother, Nohádu—all sons of Sweli—elected to surrender; and he returned to his old home.

The accompanying destruction of their homes and food threw the surviving Xulus into dire distress; so much so that for a time they must painfully subsist on wild *imBuya* (*amaranthus Thunbergii*) and other weeds. This suffering and destitution the Zulus seeing, they made of it a callous jest and nicknamed the starving Xulus the *aba-s-emBuyeni* (the People among the *imBuya* weeds).

To prove that now an end had been put to Xulu royalties and independence, Shaka set up his own representative in the land, namely, Menziwa (of the emGázini clan), son of Xóko, of Ndaba (Zulu).

Later, a certain Mfinyeli, son of Ngúzalele (of this Xulu clan) became the bosom friend of Mpande's full-brother, Nzibe, who appointed him his private headman.

From the Xulus sprang the Sikákáne sub-clan, and from the Sikákánes sprang the Dlodlas. All these remained subject to the Xulu chieftain, though each occupied its own district under its own 'princely' family.

This Xulu chieftain—which, on the list, is unrecorded—was one Christmas-tide holding his annual Harvest Feast (*umKósi*), when one of his sons, Sikáká by name, had the audacity to usurp the royal medicine-potsherd (*ũDengezi loku-ncinda*). For this unpardonable presumption he was banished from the land.

Sikákáne,
Dlodla

Once over the Mfulé river, out of the way of the outraged king, he settled down to the less contentious pursuit of multiplying the species, and so successfully that ere long the family became so multitudinous and unruly, that they even commenced to marry each other. This weakness proving both uncontrollable and unpreventable, it had to be legitimized, in the usual manner, by dividing the family into two intermarriageable sections with a barrier between them. So it came about that the senior house (that of *Sikáká*, Mr. Lady's-Kilt) moved away to the ēTálaneni hill (east of the Mpungoses) and gradually peopled with little *Sikákás*—whom they called the **aba-kwa-Sikákáne** (the People of Little-Lady's-Kilt)—all the broad acres between that hill and the Mhlatúze river. The inferior house (that of *Dludla*, Mr. Stuff-it-well-in) went the other way and scattered offspring—whom they named the **aba-kwa-Dludla** (the People of Stuff-it-well-in)—all over the veld from the right bank of the Mfulé river away to the Magwáza folk, near emTinemide (near Melmoth).

At the head of the *Dludlas*, in Shaka's time, was one Ntsukunganye, son of Mandondo wa-s-eNketèni. As among the *Mbátás*, so here too there were Black *Dludlas* and White *Dludlas*.

Over the *Sikákánes*, at the same period, ruled Mazwana, son of Masela, of *Mbóma*, of *Mqéle*, of *Zimase* (others, *Mqéle*, of *Mashoni*, of *Nyezi*; others, *Mqéle*, of *Sicoco*, of *Zombé*, of *Qomisamaqéle*). Beyond *Mqéle* all names are unreliable. Despite the claims of Mr. Lady's-Kilt to be the founder of the clan, Mr. Hippopotamus (alias *Mbóma*) seems to have been its most honoured ancestor; for to him alone did his people condescend to erect a monument, perennial, though hardly as brass, yet living still as a patch of bush (*isiHlahla si-ka-Mbóma*, *Mbóma's Bush*) between the ēTálaneni hill and the Mhlatúze. Besides Masela, *Mbóma* left another son, *Matúla*, whose heir was *Maháwuka*.

We said above that Mazwana was, at that time, at the head of affairs. As a matter of fact, having got a bad scare by Shaka's incessant depredations in his vicinity, he had left the affairs to pot-luck and looked after himself instead by running off to *Zwide*.

These *Sikákánes* had gained for themselves outstanding fame as medical-men, so much so that Shaka's private physician was *Mbécwa*, son of *Mashoni*, of their clan.

But the *Sikákáne* fabulists have discovered that they had a much more picturesque origin than that we have related above. Certain women one day went out to cut reeds by the river. While there said one, "What is this the path of?" No sooner asked, than up pops a head out of the water and replies, "It is ours." Then another head popped up, and asked, "You are inquiring about us, do you not then know us? We are living here in our

home." "And of what clan may *you* be?" asked a woman. "We are the People of Zimase." "And who is your king?" "King Whose-gate-is-down-below (*uSango-li-ngezantsi*)," they replied. "Come up, then," said the women; "and why on earth do you live down below, when all other people live up above?" "Oh!" they replied, "we live with our medicines." "And, pray, what do you do with them?" "We doctor the kings." Upon which the women wagged their heads and thought they had better go home to report.

So home they went and reported, saying, "Here are some people in the river calling themselves the People of Zimase. They say they are royal doctors; but if anybody wants to engage them, he must come with a nice fat cutlet, and broil it on the bank of the pool. For Zimase will never come up with his medicines, unless drawn by the savour of a broiling cutlet." "Indeed!" said the king. So he got along a beast, and had it slaughtered down by the pool, and a fat cutlet broiled. Then, lo and behold! up comes Zimase, bearing his medicines.

He went all about the country doctoring the kings. Whenever he went out on to the veld to dig up herbs, he always donned a leathern kilt, because, said he, "I am mighty afraid of letting ladies see what they shouldn't."

Well, when the first men came up out of the water, they said, "So the Little-Leathern-Kilt has arrived." To which those who lived up above replied, "And the Little-Hoes (*amaLembána*) are awaiting up here." Thereupon those from up above and those from down below started a mutual fight for the medicines; and the former called the latter the *aba-kwa-Sikákáne* (they of the Little-Lady's-Kilt), but themselves they called the *aba-kwa-Lembé* (they of the Hoe).¹

Fiction aside, the Lembé people were either a collateral branch of the family, along with the Sikákánes, or were an offshoot of the latter. No doubt they invented the little story to prove to posterity that they are and ever have been the 'upper ten' of their society, and their rivals merely the 'great submerged.' But the Little-Kilt people, all the same, kept hold of the medicines!

¹ Callaway, *R.S.*, 36.

CHAPTER 29

THE INHABITANTS OF NATAL BEFORE THE WHITE MAN CAME (1819)

Natalia erat omnis in partes tres divisa, quarum unam Dlamini, aliam Lalæ, tertiam Debæ, incolebant. When, about the year 1818, he carried his arms across the Mzinyati river and invaded the territory of the Kûzes (204), Shaka entered his Gaul. Thereby he inaugurated what (to suit our present geographical convenience) we may call the second stage of his career of conquest—the invasion of Natal, and the subjugation and incorporation within the growing Zulu nation of the two large clan-groups there dwelling.

But before we proceed to describe the several campaigns and multitudinous raids waged in those parts by the Zulu legions, and the internecine warfare among the clans themselves thereby universally engendered, let us first of all, Cæsar being our precedent, study awhile the map of that country and the people there inhabiting.

The Natives at that period (up to *c.* 1820) inhabiting Natal wholly belonged to one or other of the two clan-groups comprising the **Tekela**-speaking branch of the **Ngûni**-Bantu family (see pp. 3-16), namely, either to

- (1) the **eMbó** (or **Dlamini**) Ngûni group, or to
- (2) the **Tônga** Ngûni group, in its three sub-divisions of
 - (a) **Mtétwá**, (b) **Lala** and (c) **Debe** Ngûnis.

Now, turning to the Clan-Map (at end), and commencing at the northernmost point of Natal, we shall observe that the whole of the upper Tûkela basin, from the source of that river to below its junction with the Mzinyati and thence over the Tûkela to beyond the Ntsuze, was in the occupation of the **eMbó** (or **Dlamini**) Ngûnis. Of this group the principal clans were the Bêles, Zisis, Dlaminis proper, Kûzes, eNtlangwinis, Xasibes (all in Natal), with the eMbós and Cubes (both in Zululand). In northern Zululand, the Ndwandwes, and in Swaziland, the Ngwânes, belonged to this group.

Below these, lower down the Tûkela (both banks) and southwards as far as the Mdloti, was the **Lala** group of **Tônga-Ngûnis**, including the large Ngcobo tribe (embodying the Nyuswa, Qadi, Ngóngôma, Shangase and Wosiyana clans in Zululand, and the Fûze in Natal), the Pêpétás, Ngcolosis, Lutúlis (latter in Zululand), Hlongwas, Mapúmulos and others, with the Túlís away between Durban and the Mkómazi mouth.

With the exception of the Cele and Ngángá clans belonging to the **Mtétwá** group of **Tóngá-Ngúnis** (farther north on the Zululand coast), four small patches of stray **Ntungwa-Ngúnis** and two of stray **Sutús**, the rest of inhabited Natal—there were, of course, roaming families of Bushmen all along the Drakensberg mountains (forming the border of Basutoland and the Orange Free State)—was parcelled out among numerous small clans of the **Debe** group of **Tóngá-Ngúnis**—the Dunges, Nyamvus, Nqolos, Nqondos, Njilos, Mdlulis, Yobos, Nkabanés, Ntsheles, Ntambós and others.

All the above-mentioned Ngúni groups, eMbó and Tóngá alike, belonged, as said, to the **Tekela-speaking** branch of the Ngúni family (7), that is to say, their speech, though still 'radically' (word-roots) identical with that of the **Pure** or **Ntungwa-Ngúnis** (8) from whom they had sprung, had, owing to their contact with the descending stream of Sutú Bantu, assumed so many phonetic and structural changes (of which the changing of the *z* into a closed *t* was the most striking, and consequently gave rise to the term, *tekela*) as to have become virtually a new language.

Further, that section of them known as Tóngá-Ngúnis had picked up, during its subsequent sojourn in the neighbourhood of the Tóngá Bantu, not only quite a vocabulary of entirely foreign (Tóngá) words, but also many Tóngá customs and much Tóngá blood—whence, indeed, their distinguishing appellation.

It seems probable that, by Shaka's time, those of the Tekela-Ngúnis who had remained behind in Zululand (e.g. the Ndwandwes, Mtétwás and others) had already lost again most of their *tekela* characteristics and had largely, if not indeed wholly, resumed the use of the purer original Ngúni habits and speech. Those of them, however, who had already passed forward into Natal (or remained behind in Swaziland), and had become there continuously isolated from all Pure Ngúni or other foreign contact, had retained their Tekela forms of speech right up to the time of their conquest by Shaka. Thereafter, this form of speech rapidly died out among the men, owing to their incorporation into Shaka's army, where Pure-Ngúni Zulu alone was spoken; but the *tekela* dialect was preserved by the female community in ever-diminishing volume as generation succeeded generation, until, at the present time, even among them, it has become entirely swamped out by the overwhelming pressure of Zulu; so that now only a very few of the oldest women still employ a modicum of the *tekela* forms. Till thirty years ago, among the emaTúlini south of Durban, and among that heterogeneous higgledy-piggledy of tribal debris massed together along the southern borders of Natal and

collectively known as the *Bâcas*, one might have found a hybrid form of the old Natal language still in daily use; though we doubt whether the present generation has preserved much of it.

It seems rather surprising that a Bantu language, spoken probably by 150,000 people, could have been thus swept utterly into oblivion within the short space of seventy-five years. And it is a damning example of the vastness between profession and performance, that it should have been permitted thus to become entirely and irrecoverably extinct, leaving no single vestige of its structure behind, and hardly anything of its vocabulary, while a British Government, loudly boasting for itself every ideal of culture and duty, looked supinely on. The following handful of scraps rescued from Lethe must suffice to show what the old Lala word-forms were like, and in them the relationship with the Tõnga speech, as well as with the Sutũ, will be plainly apparent to students:—

| Lala. | Zulu. |
|---|--|
| <i>u-fati</i> (c.t.),* plur. <i>aba-fati</i> , wife | <i>um-fazi</i> , <i>aba-fazi</i> . |
| <i>u-nwana</i> , <i>aba-nwana</i> , child | <i>um-ntwana</i> , <i>aba-ntwana</i> . |
| <i>umu-nu</i> , <i>aba-nu</i> , person | <i>umu-ntu</i> , <i>aba-ntu</i> . |
| <i>umu-ti</i> (c.t.), <i>imi-ti</i> , kraal | <i>umu-zi</i> ; <i>imi-zi</i> . |
| <i>u-nomo</i> , <i>imi-lomo</i> , mouth | <i>um-lomo</i> , <i>im-lomo</i> . |
| <i>u-nede</i> (c.d.), <i>imi-lede</i> , leg | <i>um-lenze</i> , <i>im-lenze</i> . |
| <i>ili-ve</i> , lapd | <i>ili-zwe</i> . |
| <i>ili-tulu</i> (c.t.), sky | <i>ili-zulu</i> . |
| <i>ama-di</i> (c.d.), water | <i>ama-nzi</i> . |
| <i>ama-timba</i> (c.t.), Kafir-corn | <i>ama-bele</i> . |
| <i>yilu-lwimi</i> , tongue | <i>ulu-limi</i> . |
| <i>yilu-pondzo</i> , horn | <i>ulu-pondo</i> . |
| <i>i-mbwa</i> , <i>iti-mbwa</i> (c.t.), dog | <i>i-nja</i> , <i>isi-nja</i> . |
| <i>i-yuku</i> , fowl | <i>i-n-kuku</i> . |
| <i>i-mupu</i> , flour | <i>i-m-pupu</i> . |
| <i>i-yomo</i> , head of cattle | <i>i-n-komo</i> . |
| <i>i-yabi</i> , ox | <i>i-n-kabi</i> . |
| <i>i-yudi</i> , bull | <i>i-n-kunzi</i> . |
| <i>i-yomwadi</i> , cow | <i>i-n-komazi</i> . |
| <i>i-yomwane</i> , calf | <i>i-n-konyana</i> . |
| <i>i-nombi</i> , girl | <i>i-n-lombi</i> . |
| <i>i-n-doda</i> (c.d.), man | <i>i-n-doda</i> . |
| <i>i-siva</i> , young man | <i>i-n-lsizwa</i> . |
| <i>i-hladi</i> (c.d.), fish | <i>i-n-llanzi</i> . |
| <i>isa-ngra</i> (g.r.), hand | <i>isa-ndla</i> . |
| <i>ubw-ani</i> , grass | <i>u-tshani</i> . |
| <i>ubw-alwa</i> , beer | <i>u-tshwala</i> . |
| <i>ubu-hlũlu</i> , beads | <i>ubu-hlalu</i> . |
| <i>ndzi-nyamba</i> , I-go | <i>ngi-hamba</i> . |
| <i>ndzi-reti</i> (g.r.; s.t.), I-sit | <i>ngi-hlezi</i> . |
| <i>ndzi-raba</i> (g.r.), I-stab | <i>ngi-hlaba</i> . |
| <i>ndzi-tsi</i> (c.t.), I-say | <i>ngi-ti</i> . |
| <i>ketulu</i> (c.k.; c.t.), above | <i>pezulu</i> . |

* c.t. = closed *t* (unknown in Europe); g.r. = guttural *r* (as in Scotch 'loch'),

Of the language of the Debe group of Tóngá-Ngúnis we have no specimens. That it was of the *tekela* type is certain ; but it differed in some respects from the Lala in its pronunciation, for instance, while the Lalas had *umuNu* (person), the Debes had *umuNifu*, and the Zulus *umuNtu*. We think this must have been due to the fact of the Debes and Lalas having come under the influence of Tóngá peoples speaking different dialects or languages.

To court honest criticism and to act upon it is, in the commercial world, one of the golden rules to success ; and, in the moral world, self-criticism, or, as the ascetics have it, the examination of one's conscience, serves the same purpose and is equally efficacious. We ennoble our natures, first, by discovering their meannesses, and then by redressing them. Neither the whole White race, nor the British portion of it in particular, is so utterly immaculate as to be above reproach, and it would do both a deal of good if something of the Black man's criticism could be brought home to them. It might run somewhat on these lines :—

The history of modern European colonization among primitive peoples has proven beyond all gainsay that, where the White man wills, he goes ; that with him still might is right. Inheritance from forefathers, propriety by birth, present possession, actual use, and every other moral or theoretic right whatsoever imaginable, are all alike trodden roughshod underfoot, as this arrogant, greedy, lawless element struts over the face of the globe, disturbing all, molesting everybody, in its insatiable lust for further lands and further wealth. To be sure, the Black man is not one whit better ; but when the White man descends to do as the Black man does, he thereby lowers himself to the Black man's level and can claim no other justification for his deeds than that conferred by the Black man's sanctions. For, after all, that might is right *is* a law of nature ; but of nature at its lowest, brutish stage, not of that higher and nobler nature which is enlightened by reason, guided by conscience and ruled by a recognition of altruistic duties and responsibilities. The average European selfist knows all this well enough, and usually does not fail to experience a certain shaming consciousness of his mean doings ; but his selfishness is so hopelessly indomitable that he can find peace and renewed boldness only in the self-delusion that his conscience is being calmed and the world hoodwinked by specious excuses that are manifestly worthless—" they grabbed the land from somebody else " ; " they make no use of it " ; " they have no need of it," and other such unfounded and inconsistent pleadings. But, mark you, once himself in possession of the swag,

all these specious arguments automatically cease any longer to apply, and he himself squats down quite complacently and alone on a patch of country as large as that previously carrying a whole primitive clan, draws a barbed-wire fence around it and thereafter turns this pristine little kingdom, heretofore furnishing a home and contentment for a hundred Native families, into an empty, idle and profitless wilderness, only benefiting himself. Nor does he ever attempt to apply his hollow arguments of 'wasted land,' 'unbeneficially occupied' and all the rest, to any stronger than himself. The unworked and uninhabited 10,000 acre 'farm' of the sturdy Boer in Africa and the vast estate of the landed gentry in Europe, though staring him in the face at his very door, he always discreetly fails to notice, and passes on to urge his righteous claims on the simpler and weaker Black man, out of sight in the primitive world.

The acquisition of Natal by Briton and Boer was *not*, we are happy to state, accomplished by such methods—in the first instance; though we are unable to affirm that, subsequently and since, such have never prevailed. The Natives of Natal lost their fatherland largely owing to a misunderstanding and a mischance. An armed burglar had hopped their way from Zululand and expelled them from their home. This no sooner done and the burglar gone, than along strolled Briton and Boer, up from the Cape, and out alike in quest of vacant dwellings, which finding here, they entered in and there comfortably settled. Then, when, the way being clear, the rightful owner later on returned, suspecting him (despite his protests), as, like themselves, a filibuster, they relegated to him, as some concession to the trade, the outhouse and back-garden; which led to ructions.

Between the years 1820 and 1823, Shaka's armies, aided by the wasting hordes of Cûnus and Têmbûs fleeing through before them, had swept Natal clean of all its inhabitants, carrying back with them the one portion into captivity in Zululand, and driving the other as fugitives to the Cape.

Glance at the map, and you will see that full fifty separate clans, with 100,000 members, had but recently occupied Natal. As early as 1575, Perestrello, the Portuguese navigator, had reported the country as "populous." Mariners, again, shipwrecked in Natal prior to 1684, inform us of its "natives"; while the survivors of the Dutch ship, *Stavenisse*, wrecked there in 1686, and the English captain, Rogers, who visited there prior to 1699, have left us lengthy descriptions of those people.¹ And anon this most beautiful and fertile garden in all South Africa, this Black man's arcady smiling, century long, in the joy of peace and plenty and perpetual sunshine, had become transformed into

a sullen and desolate waste ; and into this wilderness, in the nick of time, two streams of colonizing Whites, from east and from west, had as suddenly walked, and taken possession.

The first British settlers, travelling by sea, arrived in Port Natal (now called Durban) in the year 1824 ; the first Dutch, slowly wending their way overland, reached the same objective in 1837. Fynn, of the former party, in the first-named-year, had traversed the breadth of Natal, from the Tongaat river to the Mzimkulu, and Retief, leader of the Boers, at the later date, had traversed its length, from the Drakensberg to the sea, and neither had encountered any sign of human habitation. Obviously both had lighted on a No Man's Paradise, and both felt amply justified in appropriating it.

And yet it was all a mirage, an illusion. The thousands of inhabitants were in being all the time, unseen, in hiding or in captivity. Fully two-thirds of the land was already vested in rightful ownership ; but the owners, through duress, were momentarily hindered from resuming occupation. At length, the long constraint relaxed its grasp, and the fetters fell from their feet. Shaka, the Zulu destroyer, in 1828, and Dingane, his successor, in 1840, had both, by their own, been hustled into eternity, and with their exit the Zulu power for evil crumbled and collapsed. From that instant—in 1828, from the Cape ; in 1840, from Zululand—the eMbó and Tónga-Ngúnis of Natal flocked back to their abandoned homes and fatherland in a slow but constant stream—to find the British and the Dutch in settled possession, the former, of a narrow strip along the coast, the latter, of the vast hinterland ! Naturally, the astonished Black man protested against the White man's presence, and called him a usurper ; and naturally, the indignant White man resented the Black man's effrontery, and called him an intruder. The Native, unable to eject the usurper, determined himself to usurp his cattle. An era of mutual reprisals and harassment was thus inaugurated, and the whole country became rapidly and universally 'politically disturbed.' Now, Briton and Boer, as it happened, were equally subjects of the Cape, and as such the British Government was answerable for their doings. Originally averse to any extension of its responsibilities beyond the limits of the Cape Colony, it at last found itself compelled to intervene in the interests of justice and of peace ; and, to enable it to do so legally, it was forced, in 1844, formally to annex Natal.

In the year (1843) prior to actual annexation, the British Government had despatched from Capetown Commissioner H. Cloete to make personal investigation on the spot of the state of affairs in Natal. Their instructions to him required that " in

reporting upon the claims of applicants within that territory, he must carefully ascertain that the land so claimed is not also claimed, or held, or occupied, by any native chief or native people, and when such a claim shall be made, he will take care specially to report all the grounds advanced by conflicting claimants, whether European or other, in order that Her Majesty's Government may decide between them"; further, that he "make it known to the emigrant farmers and native tribes, that he had been directed . . . to cause the claims of the natives to lands which they either held or occupied to be scrupulously respected," and "that Her Majesty's and the Colonial Government will spare no pains to secure protection and justice to the native tribes around Natal; and that they are not to be restricted in locating themselves to any particular spot or district, nor are they to be excluded from occupying any land whatever which remains at the disposal of the Crown. The Government will neither disturb them, nor allow them to be disturbed in their occupation or selections."² The actual terms of annexation were equally explicit in regard to 'equal rights' for both races; for, amongst the conditions laid down as indispensable to the permission which it was proposed to give the emigrants to occupy the territory, the first was "that there shall not be in the eye of the law any distinction or disqualification whatever, founded on mere distinction of colour, origin, language, or creed; but that the protection of the law in letter and substance shall be extended impartially to all alike."³

From the above it is abundantly manifest that the intentions of the British Government were admirable in the extreme, and boldly proclaimed. Nor could they have selected, to give effect to those intentions, an official more honourable—and more incompetent—than Commissioner Cloete! Imperfectly informed themselves—as is clear from certain of their expressions above—of the historical facts which would have rendered the Native claim obvious and incontestable, Commissioner Cloete was equally as ignorant, and, what is more, was utterly unprovided with that only means by which that ignorance might have been dispelled, namely, with a knowledge of the Zulu language, by which some acquaintance with Native history might have been acquired. Despite his explicit instructions from the British Government "to report all the grounds advanced by conflicting claimants, whether European or other," and to "make known to the native tribes that he has been directed . . . to cause the claims of the natives to lands . . . to be scrupulously respected" (see above), it seems more than probable—if we may judge from the documents published—not only that he possessed no knowledge of the

Zulu language himself, but that he was not even supplied with a Zulu interpreter, though such were easily procurable among the British at Durban; ⁴ that he called no witnesses whatsoever from the Native side; and that the only evidence he accepted was that supplied by the Dutch claimants themselves!

From inquiries, then, which Commissioner Cloete made—as said, solely among the Whites—he was enabled, on 10th November, 1843, to report that “it is admitted by everyone whom I have consulted on the subject, and who appeared to possess the best sources of information, that on the arrival of the first Emigrant Farmers, between two and three thousand Natives, near Port Natal, constituted the entire population of the country.” “These original inhabitants of the soil soon placed themselves and their descendants under the protection of the Europeans of the Port.” “Independent of these parties there were scarcely a few hundred Zulus in the whole Natal territory south of the Drakensberg. . . . I have endeavoured to procure every possible information as to the names, abodes and numbers of the remnants of these several tribes. . . . Independent of these two parties, however, who may be considered the descendants of the Aboriginal Natives of the country, a most alarming influx of Zulus has taken place, chiefly within the last three or four years. [This was the return, after Dingane’s assassination in 1840, of most of the Natal Natives hitherto held in captivity in Zululand, together with a large body of Zulus proper who had fled therefrom with Dingane’s brother, Mpande.] It is impossible to form a correct estimate of their numbers, but they have been computed to amount at least to between 80,000 and 100,000.” “To come to a correct view of the claims of the Zulus, it appears to me just that a distinction should be made between those who were originally found in the country, who continued to occupy lands as their own and have thus a claim on those lands, and such other Kafirs who are but late deserters from the Zulu country.” ⁵

In a word, Commissioner Cloete’s inquiries led him to the discovery that, of the 80,000 to 100,000 Natives then in Natal, 2000 to 3000 near Port Natal (who, upon the recent arrival of the British, had emerged from their hiding and placed themselves under their protection), plus another few hundreds scattered about the uplands, “constituted the entire population” of the “whole Natal territory south of the Drakensberg.” These he labelled ‘aboriginals’; all the rest he termed ‘intruders,’ with, as such, obviously no more right to the soil than had the Boers (whom, however, being Whites, he distinguished as ‘emigrants’).

All this, of course, was pure assumption and, historically, utterly false. Happily, Cloete was followed by more thorough

and conscientious inquirers, who succeeded in discovering the tribal appellations of practically all the Natal clans there formerly domiciled and dispersed by Shaka. It is consequently easy for us nowadays to distinguish which, among the present Natal Natives, are, and are not, genuine aborigines—we have simply to ask their clan-name (which all religiously preserve) and to compare their answer with our list. We shall then find that probably 65 per cent. of them are true 'aboriginals,' another 25 per cent. 'intruders' from Zululand or trans-Tukelia, and the remaining 10 per cent. 'aliens' (Swazis, Tóngas, Sutús and the like).

But Cloete's scamping assumption was convenient to him, and simplified his labours immensely; for it saved him from any further necessity of worrying about 'intruders,' and enabled him to confine his attention to the 'emigrants' (who, possessing the might, were capable of urging their rights with force, unless conceded). With a total area in Natal of 12,800,000 acres, and every married Boer demanding therefrom two 6000 acre farms apiece and every Boer youth over 15 years of age one such,⁶ and with (at that period) no Native 'claimants' whatsoever—they not having been questioned or informed—it was easy for the British Government, on Commissioner Cloete's report to present to the Boers 760 farms, each of 3000 acres, in all 2,100,000 acres,⁷ and to the Natives nothing at all!

Thus it came about, through a lack of knowledge of Native history and the Native language on the part of a British official specially deputed to secure them justice, that the Tekela-Ngúnis lost their fatherland, or at any rate the major portion of it; for, we must in justice explain that 100,000 Native 'intruders'—their numbers, moreover, increasing daily as ever more and more 'aboriginals' returned—being actually and already there within the land and (as the Dutchmen continuously complained) an 'insupportable nuisance,'⁸ the British Natal Government willy-nilly was compelled a few years later to make statutory provision for them, delimiting as Native Locations another 2,198,456 acres (about equal to the farmlands already assigned to 760 Boers), the remaining 8,501,544 acres being reserved for future European 'emigrants.' The injustice of all this is so glaringly apparent that one must wonder how any self-respecting Englishman can ever dare to raise his head again and look the world in the eyes without shame; how any honest Christian can fail to feel the guilt of his hypocrisy and disgrace. Greater intelligence and greater power does not sanction depredation and unrighteousness. And the stigma still remains.

This short survey of early Natal has been inserted here as at

once introductory and complementary to what we shall soon have to relate concerning the conquest by Shaka of that country, and it will explain to the reader how the Native aborigines there came to lose their birthright and how, without a fight and by simple 'peaceful' penetration, it passed into the inheritance of the Whites.

¹ Bird, *A.N.*, I., 24-60.

² *Ibid.*, *A.N.*, II., 166.

³ *Ibid.*, 310-13.

⁴ *Ibid.*, 406-7.

⁵ *Ibid.*, *The Kafir Population in Natal*, 8.

⁶ *Ibid.*, 291.

⁷ *Ibid.*, 279, 280.

⁸ *Ibid.*, 432.

CHAPTER 30

THE TÈMBÙS, THE MUCH-WIVED FOLK (1819)

WHEN a Zulu becomes a convert to the 'Mohammedan' cult and takes to his bosom a bridal party of, say, five or a dozen, he is said to have acquired the 'Tèmbù' habit (*Z. isiTèmbù*, with *ē* long). Whether an excessive plurality of wives was, in older times, a weakness peculiar to the *abaTèmbù* (with *ē* long) and by them passed on to envious neighbours, we cannot say. From their name, it looks like it; though we are compelled to add that, within the historical period, there has appeared no evidence whatever showing that those envious neighbours had not already succeeded in equaling, at times even in excelling, the Tèmbùs themselves at their own game.

The **ebaTénjini** tribe belonged to that branch of Ngûni-Bantu which, for want of a better distinguishing name, we have designated Ntungwa. They were therefore pure Ngûnis, without any Tõnga or Sutú (i.e. non-Koni) admixture.

From many old tribal legends it becomes clear that, two or three centuries ago, Tèmbù relationship with the Mabasos, the Mbátás, the Cúnus, (?) the Xulus—as well as with the Tèmbùs and (?) Mpondos of the Cape (see ch. 28)—was generally recognized as distinctly close; for their common descent was then still easily traceable, though it has grown less obvious since.

Indeed, of all the Ntungwa-Ngûni clans we think this of the *ebaTénjini* must have been one of the very first and oldest. We should even like to believe that to this large Tèmbù clan fell the honour of priority of place, of forming the very 'nose' (as the Zulus say) in the original Bantu procession when it pushed its way from the central plateau farthest south into the Bushman

domain. But people who thrust their nose into other people's private affairs are liable to get them knocked ; and the southern Témბús too, when they invaded the Bushman preserve (to the north-east of the Cape Colony), did not fail to get badly bruised in the process. Their original Ngúni speech, disfigured enough already by Bushman discordances (from earlier contact with those people on the north-central plateau), became so now in an exaggerated degree (as evidenced in the language now called the Xóza) ; and the purity of their Ngúni blood became so tainted by Bushman intermixture, that some of them actually started decapitating their little fingers—a sure tribal sign of Bushman connection (517).

But these remarks refer only to the Témბús of the Cape. For when, about A.D. 1550, the Ngúnis moved south-eastwards from the Transvaal region, the Témბú clan divided itself into two sections, whereof the larger proceeded through southern Natal into the Cape (before the Xózas had yet arrived there), while the smaller remained behind in the Vryheid region, alongside its subsequently arriving Hlubi-Dlamini cousins, and so preserving its blood and its speech more unsullied. It is with this latter section only, the Témბús of the north, that we are here concerned.

At the commencement of their historical period, the eba-Ténjini are reported to have been living, together with the Mbátás (prior to the migration of these latter to the Ntlazatshe region), in some more inland district (probably to the south of the upper Bivane river). About the year 1700, there was a general trend of Ntungwa-Ngúni clans downwards towards the coast. It was at that period that both Malandela (of the Qwabe-Zulu tribe) and Mangqiyima (of the Témბús) moved coastwards.

On the way, the Témბú family split into two sections, of which the senior, known simply as *abaTémბú* and headed by Mangqiyima, proceeded ahead and finally settled along the Ntseleni river, flowing into the lower Mhlatúze ; the junior, known as the *abaTémბú ba-kwa-Mvelase*, remaining behind up-country, subsequently subjecting itself to the Butélezi chieftain and occupying country on the Butélezi-Mbátá border, southward of the upper White Mfolozi.

Resident in his eNtlangwini kraal by the Ntseleni stream, the coast Témბús, in Dingiswayo's time, were ruled by the paramount chief of their tribe, Jama, son of Mnisi, son of Ndaba, son of Lushozi, son of Geze, son of Mangqiyima. When, in Dingiswayo's praises (*iziBongo*), we are told that "the heavens thundered at the eNtlangwini kraal" and "they went and made away with Jama of Mnisi," we may fairly conclude that the implication

was that Jama had been effectually locked up beneath two feet of soil by the Mtétwá police-patrol.

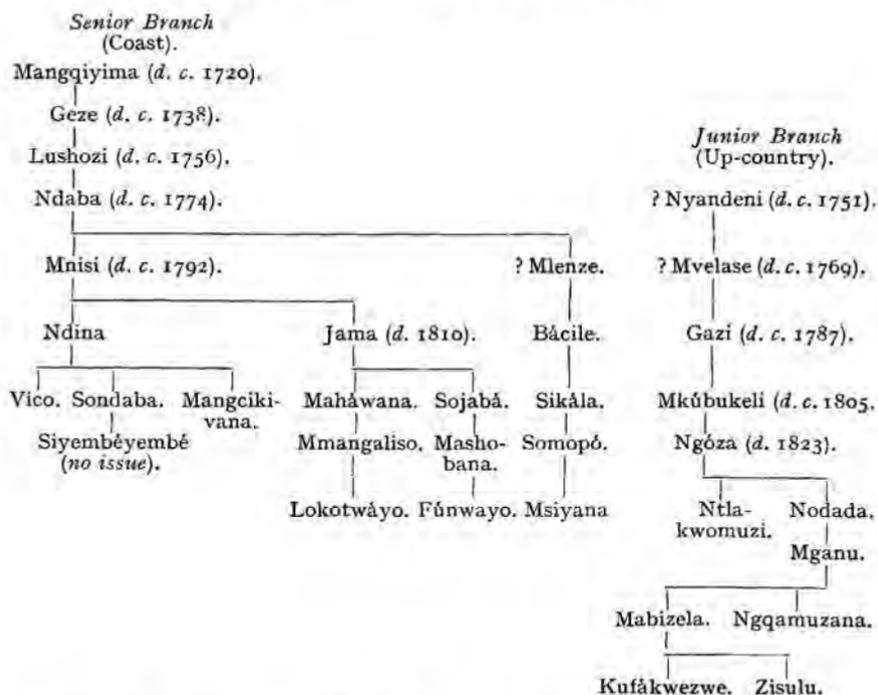
But Jama was no more than acting-chief on behalf of the minor heir, Ndina, likewise of Mnisi. Ndina now entered into his inheritance as a vassal of the Mtétwá king, and, on Dingiswayo's demise, passed on automatically, with other Mtétwá property, into Shaka's hands. Of course, that was the end of the Tém bú kingship; but the family property remained. With that property, however, Vico (Ndina's son) refused to have anything to do, and moved out of Tém búland into the Mhlatúze valley, where he died, leaving nothing behind. Tradition is very obscure indeed at this point; but the next we hear, is of Sondaba and Mangciki-vana, other sons, contending over the abandoned property; with what result is unknown. Sondaba, however, left a son, Siyembêyembê, to continue the contest and to inherit at any rate an empty title; but that was not of much avail, for he too died without issue, and so the ancient and noble line of Tém bú paramountcy became in his branch extinct. Maháwana, son of Jama, survived and bore fruit; but he never seems to have displayed any interest in the bauble of tribal headship and let it lie unclaimed. Lokotwáyo, son of Mmangaliso, of Maháwana, was last heard of as a resident in Dumezweni's location (on the northern side of the lower Mhlatúze). Owing to this early and general break-up of the royal house, it has been impossible to obtain any absolutely reliable information concerning earlier times, and that here given is hardly satisfactory.

The present head of the coastal Tém bú is Msiyana, son of Somopó, son of Sikála, son of Bácile. In Mpande's time Somopó was a favourite of the Zulu king, so much so that he was appointed headman of this district and entrusted with the guardianship and 'education' of Cetshwayo, Mpande's son. This will probably explain the assumption of the supreme power since then among the coast Tém bú by the family of Bácile.

On the next page we give something of the tribble pedigree; but that of the senior branch is especially unsatisfactory and needs further probing.

The up-country or junior Tém bú house had not the misfortune to become so completely broken up as had the senior branch on the coast. Its past history has accordingly been preserved to a much greater extent. Why, they can even relate to us the story of their own birth—and incidentally that too of the **Mabaso** clan. It happened thuswise:—

A certain Tém bú chieftain—it may have been Mangqiyima himself—as was most chieftains' wont, got himself somehow entangled, amorously, with his 'tribal-sister,' daughter of a



clansman named Mabaso. The upshot was, he had to marry her, despite the exogamous law forbidding. To put things legally straight, the Mabasos now proclaimed themselves an entirely separate clan, into which any Tembú chief might henceforth marry at will.

The particular marital venture in point turned out a miserable failure—the bride presented her lord with nothing but a bunch of girls, a commodity in the production of which no self-respecting Ngúni progenitor ever prides himself. Mabaso, the girl's father, was equal to the occasion. When next his daughter's days were come that she should be delivered, he made a point of being personally on the spot to superintend arrangements. As before, a wretched girl was born. Now, Mabaso had taken the precaution to bring along with him a long bundle (*Z. iNyanda*; loc. *eNyandeni*) of grass, ostensibly for the thatching of a hut in the kraal. But inside the bundle he had secretly concealed an infant boy, opportunely filched elsewhere—for this Mabaso, you must know, was a consummate knave. Being informed betimes of his daughter's misadventure, he promptly extracted the boy from the bundle (*eNyandeni*) and deftly slipped it alongside the infant

girl just born, thereafter proceeding to announce to the family with obvious pride that at last his daughter had presented them with what they wanted, a son and heir, one of a pair of twins. The boy was later christened Mvelase; and from him was descended that section of the Témbú clan, the house of Gázi, which, on the migration of the other section coastwards, had remained up-country, and was generally referred to as *aba-kwa-Mvelase* or *wa-vela eNyandeni* (the People of Mvelase, who had come forth out of a bundle of grass).—All which, of course, is but a pretty nursery-tale played upon an ancestral name by the tribal storyteller for the amusement of tribal children, Nyandeni being in reality an *isiTakazelo* of the clan, and consequently the name of one of the clan's forefathers.

Mvelase's heir, so far as we can make out, was Gázi (others, Kazi). In those days chiefs, when unable to acquire fame by deeds of valour, were fond of seeking it by some less risky feat at home. Hence they dearly loved to become possessed of what they termed an *umLingo* (or miraculous power). Kóndlo (of the Mazibukos), Madikane (of the Zelemus), Mabódla (of the Mbónambis), Mlambó (of the Myenis), Zwangendaba (of the Jeles), Makásana (of the Tembés), Mjanji (of the Pedis), were all proud possessors of some particular *umLingo*. And Gázi too claimed one all his own. This gentleman's particular stunt was to take out from a basket a handful of dry grain (sorghum or maize), throw it into the air and cause it to descend already sprouted and ready for beer-making. This, we think, must have brought him in great request among the ladies; for the malting of grain usually demanded a delay, very annoying to the busy housewives, of three or four days' soaking in the river.

What old Gázi could not do, however, was to make himself sprout afresh into renewed youth. Still, he hung on to the oof so long, that his heir, Mkúbukeli (others, Mkúpúkeli), died in despair before him. Mkúbukeli left as heir-apparent a small boy, Ngóza (of the *emVuleni* kraal), on whose behalf his elder sister, Mnyangó—after grandfather Gázi had been taken to his fathers—ran the kingdom, just as Mkabayi did in the case of Senzangakóna.

We have said that the Témbús were then settled betwixt the Butélezis and the Mbátás. Each to the other proved anything but agreeable neighbours, and the great sport was to indulge in mutual reprisals. One day the Témbú calves trespassed into the sorghum-fields of a Mbátá man named Gása. Past remonstrances having proved futile, that irate landlord promptly impounded the beasts out of mischief's way within his cattle-fold and there let them stay. So long as their calves merely devoured their

neighbours' crops, the Tèmbùs never worried themselves ; but this impudent ruse soon brought them along, not indeed to herd their straying cattle or to tender damages, but to complete their neighbour's ruin by rooting up the remnants of his crop ! Such were some of the amenities of Bantu life in the Golden Age.¹

At length, however, about A.D. 1817, the new policeman came along in the person of the newly installed Zulu king, Shaka, who quickly extinguished these infantile squabbles. Indeed, so thorough were his methods of dealing with incapable monarchs, that he extinguished the whole Butélezi kingdom (133), drove its king, Púngashe, over the two Mfolozis to Zwide and his Tèmbù vassals in the contrary direction, to the Mzinyati river, on whose banks, about the kwaHlajakazi mount, Ngóza and his people now established a new home and independent kingdom of their own, where they were joined not long afterwards by Mangcengeza's and the *Dladla* sections of the amaMbátá (227), and probably also by the *Sitóles*.

Shaka's aggressiveness continued unabated and spread ever farther and farther afield, and by constant incorporation of the vanquished in his army, the latter grew rapidly unconquerable. It was not long before Ngóza recognized that even with 40 miles between himself and the Zulus, security was highly problematical, and he hastened to give the latter a still wider berth. What scheme more feasible, then, and effective than to change this side of the river for that, and so place the broad torrent of the Mzinyati as a mighty moat between them ? So over the river with his little army he went, to acquire by amity or by conquest an augmentation of his territory on the farther bank. The farther bank was Dlamini-land.

The country on the southern side of the lower Mzinyati at the coveted point chanced to be, at that time (1818), in the possession of the **emaKúzeni** branch of the *Dlamini* **emaKúzeni** tribe (367), and Nomagágá, son of Dlomo (204), was their chief, who thus suddenly found himself face to face with this disturbing demand. Ngóza, it was plain, intended business, and his business was—

Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace ;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.

—POPE.

Ngóza had already notified Nomagágá of his need of an asylum for his people from the Zulu menace ; to which Nomagágá had sent the polite reply, " Nothing doing here, old man ; better stay where you are, as buffer-state." Thought Ngóza, ' As battering ram ' were more to the point ; and he ordered his

younger braves, already clamorous with empty stomachs, to ascend the kwaNduna hill on which the chieftain dwelt, and ram some sense into that vacuous brain up there. So up dashed the ardent youths to storm the enemy's castle, while Ngóza, with the less impetuous veterans, remained below to see the fun. Anon the ardent youths returned, more precipitously than they had gone—the Kúze fire had proved more warm than they had thought!

"What!" exclaimed Ngóza, with a knowing smile; "running away?" "By no means; we have not yet had enough." "Then back to the fray!" he ordered. So up the hill they went, and down they came, precisely as before. After their third disillusionment, they frankly owned, "Sire, we are beaten." 'I knew you would be,' thought Ngóza. But they had served his purpose, to wear the enemy down.

Now Ngóza set to work in greater earnest, and got out the big stick. He despatched his veteran *uNonyenge* regiment up the front of the hill, and at the same time his *izinKwenkwezi* up the back. To the Kúzes the affair now assumed quite another aspect, with the enemy at once before and behind, and Nomagágá a tottering centre-piece. Ere long the Tembús were within the Kúze castle, and the royal centre-piece was knocked from its pedestal into the dust. Such was the end of the last of Kúze kings and independence; * and this was the Kúze lament—

My old name is lost,
 My distinction of race.
 Now the line has been crossed,
 Must I step to your pace?
 Must I walk as you list, and obey, and smile up
 In your face?

—STEPHENS.

'There's no doubt about that,' was Ngóza's answer, who took immediate possession of Kúzeland, and henceforward the Kúzes became servants in their own house.

Now, the ejected amaKúze had heard of the waxing fame and might of the young Zulu chieftain, Shaka, and they knew full well that it was precisely he whom Ngóza feared and was seeking to escape. To him they would have recourse and so bring down on this lawless filibuster the very retribution he most dreaded. Shaka lent a willing ear to their complaint and resolved in due time to mete out fitting punishment on these contumacious folk, who had dared to run away from him without permission and had usurped his sole prerogative of waging war on inoffensive peoples.

* J. Stuart, *H.*, 17.

However, for the nonce he had a superabundance of more urgent cares at home—Zwide was still an ever-looming menace. So, for two or three seasons Ngóza was permitted to delude himself with the dream that he had secured for himself a safe and permanent asylum.

Ngóza spent those years of grace by no means idly. Since his easy victory over the amaKúze, he had grown still more ambitious, and he now proceeded to extend his borders so as to include the enTlangwini country. These enTlangwini were also of the Dlamini family, and so first cousins of the Kúzes, whom they adjoined on the opposite (right) bank of the Túkela. They were divided among themselves in twain, whereof the one section was headed by Nombéwu, son of Gása, the other by Baleni, son of Nongcama; but both, as well as the Kúzes, were subject to Ngónyama, son of Mzabane, paramount chief of all the local Dlamini clans, which then covered all the country between the Doorn Kop and Estcourt, thence across the Túkela near its junction with the Mzinyati, away to beyond Pomeroy and back to the Túkela below Job's Kop.

It was probably during this period of Ngóza's greatness that he carried his arms also northwards for further elbow room. Somewhere in that neighbourhood was it that he met with a people described by Captain Gardiner² as 'Immithlanga' (presumably *imHlanga*), ruled by a chief 'Upalluti' (presumably uBáluti) and speaking a 'Sootu' (though perhaps Tóngá-Ngúni or eMbó-Ngúni) dialect. We can trace no clan, then or since inhabiting those regions, known as the *imHlanga*. Certainly at that time the whole of upper Natal, the Drakensberg and the Free State was badly infested, even up to the time of the arrival of the Boers (1837), by cannibals, both of Sutú and eMbó-Ngúni (e.g. the amaBéle and amaZizi) origin.* The conditions had later been further aggravated by the general devastation wrought by roaming amaHlubi (147) and amaNgwáne (135). These particular *imHlanga* referred to now by Gardiner, and who, he states, lived next door to the amaHlubi, may have been, we think, the Béles of Mahlapáhlapá (58), and their chief, 'Baluti,' Mahlapáhlapá's grandson, Bálule. But, then, those Béles had been anthropophagites long before the arrival of Ngóza on the Mzinyati; for the Ntulis entered Zululand with an anthropophagous reputation—they were a branch of Mahlapáhlapá's Béles—even in the days of Senzangakóna (*d.* 1816).

Anyway, these miserable *imHlanga*, under pressure of extreme want, had been "first reduced to the dreadful necessity of sub-

* Perhaps this was a consequence of the great Madlatúle famine (63, 88) which occurred about the year 1802. See also Ellenberger, *H.B.*, 217.

sisting upon their own children, and afterwards evinced so decided a predilection for human flesh as still to perpetuate the horrid practice of cannibalism; not, however, to the extermination of their own tribe, but feasting upon the bodies of captives taken in war." Gardiner's informants, two men of the enTlangwini clan, had actually beheld them "cooking and feasting on the flesh of several human bodies"; for which inquisitiveness they dearly paid by seeing the body of the father of one of them speared and bundled likewise into the pot. Indeed, only an energetic use of legs and wits preserved themselves from the same destination. For all which, they said, Ngóza was responsible. But retribution was at hand.

"What!" exclaimed Shaka, with a snort; "do you compare that contemptuous little Ngóza with me? Is there anyone who can be likened to this little Mad-cap, the brave boy of Nandi's?" Thus Shaka, in response to a malicious insinuation that "there was Ngóza, a great fighting-chief, who conducted his own campaigns and bore their honourable scars in his flesh."³

Whether it was owing to this torturing thought, or whether to a remembrance of the Kúze appeal, Shaka's attention now (1820) became concentrated on Ngóza, and deep schemes were laid for his entrapping. "Go," he enjoined on his official messengers, "invite him to come to me, that he and I, the mighty braves, may unite our forces, and"—well, conquer the world.

So gracious an invitation was most gratifying to Ngóza; but, as he was about to accede, wiser counsel raised a warning hand. "'Tis the tempter, great Mngúni; he will but slay thee, and absorb thy people." The shock of this new thought at once brought Ngóza to his bearings, and he decided to enter the lion's den by proxy. For the purpose he selected men of proven boldness, Sigwegwe, of the Hlubi clan, and the father of Mapómpo, of the Mbátás. "Go you to Shaka," he said, "and inform him to make ready his spears. And as a sign, take with you a reed, and fix it up before him."

So off they went, reported themselves to Shaka's chief-of-staff, Mdlaka, son of Ncidi, of the emGázini clan, who ushered them before the Presence, seated in the cattle-fold, where they duly fixed up their reed. "Sire," said they, "Ngóza hath sent us with orders to stick up this reed before thee." This transparent oracle Shaka saw right through at once, and made up his mind forthwith to smite it down. But, moved with admiration at such daring of the messengers, he politely refrained, and asked instead, "Well, have you had anything to eat?" "Not a drop!"

quoth Murphy *—or its paraphrase in Zulu. So Shaka ordered that three fatted beasts be brought, one for their dinner, two for viaticum on their way. But no order for liquid refreshment is recorded. Then, "Go back to Ngóza," he enjoined, "and tell him to await me on the new moon. He-who-calls-and-expects-response did invite him (and he came not). When, therefore, the new moon is visible, let him understand it is not the moon he sees, but—Shaka."

When they got back to Ngóza, "Here we are," they said, "bearing him (the enemy) on our backs," which metaphor was as unmistakable to Ngóza as was the reed-challenge to Shaka. So he sent post-haste to the Cúnu chief, Macingwane, son of Jama, next below him on the left bank of the Mzinyati, reporting the news and requesting him to join against the common foe by guarding the lower fords, while he (Ngóza) barred the way above at the Hlazakazi mount; for it was Ngóza's intention to collect all the tribal cattle and females and hide them away on the farther (right) bank of the Mzinyati and so get the full benefit of that useful barrier.

The Zulu army seems to have been divided into two divisions, so as to tackle the Tém bú s on both their flanks. One division took the lower route and passed through the Cúnu country, the valiant Cúnus, who had undertaken to guard the drifts in that direction, beating a corresponding retreat as the enemy drew nigh, until they at last found themselves well beyond the Túkela river, out of the enemy's present range of action. Shaka himself remained an interested spectator on one of the spurs of the ēQúdeni range (to the left of the junction of the Mzinyati and Túkela), while his army went forward to cross the Mzinyati below.

The object aimed at by this division of the Zulu army was no doubt to prevent the escape of Ngóza by any back door in case of rout. Tactically, the plan had its risks as well as gains; for, while it chanced to bring the lower division plump on to the whole unguarded multitude of Tém bú women, children and stock carefully concealed within the Mzinyati (others, the Túkela) bush, the great mass of whom were either killed or captured, it left the other or upper division, which had taken the route by the esiPézi mount and crossed the Mzinyati thereabouts, to confront alone the whole combined Tém bú and Kúze forces. The result of this was that, although the Zulus succeeded in forcing the Mzinyati, in the stand-up fight which ensued about the Tém bú capital (near Pomeroy), they were utterly defeated and pursued, until forced back again across the Mzinyati.

* With apologies to Dr. C. T. Loram.

There the Little Mad-cap, dancing in a frenzy of rage, was waiting to receive them. Compassionate tradition has left his welcome to the imagination.

Shaka himself had not gone on to the field: he had learned that one wise brain is more potent than a thousand mighty arms.

He had selected a suitable hilltop on the home side of the **Sitôle** the Mzinyati whereat to await developments. The precise position is variously stated as having been at the esiPézi mount and at the ēQūdeni, points as far as 20 miles apart. Perhaps Shaka walked from one point to the other, from the lower Zulu army to the upper, passing, as he did so, through the **aba-kwa-Sitôle** country, near the Hlazakazi mount.

Sitôle origins are a puzzling problem. They seem ever to have clung so consistently to the Tembús, that we strongly suspect the two are either very near relations (which the former nowadays deny) or very ancient neighbours. Both, we think, are most probably of Pure or Ntungwa Ngúni origin, and both migrated to the Mzinyati at or about the same period from some locality nearer the White Mfoloji. While the Tembús, under Gázi, were still adjacent to the Mbátás and Butélezis, on the right bank of the last-named river, the Sitóles were on the opposite side of the river, inland of the Ntlazatshe. They may, at that time, have been subject to the emaNgwáneni chieftain—of which clan, some assert, they were a branch; which others deny.

At that time Ntshiba was their chief, who begat Mbádu, who begat Mbúlungeni. In their shoes nowadays reigns the family of Jobe, son of Mapitá, of—though the following names are hardly reliable—Mgábo (others, Mnyanda), of Mndayi, of Ngqikazi, of Gábela, of (?) Mazizikazi, of Ncankulu—Jobe, ex-specialist in women's kilts (*iziDwaba*) and purveyor of crane-feathers. And this is how they got there.

The Sitôle braves maybe had gone—though it is not certain—to fight their overlord's battles; but Jobe somehow had remained at home. And as, on that fateful day, he strolled the hills near by his home in company with some other elders of their clan, they chanced to meet another party, strangers to them, but like themselves strolling the hills and scanning with interested eye the Mzinyati horizon. After mutual greetings, each to the other's inquiries stated, according to invariable Ngúni custom, whence he hailed and what his purpose. What the strangers declared themselves to be we cannot state, but we may well suppose, "Some interested amaCūnu," as being the nearest neighbours. Well, there on the hilltop they sat all day, 'communing with each other of these things which had happened,' and mutually

exchanging candid opinions concerning the recently risen arch-disturber, Shaka, and their hopes and expectations in the present conflict.

And while they thus conversed, behold ! there came, in breathless haste and with exuberant adulation, a messenger, saying, "Sire ! our army has been beaten from the field and is even now in full flight homewards." And Jobe's eyes were opened, and he knew him ; and for the rest of his days he ceased not to praise those protecting ancestral spirits who had so saved him from 'putting his foot in it.' And on the ill-starred messenger who had at once betrayed his deceit and his disgrace, Shaka, thus doubly ruffled, hurled a most blasting scowl.

And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled, and Mercy sighed farewell.

—BYRON.

And in a malefactor's death this faithful slave received, right there and then, the guerdon of his king. But Jobe, who, with Shaka in his grasp, had suffered his escape, was cursed by Tembú friends for evermore ; but all his days remained in Shaka's graces (see p. 259).

¹ Stuart, H., 21.

² J.Z.C., 186.

³ Stuart, H., 13.

CHAPTER 31

THE TRAIL OF THE TÉMBÛS (1820-22)

FROM the source of the cataclysm in Zululand great waves of political upheaval radiated out and spread to every point of the compass throughout Bantuland, some of them not spending themselves till they had reached the upper Zambezi, the northern confines of Portuguese East Africa, the highlands of Nyasaland, the coast of Tanganyika Colony and the shores of Victoria Nyanza. And all the while, down in the unknown wilds of Zululand, one puny man, the *fons et origo* of all this commotion, was merrily stirring up the forces of evil, blissfully ignorant of the continent he was upsetting and of the havoc and misery he was bringing on millions of brother beings.

More than once were the flood-gates opened upon Natal, and, as often, great tracts of that country became engulfed in ruin and numerous petty Native states obliterated, as the all-wasting torrent sped onwards.

The first of these disastrous experiences was when the Ngwânes overran the northern corner of Natal, demolishing or driving upon their neighbours the Béle and Zizi clans there settled; thence proceeding through the length of Sutúland, till they finally got shattered against the wall of British steel and fire away in the Cape (139).

To the second southern wave of slaughter and devastation Shaka, unwittingly, had given the initial impulse in the battle we have just described near by the Mzinyati; and even now it was about to surge over the sunny landscape and peaceful hamlets of Natal, sweeping away every clan in its path, razing every home, dashing to death thousands of unoffending mortals, leaving a broad trail of human corpses and black desolation everywhere behind it.

That Ngóza should have achieved the impossible and defeated the unconquerable Shaka was a source of amazement as much to himself as to everyone else. Nevertheless, so sadly mauled had he emerged from the fray, that, rather than risk another encounter, he resolved forthwith (*c.* 1820) to take up his bed and walk. Whither he knew not; but, accompanied by most of the Témბús, all his Mbátás (save the Dladlas) and many of the Kúzes, he struck out, bold and callous, determined to hack his way through to somewhere.

Down towards the Túkela the Témბú horde swarmed, and, fording the river, 20 miles ahead, fell upon the unexpectant **amaNcwabe**, ruled by their chief, Mhlumbí, and occupying the country on the near (left) side of the Mpfane **Cágwe** (Mooi) river, thence over the latter and up the Nyamvubu, till, rounding the sources of the Mvoti, they joined hands with their **Cágwe** relatives, stretching away, under their chieftain, Vapí, till under the Blinkwater mount. The latter were either an offshoot of the Ncwabe clan or a collateral branch of their family; and both alike, Ncwabes and Cágwes, were akin to the neighbouring Xesibes, and therefore of the Dlamini (= eMbó) group of Ngúnis. In later years, down south, they, in company with many other exiles, adopted the face-slitting and other fashions of the DebeNgúnis amongst whom they lived.

Without cause or warning, pity or concern, the migrant Témბús, now dependent on marauding, ruthlessly attacked the Ncwabes, plundered them of their food-stuffs, burnt their homes, killed such (some say, including their chief) as ventured to remonstrate, and dispersed the rest. When the Témბús had passed, the Ncwabe clan, as such, had ceased to exist. The scattered and forlorn survivors, like all other waifs and strays of Natal, gradually found their way to the Mzimkúlu region, probably

accompanying their neighbours, the Wushes (374). What became of Mhlumbi's family we know not; but as important members of the clan in these later times, we hear of Saliwane, son of Bûqa, of Bandlalinjani, and also of Macebo, son of Myengwa, of Bêle, of Vazi, of Dzana, of Dunana, of Saba, of Mdemateleni.

Rested and refreshed amidst the ruins of Ncwabeland, Ngôza proceeded on his way—as we have observed, he knew not whither.

Suddenly, he alighted on another settlement of strangers.

ama-
Xesibeni He did not know exactly where he was, or who they were, but he knew he was getting ever farther and farther away from the hell he had come from, which was all the knowledge he momentarily cared about. However, he was given to understand he was in Xesibeland.

These **amaXesibe** (others, **amaXasibe**), as a matter of fact, were inhabiting the highlands stretching from the headwaters of the Mpanza river towards Greytown, betwixt the Ncwabe and the Zondi (eNadi) clans. They were a minor offshoot of the *ekuNene* (the principal) house of the *Dlamini* family. Their chief then happened to be one Mjoli, son of Sinama. Here the former tragedy was re-enacted; but, happily, Mjoli and most of his people saved themselves by timely flight to their neighbours, the Fúzes, away beyond Greytown (488). There they lay low till Ngôza and his murderous host had finally vanished below the southern horizon; whereupon they re-established themselves in the old homeland.

Vain, indeed, were their hopes! But a couple of seasons, and an ogre came down from the north, more terrible even than Ngôza. About 1822, Shaka's army appeared in Fúzeland, and Maháwule, the Fúze chief, along with his people, fled, as from a nightmare, into the deepest recesses of the Karkloof forest. The Xesibes followed in their wake; but, weary now of this constant molestation, they made up their mind to abandon the homeland for ever and to seek one more tranquil elsewhere. Leaving their Fúze friends in the bush, alone they proceeded ahead, hard on the trail of the Témბús—perhaps they accompanied the Wushes (374).

Led by Mjoli, they crossed the Mzimkúlu and besought the hospitality of the much-worried Fáku, chief of the Mpondos, and refuge now of all the homeless fugitives of Natal. He accepted their allegiance and allocated to them a site where they would serve as a convenient buffer between himself and a troublesome neighbouring chief, named Ngázana, whose domicile and antecedents we have been unable to discover.

Things became so rosy there—for a time!—that Mjoli indulged the idea of investing in a new bride. He courted a lady of the

amaBéleni clan (like themselves now wanderers in those parts), by name Gábela. Soon afterwards, Madikane, with his nondescript horde of Natal vagrants (collectively known as the *amaBúca*), attacked the lady's parental clan (the Béles, under Mdingi), and her unchivalrous husband actually permitted the latter to be disastrously defeated, while he looked unconcernedly on. Incensed by such dastardly conduct, Gábela divorced herself forthwith from so ungallant a knight, and, taking with her half his kingdom, established herself elsewhere as independent queen. But petticoat government, in which sentiment casts wisdom to the winds and the heart runs away with the head, soon brought the divided clan, each now reduced to half its strength, to common ruin.

A remnant of the clan then regathered, as vassals of Fáku, alongside the **Jalis** (section of the Ngcolosi Lalas of Natal), on the left bank of the Mzimvubu. There they were in 1829, when the Qwabe invasion occurred, led by Nqetó, son of Kóndlo. In his battles with the latter, they rendered their Mpondo overlord considerable assistance. Though the majority of the Xesibes elected to remain in the south, between Kokstad and the Mzimvubu (where they still are), many of the clan, about the commencement of Dingane's reign and in company with the bulk of the Dlaminis, ventured to return to Natal, and, though not successful in reoccupying their former home, were allowed to settle, under their leader, Soqósha, and subject to Mbazwana, son of Nondaba (of the *esiPáhleni* branch of the Dlaminis), between Richmond and the middle Mkómazi.

We hear of Makáwini, son of Jojo, of Mjoli, as having been a representative in these later years of the original royal house.

We last left Ngóza depopulating Xesibeland in Natal; which accomplished, with evident self-satisfaction he marched forward on his quest, 'to the south.' Suddenly, and much to his astonishment, he found himself in old familiar scenes! The óPisweni mount rose up before him, right there on the banks of the Túkela! 'Egad!' he muttered; 'and if I'm not going back to Satan!' Full steam to the rear having been immediately signalled through the lines, brought the Témbus back to the point they had started from, and to new adventures.

They were now about to enter Debeland. These people occupied the whole of Natal directly southward of the mid-Mngéni basin. They constituted a special group, the Debe, among the Tóngá-Ngúnis, and of these latter they were probably the first to enter Natal. They were near kindred of the Lala Ngúnis (to their north and north-east), and, more remotely, of

the eMbó Ngúnis (to their north-west). Centuries of separation, however, had bred some changes of custom, and also of speech, distinguishing them from the latter; and their most notable difference from the former, their nearest relatives, was their habit, acquired with their Tõnga blood—such facial incisions being typical of the Tõnga-Bantu—of cutting, as tribal-mark, numberless fine slits in the skin of both cheeks; whence their appellation of *amaDebe* (*Z. uku-ti debe*, to cut a slit or gash), the slit-faced people, was derived.

No sooner had the Témbús descended the Karkloof hills, than they found themselves amidst the homes and gardens of a petty clan of the **aba-kwa-Wushe** tribe—to whom reference **Wushe** will be made again later on (374)—whose sovereign was Nqinambi, son of Mpúmela. This dusky laird thought to scare impending doom by hanging out a sign of 'No Thoroughfare.' But, thought Ngóza, to-day the prosecuting is mine; and he prosecuted his way right to Nqinambi's door, and evicted the prosecutor and all his gang of Wushe gamekeepers, till they themselves must trespass on others' preserves.

Thence Ngóza proceeded to the next. On the left bank of the Mngéni, above its junction with the Karkloof river, he was once more threatened with arrest, to wit, by king Mbédu, son of Pátwá, of Mjoli, paramount of all the Wushe tribe. On the opposite (right) bank of the Mngéni river, above the Howick Falls, dwelt Mbédu's brother, Nondaba, ruling another section of the tribe. Both brothers united to repel the invaders, and, in the conflict, Mbédu was himself arrested, and a goodly number of his Wushes with him, all of whom Ngóza enlisted as welcome additions to his fighting force. With the rest, they too were marched off south, and Mbédu bravely died at Ngóza's side, when they were unitedly demolished by Fáku, son of Ngqungqushé, the Mpondo chief.

After crossing the Mngéni, the Témbú-Dlamini partnership was for the nonce dissolved. The Dlaminis headed due south for the Zwartkop, inland of Maritzburg. From that point, **emaNqo-ndweni** as far south as Richmond, the country was in the occupation of another Debe tribe, named the **ama-Nqondo**. Their paramount chief was Gáwuhlanga (or Gáwu), and his section of the people spread abroad from about Richmond to beyond the upper Mlazi, towards Maritzburg. Still farther on, about the present site of Maritzburg and away to the Zwartkop, dwelt two other Nqondo offshoots, the **aba-kwa-Ngwáne** (*isi-Tákazelo*, Géma) and the **emaHlavuleni** (*isiTák.*, Gébashe), both under the gentle sway of a lady named Macibise, euphemistically described as a 'Miss' (*inKosazana*), age unstated.

Well, as it happened, the Dlamini migration chanced to take

the road to Edendale, and there to fall upon the unfortunate Nyamuza and his **Nkabanes**, driving them entirely from their land. It is pleasing to note that they were gallant enough to refrain from paying their attentions to Miss Macibise, who, with her people, thus survived a while longer. But the mere man on ahead, king Gáwuhlanga, was not so graciously spared, his whole kingdom being smashed up and his people dispersed.

Thenceforward the trail of the Dlaminis becomes for the moment lost.

After parting with the Dlaminis above the Howick Falls (on the Mngéni river), Ngóza and his Témbús pursued a more inland route. They headed for the enTlosane mount, thence forward to the emPendle hills, past where Bulwer township now stands, over the upper Mzimkúlu and Ngwángwáne rivers, and so into Griqualand East. Climbing the iNgéli mountains to the south-east, they finally descended into the domain of the Mpondo chief, Fáku.

For the last 80 miles of his tour, Ngóza had been passing through country entirely uninhabited—save by roaming Bushmen from the Drakensberg, well afforested, abundantly watered and largely consisting of the richest arable and grazing veld in all South Africa. Why he did not stay there, as he easily might have done, to his lasting peace and prosperity, remains a riddle we cannot solve. Let us attribute it to an inevitable Fate, leading him on inexorably to his approaching doom.

Ah! why do dark'ning shades conceal
The hour, when man must cease to be?
Why may not human minds unveil
The dim mists of futurity?

—SHELLEY.

So Ngóza had got to the end of destiny's tether. 'Thus far and no farther' was the eternal decree which had at last brought him up against a wall he could neither climb nor demolish, enclosing his own graveyard.

As we have already said, the large Ngúni tribe of **amaMpondo** was then, as still, in possession of all the littoral stretching from the Mtámvuna river to the Mtátá, and, in those days, spread irregularly inland for some 40 miles. Their chief at that time was Fáku, son of Ngqungqushe, of Nyanza, of Táhli, of Dayeni, of Cilwayo, of Bala, of Cabe, of Cindisi, of Kóndwana, of Malangela—a pedigree hardly reliable beyond Dayeni. Lacking preciser information, we assume that the

amaMpon-
dweni

neighbouring **amaMpondofisa** were close relatives of the ama-Mpondo, their chief then being (or rather was in 1858 *) Mbáli, son of Myeki, of Mxambi, of Mgábisi, of Páhlo, of Gcwanya, of Qengebe, of Mti, of Sabe, of Majola, of Cwini, of Cihá, of Zangwa—names of small value beyond Páhlo.

Ngóza and his Témბús were probably the very first in that long procession of Natal and Zulu fugitives who, during the next decade, forced themselves as unwelcome subjects on the much-harassed Fáku. Probably three-quarters of the surviving population of Natal, together with a considerable multitude from Zululand—perhaps not less than 75,000 individuals in all—at one time or another during those few years swarmed down upon poor Fáku, clamorously banging at his door for shelter and protection.

Ngóza was at first hospitably received. Then, behind the scenes about Fáku's ears, evil tongues got wagging. A sheep in wolf's clothing, they whispered. Till Fáku believed that—

With doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, adder never stung.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Begone! But whither? So Ngóza stayed. Then for four long days Fáku's Mpondos harassed the Témბús, till, on the fourth, great Ngóza fell, and with him Mbédu, of the Wushes.

This was about the year 1822-23. For some years more, the Témბús, like sheep without a shepherd, dallied here and there betwixt the Mzimvubu and Mzimkúlu, till, about 1826-27, many retraced their steps homewards and submitted themselves to Shaka, in the hope, no doubt, of some day being enabled to re-occupy their homeland. Instead of that, they were exiled to the remotest north of Zululand and placed in vacant Ndwandweland under the headman, Mapítá, son of Sojiyisa.

Along with them went two of Ngóza's sons, Ntlakwomuzi, at that time a youth and the tribal heir—he died immediately after the return of Shaka's Mpondo campaign (1828)—and a younger brother, Nodada, who thereupon assumed headship of the clan.

When, eleven years later, Mpande revolted from Dingane and overthrew him (1839-40), Nodada and his following availed themselves of the general turmoil to pass over into Natal as part of the general exodus, at that time jocularly referred to as Ndlela's rectum (*umDidi kaNdlela*), the latter having been Dingane's principal minister.

Nodada espied an inviting country along the Mtshezi (Bushman's) river; indeed, so inviting, that when, shortly after,

* Rev. W. C. Holden, *Past and Future of the Kaffir Races*, 147.

sundry immigrant Boers came along, they immediately claimed the site as theirs, and ejected the Témბús from it. Thereupon the latter moved over the Túkela and settled along the Mnambiti (Klip) river, at a place called ēCacane, not far from Ladysmith, where Bishop Colenso visited them in 1853.

Long before that date, however, Nodada had taken to wife a daughter of his father's friend, Jobe, of the Sitóle clan, who had borne him a son and heir, named Mgánu; which latter, in turn, begat Mabizela, who died in the Estcourt district, leaving as tribal head, Ngqamuzana.

This Jobe, you will remember, was the gentleman who had made Shaka's acquaintance on the hilltop (251). The little seed of friendship there so romantically planted had since then blossomed into a magnificent dukedom, with an estate extending from the confluence of the Túkela and Mzinyatí away to the Drakensberg. As became a *nouveau riche*, Jobe felt himself in duty bound to flaunt heraldic arms, or, at any rate, to discover for himself a noble lineage. Thus, Jobe, the women's-kilt man, became Jobe, son of Mapítá, of Mgábo, of Mndayi, of Ngqikazi, of Gábela, of (?) Mazizikazi, of Ncankulu.

When the Témბús fled to Mpondoland from the Mzinyatí, they fled with all their royalty; and when they returned, they left their royalty (to wit, Ngóza) beneath the Mpondo soil, save two only boys, neither capable of wielding the reins of government (258).

But where the Témბú royalty went, all the Témბús did not go. Quite a goodly number clung tenaciously to the friendly Mzinyatí bush, from which, when the storm was passed, they cautiously emerged and surveyed the wreckage. True, they saw no longer sign of tribesmen or of chief; but in their place ere long they saw another 'boss' established and another family gathered round him—none other than our old friend, Jobe, the kilt and feather king. This Jobe, we think, must have been a cute fellow. Certainly, he seems to have buttered his bread on the right side when 'eating a conversation' (as the Zulus say) with Shaka, on that hilltop. Hardly had the Témბús vanished, than he was agreeably surprised to hear himself appointed 'warden of the marches' in former Témბú-Kúze-land, with the specific charge of hunting and exterminating cannibals, at that period notoriously rapacious in that region. The advent of this old acquaintance naturally inspired the hiding Témბús with new hope. One after another, they emerged from the recesses of the bush and enjoyed again a place in the sun, under Jobe's paternal wing. To these were added adherents from his own Sitóle clan across the river, whose

puny chief, Mbádu, had become entirely eclipsed by the prestige of this newly glorified commoner. Thus anon Jobe found himself a full-fledged chieftain of a Têmbú-cum-Sitòle tribe.

After Shaka's death, with wonted cuteness, Jobe saw to it that he retained Dingane's favour; for he was still secure in his little nest in the Msinga district in 1831, when Isaacs was prevented by the flooded Tùkela from visiting him. About this time, however, he would seem to have shifted his camp to the eLenge hill, notorious stronghold of the cannibal fraternity, henceforth known as Job's Kop; and probably he was still there when the emigrant Boers arrived.

At the time of the joint Mpande-Pretorius venture against Dingane in January, 1840, Jobe, in league with another so-called 'chief' named Matiwane (whose antecedents we have failed to trace) resident by a hill near Elandslaagte, thereafter known as Matiwane's Kop, shone once more as a prominent figure in history, and, with accustomed cuteness, as ever on the winning side. Dingane's favour no longer current, Jobe had hastened to curry that of Mpande and the Dutchmen. He proclaimed himself a born enemy of his former patron, Dingane, and an ever-loyal supporter of Mpande and the Boers.

While on their way to overthrow Dingane, the Boer commander received intelligence from Jobe—perhaps as outcome of some unexpected investigation—"that Dingaan, after our commando had commenced the expedition, had again sent 102 oxen to Pietermaritzburg, but that having arrived in the vicinity of Jobe, and seeing our army and that of Jobe muster for war, they left the oxen out of fear and had taken to flight; that Jobe had taken these oxen into his possession for the purpose of accounting for them to the chief commandant on our return."¹

This already looked suspicious; but Jobe and his 'accomplice,' Matiwane, posing still as Mpande's most faithful allies—in reality, we fear, with their weather-eye on loot—proceeded quite nonchalantly with Mpande's army. After their return from the campaign, this is what we read recorded in the Dutchman's "Journal": "But what shall I say about Jobe and Matuwane? Nothing in their favour. It was not only proved by the Mantatees [their baTlokwa Sutú camp-followers], and our own officers of several patrols, that they had concealed several thousand head of cattle in the cavernous kloofs, which they had taken for us from the enemy, and had caused them to be secretly taken to the several kraals, but that they had even caused some Mantatees to be murdered, and the lips of some of them to be cut off. The chief commandant . . . 'did not know,' he said, 'what punishment he could make them undergo for such atrocious deeds.'

. . . Jobe, much alarmed about his probable punishment, immediately sent word to his father that he was forthwith to return to the chief commandant all the cattle sent by him to his kraal or residence, hoping that by so doing his punishment would not be so severe, or might perhaps be remitted." ² Five thousand head of cattle were accordingly delivered to the Boers in Pietermaritzburg; and we hear no more of the affair. Apparently Jobe, cute as ever, wriggled safely through once more; but the shock he had received caused him to retire from business and to disappear from the historic page.

Mondise was his heir, who perpetuated the strain, leaving behind him a son, Matshana, a chip of the old block. The family had still retained the pseudo-chieftainship over the Têmbû-Sitôle tribe about Msinga, and this exalted office Matshana understood to include the royal prerogative of purging the land of witches and wizards (*abaTâkati*). But so drastic was his purge, that it resulted in the death of several persons, including his own uncle, Vela, with his two sons, and finally of Sigatiya, smelt out as the murderer of one, Ntwetwê, of the Cube clan. For all these unlawful doings, Mr. J. W. Shepstone, acting Secretary for Native Affairs, proceeded, in 1858, to arrest the presumptuous chief. Jobe's grandson, however, inheritor of the family cuteness, gave the British policeman the slip and escaped to sanctuary in Zululand. There he was received with open arms, and given by Cetshwayo one or two of his superfluous sisters, as presents; with whom he lived happy ever after. His son and heir was Manzekôfi (Mr. Coffee-Water).

¹ Bird, *A.N.*, I., 581.

² *Ibid.*, 597.

CHAPTER 32

THE CÛNUS FLEE FROM THE WRATH TO COME (1821)

WE are told that the **emaCûnwini** clansmen were by nature a fierce and fractious lot. If so, it was not the pugnacity that begets deeds of courage and heroism. We noted some time back how they engaged themselves to guard the Mzinyati drifts, and, when the enemy approached, hastily retired, leaving their allies in the lurch. We shall behold them again soon throwing up the sponge without a fight and scurrying off through the back door of their castle, leaving their patrimony a free gift in the hands of the foe.

And yet the Cúnus were a clan of considerable size and largely responsible for the arming of their enemies, being famous as iron-smelters and manufacturers of metal implements and weapons. They were of the Ntungwa-Ngúni type (like the Qwabes, Zulus and Témús). Their country extended from the eTáleni hill away to the banks of the Mzinyati, having the eMbós and Bomvu to their east and the Témús to the west.

In various parts of their realm were scattered divers smaller clans, offshoots or relations of the Cúnus, or merely subjects to them. Among the direct offshoots of their own family were the **aba-kwa-Majola**, **aba-kwa-Mcumane** (149), **aba-kwa-Ndawonde** and others. But nearest among their collateral relatives were the **aba-kwa-Ndlela** (263), dwelling between the eTáleni and eTálaneni hills.

The **aba-kwa-Ximbá** were likewise among their collateral relations. Of them it was said, *nina eni-dla isiCaba, ni-si-dla ngoku-si-cazelana* ('you who eat crushed-corn, eating it sharing it together')—a tribute either to their hospitality or to their thrift. Whether they too, like the Ndlelas, were driven from the fold by the quarrelsome Cúnus, or whether they merely stayed behind when the latter moved to the south, is not clear. But certainly after the latter event (if not already before), most of the Ximbás had shifted their camp away to the country between the Mvunyane river and the White Mfolozi. Other some had settled along the Mfongosi river as subjects of the eMbó chief, Zihlandlo.

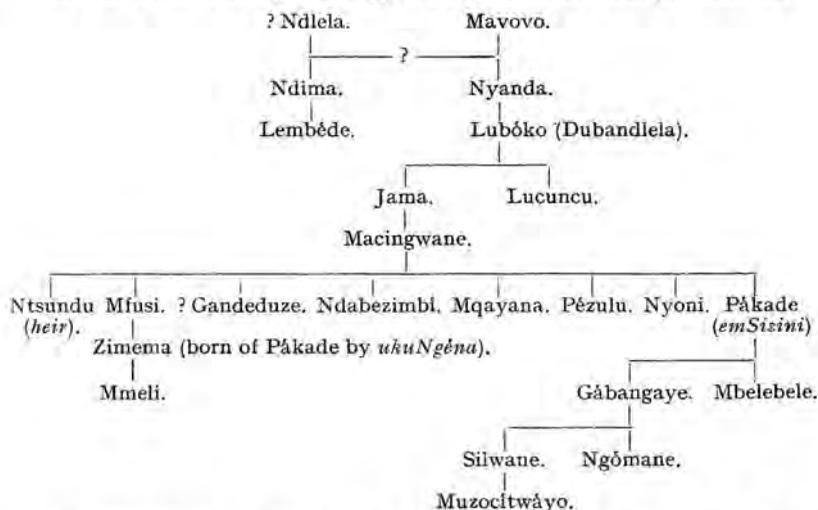
On the right bank of the middle Ntsuze dwelt the **aba-kwa-Kányile**, in their twin branches of the *aba-kwa-Ngwáne* and the *aba-kwa-Langa*. The weight of evidence shows that these Kányiles were of the same family as the Cúnus, albeit there are some who assign them an emaNgwáne origin. Confirmation of the latter statement is lacking, and we think that the presence of the name 'Ngwáne' as a Kányile *isiTákazelo* may have led to the error. On the other hand, we know that several of the smaller clans originally associated with the Cúnus (e.g. the Ndlelas and Ximbás) did later migrate into or near the emaNgwáne country. The Kányiles may have done so also, although against that it is definitely stated that the Ntsuze was the last Kányile home prior to the general tribal break-up under Shaka.

Opposite the Kányiles, on the left bank of the Ntsuze, dwelt the **aba-kwa-Ndlovu** (264), another clan of reputed relationship with the Cúnus.

The chief of the amaCúnu in the days of Dingiswayo and Shaka was Macingwane, son of Jama, of Lubóko, of Nyanda, of Mavovo. Owing to the fact that Jama had turned out an historical obscurity, Macingwane, according to a common Ngúni

habit, is oftentimes alluded to as the child of his more renowned grandfather—Macingwane of Lubóko (the real father, Jama, being passed over).

Below is the tribal genealogy, beyond Lubóko being doubtful:—



Which may have been the senior branch of the original family, the **aba-kwa-Ndlela** (of Ndima) or the **emaCúnwini** (of Nyanda), we do not know—we think it must have been the **Ndlela** former, and that they were ousted only by force of superior numbers on the opposition side; for certainly the Cúnus are much more numerous than they in these present times. Anyway, the pair decided to submit the dispute to the arbitrament of arms. The arms of Lubóko (the Cúnu champion) proving longer than those of Lembéde (champion of the Ndlelas), the latter found himself knocked out in the first round, and Lubóko bore off the purse. A pretty little wood adorning the Red Clay Ridge (*isiKála sēBomvu*), between the iTála and iTálanda hills, commemorates the event—a living monument erected by pious Nature over Lembéde's bones (*isiHlahla si-ka-Lembéde*). Lubóko's success, however, did not take him far; for, in the same neighbourhood, the local guide will show you too Lubóko's grave, a sepulchral pile much less beautiful and impressive—a pile of stones! Even unromantic Shaka, when in later years he passed that way, was struck by the monumental contrast, and formed therefrom his own opinion of the combatants, exclaiming, "Ah! plainly Lembéde was the greater of the two." But perhaps he had in mind that his own great-great-grandmother had been a daughter of Lembéde's family! (36).

Following the aforesaid calamity to their champion, Lembède, the Ndlela-ites deemed it expedient to move away out of Lubòko's reach. We next hear of them settled above the kwaNtabankulu mount (at the sources of the Black Mfolozi), perhaps as subjects of the emaNgwàneni, whose territory they certainly adjoined.

Jama was Lubòko's heir: and that is as much as we know of him. A son better known to history was Lucuncu. This seems to have been a true chip of the old block, finding his **Mcumane** delight in bullying more weakly neighbours. He it was who drove from the Cúnu kingdom the **aba-kwa-Mcumane**—or at any rate a portion of them—of whose later fortunes we have already spoken (149).

Macingwane, however, Jama's son, standing of all nearest to our present point of vision, looms naturally larger than all in the Cúnu historical picture. He named his Great Kraal, near the ēTàleni hill, 'The Place of the Lion' (*eNgónyameni*); and befittingly, for he has left a reputation of having been the most savage and brutal of all the Cúnu kings. The very children he himself had brought into life, he systematically killed so soon as they attained to man's estate. Ntsundu, his heir, Mqayana, Ndabezimbí, Pézulu, Nyoni, one after the other were all murdered by this inhuman parent—lest, perchance, they should take after their father, and murder him! Two only sons survived him—Mfusi (of the great-wife and so full-brother of Ntsundu), who, being still too young to be suspected of any danger, escaped, owing to his father's premature death; and Pákade, who, though older than Mfusi, was merely a 'ceremonial' son (like Dinuzulu of Cetshwayo) of the *emSizini* hut, and therefore deemed out of the running as an aspirant to the throne—and yet eventually he, like Dinuzulu, got it!

While tribal chiefs, ancient and modern, have ever proclaimed themselves, before the public, the implacable and hereditary foe to all the *umTákati* brood (workers of evil by witchcraft), behind the scenes they have, as consistently, been their most remunerative patrons, employing them, as a matter of course, to clear their path by covert means of all such political nuisances as they themselves were unable to tackle by honest measures.

The **aba-kwa-Ndlovu** (of Gatsheni) were, we have said, a small clan, of Ntungwa-Ngúni origin, either derived from, or of the same extraction as, the emaCúnwini. They occupied the country between the left bank of the Ntsuze river and the Nkandla range. Under their petty chief, Mpongo (Mr. Billy-Goat), son of Zingelwayo, of Lumula, of Ngéma, they had so far enjoyed a state of quiet independence.

But that was in the good old simple days, before Macingwane

had come to make things hum. That they had preserved themselves so long secure in the face of that fierce and rapacious neighbour, we can only ascribe to the high respect in which Prince Billy-Goat was held as an uncommonly accomplished *umTákati*. Among other stock-in-trade, he owned a pair of eagles, with which he was wont to keep Macingwane at bay. From time to time, just to remind him to be careful, Mpongo would despatch one or other of his feathered allies, to drop in Macingwane's Great-Place a little medicated evil—to bring the lightning down, or make the cows dry up, or his wives die off; or to swoop up therefrom and carry home particles of the royal thatch, cast-off rags, or droppings—objects all of priceless value in the *umTákati* business.

So serious did things become, that Macingwane felt compelled to call in professional aid. His homeopathic training had taught him that this kind of devil is to be exorcised only by another, greater than himself. So he summoned to court his own state *umTákati* and gave him peremptory orders to extinguish outright his rival in Ndlovuland. Now, this celebrated medical-man happened to be in possession of a charmed leopard, as part of his professional equipment, and he deemed it safer to entrust the job to it. So overnight he sent it forth with strict instructions to put Prince Billy-Goat out of action for all time. Off stole the leopard over to Ndlovuland, softly sprang on to the roof of Mpongo's hut, clawed an opening in the thatch and fell there through plump on the outstretched Billy-Goat peacefully slumbering within. Poor Goat!

Their main line of defence, the wizard king, thus demolished by the Cúnu leopard and none more there able to take up the rôle, the forlorn Ndlovus, rather than be swallowed up themselves by the Cúnu lion, sought immediate annexation by the eMbó chief, Zihlandlo, son of Gcwabe, to their south. When, in after years, this latter was killed by the Zulu king, Dingane, and his clan was forced to flee for safety to the south, the Ndlovus attached themselves to the party led by Msengi, brother of Ngáangezwe, both of Sambéla, Zihlandlo's brother. With Msengi and Ngáangezwe, they settled about the eNtlazuka hill, by the uLovu river, where Mpongo's son, Ngéma, begat Nogwiyela, and Nogwiyela begat Mdingi. Some of the Ndlovus had remained on the Mngéni, or had subsequently removed thereto, and with them Mdingi was, in recent years, residing.

The conditions of life being everywhere diverse, Mother Nature has thoughtfully endowed each of her living creatures with an innate ability to adapt itself perfectly to its surroundings. As the ever-varied tendencies and stems in plants, so the ever-

varied frames and habits in animals, and the dispositions and efficiencies in the races of mankind. The Caucasian is carried through by his keener intellect, the Negro by his deeper intuitions. What primitive man lacks in knowledge, he supplies by his imagination; and each is enabled to lead his own life to his own complete comfort and satisfaction. When Macingwane was subjected to the machinations of a malicious wizard, he knew how to preserve himself by firing back at him an equivalent; and when unaccountable happenings perplexed him, he was furnished with an oracle capable of unravelling every conceivable mystery. In his system, as in ours, every emergency, every evil, every need, was provided for.

His young bride had, with some pains, procured for herself a dressed buck-skin wherewith to fashion the orthodox apron of pregnancy (*isiDiya*). One day it suddenly vanished, and universal search failed to discover it. But the oracle was at hand, to meet just such contingencies where human wits must fail. So the nearest oracle (*Z. umNgóma*, a professional necromancer, most commonly a woman) was consulted. Being that day in bad 'spirits,' she messed the matter, delivering a perfunctory response that the hide had been purloined by one of the court officials. This Macingwane refused to credit, unless confirmed by the more powerful spirit-man, Gágágá, son of Yengwayo. Having worked himself into the proper state of 'spiritual' exaltation (as is the wont of the fraternity), "Call home the cattle," the great man ordered. Then, pointing imperiously to Macingwane's pet white bullock, "Slaughter it," he commanded. Immediately killed and flayed, he took up his assegai and ripped open the animal's paunch; when, lo and behold! there was the skin carefully deposited, safe out of reach of all thievish knaves. The beast had spied it hanging on the kraal-hedge and had considered it placed there as a dainty morsel for itself. Who after this will say that the African necromancer is a fraud? In whatsoever predicament he find himself, the African has always his remedy or his antidote.*

We find no satisfactory evidence that Dingiswayo's army ever operated in the mid-Túkela region, among the Ngcobo, eMbó, Cúnu or Tembú peoples. Yet Macingwane is said to have been a constant persecutor of Shaka's father, Senzangakóna. Moreover, he had, it is said, refused asylum to Shaka and his mother in those first cruel days of their banishment from home. The painful recollection of those sad times had been to Shaka a haunting nightmare all through his life, and in the days of his might he had made an early point of paying off all old scores.

* J. Stuart, *T.*, 32.

In view of this, it is surprising he had not conferred on Macingwane some special attention long before now. Equally surprising is it too that Macingwane himself had so long refrained from entering the lists against his old antagonist's much more provocative son.

Shaka, we must suppose, had been but abiding his time. That time at length had come, and now he vowed he would demand amends to the full for all past wickedness. He would, he swore, tear the gall from Macingwane's entrails and plant the bladder on his head as a token of extremest triumph.

Shaka was sadly disappointed in that vow, and the bladder passed into other hands. Tradition has preserved no account whatever of any invasion of Cúnuland or of any fighting there—for the reason, we assume, that there was none. Macingwane, so bold and brave when dealing with the weak, when a real fight offered, ignominiously fled. In Shaka's praises (*iziBongo*) we find this solitary reference to the Cúnus—

The little-pester had long been wanting to get at them.
He wanted to get at Macingwane, at the Ngónyameni kraal.
But, there at Macingwane's, it is 'show your teeth, and he clears.'

Through all past years nothing had failed to reach Macingwane's ears of Shaka's conquests; and only the other day he had had a personal demonstration of the Zulu might in the Tembú collapse. Whether now he had received any hints of Shaka's intentions, or had simply taken them for granted, we cannot tell; but certain is it that, about the year 1821, Macingwane with his clan decamped *en masse*. Herds were assembled and driven on ahead, infants grabbed up and such foodstuffs and utensils as could be conveniently carried; then, one sad parting look at the dear old land where they were born, and they were off. Thus did they hope to trick the fate to which they even then were hurrying, and in which their flight would end.

Macingwane and his Cúnus were now about to draw another broad trail (the third) of blood and ruin and miseries inexpressible across the whole face of Natal from the Túkela to the Mzimkúlu. He knew no more than did Ngóza whither to betake himself; where unoccupied tracts and vacant pastures lay. For millenniums past, the trend of Bantu migration had been from north to south, till the sense had become almost instinctive. There was an intuitive feeling that the pressure was from behind and that the open spaces were on ahead. The ancient impulse welled up once more from the subconscious mind, and the Cúnus felt themselves borne as it were naturally, southwards.

Alas! whichever way they turned, the world was filled and the path was barred by long-established peoples hostile to their

passage. Plainly there was no alternative but to fight their way through without parley or compunction. The zig-zag course pursued by Macingwane was that along which circumstances forced him. It took him seawards of the Tém bú trail, and thus an entirely new series of Natal clans was broken up and hurled against each other.

The Cúnu horde, men, women and children, furiously driving before them their wealth of cattle, murdering, plundering, capturing anything and anybody, as opportunities offered or occasion compelled, first forced their way through the country of the **emaBomvini**, ruled then by Nzombáne, son of Matomela, and settled between the Cúnus and the Túkela. Wading the broad torrent of the latter river, they entered the territory of Nomagágá, son of Ntsele, chief of the **eNadi** clan. Thence they marched south-eastwards, over the headwaters of the iHlimbítwá, where they fell on a section of the **emaDungeni** under Ngwána, son of Vazi.

It was about here that the Cúnus encountered a Zulu army, probably raiding in those parts; hardly, we think, in their pursuit, for the Cúnus easily rid themselves of their presence, and we hear of them no more. Macingwane here swung round towards the south into the land of Ndelu, of Mangcuku, governing the **Shinga** branch of the **emaSelekwini** clan. Crossing the Mvoti, he passed through the **oNyamvini** country under Mkálipi, son of Nombúya, and thence through that of the **Bombós**.

We next hear of the Cúnu horde in Wusheland. These **abakwa-Wushe**, resident on both sides of the upper Mngéni, had, already a year ago, been entirely broken to pieces when Ngóza and his Tém bú's hacked their way through to the south, carrying the Wushe paramount chief, Mbédu, along with them to his fate in Mpondoland (258). After Mbédu had gone, the most powerful personage left behind in Wusheland was Madikane, son of Kálimeshe, of the **Zelemu** brother-clan, settled at Otto's Bluff (*kwa-Kwéla*), near Maritzburg. This doughty warrior, feeling lonely and insecure now all by himself, also succumbed to the general mania for the south. He allied himself and his following with Macingwane and accompanied him as far as the upper Lovu river. There the couple parted, Madikane tarrying a while where he was, Macingwane moving off in the direction of the Drakensberg.

Soon we hear of the last-named demolishing the section of **emaTolweni** (357) under Nomabunga, of Nkowane, dwelling north and south of Mount Erskine. Wheeling about again to the south, the Cúnus wrought havoc through the length of the **amaYobo** country (chief Mabutshana), stretching from the upper Mkómazi region towards the sources of the Lovu.

Below the Yobos, down the Mkómazi, were two sections of the **amaNtambó** clan—the one, on the left bank and spreading away towards Richmond, under Ngcwanekazi, and the other, on the right bank and away as far as the iXobó river, under Nomatiti. Through both these countries the Cúnus swept irresistibly forward. On reaching the Lufáfá river, however, a number of the Cúnus, finding the nomadic life so disagreeable and the country there around so to their taste, elected to stay where they were, under the command of one, Gándeduze. The Ntambós, on the other hand, had hurried precipitately out of their country, over the ema-Bedlane hills, into the land of the Nxasanes on the Mzimkúlu, a few days later to be chased off again, along with the latter, on still further exploratory tours.

Arriving on the heights about the Twin-Breasts hills (*ema-Bedlane*), away in the depths below, lying there in its robe of green and basking smilingly in the golden sunshine, the broad and fertile plain of the Dronkvlei (*kwaCekwane*) suddenly burst upon Macingwane's gaze, an enchanting and alluring vision. The plain was checkered here and there with circular kraals of beehive huts, and squares, brown and yellow, of sorghum and maize, with herds of multi-coloured cattle dotting the green spaces in between.

This was the homeland of a people ruled by one, Ntuluzele, son of Cekwane, of the **Nxasane** Témbú sub-clan. They were a remnant left behind by the Cape Témbús on their **Nxasane** migration to the south, and therefore in habits and speech different from their neighbours of the Tóngan-Ngúni brand. Indeed, to these latter the Nxasane gentlemen, spurning as too impeditive and heating the grass-woven apron of their Tóngan neighbours, affected a costume much more arcadian and chic, namely a dangling penis-cover consisting of a gourd-shell as large as one's fist—and nothing more. This confection, you must understand, was entirely in keeping with the most advanced Parisian taste—though the Ntuluzele Paris was in Papua. The Tapiro pygmies there are, we are told, equally fastidious in their dress. "The most remarkable thing about them is the case that each man wears, his only article of clothing; it is made of a long yellow gourd. . . . As the length of the case—some of them measure more than fifteen inches—is more than a quarter of the height of the man himself, it gives him a most extraordinary appearance."¹

Macingwane, angel of a more cultured race—which had advanced to a sporrán—now came down upon these innocent Adamites with his flaming sword, which, appropriately thrust into each grass-hut, speedily drove them headlong out of Eden, further

down to the Mtwálume ; which country they afterwards vacated for that south of the middle Mzimkúlu. And Macingwane entered into Eden, and enjoyed for a space the bliss of the blessed.

But perfect peace was no heaven to Macingwane ; and to leave others in peace, no duty. There were, for instance, the inoffensive **abaShwawu** people, under their chieftain, Deyi, farther **Shwawu** down, between the Xobó and the Mzimkúlu. Mere children of men, how dare they be so near to Paradise ? Their presence irritated him and provoked his pugnacity. So he went down and smote them and drove them out of the land, and they became fugitives and wanderers on the face of the earth—till they got to Hintsá's, the Gcaleka chief, down beyond the Mbáshe, where they peacefully settled down as *amaMfengu* (Fingoes). Twenty years later, news reached them that their old country had become a white man's land. This enkindled hopes in Deyi's breast that, after all, he might still be granted to die at 'home.' So, with such others as he could induce, he made his way back to Natal ; but, halting on the southern side of the Mzimkúlu, he never got any farther and died there, leaving a monument, greater and more enduring than the pyramid of Cheops, in the hill thereabout, to this day known as *kwaDeyi* (Deyi's Place).

Another branch of these Shwawus dwelt on the northern side of the Mkómazi, about the eNtlazuka hill, ruled by another chief, Nomandla, son of Mashumpela, of Manukuza, of Majozi. These escaped the heavy hand of Macingwane, but were finally reached and smashed by the longer arm of Shaka.

By small local conquests of this kind Macingwane made still further additions to the already considerable multitude amassed on the journey down. Others, again, he attempted to inveigle into his net by specious promises. If only Mcoseli, son of Sali, the Nyavu chief on the Mngéni—this was probably on his way down—would ally himself with him, his safety would be assured for all time ; otherwise —. But Mcoseli was too cute to bite.

It was as well he did not ; for, but a short season later (c. 1822), while Macingwane lay cozy and complacent in his little nest on the Dronkvlei, what should he behold but the grisly long arm of Shaka, bristling with a thousand thirsty assegais, looming over the emaBedlane heights and stealthily moving down to grab him. "Wo-o !" gasped Macingwane ; "we are dead to-day. Pack up, and away !"

The landscape to the south and the sea being, for safe manœuvring, too flat and exposed, Macingwane led the terror-stricken multitude into the more hilly country inland. Reaching the Pólela, he crossed it and the Mzimkúlu, above their junction,

wheeled then abruptly back down country, crossed the Ngwá-
ngwáne, dashed into the forest on the eNtsikeni hill (near Malenge
railway-station) and—was caught in a trap!

The Zulu force, it is true, was only half an army, the other
division having been diverted at eXobó, there to present Shaka's
greetings to Madikane, then in that neighbourhood (268). But
free of all impedimenta, it was much more mobile than was the
unwieldy host of women, children and stock that hampered
Macingwane. No sooner had he reached the eNtsikeni, and
before he could consolidate his position, than the enemy was
upon his disorganized crowd. The forest rising up a steep
mountain-side, and being taken from below, his people had little
chance of getting away in an up-hill chase. The upshot was a
massacre sharp and complete. Few of the women and children
could have escaped slaughter or capture. Yet a goodly percentage
of the men-folk succeeded in saving themselves by flight in every
direction.

Among them was Macingwane himself, with his sons, Mfusi
and Pákade. He was now nonplussed. In the twinkling of an
eye, deprived of people, wealth and power, he had become an
outcast in the wilderness, not knowing which way to turn for
sustenance and shelter. Ahead, in the unknown lands to the
south, who could tell the new horrors that might be there awaiting
him? At any rate, he knew the way back home; though even
there death stared him in the face—in the wretched lands and
hostile clans he himself had ruined, and, behind them all, the
pitiless tyrant who had thus pursued him to destruction. Even
so, he would take his chance of safety by surrender. So, with a
remnant of his men-folk, among whom presumably were his sons,
the hapless chieftain, now humbled and forlorn, returned on his
tracks, avoiding the vengeful clans by taking an upper route.
All went well till, approaching the eLenge hill (Job's Kop) of un-
hallowed fame, he suddenly and mysteriously vanished—it is
generally surmised, into the bowels of the emaBéleni cannibals,
prevalent in that neighbourhood.

Mfusi and Pákade, however, then but youths, safely reached
Zululand, and were duly enrolled and became, presumably, loyal
soldiers in the very army which but yesterday had destroyed their
clan. Mfusi, who was heir-apparent to the chieftainship, had not
yet married when Shaka, it is said, sent a party to kill him at the
kraal he had built for himself and called the *eNkanini* (the Place of
Obstinate Determination). Yet, though 'unmarried,' he had a pro-
spective 'wife,' and by that wife, by name Masijula (the daughter
of Sijula), Pákade, his younger brother—who, it is stated, eluded
Shaka's attention by concealing his parentage—now raised up

seed for him, in the eNkanini kraal, begetting there a boy, Zimema, who accordingly became, by proxy, the child of Mfusi, and so heir to the chieftainship. In the eyes of Ng'uni law, a female became a man's 'wife,' not upon a wedding or cohabitation, but from the moment any portion of the bride-price (*lobola*) had been accepted from him by her father. Actual possession, however, would await the father's consent, and this would be withheld until the whole of the bride-price had been liquidated. This service rendered by Pákade was therefore technically termed an *ukuNgéna* (raising of seed through his 'widow' by a deceased man's brother) and not an *ukuVusa* (which would have been the term had Pákade taken for the purpose, with Mfusi's property, an entirely new bride of his own selection, and not a girl already betrothed to Mfusi).

But, being through all those troublous times a mere infant, Zimema never appears on the stage of tribal history. Virtually, Pákade became head of the clan and successor of Macingwane. It was in the latter years of Dingane's reign that Pákade managed to escape from Zululand into the Msinga district of Natal, decamping with a suitable parcel of females (probably prospective wives) and cattle, all technically 'property of the king.' Subsequently he removed into the country between the Túkela and Mooi rivers.

In September, 1839, Mpande revolted against his brother Dingane and, crossing over into Natal, established his *kwaMahámbehlala* kraal near where the Tongaat village now is. A month later, on the 27th October, at the place aforesaid, the Boer officials, G. Kemp, G. Fourie, J. Meyer and Co., formally installed him as 'Reigning Prince of the Emigrant Zulus' (in Natal), and the very first use he made of his newly-acquired power was, on the morning following the ceremony, to seek the Dutchmen's sanction "to send a small commando against a neighbouring captain, who had committed many thefts among his women and cattle." The Boers aforementioned having happened to have had personal experience of "the bad and thievish character of the captain alluded to, who had evinced great hostility on former occasions" against them, readily granted their consent, and Mpande proceeded at once to operations.²

The 'captain' referred to was none other than Pákade. He was then "located in a very rugged tract of country near the Tugela; so rugged and broken was it that in some parts they [the Zulu army] were obliged to travel in single file, and others were altogether inaccessible; but into these secret strongholds they penetrated, attacked and overcame the chief and people, and returned in triumph, bringing many cattle with them as a trophy of victory."³

But Pákade himself survived. By this time, the house and name of Mfusi had become entirely eclipsed, and that of Pákade a permanent substitution in its place. The latter dying in 1880, Gábangaye succeeded him, and in turn passed the chieftainship on to his own heir, Silwane, who, accused of a rebellious attitude by the Natal Government, was deposed and banished to Alfred County, where he died. His son, Muzocítwáyo, has been recently reinstated as chief in his father's district.

A number of Cúnu clansmen have also gradually gravitated back to their original tribal home by the ēTàleni hill in Zululand, where Matshana, son of Sitshakuza, has been in recent years their headman.

¹ Wollaston, *Pygmies and Papuans*, 161.

² Bird, *A.N.*, I., 543.

³ W. Holden, *K.R.*, 100.

CHAPTER 33

SHAKA SWEEPS UP THE RUBBISH (1820-26)

SHAKA'S ambitious building-scheme of a united Zulu nation was gradually realizing itself in a structure of splendid promise and proportions. Many a humbler, though more ancient, edifice had to be demolished, many a grand old tribal rock blown to fragments, to provide the material and foundations for this more magnificent conception. The mighty labour-squads, first impressed into service by the Pharaonic whip, then lashed by it to almost superhuman energy, had, during the last six years, already raised a pile of imposing grandeur, over which Shaka himself presided as the central figure of the pediment. But Valhalla, the Palace of the Slain, was not yet complete. Many minor pillars still lay strewn about the yard unposted in the national colonnade; many minor niches still stood there unfilled. The time was ripe for a final rounding-up and clearance of the field.

Here and there, in divers nooks and crannies of west and eastern Zululand, more than a score of petty clans were lying low and anxiously expectant. Sooner or later, they knew full well that for them too doomsday must come, wherein their chiefs must needs step down from their own pedestals to take their place as minor pillars supporting Shaka's monument, and their people breed the heroes that shall fill the niches in the national Valhalla.

These small remaining clans disposed of, the whole of the

northern field will have been cleared of all its 'rubbish,' and we, with Shaka, henceforward be enabled to confine consideration to those lying from the Tùkela valley southwards. We shall, in this chapter, not hazard any dates; but whatever is herein recorded may be assumed to have occurred somewhere between the years 1820 and 1826.

On the Zulus' western side, over by the esiPézi mount, dwelt the clan of the **aba-kwa-Kóza** (of Bayisa). Like most **Kóza** up-country clans they belonged to the Ntungwa-Ngúni family, and their nearest relatives were the Kúmalos of Magúgú in the Nqutú district.

Enjoying in their mountain homes the old idyllic peace, the Kózas one day were rudely alarmed by the approach of a dreaded Zulu army. Mbiwa, their prince—Mbiwa, son of Malindi, of Makátini, of Gúmede, of Mangéna—foolishly, but patriotically, dared to guard the little principality against aggression; and in the noble effort fell, leaving behind a clan shattered beyond repair.

The larger quantum of the scattered fragments regathered there and then around Mbiwa's inferior son, Magígána. Bidding an eternal adieu to their native land, these marched away forthwith to the north, and later on, it is supposed, fell in with one or other of the roaming fugitive-hordes of Mzilikazi, Nxaba or Soshangane, in company with which they vanished for ever and aye.

Mbiwa left a youthful heir, Maqwebelende. Falling into the invader's hands, he was led away captive to Shaka, who promptly popped him in the local Tower. Zulu kings were not more humane than English, and, where policy demanded, tender years evoked no piteous tears. Ruffians were soon commissioned, 'the bloody deed was desperately despatched,' and Maqwebelende followed the path of Arthur and of Clarence. Ngóza, his full-brother, likewise captured, being a mere child and incapable of harm, was nabbed by Shaka's favourite, Lukwazi, of the Ntombéla clan, as of potential use. There he grew up, and in due time entered the *iziNyosi* regiment.

Meanwhile, from out the general ruin one, Sikónyana by name, a son of Ngqungqulu, gradually became prominent among the Kóza remnant as upholder of the honour of the clan. For valour (that questionable virtue, so esteemed among brute-minded races, of having slaughtered largely and savagely one's brother-man), he contrived to win the royal favour, and for his exploits in the Mpondo campaign, was honoured with the Distinguished Conduct Medal, to wit, a herd of cattle. In this way he rose to be the most influential personage in the surviving Kóza clan. In later years, when Ngóza, still at Lukwazi's, had grown to man's estate,



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A HUT IN A ZULU KRAAL

Made of wattle framework thatched with grass



Copyright, C. Faye.

THE HEAD OF THE KRAAL

Ntshingwayo kaSikonyana of the Pendulous Breasts

Sikónyana enticed him to come to him by asserting that the ancestral spirits called him. Ngóza came; but the ancestral spirits proved incapable of shielding him from the murderous hand of Cetshwayo. Ngóza left, as son and tribal heir, Mgánu, in 1924 still living.

But pre-eminence in the clan remained with Sikónyana. In later years he dwelt with the Biyelas near Eshowe. He supported Mpande in his revolt against Dingane, and was afterwards appointed by the former a district-headman near Eshowe. There he died in 1874, leaving, as heir, Mfokazi, married to Mpande's daughter, Pópóza, unblessed with issue. To supply for the deficiency, a daughter of Mgébisa, son of Joko, of the Makóba clan, was affiliated to Pópóza's house, and bore a boy, Mehlwana. When, in 1877, Mfokazi died, Mehlwana became the family heir, and in proper season took to wife a daughter of Cetshwayo. During Mehlwana's minority, the regency was held by Ntshingwayo, son of Sikónyana, who, principally remarkable for his huge, pendulous breasts fully six inches long, died a few years back.

Jiyane, Mtábela and Madela I

Now sign your names, which shall be read,
Mute symbols of a joyful morn,
By village eyes as yet unborn.

—TENNYSON.

Of these tiny clans we know nothing but the names. They are living tombstones covering a buried past, recording for us neither parentage, nor deeds, nor chieftains, nor abode; only an epitaph.

Thus let us live, unseen, unknown,
Thus, unlamented, let us die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where we lie.

—After POPE.

So far as we can discover, their several localities in more recent times have been as follows, and we believe these localities must be very near their original homes.

Northwards of the Kózas, below the junction of the Nondweni and White Mfolozi (with the emaPiseni on the opposite bank of the last-named river) dwelt the **aba-kwa-Mtábela**. About the éLenjana stream, along the borders of former Ngwáneniland, were located the **aba-kwa-Jiyane** and the **aba-kwa-Madela**. Personally we should have guessed an emaNgwáneni relationship for these tiny clans, remnants left behind in the flight of the main body. But those who know them have described the Mtábelas

as 'Swazis,' and the Jiyanes and Madelas as 'not Ntungwa-Ngúnis.' What precisely was meant by 'Swazis,' we cannot say. The term 'Swazi,' as nowadays employed, conveys no distinct racial meaning whatever, the population of modern Swaziland being composed both of aboriginal Sutú clans and clans of eMbó and Ntungwa-Ngúnis. From the tiny size, even at the present time, of the above-mentioned clans, we may deduce with some certainty that, a century ago, they could hardly have been separate, independent peoples; but to which larger parent clan or clans they appertained, either as subjects or as offshoots, they themselves can no longer inform us.

Now let us off to the sea. In the bush-covered, malarious, low-lying flats stretching along the north-eastern littoral of Zululand from the lower Mfolozi away to the Portuguese boundary, or in the adjacent hill-country slightly more inland, a medley of clans of divers types was domiciled. They were, most of them, uncommonly simple and unwarlike folk, who, with little or no resistance, submissively placed their heads beneath Shaka's yoke and, without further ado, renounced their independence and became Zulu subjects.

One above the other on the map, on the western side of the Saint Lucia Bay, the reader will notice the emaNzimeleni, the emaNcwangeni and the Msane clans, all alike first cousins of the Ndwandwes, and as such, till Zwide's downfall, tributary to him as their paramount. These three clans, again, among themselves were brothers of a single family, and of all the local peoples proved themselves historically most prominent.

It would seem that the founders of all three clans belonged originally to the one same **emaNcwangeni** kraal and family.

Upon the break-up of the family after arrival on the coast, the original name was monopolized henceforth by the **aba-kwa-Mfekane** (or **Mfekaye**) house alone (correctly called by either clan-name, emaNcwangeni or Mfekane), who, therefore, we may conclude, were the senior branch of the family, despite Msane pretensions.

The Mfekanes, in the historical period, were ensconced in the narrow strip of country hemmed in between the Nyalazi and Hluhluwe rivers, leading down to False Bay. But that was the land of their exile, result of a sudden and opprobrious exit from their former motherland.

The appellation, emaNcwangeni, had been that of a kraal belonging to one of the earlier Ndwandwe chiefs and located near the emaGúdu hill. Now, hard by this kraal there gushed a spring of sweet and crystal water, upon which the inmates (including

his august majesty) were dependent for their household drinks. One day, however, the alarming discovery was made that some person or persons unknown, inmates of the aforesaid kraal, had, with malice prepense, sacrilegiously defiled the king's water-hole by using the well as their private water-closet. Off, then, the whole caboodle was driven without further parley, and down they went in disgrace to the coast.

But all that was already long ago; and when, about 1810, Dingiswayo strolled that way, he found the emaNcwangeni family already rehabilitated as an independent Mfekane clan. At its head was Mzingeli (alias Mabola), son of Fúnjwa, of Ndaba, of (?) Zwana, now a king on his own. Taking to heart the moral of other royal errors farther south, this prudently surrendered to the Mtétwá police, and was congratulated by Chief Constable Dingiswayo with the present of a pretty sister. This lady bore Mzingeli a son named Ntsingizi, who, dying without issue, was replaced by Ntlekele, born of a younger bride affiliated to the great-hut.

It happened on one occasion, when Dingiswayo came up on a friendly visit to his sister, that among his escort was the youthful Shaka. When they arrived at Mzingeli's kraal, they found the family brewing ale. Some of the busy housewives there engaged, noticing a tall young brave standing by unattended to, upbraided their sisters near him for not showing the young gentleman the accustomed civility of a sitting-mat. This little incident remained enshrined in Shaka's memory and in the day of his might softened his adamant heart and won salvation for the clan.

Over the Hluhluwe river dwelt the Msane clan, ruled by a ferocious chief, named Nxaba, who waged war with fire, for lack of a sword. One night (as more suited to his weapon), soon after the commencement of Shaka's reign, he prowled over into Mfekaneland, made a beautiful funereal pyre of the royal emCakweni kraal and cremated thereon his rival Ntlekele.

Mkókóba, Ntlekele's heir, somehow missed the pyrotechnics; but only to fall into the hands of another wrathful monarch. Having dared to indulge in commerce with a European trader without his sovereign's permission, Mpande banished him from the land. Some years later, he hazarded a return to Zululand from Natal. This was likewise without the sovereign's permission; and again his audacity reaching the ears of the king, Mpande put a summary end to all future repetition by relieving him of his head. Whereupon the family, bereaved and beheaded, returned hurry-scurry to Natal.

The son of Mzingeli next in dignity to Ntlekele, though probably older than he, was Mncumbatá, father of Mpangazitá, headman over the right side (*ekuNene*) of Dingane's emGúngundlovu

kraal, Ndlela and Nzobo being the headmen on the left or more important side (*ēKōhlo*), the former over the upper portion, the latter over the lower. This Mpangazitá accompanied Mpande in his flight to Natal; but as Mpande's following (and Mpande himself) distrusted him, suspecting he was in the secret commission of Dingane, Mpande's *izimPohlo* regiment suddenly attacked and killed him during the ceremony of Mpande's installation by the Boers at the kwaMahámbéhlala kraal, near where Tongaat village now is.

Mncumbatá, on his part, is believed by his descendants to have died peacefully in his bed, at home. We believe he preferred not to wait for death, but peacefully departed, without leaving an address, for a kingdom much nearer earth; for a few years later we find that Mzilikazi's prime minister in his Mhlahlandlela kraal (where he died) in far Rhodesia, was likewise named Mncumbatá; and, as there was no other notable of that name then among the Zulus, we think the two Mncumbatás must really have been one. The Rhodesian grandee was "an elderly man of slight figure, benevolent aspect, and mild but dignified demeanour," wearing "the usual tails, consisting of a few strips of wild-cat and monkey skin dangling in front, and some larger and more widely apart behind," with an elliptical ring embellished with an inflated gall-bladder on his head, already in 1836, when Harris, the hunter,¹ visited the Matebele king; and he was still living (probably then over 80 years of age) and became regent of the kingdom, after Mzilikazi's death, in 1868.² Back in Zululand, Mangceshane and Nkonjane, sons of Mncumbatá (the former the senior), had remained to carry on the family tradition.

A still more celebrated scion of this Mfekane clan was, we think, Zwangendaba, founder of the *aNgóni* (= abaNǃuni) kingdom in Nyasaland. We know, from Zwide's history, that a petty chieftain of the aforesaid name existed on Zwide's borders (162) and we know that the Ngóni potentate bore, as family *isiTákazelo* (name of address), the appellation *Pákati*, which was that peculiar to the Mfekane people.³ From this we may infer, with fair certainty, that Zwangendaba was a member of the Mfekane clan, to wit, of the *Jele* (or Gumbi) section thereof, as his so-called *isiBongo* of 'Jere' (so in Nyasaland) attests.

Over the way, beyond the Hluhluwe and as far as the emTékwini mount, spread the rival branch of the family, the **abakwa-Msane** (the People of Msane). There, in Arcadian simplicity, they planted their purple-grained maize (*Z. uGádigádi*) with wooden hoes and possessed not even a weapon wherewith to slay each other. And yet, than

Msane
(Madisi)

their king, Nxaba, son of Mbékane, son of Sontuli, none was more bellicose ; and, of doughty warriors, none more renowned in Shaka's army than was Mgóbózi (father of Nongqiwu). This paragon of prowess, Mgóbózi-ovela-entábeni (Mgóbózi who comes up over the hill), fell, surrounded by the victims of his slaughter, on that sanguinary day when Shaka finally overcame his most powerful enemy, the Ndwandwes, led by Zwide's son, Sikúnyana. When the warrior's death was reported to Shaka, "I have conquered the son of Zwide," he said, "but he has killed me in my Mgóbózi-of-the-hill."

Between the Msanes and their Mnqobokazi (112) neighbours incessant warfare reigned. And as for tools, the Mnqobokazis were in no better case than their antagonists. Whenever either felt their passions flaming, they sallied blood-thirsty forth (always by night, of course, and the darker the better) and passed on some of the flame to the enemy's thatch, of all such huts as came within their reach, incidentally roasting the proprietors in the process. The great advantage of this kind of warfare was, that it enabled them to return home without damage and every time victorious—though, of course, equally triumphant reprisals had to be expected ; and invariably came.

That is how Nxaba kept his neighbours, the Mnqobokazis, in order. The same means were equally effective with the emanCwangeni near by ; and we have just related how Nxaba stole down their way too one night, made a huge bonfire of the local Windsor Castle and a holocaust of their king at one fell swoop (277).

As years progressed, the Msanes grew more cultured. Certain enterprising smiths, with Shabango (who afterwards ran off with Nxaba) at their head, journeyed down from the Nqutú district, and established in and about Msaneland a brisk and profitable business in assegais and hoes. So much so that in course of time, by trade increase and natural multiplication, they became quite a seemly clan, proudly dubbed themselves the **aba-kwa-Bukósin**i (They of Mr. Right-Royal-Blood), and claimed relationship with the Butélezis (others, emanTshalini).

But old habits clung and passions flared as ever, and found their natural vent in the good old incendiary methods. Indeed, reports reached Shaka so intensely hot, that even he began to feel uncomfortable and deemed it time to cool the Msane ardour and quench their conflagrations. So he despatched his *Dlangezwa* fire-brigade, under Fire-Master Mdlaka, with all necessary appliances—except a fire-escape. When the Msanes beheld the glitter of the Zulu spears swarming down in broad sunshine upon them, they immediately recognised there was something wrong,

and swarmed themselves up their mountain stronghold, the emTékwinini hill, with the Dlangezwa sleuthhounds hard behind them; who pitched them down again, over the krantzies (as the quickest way), where most were dashed to pieces.

Nxaba, however, whose grass-hut palace was near the mountain, chose a wiser course. To him the top of a hill did not seem to lead to anywhere in particular; so he stayed on level ground and, with a number of his clan, organized an easier and hastier sprint northwards. Yet not so hasty as to outpace the Zulu young-bloods, who overtook their quarry at the enTlohlela neck (*isiKála*), a little beyond the mountain. Here they accounted for another quantum of the clan. But while Nxaba himself once more eluded them and vanished into the dense bush of the lowlands thereabouts, he left his daughters wailing in the enemy's hands. There, in hiding in the bush, many of his clan regathered to his standard, together with a large contingent from their relatives, the emaNzimeleni (including Mgidla, son of Kōnjwayo, chief of the last-named clan) and, a useful addition to the expedition, most of the Bukósini smiths, under the master-smith, Shabango. Who did not go with him (at any rate, not all the way) were his son, Mshikili, who, after reaching the Sutús of Swaziland, returned and settled with the Sokúlus, and Mgóbózi and his son, Nongqiwu (father of Mbédle), who both subsequently joined Shaka's army and won therein great renown. Other Msanes also followed Mgóbózi's example and became submerged among the Zulus; while other some attached themselves to the Nibeles.

Immediately Nxaba saw that a force sufficiently strong for business had gathered around him, he struck camp, raised his standard and started on his adventurous journey to, and beneath, the Zambezi (454).

When, about the year 1760, the Sokúlus (108) clove themselves from their parent Kúmalos and migrated to the coast, they passed through Nzimelaland on their way to Káyi, the Mtétwá chief. At that period, these ema-
Nzimeleni were located on the northern bank of the Mfolozi, a short distance above its mouth. Below them, immediately along the seashore, were certain Tóngas (*amaNtlwenga*, as the Zulus called them—which is their generic name for all 'Tonga' or East-Coast Bantu, especially such as affect facial incisions). These Zululand 'Tóngas' may have been the rear-guard of the Natal Lala-Debe clans, which had been cut off from the main body by the intrusion of the Mtétwa-Ngúnis on its movement down the coast. The Sokúlus, on their arrival, found the head of this rear-guard

established south of the Mfolozi mouth, and, ousting them, pushed them back across the river, whence probably the emaNzimeleni helped them with a still further lift to the north.

The emaNzimeleni were a sub-clan of the Msanes; or, as the emaNzimeleni will have it, *vice versa*. Anyway, and either way, they were brothers together, and both alike either derived from the emaNcwangeni or were collateral branches with them of the same original family.

They were but an insignificant clan, and their fortunes and misfortunes, so far as can be made out, were interlinked with those of the Msanes. Kónjwayo, son of Ntamo, of Njazi, was their prince in Dingiswayo's days; but to his principedom Nqoboka, the Sokúlu chief over the way, put an abrupt, if perfectly princelike, end (109). Mgídla, Kónjwayo's son, as we have just related (280), taking time by the forelock, as well also as many of his people, amalgamated with Nxaba—others allying themselves with Zwangendaba—on their trips to Central Africa.

Stray members of the clan, however, got left in the lurch, and, now without head or owner, naturally gravitated to the scavenger-in-chief of all such political refuse, and enlisted in Shaka's army. Among them was Sihúbele, son of Gábadele, of Njingili, who built himself a home on the IVuna banks, in pristine Ndwandweland, and therein begat Zigódo, who begat Zimema, the most conspicuous star in the clan at these present times. But this is a star of fifth magnitude only, with nothing 'blue' about it—one of the Whiteman's aristocracy, a district-headman or magnified policeman, whose beat comprises the Ongóye hills, betwixt the Mhlatúze and Mlalazi, his heir being Ntshidi.

Another of the *nouveaux riches* of the clan was Msweli, of such obscure origin that even his father's name is no longer known to the family, and yet the charms of whose daughter, Nomvimbí, so fascinated the Zulu king, Cetshwayo, that he elevated her to the rank of Dinuzulu's mother.

When the Zulu Dlangezwa regiment had finished with the Msanes (279), it felt like just freshening into form, and looked about for

more. It espied the **aba-kwa-Mnqobokazi** (112), over **Mnqobokazi**, the eHlazane stream, away towards the Mkwánazis. **Mkwanzazi**

So fording the river, it descended like a pack of wolves on the Mnqobokazi fold, slaughtering, pillaging, desolating with great gusto. Amidst the ensuing pandemonium, chief Mnyenyeza suddenly disappeared amidst the wreckage. He bobbed up again quite serene some 30 miles away. Looking round and seeing not a soul about, he clambered out, followed by the rest of the survivors, who together re-established themselves in a

cosy nook within the angle of the lower Mkúze (beyond the Nibeles). After a time, he plunged once more, never to rise again. Then his son, Wokoza, followed him underground. Above, on the throne, sits Wokoza's heir, Nkomo.

The ultimate fate of the brother clan, the **Mkwánazis** (113), was naturally hooked on to that of their suzerains, the Mtétwás, and they went the same way, participating in the good and bad fortune of these latter in Shakan and Dinganean times.

The same may be said also of the neighbouring clans of **Ncubes** (114), and **Nxeles** (in their three, **Msweli**, **Seme** and **Ntlozi** sections (104, 117).

Among the Debe Tóngá-Ngúnis on the Mngéni river in Natal lived, in Shaka's days, a certain Nyavu or Mdluli clan, whose chief, Nomsimekwana, provided an exciting page of history (559). When these people moved down the coast into Natal, they left in the lurch on the northern side of the lower Mhlatúze, alongside the Qwabes—we would personally prefer to think that here was the clan's original homeland, from which the Qwabes expelled them—a portion of the family whose head was Sihlahlana. The party grew in numbers as time progressed, and ultimately became known as the **aba-kwa-Nibeles** clan, though the old tribal names of Mdluli and Nyavu were still preserved in the family's nomenclature.

Pressure of some kind no doubt it was that led them subsequently to retrace their steps northwards. They recrossed the Mfolozi and for a time found a habitat in the kwaMduku forest. That locality proving no longer congenial, the luxuriant crops of the **aba-kwa-Mangazi** folk farther north made them green with jealousy, and they determined to get hold of Mangaziland or die in the attempt.

We know that the Nyasa Bantu came into being out of a hole in a rock, because they have told us so.⁴ The Mangazis, not to be beaten, lay claim to a similar origin; but their hole was in the ground, right there in Mangaziland. Precisely what species of Bantu inhabited that hole we will not venture to guess; but their offspring, we think, are of pure Tóngá extraction, like the Tembés. They may have been the old Mfolozi 'amaNtlwenga' already referred to (109).

Anyhow, the Nibeles proceeded in force to Mangaziland and demanded admittance. Admission proving free, they took their seats without further ado and concentrated their attention on the play. *Act I.*: Moonlit night, in open kraal-yard, outside king Sihlahlane's hut. Standing there on the ground, a vessel of

odoriferous ointment (vulgarly termed fat) destined to anoint the royal person on the morrow. A Mangazi dog, prowling thereby, cautiously follows its nose and alights right upon the royal fat, which it forthwith transfers holus-bolus from the dish into another vessel it happens to be carrying with it. *Act II.* : Mangazi king's palace. King seated on his haunches on the dry dung in the cattle-fold. Ambassador from Nibele king arrives bearing ultimatum demanding immediate return of precious ointment, or surrender of the crown, with a black-eyed houri thrown in. Mangazi king pleads no jurisdiction over the fat, but crown and houri are available, awaiting the royal fetching. *Act III.* : Nibele king proceeds to fetch. Finds the Mangazi king awaiting him with poised assegai, which no sooner seen, than he receives it in his breast. Thereupon king Sihlahlana bids a long farewell to all his greatness, crown and houri. His own astonishing achievement, however, so surprises the Mangazi king, that he at once takes to his heels, along with his household, and rests not till far over the horizon northwards. Thereupon the Nibeles pick up their warrior-king, and incidentally the coveted crown and country. But the bride has vanished, likewise over the horizon. *Curtain.* The crown, in these present days, adorns the brow of Mayabela, son of Mavuso, of Mgwázi, of Sikwayo (? of Mfumbati), of Shenge, of Nomabókazi, of Sihlahlana.

Shaka does not seem to have honoured the Nibele king with a state visit. In Mpande's time, however, ructions broke out within the family owing to Mgwázi and Nyamazane, sons of Sikwayo, contending for the property. Mgwázi was compelled to seek sanctuary in Natal; but Cetshwayo restored Mavuso, Mgwázi's son, to the chieftainship. Mavuso dying on 4th May, 1909, he was succeeded by his son, Mayabela.

Malandela, father of Qwabe and Zulu, reached the Mhlatúze from the Babanango about the year A.D. 1650, and died there somewhere about the year A.D. 1700. Even later than that the emigrant party continued in a state of unsettlement and flux.

Among these Malandela-ites, or, as some say, among the offspring of Qwabe, was a certain Malangwana. This gentleman's son, yclept **Manzi**, dissatisfied with the Mhlatúze country, continued his journey up the coast (c. 1750) till, in the neighbourhood of the kwaSibáyi lake, he struck a foreign people—they may have been those *amaNtlwenga* (Tóngá Bantu) formerly on the Mfolozi (109)—calling themselves the *aba-kwa-Malimbána*.

After a time the Malimbána chief sent an embassy to chief Kóza, then head of the Manzis, demanding, Did they know on

whose territory they were trespassing; and to which king did they suppose themselves to be subject? To which king Kóza replied, "I am beaten by none, save by the common house-fly; he alone gets the better of me"—it being said that whenever food was placed before his majesty, it became immediately covered by a swarm of flies, which wallowed, washed and buried themselves therein with great gusto. So incensed was the Malimbána monarch by this insolent reply, that he instantly despatched a force to depose king Kóza, and that withal in the very presence of his liege-lord, king Fly. The Manzis became henceforth humble subjects of the Malimbánas.

Years passed by, and (c. 1770) another stranger arrived in Malimbánaland. His name was Fúnjwa, father of Mpambána, father of Búngane, father of Nqiwane, who died in the **Mabaso** days of Dingane. Mr. and Mrs. Fúnjwa hailed from Nxumaloland (= Ndwandwe); and, describing himself in the new country as a professional doctor, in the old country Dr. Fúnjwa had probably been a professional *umTákati*, and as such had been helped to cross the border. Amongst other of his stock-in-trade, he was possessed of a pair of fire-sticks of such marvellous power that he was named after them 'Mabaso' (Mr. Fire-Kindler). So highly respected—or should we say, feared—did he become in this land of his adoption, that, when the Malimbána king died with never an heir to succeed him, Dr. Fúnjwa at once besought the hand of the royal widow, and raised up with her assistance both a new dynasty and a new clan, labelled the **aba-kwa-Mabaso**. No 'Malimbána' clansman survives in these our days. Obviously they must have become extinct together with their king, king Fúnjwa no doubt exterminating them by royal proclamation and then resurrecting them as a new people, with a new name—his own, Mabaso.

Away to the south of the kwaSibáyi lake (near Kosi Bay), the country is locally known as *kwaMbila*. This is an arresting name. The construction suggests a personal name 'Mbila's Land'; but we should like to think it possibly otherwise. In the Zulu language the root, *mbila*, signifies both a certain tree (*Commiphora caryæfolia*) having soft yellowish wood (*umMbila*), and the maize-plant. In olden times both tree and plant were also called *unuMbú*; from which it would appear that the one was christened after the other. It would be helpful to know whether or not this particular tree is conspicuously abundant in this particular district. If it is, the land may have been named after it, and then, lying as it does along the coast, maize may easily have been first cultivated there (introduced either from Delagoa Bay or by early

shipwrecked mariners) and subsequently, upon spreading, have been named after the land from which it came, *umMbila* (the Mbilaland plant); just as the small yellow variety of maize was originally known as *uNgôye*, from the hill-range, in the Mlalazi district, where presumably it was first cultivated. The name *umMbila* for maize is quite peculiar to the Zulu among Bantu languages.

At the present time, this Mbilaland is occupied by a people calling themselves **aba-kwa-Zikáli** (the People of Zikáli). These Natives are said to have migrated from the vicinity of **Zikáli** the Pôngolo, in Swaziland, during the reign of Dingane; and we are given to understand that *Zikáli* is their clan-name (*isiBongo*), and that they are somehow related to the *emaNgwâneni*—though we have not been able to test the correctness of these reports. We know that, about the time of Mpande's overthrow of Dingane, *Zikáli*, heir to *Matiwane* (the *emaNgwâneni* chief), fled from Zululand into Swaziland, and that, having been there secretly informed that a plot was in hatching to kill him, almost immediately departed again for Natal (1845). We have wondered whether these so-called 'People of Zikáli' now in Mbilaland and 'related to the *emaNgwâneni*' may not have been the following of *Zikáli* when he fled from Zululand into Swaziland, and who, left by him stranded there, subsequently moved away to the coast. But, in such case, the name 'Zikáli' could not be an *isiBongo* (or clan-name).

However it be, these 'People of Zikáli' found it advisable to make themselves scarce in Swaziland, and so moved off under the leadership of one, *Ngwëndula*. They first pitched their camp somewhere south of the *Mkúze*, in the vicinity, it is said, of the *emDletsheni* people (about the *Hluhluwe*). There *Ngwëndula* passed to his fathers, leaving *Mgôngobali* (alias *Msingapantsi*) in charge. This latter had the misfortune to become suspected by the neighbouring powerful *Mkwânazi* chief, *Malanda*, of being an *umTákati* (practiser of witchcraft). The stigma of so heinous a crime could not but lead to its usual penalty of expulsion from the neighbourhood. But *Mgôngobali* tarried not for penalties: he gathered up his belongings and made hasty tracks out of harm's way. He eventually discovered a vacant stand by the *Sibâyi* lake.

His heir was *Zikúngeni*, who, dying without male issue, his younger full-brother, *Sibonda*, borrowed his widow (*Z. uku-ngéna*) and through her raised up for him an heir named *Mpiyaké*. During the boy's minority, *Njumbáne*, elder half-brother of *Zikúngeni*, has been keeping the nest warm for him.

Pass now to the north beyond the borders of *Zikáliland*, over

the kwaSibáyi lake, and you will have passed out of Ngúniland into Tóngaland, the extreme southern limit of the East-Coast Bantu field. Let us pass!

¹ Capt. W. C. Harris, *W.S.*, 120.

² Rev. W. A. Elliott, *G.Q.*, 104.

³ Elmslie, *N.L.*, Introd.

⁴ MacDonald, *Africana*, I., 74.

CHAPTER 34

THE TEMBÉ TONGAS

Now that we have got thus far and reached the northern extremity of Ngúniland, we may as well avail ourselves of the opportunity to step over the border and take a passing glance at two foreign peoples and foreign lands, those of the Tembés and the Swazis, which, though entering but slightly into the sphere of Shaka's military operations, yet have an important bearing on the subject of Ngúni origins. We have already often spoken of 'Tóngangúnis' and 'eMbó (or Dlamini, or Swazi) Ngúnis.' Why 'Tonga'?; why 'Swazi'?

The expressions Tóngangúni, Swazi, Sutú, are race-names, all three of Ngúni invention and application, just as 'Kafir' is of European. The people themselves to whom the names are applied either scornfully disown them, or accept them under protest. The more recent generations, having grown up to them, carry them with better grace. In this present chapter we shall confine ourselves to a consideration of the name Tóngangúni, and to the people so called.

The East-Coast Bantu called the Ngúnis (i.e. the Zulu-Xóza Natives) *vaTwa* or *baTshwa* * (Bushman), because, hearing Bushman clicks in their speech, they concluded that the two peoples must be racially related. But why did the Ngúnis retaliate and call the East-Coast Bantu *amaTonga*? Was it perchance due to similar fallacious reasoning?

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 'Tóngangúni'

* The orthographic symbol, *tsh*, as used in this book represents the closed variety (= *ty*, *tj*) of the Eng. *ch*, and is therefore *not* quite the same as the latter.

tribal-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 Tembés, the Tshopís, the Nyembánes, in a word, to every variety of East Coast Bantu people dwelling between himself and the Zambezi, and not belonging to the Sutú or Ngúni family—peoples all of whom, strange to say, declare that they are not, and never were, Tóngas!

Undoubtedly there is a certain physical, cultural and linguistic likeness general to all these East Coast and Zambeesian tribes, which marks their common origin and distinguishes them from the two neighbouring Bantu families just mentioned. At the same time, each and all of them possess their own appropriate tribal titles (which is that of Tóngá 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 school-boy, who becomes immediately bellicose (though one scarcely knoweth why) when dubbed a compatriot of the French president or of the head of the Hohenzollerns. So too the patriotic Tshopí or Tembé resents being called a Tóngá. Are, then, the Zulus wrong in applying the title to him?

To this we can answer neither Yea nor Nay. Maybe, in centuries long, long passed, the aboriginal Mr. Kafir and the real Mr. Tóngá (of Zambeesian 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. Kafir moved on ahead, into the distant south. The young Kafir 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 as came within their ken and were held by them to possess some supposed resemblance or relationship with Mr. Tóngá's family, as, for example, to the Tembés, the Tshopís and others, all of whom were probably no more Tóngas than the Zulus are Xózas.

Or, again, the process may have been reversed. The present-day Zulu use of the expression as a generic term denoting a certain 'Tóngá' branch of the Bantu family, as a term akin to that of 'Ngúni' and 'Sutú' may be the correct one. Those younger scions of the Tóngá house who in olden days wandered forth to the south (as the Tembés 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—he 'invented' it, but he did not create it—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 that particular family of the Bantu race now mainly inhabiting Portuguese East Africa.

That there would be nothing unusual in such a supposition as that just mentioned, is proved by the Kafirs themselves, who nowadays are almost wholly ignorant of what was probably their own original generic name, viz. *abaNgúni*—the term 'Kafir,' of course, being of foreign invention.¹

Our first absolute knowledge of the south-eastern Bantu is practically contemporaneous with the discovery of South-Eastern Africa by Vasco da Gama in 1497, and that knowledge issues from the region of Delagoa Bay. Thereabouts was it that the early Portuguese had their first friendly, and unfriendly, intercourse with South-Bantu people, and some of them even took the trouble to write down their experiences. Had they but taken more!

Of the three-volumed work of Manuel de Faria e Sousa on the subject of *Portuguese Asia*, the portion most interesting to us is that dealing with Portuguese Africa—interesting, though scarcely illuminating. We are therein favoured with notes on several Bantu tribes or countries located on the African coast between Delagoa Bay and the Cape. Naturally, we seek out with avidity that portion of the book, and, when read, find ourselves left as wise as we were before.

The date is about the year 1589, and the latitude 27° 20" (about Lake Sibáyi, in north-eastern Zululand). This (like all the rest of the Delagoa Bay region) was still, we are told, within the 'country of the *Fumos*'—which means, no doubt, country in which the Tónga (Ronga) term *muFumo* took the place of the more southern (Pure Ngúni) *inKosi*, for 'chief'—and the 'country of the *Fumos*' belonged to the 'king of Virangune,' and the people dwelling at the latitude in point (apparently) called themselves *Macomatos*.

South of the *Macomatos*, at latitude 28° 15" (about St. Lucia Bay), lay the 'country of Mocalapata,' and south again of him (or it) were settled the *Vambe* (312) who covered 'a great part of the Terra de Natal.' Thence, as far as the Cape of Good Hope,

"there are no kings [presumably *Fumos*], but *Ancozes* or lords of villages." Northward of the "kingdom of Virangune is that of *Inhaca*," in the vicinity of Delagoa Bay.¹

All this is as meaningless to us as though written in the language of Crete or Yucatan: it but leaves us wondering. Were 'the *Macomatos*' about Lake Sibáyi perchance the *emaLangeni* clan even still located in those parts? Hardly; for their ancestor, Gúmede, was living still at the middle of last century! Or were 'they' perchance (as we think most likely) a river, the *inKomati*, tributary of the Crocodile (*umGwènya*) river, about 100 miles northward of the locality indicated? Turning to page 314, you will see that the *abaMbó* (of whom the present-day *emaLangeni* are a section) came down to the Lubombó-Sibáyi country precisely from the region of the river *inKomati*. It were quite possible, therefore, that the emigrating *abaMbó* (for lack of another name) were called by Tónga foreigners thereabout the *maKomati* (or *Komati* People). At all events, the word itself, 'Macomatos' (= *maKomati*), attests the fact that, about the year 1589, our *Tekela-Ngunis* were already in occupation of the country near Lake *kwaSibáyi*; for 'inKomati' is quite obviously the *tekela* form of the Ntungwa-Nguni *inKomazi*, which is, indeed, the present Zulu name for the aforesaid river.

Then, was the name, 'Virangune,' of their king, or of their kingdom, perchance merely the Portuguese effort to render the local Bantu race- or tribal-name, *abaNguni* (*Ronga*, *vaNguni*)? But what on earth can this 'country of Mocalapata' signify, there about the St. Lucia Bay? No present tradition among the Natives is capable of enlightening us.

But when we are told that south of the Mocalapata country dwelt the *vaMbe* people, then we begin to recognize something through the fog—in a word, we recognize our *abaMbó* people (our *eMbó*- or *Dlamini-Ngunis*, to wit, the Swazis, the *Dlaminis*, the *Ndwandwes* and others; as also our *Tónga-Ngunis*, to wit, the *Mtétwás*, the *Celes* and other such to whom the term *abaMbó* was in those days equally applied). For the country of the *vaMbe* included "a great part of Natal"—and the *Terra de Natal* of those times was the coastal belt stretching from the *Mtátá* river away to the north, roughly perhaps as far as St. Lucia Bay.² From that point onward to the south was the domain of the *Ancoze* or *inKosi*-using people, who, of course, could have been none other than the *Pure-Ngunis*, the *Témbús* and *Xózas* (and perhaps the *Mpondos*) already occupying those parts.

As for 'the kingdom of *Inhaca*,' it can hardly have meant other than the tribal-land of *iNyaka* Isle (and the opposite mainland) at the entrance to Delagoa Bay; from which we infer that

either the Tembés or the Ngúnis were there already in occupation—the roots, *Nyaka* (in Ngúni) and *Nwaka* (in Tembè or Ronga) both signifying 'year.'

The points we draw from all this unintelligible rigmarole are, that the Bantu tribal-types were distributed along the coast between Delagoa Bay and the Cape in the year 1589 much in the same manner as they are to-day; that the Pure-Ngúni Tembús and Xózas were already south of the Mzimkúlu; that modern Natal was occupied by tribes, *not* of Pure-Ngúni type, and called by Portuguese Tóngas (who might easily have regarded the eMbó and Lala peoples as one), Vambé (= abaMbó); that north of them were other Ngúnis (Virangune), but still of the *tekela*-speaking brand; and, finally, on the coast south of Delagoa Bay was a 'Nyaka' clan, whose name looks suspiciously like Ngúni, though the people themselves became in later centuries completely 'Tóngaised.'

None of the earlier Portuguese documents, so far as we know, give any detailed account of the Tembè people, though they make some mention of them by name. The first to describe them was Capt. W. Owen, of the English Navy, who visited them in 1822 and has left us two volumes of instructive narrative—*Narrative of Voyages to Africa, etc.*

He found the Tembè tribe divided into two independent branches, whereof the senior occupied the country between the Mabúdu and English rivers (with the Mtembé river running through its centre); the junior, the country between the Mabúdu and the sea. Both together constituted the **aba-kwa-Tembé** tribe. Since Ludahúmbá was buried at the original Mtembé-river home, and Mangóbe and Mabúdu both in the new country by the lower Sutú (or Mabúdu) river, we conclude that the tribal division occurred when Ludahúmbá died, with his heir, Muhári, already dead or else a minor.

[They were a people entirely distinct, in features, habits and speech, from the Ngúnis to the south, and belonged to the Bantu family extending from Delagoa Bay northwards along the Portuguese East African coast. The Tóngas-Ngúnis of Zululand and Natal who had passed through or by them on their journey from the interior to the coast, had, during their sojourn in their vicinity, picked up a good deal of their vocabulary, customs and blood; hence their name.

The Tembés, like most of the East-Coast Bantu, were, compared with the Ngúnis, a race physically much inferior, timid and unwarlike, yet withal much more industrious, artistic and keen at commerce. Their laws were not so elaborate, their social system

not so well organized, their persons never so daintily attired, as was the case, for instance, with the Ntungwa-Ngúnis of Zululand. They affected none of those graceful skin trappings which rendered the personal appearance of these latter so picturesque and elegant. Like the Tembús of the Cape, their men favoured the fashions of the Papuan Paris, and clothed themselves with a penis-cover, the same being a sheath of plaited palm-strips an inch or more in diameter and one to two feet in length, according to taste. The ladies wore a gown cut and measured after that of Eve, consisting of a patch of cloth suspended from the hips and drawn tight between the legs.

The superior branch of the tribe, culturally, was that which was inferior by birth, viz. the Mabúdu (dwelling between that river and the sea). These Mabúdu Tembés were both wealthy in cattle and diligent agriculturists; indeed, the senior (Tembé proper) branch was largely dependent upon them for supplies. They were also busy and pushful traders, and much of the culture of the Ngúnis and Sutús was due to the peaceful penetration of these Tóngá hawkers; for—

Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war.

—MILTON.

They were, either wholly or largely, responsible for the introduction among those peoples of the maize, sweet-potato and perhaps also the Kafir-potato (*Colocasia antiquorum*) and *imBondwe* plants (*Plectranthus esculentus*), as well as the earth-bean (*Voandzeia subterranea*) and ground-nut (called after them *Z. amaNtongómane*). They worked the iron and copper, obtained by trading in the interior—the copper coming from the old Bantu mines along the Limpopo^a—into hoes, axes, assegais, arm-rings and other useful and ornamental articles. Their artistic wood-carving of household pots and dishes and the importation by them of elegant skins for karosses and dress, inspired Dingiswayo with the idea of establishing a local factory in his own Mtétwáland for the production of such wares by his own people. For their Ngúni and Sutú customers they imported those precious rings of rough copper and brass (*Z. umDaka*) afterwards to be transformed by the local smiths into handsome wrist-cuffs (*Z. inGxotá*) for the king's courtiers and arm- (*Z. iSongo*) and neck-rings (*Z. umNaka*) for his wives; those pretty red beads (*Z. inGwéle*), Shaka's favourite body-ornament, and the black ones (*Z. isiSimbúla*) and white (*iMasa*) so beloved of his sweethearts; and, finally, they introduced into all those lands that specially attractive novelty and

specific for rats, the plushy domesticated pussy—to say nothing of the locusts!

A quiet and simple folk, as we have said, moulded essentially for peaceful arts and industries,

Earth's purest children, young and fair,
With eyes the shrines of unawakened thought,
And brows as bright as Spring or Morning, ere
Dark time had there its evil legend wrought.

—SHELLEY.

assuredly they would have been utterly effaced had the blight of Shaka's army descended upon them. His premature removal saved them. Yet not entirely; for the wild and disorderly rabble of fugitives escaping northwards under Zwangendaba (who subsequently founded the aNgöni kingdom in Nyasaland) settled for a considerable period in the Tembè neighbourhood, meanwhile living and growing by the plunder and capture of everyone and everything within their reach. Indeed, refugees from Zululand, armed and otherwise, individually or in bands, were continuously streaming into Tembèland during the lifetime of Zwide and Shaka; and most of them came to stay. The consequence of this wholesale incursion of Ngüni exiles was that the distinctive Tönga character of the Tembè people soon became considerably modified (especially in regard to their speech), assimilating itself ever more and more to the Ngüni (Zulu) type. To-day the Zulu language is quite commonly spoken among them.

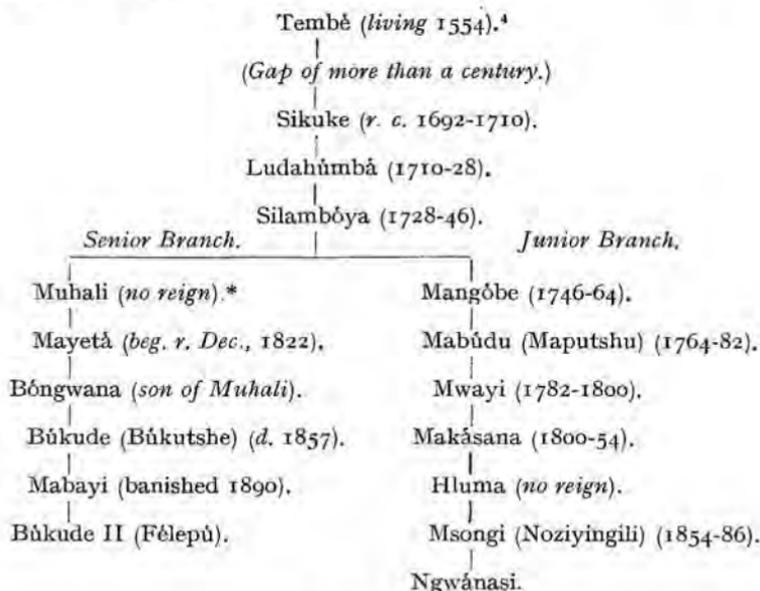
On Nyaka Isle and along the seashore southwards of Delagoa Bay dwelt an independent clan, which denied all connection with the Tembè people and which, from its name **Nyaka**, one might almost suspect of having been of Tekela-Ngüni origin (eMbó or Lala). These people were already in possession there when the Tembès arrived.

The founder of the tribe now being considered was a personage named Tembè. To what tribe or clan this Tembè himself belonged we know not. But if the language of his modern descendants was also his language, then we should surmise that his ancestors and those of the Ndawus (about Sofala), of the Karangas (in Southern Rhodesia) and of the Natives of South Nyasaland, were all alike very closely related. Junod⁴ tells us that the Tembès came down by way of the Nkomati river "on a floating island of papyrus," which being interpreted, probably meaneth that they (or he) crossed that river by means of an *isiHlenga* (or raft formed of a large bundle of reeds, used for crossing rivers).

This Tembè came south, or rather laid the foundations of his

tribe about the middle of the sixteenth century. Perestrello mentions 'Tembe, king of the country' as in 1554 still living.⁵—It is interesting to note that this date (c. 1550) of the Tembê family's arrival on the Nkomati river coincides exactly with our calculated date (309) of the migration from that same river of the eMbó (or Dlamini) Ngúni family, and we think it possible either that the latter may have been driven onward by the newly intruding Tembês, or that both parties had moved along together from some more inland country on the (present) Tõnga-Sutú borderland.—The Tembê family no doubt first settled by the river since called after them, the Mtembê (abridged by Europeans into Tembe), which debouches into the English river, the latter emptying itself into the Delagoa Bay.

Below is the pedigree of the Tembê kings as supplied us by Ngwánasi, the reigning Mabúdu chief:—



On the 6th January, 1498, the great Portuguese navigator, Vasco da Gama, discovered for the first time East African Bantu to the European, and the European for the first time to the East African Bantu. He anchored at the mouth of a river, twelve days sailing northward of the Mzimkúlu in Natal, which he christened the River of Kings (*Rio dos Reys*), and which Theal believes to have been the Limpopo⁶—though we know no adequate

* Where 'no reign' is marked, the heir died during his father's lifetime.

reason why it might not more likely have been Delagoa Bay. Five days were spent there in friendly intercourse with the local Bantu, who bartered their foodstuffs, ivory and copper (291) for the marvellous products of Europe. These Bantu were not our Tembés, of course; but they were, almost certainly, their neighbours and cousins, the Rongas or the Tshopis. Thence da Gama proceeded to 'discover' India, and so back home.

In 1502 we find him back again on the East African coast with a fleet of twenty ships, one of which, becoming disabled, drifted luckily into the calmer waters of a sheltered bay not far from the former site of their anchorage. The broad English river (*Espirito Santo*, *Z. umBuluzi*)—which in reality is but the estuary of three smaller rivers—emboguing into the bay, the Portuguese mariners, perhaps from its lake-like formation, or (as Theal thinks) from some rather incomprehensible belief that it had its source in some lake in the interior, named the Rio da Lagoa. The bay itself they named the Bahia da Lagoa, or, as we moderns have it, Delagoa Bay.

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 Europeans, on their part, alas! utterly failed to reach this higher 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 Tembê 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 to most of them an unexpected death, 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 standing pæan of praise. Lourenço 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 (= Mabúdu) 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 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 nicknamed him, without further inquiry, 'Governor Garcia de Sa!' This kindly 'savage,' though contemporary with king Tembê, was himself king of the 'foreign' Nyaka clan (292).

The principal discovery this Lourenço Marques seems to have made on this memorable voyage was that the Delagoa Natives 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 in the interests of the glass-bead trade!

The great Portuguese galleon, the "San Joao," had been wrecked, on the 18th of June, 1552, near the Mtâmuna 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 Mozambique 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 reach ultimately some outpost of their countrymen further along the coast. In reality, alas! from a haven of certain rescue and rest, they were but marching to their doom; for they soon fell into the hands of Fumo, the dreaded king (though, we opine, this must have been, not his name, but merely the local expression

indicating 'chief' or *inKosi*) of the baRumo tribe, dwelling beyond the Mbeluzi 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 to 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 in Nyakaland (or, as the Portuguese write it, Inhaca), along the coast south of the entrance to Delagoa Bay. The ship, "Santo Thome," caught in a gale off the coast of Natal, had sprung a leak and been hastily abandoned. The single boat-load of survivors had at length safely reached the island (now called iNyaka Isle) at the mouth of the bay. There, it is said, they would have perished outright of fever, had not the attention of the 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 two ladies, preferred the less risky delights of Native hospitality, there peacefully to 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 Búduland, had they but served us with some account of their travels, might well have been honoured as explorers. Over well-nigh 500 miles from the Mzimvubu, away in Pondoland, where the good ship "Santo Alberto" had grounded on the 24th March, 1593, 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 Pondoland, Lalaland, Zululand and Tembélund. 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 curios or prosecuting ethnological research (see p. 10).

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 Tóngas, and through them to the Kafirs—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, bringing 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 representative of 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 other 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 compete vigorously with its rivals in making capital out of the unsophisticated African Natives.

When all had filled their holds with the merchandise of Tóngaland, 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 in 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—not now indeed in the chase of treasure, but driven thereto by the predicament of a sinking vessel—the Portuguese were no longer in evidence.

By 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 ægis 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 two 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 recognize 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 Native princes, would cajole them into handing over documentary evidence of their rights.

The seasonable outbreak, in 1794, of civil strife among the Temb  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 those 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 to 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 surveying party, the protection of the Portuguese authorities against the surrounding savages. The response they gave was the confession he had desired—that the savages hereabout 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 Temb  river, named Mayet , the other, named Mak sana, on the Maputa—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 well suppose, into an elegant piece of drapery for the royal loins.

It required almost 200 years to teach these voracious Powers, representing the concentrated wisdom and 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 Tembés 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 but asked) so much activity was being displayed? Was their sole occupation that of idle 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 its 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 Tembè folk inhabiting the country behind them, was about to enter on the painful travail, not of absolute dissolution, but of cleavage. Its chief, the overlord or *Kapela* (as the Portuguese records call him) was, or recently had been, Silambóya, and upon his death, the senior son, Muhali, and the junior son, Mangóbe, parted company and divided the clan, the former remaining with one moiety on the old site on the Mtembé river, the latter with another passing over to the sea side of the Maputa (Mabúdu).

These Tembè Bantu may be as harmless and artless as their reputation makes them; yet, it would seem, they have not been without some weighty responsibilities.

We have often wondered how it came about that the African Bantu named the white men *Lungus*, *Zungus*, *Jungus* and so on, which is the root (in its varied forms) almost universally in

vogue for this purpose from top to bottom of Eastern Bantuland—it is important to note that the root is peculiar to the eastern coast, whence it gradually spread into the east-central regions. Was the term, perchance, not a legacy bequeathed to posterity by these early Tembés or their kindred?

The term could hardly have existed in Bantu speech with its present signification prior to the white man's coming. Nor had it, apparently, when he did come, any reference to his colour. It is never applied indiscriminately to all and every fair-skinned person; for instance, to Bombay Indians and Chinese, whose yellowish skin is, to Native eyes, perfectly indistinguishable from that of the European half-caste. And yet the half-castes are everywhere dubbed *Z. abeLungu* (sing. *umLungu*), *baZungu* and so on—not because their skins are fair, but because their fathers were Europeans. The root, *Lungu*, then, in its present usage, signifies, not 'Whiteman,' but rather 'European.' But why were Europeans called *abeLungu*? And by whom; and wherefore?

From the narratives of all African travellers of the middle ages, as of modern, we learn that the universal belief among the Bantu tribes, from the Congo, where the Whiteman first appeared, right away to Zululand, where he appeared last, was that this colourless human-like creature was the offspring of the sea. To the man of West Africa, no less than to his brother at Delagoa Bay, did the sail-bedecked galleons of the Portuguese appear as so many winged leviathans, pouring forth at each port of landing a swarm of white-skinned sea-men. Now, in the speech of some of the West Coast Bantu the sea was known as *kaLunga*, and a boat or canoe that moved upon its waters (or upon those of the inland river) was known as an *uLungu* (e.g. in the Mbundu and Ngola languages of Angola). This, too, was the name they now applied to the great sea-canoes of the early Portuguese, *maLungu*. When, after a sojourn in the west, the Portuguese passed forward to the east, they no doubt took with them, in the capacity of sailors, servants or slaves, a number of the west-coast aborigines. The first port they entered on the east was Delagoa Bay (or thereabouts), and the first inquiry of one black brother of another was, most likely, what manner of monster this great winged water-beast might be—the south-eastern Bantu, you will remember, had no knowledge of the canoe. And the Angolese, no doubt, informed him, in their mother-tongue, that it was an *uLungu* (ship). From which the much-amazed Delagoans drew the natural inference that, then, the gorgeous beings swarming out of it could be none other than *abaLungu* (or 'the ship-people').

No doubt, in early times as still, 'the ship's cat' figured as sure a member of a vessel's crew as did the ship's rat. Now

felines all, most beautiful of beasts, from the leopard of Zululand to the tiger of India, have always appealed to kings as a rightful perquisite of royalty. So when the Temb  king became aware of pussy's presence on board the visiting ships, we may be sure he immediately begged thereof a sample and forthwith proclaimed its possession a royal monopoly—the more so after noting its unique dexterity at catching mice.

Mang be then was on the Temb  throne, and withal, achieving nothing, was one of those elect who have greatness thrust upon them. Without a deed worth mentioning, ere long through 'all the world' from the T kela to Sofala, his name resounded round every Native hearth. And it was the cat that noised his fame abroad.

That cats (of various kinds) had been denizens of the primeval forest long ages before Negrogenetic man appeared in Africa, none will dare gainsay. That cats, moreover, were known to the aboriginal Bantu family even prior to its breaking up, a few millenniums back, in northern Africa is fairly attested by the fact that the same nounal root (which, moreover, is not onomatopoeitic) occurs in divers forms throughout the whole, at least, of Eastern Bantuland (thus Ganda, *Kapa*; Kerebe, *ruBaka*; Kikuyu, *mPaka*; Kamba, *mBaka*; Swahili, *Paka*; Rua, *luBaka*; Yao, *mBaka*; Luba, *luBaka*; Zulu, *imPaka*). A commoner Bantu term, however, within the same region is *Nyawo*, in one or other of its dresses. This is obviously onomatopoeitic, pussy's cry invariably suggesting to the Negro ear the sound of *n* (thus *nyawo*), rather than the *m* (thus Ancient Egyptian *mau*, English *mew*) supposedly heard by all Caucasian folk.

On the other hand, that the cat was ever kept in a domestic state by the ancient Bantu, is by no means so certain. If perchance it was, then the Kafirs, 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 manner of the famous people on the Nile, the Kafirs were of one mind with the medi val European, in that they shunned the animal as the common familiar and emissary of that two-legged 'evil one' whom they call an *umT kati* (i.e. a destroyer by witchcraft). The professors of the black art are said even to-day habitually to 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 (*iziDwedwe*). These scraps of soiled apparel are then carefully preserved by the *umT kati* in a special pot

(*umPándazewule*), 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, are capable of being employed as a potent charm against their original owner. The presence of an *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 (*per anum*)—as many luckless *abaTákati*, real and imaginary, have painfully experienced from Shaka's day to this.

Nunc demum tempora mutantur et mores in illis. Suddenly the domestic cat becomes an agreeable inmate in every Zulu kraal! Who wrought this wondrous transformation? Who but Mangóbe? And whence came the domesticated cats? From none other than those Tóngá hawkers of whom we have already spoken; for, Mangóbe already gone to blazes, his copyright had expired with him. Knowing, now, that the lost plague of Egypt, the plague of rats, happened just then to be astray down south in Zululand and its cure to be sunning itself in every Portuguese back-yard, these 'simple' Tembés, with a business acumen that would have done honour to Zion, proceeded forthwith to convey down south as many Portuguese cats as they could safely collect and offer them as an extra attractive bargain to their customers in Zululand. The *imPaka*, of course, of centuries back in northern Africa, had long since become but an evil tradition; so that it was easy for the Zulus to recognize this pretty house-pet of such friendly manners and serviceable habits, as an entirely different institution. Not knowing exactly what its family-name might be, they christened it, after the hawker-king, *uMangóbe*.

All this was probably prior to the days of Senzangakóna. When, however, the British began to colonize Natal and the Natives to move about, they soon discovered that the Tembé monopoly of 'rat-catchers' was a fraud and the 'Mangóbe' patronymic a fiction. The import trade from the north thus ceased and Mangóbes with it, and became replaced by the wholesale dumping of cheap 'cats' (*Z. iKati*) from the south.

The best-known Tembé celebrities next following Mangóbe were his great-great-grandsons, Mayetá (ruling the senior branch on the Mtembé) and Makásana (ruling in Mabúduland). These were the pair of beauties whom Capt. Owen, R.N., found seated on the throne when he visited Delagoa Bay in 1822-23.

When a Tembé monarch had been safely smothered in his grave, official bulletins were issued for a twelve-month after the event announcing to his faithful subjects that the king was 'slightly indisposed.' This, as the Zulus say, put any intending agitators to sleep, until they were awakened to find the successor

firmly planted in his seat. When Mayetá's predecessor and grandfather died, the agitators unfortunately woke up prematurely, only two months after his decease, and, finding the throne unoccupied, one of them, Mambétá by name, installed himself thereon. About this time, Capt. Owen, like the general public, ignorant of the royal demise, forwarded presents 'to the king,' which Mambétá promptly attached. The loyalists discovering this, at once threw established custom overboard, and proclaimed the legal heir, Mayetá, king, without further delay. Now, "it was the custom to establish the prerogative of royalty by condemning some great person to die," and the great person whom Mayetá selected for this especial favour could hardly have been, under the circumstances, other than Mambétá himself, who "was accordingly speared upon the most approved principles and buried with all the honours due to his rank and pretensions."

Now safe in possession of the spoils, Mayetá had no objection whatsoever soon after to grant Capt. Owen's request for a scrap of paper proclaiming Tembélant a British Protectorate. But no sooner was Capt. Owen out of sight behind Nyaka Isle than the wily savage proceeded over to the Portuguese commandant, the only troublesome Whiteman now left on the spot, and solemnly declared his unswerving loyalty to the crown of Portugal, putting the sincerity of his pledge beyond all future dispute by killing the commandant on the first available opportunity.

The hapless commandant, however, died with the consolation of knowing that he had faithfully fulfilled his duty; for, not long before his death, he had had the satisfaction of inducing the royal assassin to kidnap and sell to him, at a dollar and a half apiece, a parcel of his own subjects, whom the commandant, before he died, had successfully retailed, at an enhanced figure, to slave-trading vessels visiting the port. So off the poor Tembés went to Brazil, where their descendants still are.⁸

Makásana, on the other hand, true to the Mabúdu tradition, showed himself a much more amiable soul. He too, of course, had put his simple old head—he was "about sixty years of age" at the time and "very fond of rum"—into Capt. Owen's 'British Protection' noose, and it has remained there ever since. He seems to have been a monarch with progressive tendencies, and expressed to Capt. Owen a strong desire to have Christian missionaries among his people. His prayer was duly conveyed to the Wesleyan Methodist Society, who readily despatched the Rev. William Threlfall to labour in the Tembé vineyard. Alas! the Evil Genius of the land forbade; and Mr. Threlfall had no sooner entered the gates, than he found himself in the grip of the Fever Fiend. He managed to escape, however, like so many of

his forerunners, by a hasty retreat, and we are not sure whether anyone else has yet arrived to take his place.

If Mangóbe had rendered himself famous as the cat king, Makásana's chief claim to celebrity was as king of the locusts. Northern Africa, in Moses' time, was much like Southern Africa in our own—it had its pests; and probably more than ten, had but Moses known them. Not only had South Africa its plague of rats; it had also, what was ten times worse, its plague of locusts. The bitterest lamentation 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—how rightly, we know not—boldly laid the guilt of this affliction on the Lord, who “sent them among you.” The interpretation, however, placed by the Zulus on this passage is that ‘the lord who sent the locusts’ was in reality not the Deity at all, but this simple-looking rascal, Makásana, king of the Tóngas!

Proof of this is absolutely incontrovertible, perfectly self-evident, the reputedly logical Zulus declare. Certainly we have documentary evidence of the plague's presence in South Africa in the years 1826, 1828, 1831, 1835, 1842, 1843 and 1854, evidently a prolonged and continuous visitation. And what prodigious swarms they were! “We were standing in the middle of a plain of unlimited length,” writes the hunter, Gordon Cumming,⁹ “and about five miles across, when I observed them advancing [1843]; on they came like a snow-storm, flying slow and steady, about a hundred yards from the ground. I remained looking at them until the air was darkened with their masses, while the plain on which we stood became densely covered with them. Far as the eye could reach—east, west, north and south—they stretched in one unbroken cloud; and more than an hour elapsed before their devastating legions had swept by . . . my feeling was one of self-gratulation at having visited a country where I could witness such a scene.”

Then suddenly, in the early months of 1854, Makásana, already some ninety years of age, became, like all his predecessors, ‘indisposed’; and he was never heard of more. Nor were the locusts! What further proof is needed, asks the Zulu, that *he* was the source of all the evil?

After 1854 the locusts would seem to have taken a prolonged holiday; for, if we are not mistaken, they did not reappear in eastern South Africa till the year 1895, forty years later—although they had been in evidence in Nyasaland in 1874 and again in 1893, the latter being the invasion which reached Natal two years later.¹⁰

Thus a whole generation, almost two, of Zulus had been born

and grown up without ever having beheld this tiny but unconquerable foe. Suddenly (in 1895) the plague descended upon them. All evil comes from somewhere. Who was the culprit? To this generation Makásana, long since forgotten, was utterly unknown. So they fixed on the most suspicious potentate they could then think of, and declared, to their own complete conviction, that the mysterious Siyoka chieftainness (210), Mabelemade (Queen Long-Breasts), was also none other than Queen of the Locusts.

Makásana's heir was Hluma (*Sprout*). This Prince Hluma, true to his name, sprouted right enough, though himself never more than a sapling. He died during his father's lifetime, and so never grew to be a full-fledged king. But he died having loved, and wedded, his 'sister' Lati—the Lati family thereafter blossomed into the **aba-kwa-Mvumu** clan—and by her left at least two vigorous offshoots.

At the time of Makásana's death, a brother of his, named Nonkantsha (or Nkantshwana) attempted to set up on the throne, in place of the rightful heir, Noziyingili, another son of Hluma's, called Makásanyana. Noziyingili betook himself for protection and support to the Zulu king, Mpande. As it happened, the army of this latter, consisting of the *isaNgqu*, *izinGúlube*, *umDlenevu*, *uNdabakawombé*, *iHlaba*, *umKúlutshane* and the recently formed *uTúlwana* regiments (the latter making its debut) was just then out on one of its periodical raids into Swaziland. Having been outwitted by the Swazis disappearing into their mountain caves, the army, led by Nongqiwu, son of Mgóbózi (of the Msane clan), was ordered forward to chastise the lawless Tóngá uncle. They came upon the enemy at the Nondaka stream (entering the Sutú) and—got severely chastised themselves! Reinforcements were rushed up by Mpande to retrieve the stolen laurels of the sadly degenerated Zulu army. Upon their arrival, the augmented force proceeded in pursuit of the victorious enemy, succeeded in slaying both nephew and uncle, picked up their bedraggled bay-leaves and went home; whereupon Noziyingili returned to assume undisputed sway over his tribe.

The most arresting feature about this Noziyingili seems to have been his tremendous hands and feet. But they do not seem to have been of much service to him, except for the purpose of getting drunk; for "with him, as with all his people who can get spirits, it is impossible to do any business after mid-day. The number of his wives and slave-girls is immense, and they live all about him. There are generally about five hundred soldiers in his kraal, two of whom are continually marching up and down in front of his hut, armed with double-barrelled guns, who give every few minutes a ludicrous imitation of the Portuguese cry of

'*Scutivela alerta.*'"¹¹ One of Noziyingili's most remarkable possessions, inherited as a legacy from his grandfather, was a kind of court-jester, named Ngcina, thirty-three inches in height, with ears that would have been startling even on an ordinary ass, and who, the Portuguese averred, actually witnessed written documents ninety years before—though they refrained from mentioning whether among them was one, in 1823, conceding the Tembê country to the protection of the British Government!

Ngwânasi, son of Noziyingili, is the chief now reigning over this Mabúdu branch of the Tembê tribe. It is Ngwânasi's sorry lot, with whatsoever grace he can assume, to eat, in the beautiful wilderness of British Tóngaland, the bitter fruit of all that arrogance, duplicity and greed on the part of stronger Powers, of which we have been reading. Without any reference to him or to 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 southern, in which he at present resides, left to be grabbed by him who would.

This severance of the Mabúdu kingdom took place in 1887, and the royal kraal became now in Portuguese territory. In 1890 the Portuguese, flushed with the pride of their new-won honours, were busy hunting down and deporting over-sea all such recalcitrant Native chieftains as they could safely lay hands on. One day, about that time, a squad of Portuguese soldiery suddenly appeared in the young Ngwânasi's home-kraal. The horrid apparition caused Zambili, daughter of Sobúza, Ngwânasi's mother and then acting as regent, such a shock that she instantly grabbed up her boy and fled with him across the British border. She fled as far as Nongóma, the nearest British outpost. Thence, under instructions from the British authorities, magistrate Foxon conducted the party back as far as *kwaPêlindaba* (between the Pôngolo and Kôsi Bay) and left them there to build in peace. Zambili was not long in discovering that out of the frying-pan she had but jumped into the fire, and that so much of her son's dominions as had remained undevoured by the Portuguese had now been as effectively absorbed (1895) within the capacious paunch of the British Empire. With the completion of this last act in the play we may safely say *Exeat* the ancient and glorious house of Mangóbe and Makásana, patron-saints of cats and locusts!

¹ Theal, *R.*, I., 34.

² *Ibid.*, II., 284, 313.

³ J. P. Johnson, *Prehistoric Period in South Africa*, 81.

⁴ *L.A.T.*, I., 18; Theal, *R.*, I., 283, VI., 477; Owen, *N.V.*, I., 104.

⁵ Theal, *R.*, I., 283.

⁶ *P.S.A.*, 90.

⁷ Owen, *N.V.*, I., 126.

⁸ *Ibid.*, 270.

⁹ *Five Years' Adventures in South Africa*, 64.

¹⁰ Capt. S. L. Hinde, Paper read before Roy. Geog. Soc., 11th March, 1895.

¹¹ Leslie, *A.Z.*, 250.

CHAPTER 35

HOW THE SWAZIS AND THE EMBÒS BECAME BROTHERS

ON the 20th December, 1909, the Rev. E. Jacottet, of sorrowful ending, wrote us from Basutoland, asking if we could suggest a probable origin for the generic Bantu tribal-name of *Sutú*, adding "from Sesotho itself no etymology seems possible, but it may possibly have a Kafir or Zulu etymology." Our reply was somewhat as follows:—

Through the midst of the country nowadays known as Swaziland, there runs a river (lower down known as the Mabúdu, entering Delagoa Bay) called the ūSutú. There it is that we must seek the source, not of the Sutú race, but of the Sutú name. In old Bantu speech the expressions, *sutú* and *sundu*, were but two variations, the latter vocalized (with the insertion of a facilitating nasal, *n*), the other not, of the one same root, and both signified the one same thing, viz. 'brownish-black, light-black, dark-brown' in colour—the Zulu-Xóza modern expressions *inTsundu* or '*nTsundu* are simply nounal forms of the original adjective.

We have already said (6) that the congeries of Bantu tribes in modern times comprised under the generic term *baSutú* (which term, in Bantu usage, covers also the so-called *beTshwana*) and inhabiting the central plateau of Southern Africa, consists of two varieties of people of distinct origins, whereof the one is termed simply Sutús (*baSutú*), the other *baKoni* Sutús.

Precisely which among those tribes are by origin *baKoni* (*Z. abaNgúni*) and which not, is a matter not yet thoroughly studied. We doubt whether Ellenberger, in his *History of the Basuto*, so much as mentions the term, notwithstanding its paramount importance in any inquiry as to Sutú origins. Perhaps he was misled by the popular error that '*baKoni*' "was a term of reproach, and of Kafir origin, being an appellation [of contempt] bestowed upon them [the Sutú tribes] by the latter people."¹ There seems, however, little doubt that all the *baKwena* tribes (including such as the *ba-ma-Ngwató* and the *ba-ma-Ngwaketsi*) were quite properly termed *baKoni*; and, since Ellenberger believes² that the *baHúrutsi* and the *baFúkeng* (and consequently also all their numerous offshoots) were of the same parentage as the *baKwena*, it follows that perhaps half of the so-called *baSutú* are in reality of *baKoni* origin.

Among the Sutú tribes reputedly *not* of baKoni origin was that of the *baPeli* or *baPedi* (named after their founder, Mopeli or Liyale, and known to the Zulus as *abaBêlu*), together with their near relatives, the *baTlokwa*, the *maPúting*, the *baSiya* and the *maKholokwe*. It was from these *baPeli* (*abaBêlu*) that Dingane raided his famous long-horned cattle known among the Zulus as *ûBelu* or *ûSutú*. The horns of this breed were from four to five feet long, with seven to eight feet from tip to tip. The *baPeli*, in turn, had obtained them from the *baTlou* (a branch of the *baRolong*) who, about 1836, had been driven from their home in the western plateau by the roaming *baTlokwa* horde led by Mantatisi.³

The paramount chief of these *baPeli* was, in the days of Dingiswayo, one Túlare (who resided near the Steelpoort river), father of Túlwane (or Malekutu—slain by Mzilikazi), father of Sikwati (Z. *Sikwata*), father of Sikúkúkú (or Mashile), father of Kholoko, father of Sikukuni. Túlare himself has a doubtful pedigree; thus Arbousset⁴—Túlare, of Makao, of Mosheleri, of Mosepe, of Mpche, of Tlopane, of Merikwe (who lived on the Mohalakwena river); and thus Ellenberger,⁵—Túlare, of Morwamotsha, of Lelelateng, of Liale, of Tabane.*

The numerous clans comprising the *baPeli* tribe started from the banks of the Oliphant's river (Z. *ûBalule*) in the western Transvaal, and spread away to the south-east till they came to the *ûSutú* (or Dark-Brown) river, in modern Swaziland. There about the middle *ûSutú*, was the extreme eastern limit of the Bantu family of the central plateau, and there they came into touch with the northernmost limit of the Ngúni Bantu family of the south-eastern coast. On their seaward side, along the Lubombó hills and away northwards to beyond the Kómati (inKomazi) river, were, about the year 1550, settled the **eMbó** branch of the Ngúni Bantu.

These **eMbó** Ngúnis, recognizing that their inland neighbours were of decidedly 'foreign' extraction and did not pertain to the Ngúni breed, came to distinguish them as the *abaNtu ba-s-ôSutú* (People of the Dark-Brown River), which term, in course of time, assumed the abbreviated nounal form, *abaSutú*, or perhaps originally *abaSundu* (the Sutú People, the Dark-brown-river People)—the reference being, we think, to the river, not to the colour of the people. Ellenberger himself had nearly reached this point when he wrote, "Since the eighteenth century the Bapeli were in touch with their neighbours, the Amazwazi. These used to laugh at the breech-cloth of the Bapeli and the trouble they took to make

* We cannot guarantee the accuracy of any of these names.

one of the three ends pass between the legs and join the other two in a knot behind, thinking their own fashion of a mocha or sporran more dignified. So they called the Bapeli *Abashunto*,* a derivative of the verb *ukushunta*, to make a knot. This designation was adopted with pride by the Bapeli, and later by other tribes similarly clothed, and was the origin of the present term Basuto." 6 Personally we think this a bad miss.

All this occurred perhaps 200 or 300 years ago; but much more recently, namely, during the first quarter of last century, the southern baSutú started calling the northern baSutú (who happened, strangely, to be largely baKóni) *beTshwana* (sing. *moTshwana*); and some have surmised that *moTshwana* (a Chwana-Sutú) and *mo-tshwana* (a brownish-black person) are one and the same word. This would have been interesting had it not been shown that the pronunciation of the two roots is essentially different. 7

If we turn now to the map of South Africa, as at present constituted, we shall notice a considerable piece of territory labelled 'Swaziland' lying contiguous to the northern frontier of Zululand, and if we read in our geography-book, we may learn that it is so called because the people there inhabiting are named 'Swazis' (*Z. amaSwazi*). From this we may infer that the name 'Swazi' indicates a specific aboriginal Bantu tribe. Not so. This is but a new example (like 'Sutú' and 'Tshwana') of a comparatively recently invented race- or tribal-name. Shaka knew neither a 'Swaziland' nor 'the Swazis.' The terms may serve a useful purpose to-day, but at the beginning of last century they had no meaning, because neither land nor people had yet been evolved. The name 'Swazi' signifies nothing more than a quite recently constituted Bantu *nation*, or amalgamation, under one supreme chief or king, of divers Bantu clans, some of the Sutú, others of the Ngúni family. This particular nation-builder chancing to be named *Mswazi* (reigned 1836-68), his Zulu neighbours accordingly nicknamed his nondescript subjects 'Swazis' (*Z. amaSwazi*). And the name stuck.

Of course, it were not impossible that the expression *ĩSwazi* (loc. *ẽSwazini*) may have existed in the old Zulu speech, signifying the *country* to the north of the Póngolo (through which the uSutú river runs). Indeed, it were not impossible that the roots *sutú* and *swazi* (the eMbó or Swazi-Ngúnis always pronounced the word 'swati') were originally one, having the meaning 'dark'

* In the baPeli language an *sh* is often substituted for a Zulu *s*, thus P. *khushi*, chief, *Z. inKosi*; so that the Nguni *abaSutú* or *abaSundu* would be naturally pronounced by them *abaShutu* or *abaShundu*.

in colour, 'black,' in the sense of 'unfavourable' (cp. *umSwazi* = *umMnyama* = *ukuli sile* = *isiSila*). What renders the above supposition somewhat doubtful is the fact that, prior to the reign of uMswazi, the term 'Swazi,' as applied to a people—though it may still have been applied to the place—never appears (so far as we know) in any European document or Native tradition. The Natives of those parts during the reign of Mswazi's predecessor were invariably referred to, alike by Sutús, Tóngas and Zulus, simply as *abaNtu ba-kaSobúza* (the People of Sobuza), or, as the central Sutús had it, *baRapulsa* (= *Z. abaSobúza*), the Sobuzas.⁸

In the days when Jama, grandfather of Shaka, was reigning over the Zulus (approximately 1763-81) the country now designated Swaziland was populated by a motley assortment of independent clanlets, some of pure Sutú, others of Ntungwa-Ngúni extraction.

Along the hill-range (the tail-end of the Drakensberg Mountains), forming the country's western boundary, each rocky cave or shelter provided a temporary casual-ward for stray itinerant Bushmen, some of whose drawings are still discernible on the rocks. These pygmy folk, remnant of a decrepit race no longer capable of surviving in a 'modern' world, have since become utterly extinct.

Upon the hills and highlands of the middle ūSutú region, the large stone-built villages of the **Mnesi** and **Mncina** clans dotted everywhere the landscape. These were pure Sutús, members of the large baPeli tribe of whom we have just spoken, marking its farthest outposts towards the east. The Mnesis, at the time of their expulsion to the north by Sobúza about the year 1820, were governed by Njinji (resident on the slope of the Mbábane mount), son of Manjoli, of Nkundla, of Manyovu. The **Mukumbili** (or **Gáma**) clan was about the Mdimbá hills; near the Nkambéni hills, by the Nkomati, was the **Magágúla**; elsewhere we hear of the **Makúbu** (at ebuTimbá), the **Mashinini**, the **Matébula**, the **Mshweshwe**, the **Msimango**, the **Motá** and several other clans, all described as of Sutú origin.—The **Mabóko** people (related to the Hlubis, and therefore eMbó Ngúnis) were apparently in Swaziland even before the great eMbó-Ngúni invasion (below). They subsequently trekked away into the Lydenburg district of the Transvaal.

Down the ūSutú valley itself dwelt the **Maseko** people, governed by Ceca, son of Kubonya, of Ndlovu, of Madlangala. These, as well as the **Mahlambí**, the **Simelane**, the **Zwane**, the **Shongwe**, the **Kámbúle**, the **Tábeté** and other clans, claim to be of Ntungwa-Ngúni origin, and therefore of the same type as the Zulus.

At length came the great eMbó-Ngúni intrusion of a portion of the **emaLangeni** clan, who subsequently split up into the **Ngwáne, Nkosi, ekuNene, Mavuso** and other sub-clans.

Finally, so confused did the Swaziland tribal-system become, that it is no longer possible nowadays to venture definite statements as to clan-origins.

Early Portuguese documents tell us of *Mumbos*, on the Zambezi, and of *Vambes*, in Natal.

On the banks of the Zambezi opposite Tete there were, about the year 1600, "two tribes of Kafirs who eat human flesh, one called the Mumbos, and the other the Muzimbas." They were armed with arrows, assegais and battle-axes.⁹

Again, about the year 1589, as we have already stated (288), south of the St. Lucia Bay (in Zululand) dwelt the Vambe, who covered also 'a great part of the Terra de Natal'—the location of these people, learned probably by mere hearsay (as that part of the country was beyond the range of Portuguese personal knowledge), may have been inaccurately given.¹⁰

Were these two peoples, Mumbos and Vambes, really one? We think not—these man-eating Zambezian Mumbos, you see, were quite too awfully wicked ever to have been associated with our so highly respectable and inoffensive Vambes, who never ate so much as a snail. But listen to the infamies of which the Mumbos were capable, De Coutos, who knew them personally, being our witness. Although he puts the blame here solely on the Muzimbas, we doubt not but that their brothers, the Mumbos, were equally as bad!

"Having martyred Friar Nicalao," he says, "the Muzimbas reposed for the rest of the day, and when the night came on they celebrated their victory, playing upon many horns and drums, and at daybreak on the following morning, they all sallied out of their stronghold. The chief was dressed in the father's chasuble, which he wore when celebrating mass, and carried the chalice in his left hand and an assegai in his right. His men followed him, carrying the limbs of the Portuguese on their backs, and with the head of Captain Pedro Fernandes de Chaves on the point of a long lance. In this ridiculous, but most sorrowful fashion, they marched out with great cries to show themselves and all these things to Andre de Santiago, playing upon the very drum which they had taken from our men. They then returned to their encampment, declaring that what they had done to the men of Tete they would do to him and to those who were with him."¹¹

These Muzimbas—this root, 'Zimba,' we must tell you, signified (and does still in Bantu languages up that way) simply

'cannibal' and was not the name of any particular tribe—to the unutterable relief of the local inhabitants, at length grew tired of Portuguese meat and moved off northwards to sample that of Arabs at Kilwa and Mombasa.¹² But what became of the Mumbos? Did they too move away, to the south, there to become transformed into Vambes? Impossible; for at the very moment the Mumbos were eating people on the Zambezi, the Vambes were already sitting quietly in their homes in Zululand and Natal. Were it, then, perchance possible that this 'Mumbo' of the Portuguese was none other than the 'Mamba' of the baRotse, who, we know, were later on domiciled in Southern Rhodesia, and are nowadays high up on the Zambezi?¹³ We hope not, anyway; because, you see, the baRotse are reputed brothers of the baHúrutsi,¹⁴ and the baHúrutsi, you know, are none other than our friends, the abaNgúni (or baKóni)! And yet the Mumbos must have gone somewhere—or remained where they were.

If the reader is possessed of a long memory, he will recollect our having said (7) that, on their final trek eastwards from the central Transvaal plateau, one branch of the original Ngúni Bantu (Tekela-Ngúnis) moved seawards, in the direction of Delagoa Bay. These Tekela-Ngúnis, before reaching the coast, became again split up within themselves in two divisions, whereof the one, penetrating farther afield into the domain of the East-Coast Tónge Bantu, ultimately became our **Tónge-Ngúnis** (Mtétwás, Lalas and Debes); the other remaining more distant from Tónge association, becoming the **abaMbò** or **aba-s-eMbò** (the Mbos or People of eMbo), or **eMbò** (or **Dlamini**) **Ngunis**. The close relationship between these two Ngúni groups becomes apparent immediately we compare their speech, in which both showed identically the same divergences, grammatical and lexical, from the Zulu or Pure Ngúni; thus, their common peculiarity of *uku-tekela* (substitution of *t* for *z*, etc.), the change of *Z. ka-* (of) into *wa-*, of *Z. -yo* into *-ko*; Swazi *natá* (drink), Lala *nyatá*, against the *Z. púza*, and so forth.

Since the Vambe were known to the Portuguese as 'down south' already in the year 1589, we assume that the year 1550 must mark the latest date—it may well have been half a century, or a whole one, earlier—of the eMbò-Ngúni (or abaMbò) migration southwards from the higher latitude; for Vambes and abaMbò were one. But where may that higher latitude have been?

Inquiring of the tribe's 'oldest historian,' he picturesquely described the spot as *lapó indoda ill ingasoma nentombi, ibe ibébéza njengembúzi*, which, for the benefit of the uninitiate, he

then freely translated as signifying 'there beyond the inKomati (Z. *inKômazi*) river' (tributary of the Crocodile or Manyisa, entering Delagoa Bay).

The family, then comparatively small, passed down the map by way of the Lubombó range, whereabout they must have sojourned for a considerable period. It was during their settlement there that they became, about 1589, known to the Portuguese as the *vaMbe*—East Coast Bantu, resident in Portuguese territory, sometimes, in their speech, change the Ngúni prefix *ba* into *va* (*abaMbó* thus becoming *vaMbó*). As time went on and numbers increased, the family split up once more into several sections, each of which, launching forth in turn in pursuit of that rainbow of the Better Land, eventually grew into an imposing tribe. Among such eMbó-Ngúni tribes, as we know them to-day, the following are the largest and most important—the *emaLangeni* (in their two branches, the *Ngwánes* in Swaziland, and the *Mtóngas*, seawards of the lower Lubombó), the *Ndwandwes* (south of the Póngolo), the *Hlubis* (at the upper Mzinyati), the *Dlaminis* (along the upper Túkela) and the *eMbós* (lower down the same river, on its tributary, the Ntsuze). Nongqanga (still living in 1910), son of the Swazi king Sobúza (*d.* 1839), used to bear witness to an old tradition among his clansmen that the *amaMpondo* (of the Cape) also belonged to this same eMbó-Ngúni group.

Opposite we give the pedigrees—which, however, we consider hardly reliable beyond the year 1700—of the royal houses of these several peoples.

In connection with the accompanying Genealogical Table, we may append the following pedigree of the Swazi kings, more recently supplied to the Hon. D. Honey, Resident Commissioner of Swaziland, by the great-grandson of Sobúza and materially differing from that supplied, nearly forty years ago, by king Mbádeni and appearing in our Table; namely, Búza, of Búnu, of Mbádeni (of Mswazi), Ludonga, of Mswazi, of Sobúza, of Ndungunya, of Mavusa, of Schúbi, of Ngógóni, of Ngwáne (wa-kwa-Lobambá), of Mandlabane, of Bohólo, of Ngwáne (wa-kwa-Yaka), of Mbóva, of Samukiti, of Ludonga, Sidwabaselutúlu, of Hlubi, of Dlamini, of Nkosi, of Mswazi, of Matalatala.

You will have observed that we label this group of Ngúnis, the *eMbó* (or Dlamini) Group. 'EMbó' is a noun in the locative case, signifying 'at the place called iMbó.' The people of that place were generically termed *abaMbó* (s. *unuMbó*), the Bambo; or *aba-s-eMbó* (s. *owa-s-eMbó*), those of eMbo. Where was that place?

That the name is ancient we may infer from the mention by

EMBÓ (OR DLAMINI) NGÚNI TRIBES.

emaLangeni (Swazi).*

Mkólunkosi (*d. c. 1401*).
 Kuwawawa (*d. 1419*).
 Kulwamba (*d. 1437*).
 Sidwabelutúli (*d. 1455*).
 Nkosi I. (*d. 1473*).
 Ngwáne I. (*d. 1491*).
 Cebisa (*d. 1509*).
 Dlamini I. (*d. 1527*).
 Sihúbu (*d. 1545*).
 Nkabingwé (*d. 1563*).
 Mbódló (*d. 1581*).
 Mswati I. (*d. 1599*).
 Sikúlumaloyo (*d. 1617*).
 Msimude (*d. 1635*).
 Zamuketi (*d. 1653*).
 Nkomokabako (*d. 1671*).
 Nkosi II. (*d. 1689*).
 Langa (*d. 1707*).
 Mavuso (*d. 1725*).
 Ludonga I. (*d. 1743*).

Hlubi (*d. 1761*).
 Dlamini II. (*d. 1779*).
 Ngwáne II. (*d. 1797*).
 Ntungunya (Zikode) (*d. 1815*).
 Sobúza (Ngwáne III.) (*d. 1839*).
 Mswazi II. (*d. 1867*).
 Ludonga II. (*d. 1874*).
 Mbándeni (Dlamini III.) (*d. 1889*).
 Búnu (Ngwáne IV.) (*d. 1899*).
 Búza (Sobúza II.) (*living*).

Ndwandwe.

Xaba (*d. c. 1777*).
 Langa (*d. 1795*).
 Zwidé (*d. 1822*).
 Somapúnga.
 Mgójana.
 Moya (*living*).

eMbó (or Mkhize).

Langa (*d. c. 1688*).
 Ndlozela (*d. 1706*).
 Sidweba (*d. 1724*).
 Mdladla (*d. 1742*).
 Gúbéla (*d. 1760*).
 Mavovo (*d. 1778*).
 Kábazele (*d. 1796*).
 Gcwabe (*d. 1814*).
 Zihlandlo (*d. 1832*).
 Siyingela.
 Ngúnezi.
 Sikuku (*living*).

emaLangeni (Gumede).

Mlangeni (*d. c. 1748*).
 Mtóngu (*d. 1766*).
 Nkalana (*d. 1784*).
 Sidlondlo (*d. 1802*).
 Mashabana (*d. 1820*).
 Manukwa (*d. 1838*).
 Gúmede (*d. 1856*).
 Mhlanga (*d. 1874*).
 Mamaba (*d. 1892*).
 Lavico (*d. 1910*).
 Ndabezimpí (*living*).

Dlamini (Natal).†

Dlamini I. (*d. c. 1532*).
 Mnyambáne (*d. 1550*).
 Kuta (*d. 1568*).
 Nomagwála (*d. 1586*).
 Siqongweni (*d. 1604*).
 Lokotwáko (*d. 1622*).
 Lolwa (*d. 1640*).
 Lubiyela (*d. 1758*).
 Ntlontlonde (*d. 1676*).
 Domo (*d. 1694*).
 Lusibalukúlu (*d. 1712*).
 Dlamini II. (*d. 1730*).
 Buhlalubude (*d. 1748*).
 Meyiwa (*d. 1766*).
 Mdlóvu (*d. 1784*).
 Mzabane (*d. 1802*).
 Ngonyama (*d. 1820*).
 Bidla (*d. 1838*).
 Dlangana (*d. 1874*).
 Sihlangu (? *living*).

Hlubi.

Dlamini. —?—
 Mhlanga (*d. c. 1648*).
 Musi (*d. 1666*).
 Mtímkúlu I. (*d. 1684*).
 Buswebengwé (*d. 1702*).
 Mashwabade (*d. 1720*).
 Mlotsha (*d. 1738*).
 Hábébe (*d. 1750*).
 Mashiyi (*d. 1774*).
 Ntsele (*d. 1792*).
 Búngane (*d. 1810*).
 Mtímkúlu II. (*d. 1818*).
 Langalibalele (*d. 1889*).
 Siyepú.
 Tatazele (*living*).

* List of names as supplied by king Mbándeni to A. M. Miller, Esq.

† Collected by P. Clark, Esq., Magistrate, from chief Mbazwana.

the Portuguese of the vaMbe so early as 1589 (288). Right on the other (western) side of the South African continent and parallel with our vaMbe of the east (= abaMbó), is located a Bantu tribe (south of the Cunene river) calling itself *ovaMbo*. Is the identity of name coincidence, or indicative of common origin? Certainly the language and customs of the two peoples, the abaMbo and ovaMbo, belong, nowadays, to entirely different Bantu groups, and evidence nothing beyond a very remote mutual relationship. The root *Mbo* must, we think, have come down the ages from almost primordial Bantu times and have left its original meaning behind in oblivion.

In more modern times (up to 1800) the Southern Ngúnis (the Xózas of the Cape) used to call the country now known as Natal *eMbó*, and the people there dwelling, the *abaMbó* (or *aba-s-eMbó*). This it is that leads us to believe that the name *abaMbó* was the distinguishing appellation of that section of the aboriginal Ngúnis which broke off from the family while on the central plateau and went off towards Portuguese East Africa; identical therefore in application with our term of *Tekela Ngúnis*, who, as said, later subdivided into our *Tônga Ngúnis* and *Dlamini Ngúnis*, the latter division alone, in *after* times, retaining the original appellation of *abaMbo* (7, 312); that, therefore, in earlier times, *both* these groups were classed by the Pure-Ngúnis (Zulu-Xózas) as *abaMbó* (or *aba-s-eMbó*); and hence Natal, wholly occupied by this class of Ngúni, became known as 'the land of eMbó.' 'eMbó' eventually, with the Xózas, came to assume a secondary meaning of 'the land to the north,' or simply 'the north.' All which fits in very well with the tribal nomenclature left us by early ship-wrecked mariners; for instance, by the survivors of the "Stavenisse" (wrecked near the Mzimkúlu river in south Natal in the year 1686), who placed it on record that the Natives thereabouts were called 'Emboas.' A century later, however, say, in the times of Dingiswayo and Shaka, certain is it that the *Tônga-Ngúnis* (Lalas and Debes) of Natal no longer called *themselves* eMbós or abaMbó, reserving that appellation solely for the Hlubi-Dlamini group of clans (our eMbó-Ngúnis); and it is to these latter people that we apply the term in this chapter. Strange to say, of all the original and numerous abaMbó people, only one comparatively small section retains the name, as a tribal designation, in these *present* days, viz. the *Mkize* clan of Zihlandlo (403).

We have found, in our general study of Bantu tribes, that the founder of a tribe was also usually its Moses, he who 'led the people forth.' Under him the clan broke off from the parental stem and marched away to establish an independent home of its

own. The most prominent ancestral name among the eMbó-Ngúni tribes and common still to most of them, as a name-of-address (*isiTákazelo*) or anyway as a memory, is that of Dlamini. Dlamini, then—the Dlamini I. (*d.* 1527) of our table—must, we think, have been their Moses, who led them out of the land of Egypt (away beyond the Nkomati river) and through the wilderness of the eastern Lubombó, till they ultimately reached their Pisgah at the southern extremity of the range. Another of their ancestors on whom they confer Mosaic honours is Sidwaba-selutúli (Mr. Dusty-Kilt, *d.* 1455, almost a century earlier than Dlamini), the name, they say, having been coined from the event. But we think this must have had reference to some still older migration, perhaps that which led them into Nkomatiland; though, again, there are those who assert that this Sidwabaselutúli and Sihúbu (who, from our list, was the successor of Dlamini I.) were one and the same person. This, of course, would fit in much better with our supposition that the tribal migration was about the time of Dlamini I.

Having reached their Pisgah (the lower Lubombó, nowadays commonly called the ūBombó, range), these African children, as was perfectly natural, started squabbling. At any rate, they mutually 'fell out,' each party henceforward going its own way. Mbândeni, the Swazi king, thought this general break-up and subsequent tribal movement took place in the days of his ancestor, Dlamini II. (*d.* 1779). This view we are inclined to accept, and, in order to make the pieces fit the better into our general scheme, to place Dlamini somewhat earlier than our estimate.

Apparently the Natal Dlaminis (Kúzes, etc.), the Mkíze eMbós and the Hlubis were the earliest sections of the abaMbó tribe to break away from the ūBombó settlement and to seek pastures new farther inland. The route they took led, roughly, up the Mkúze river, past the eNgóme hill and gradually round to the south through the unoccupied tracts of upper Zululand, lying between the settlements of the few small Pure-Ngúni clans (Gúmedes, Qungebes, etc.) on their left and those of the Transvaal Sutús, more inland, on their right. The date of this migration we would place between the years 1680 and 1730, a period which would include both Langa (the great ancestor of the Natal eMbós, *d.* 1688) and Dlamini II. (from whom the Natal Dlaminis date their origin, *d.* 1730), as well as Hâdebe (the most prominent of the Hlubi ancestors, *d.* 1756).]

After this secession of the major portion of the abaMbó tribe, there remained at the Lubombó the emaLangeni and the Ndwa-ndwe sections only. Ere long these last two remnants fell asunder. It was somewhere between the years 1760 and 1790 that Langa

(founder of the Ndwandwes), and Ngwáne II. (founder of the Swazis) and Mtóngá (founder of the Gúmedes), both the latter members of the **aba-s-emaLangeni** clan, bid each other an eternal farewell over the grave of the ancient and renowned *abaMbó* tribe.

Ngwáne, turning to the setting sun, crossed the Lubombó hills and followed the Póngolo river's northern bank; then, having reached as far as the amaGúdu (emaGúdu) hills (on the southern bank), he sheered away from the river towards the north-west, until a small forest-clad hill, named imBilana (emBilaneni) was reached. Thereabout he pitched his tent, and died. His bones, as well as those of most of his successors, will be found beneath a heap of stones within the sacred forest there, where the ancestral spirits still make their presence heard and are treated with the utmost respect—not even a stone may be thrown, lest one of them be hit. As keeper of the holy spot, there was installed a certain Ndwandwe man, named Ngólotszeni, whose descendants still retain the office.

Langa (of the Ndwandwes) took a similar course; but marched along the Póngolo's southern bank, till he also reached the emaGúdu hills; then, pitching his camp, died too, and his bones will be found beneath another heap of stones within the forest there (159).

Mtóngá (of the Gúmedes) elected to remain where he was, down on the lowlands near the coast.

The story of the Ndwandwe clan having been already told (158), we shall confine our attention in this chapter, first, to the people of Ngwáne, then to those of Mtóngá.

At the time of Ngwáne's advent in the Póngolo district, the country thereabouts was entirely unpopulated. There being nobody to fight with, he accordingly made no history. His son and heir, Ndungunya (alias Sigódze or Zikode), was at the same disadvantage. Yet, it is said, he paved the way for his successor's fame by introducing among his people the beginnings of a military organization. This may have followed automatically, as had already been the case with his contemporaries, Dingiswayo and Zwibe, as a consequence naturally resulting from the abolition, which occurred throughout a considerable portion of south-eastern Bantuland at that period, of the circumcision custom and guilds, when the young men had of necessity to be banded together in some other fashion. Thus the circumcision *amaButó* now became military 'regiments.'

Ndungunya passed over into spirit-land about the year 1815, and his son, Sobúza (alias Somhlola; Sutú, Raputsa), born of Somjeluse, of the Simelane clan, reigned in his stead.

This was the period in which Dingiswayo, king of Mtétwáland, was at the height of his fame and success as conqueror of 'Zululand.' The most conspicuous at the moment of his 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 Butélezi clan. 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 Sobúza. Nevertheless, the whole outlook along the southern horizon was distinctly ominous for the latter. If destruction was to be prevented, an immediate strengthening of Sobúza's position was necessary. So he bethought himself of vigorously prosecuting the work of local conquest by annexing such of the small Sutú clans to his north as might be 'within his means.' Drafting the men-folk of the conquered clanlets into his own army, this venture proved so successful that ere long he had blossomed into the most formidable prince north of the Póngolo and his sway had extended to over half of what now is Swaziland. Then, with an inflated estimation of his power born of too rapid success, he became reckless. He built for himself a magnificent capital (which he named *ēShiselweni*) near by the Póngolo, and from it commenced to cast greedy eyes over the river to the south. Then he ventured to give the Ndwandwe lion, sleeping over the way, an experimental pin-prick. Certain rubbishy fields, cultivated by these Ndwandwe folk, happened to be lying along the Póngolo banks. Pooh! he wasn't going to have any dirty Dago fields within view of his castle. So he proceeded to give the Ndwandwes notice to quit. Wow! that was Sobúza's first and fatal *faux pas*. The black multitude of a punitive expedition waded towards his Zombóde kraal over the Póngolo, and duly impressed upon this audacious 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 Póngolo, which he and his father had already so laboriously acquired.

Sobúza with his following now sheered off to the Mankayiyana mountains just south of the ūSutú river, there on easier fighting-grounds to repair his damaged reputation. One after another, the several remaining Sutú and Ntungwa clans 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 Sutú valley, north of the Mankayiyana hills. There he built for himself a still more grandiose palace, which he named *ēLangeni*. A country villa he had also, nearer the Póngolo, and

to which, strangely, he gave the name of *kwaNobambá*, which was that of the Great Kraal of the Zulu king. Subsequently he removed his headquarters from the Mankayiyana mountains over the ūSutú river to the vicinity of Bremersdorp.

In writing or reading of the rulers of simple, primitive tribes, we are wont to use the grandiloquent terms and to imagine the magnificent state appropriate to our modern European royalties. We assume that our reader possesses the ability to visualize things in their proper perspective and to realize that, though the events herein recorded occurred but one short century back, the conditions under which they occurred were those of many thousands of years ago. Yet it is not easy for everyone to place himself mentally two or three thousand years back in the days when our own 'kings' wore raiment and ate food and dwelt in habitations we would now not offer to a beggar, and ruled over 'peoples' too few to run a modern factory. We call wretched and unsavoury grass hovels 'palaces,' and speak of 'great battles' and 'conquests' fought and won where the combatants were a couple of score a side. Of course, there are, and always were, primitive tribes of really imposing magnitude. Cæsar found himself confronted with some such in Gaul, the Helvetii, for instance, numbering 263,000 all told, the Tulingi 36,000 and the Boii 32,000.¹⁵ Even Shaka, at the zenith of his might, could muster a fighting-force quite 15,000 strong, gradually accumulated by a process of subduing and then 'eating up' a hundred petty 'kings' and their 'peoples,' such as we have just referred to. The general idea in presenting history in this fashion, is, of course, to create a proper atmosphere around the reader, to produce in his mind a relatively accurate impression by transporting him into the 'other people's' place and so enabling him to regard things as they appeared to, or were felt by them.

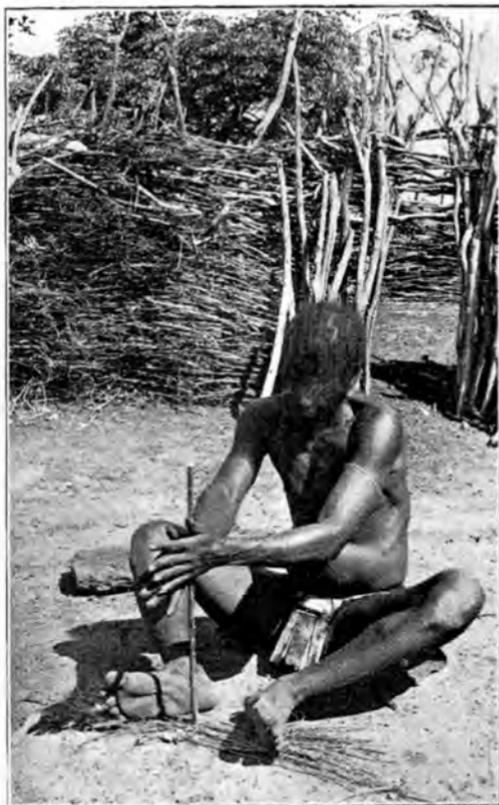
We trust, therefore, it will not come as a shock to our reader when Capt. Gardiner¹⁶ informs him that the two 'great-places' of the 'great' Sobúza were "small compared to the Zoolu towns; are built in the same form, but without fences; and contain the whole population of the tribe. . . . The male population does not exceed a hundred; but as each man has from five to ten wives, the whole, including children, may be estimated at about twelve hundred!" If that were the total after all these conquestorial accretions, what must have been the size of the party which migrated with Ngwáne from the ūBombó? Merely half-a-dozen small families!

Sobúza's, then, was a very modest 'kingdom.' Until about 1838, neither his people nor the neighbouring Sutús knew anything of maize,¹⁷ and as their cultivation in general was but scanty,

they were often dependent for sustenance on the products of forest and veld.¹⁸ They possessed neither sheep nor goats, though, we may suppose, they soon learned how to lift a few cattle from the herds of the conquered Sutús.

Nevertheless, Sobúza himself considered he was a rich and mighty monarch. Perhaps it was the glorious vision of these few cattle in his kraal that inspired him with the ambitious idea of indulging in a new wife, a 'great' wife. Considering his newly-acquired dignity, he felt he merited the hand of nothing lower than one of Zwide's own daughters, the still 'greater' Ndwandwe potentate over the Póngolo, who only a short time ago had driven him from that river. Zwide, naturally, was always amenable to an attractive offer, and clinched the bargain by sending over a girl, by name Tándile, who became the mother of Sobúza's heir. A year or two later, Zwide himself became a miserable fugitive from Shaka, and Sobúza expressed his gratitude for the pretty daughter by offering her father an asylum under the ægis of his protection. Madanga, Zwide's son and full-brother of Tándile, accepted the generous offer, and was allotted a comfortable site in the Peak district; but Zwide, not appreciating very highly the effectiveness of Sobúza's ægis, preferred to leave a much greater margin between himself and the Zulus, and so proceeded on his way to the north. It was well for Sobúza he did.

Although Sobúza continued to reign over extensive territory throughout the whole term of Shaka's military career, his protecting *iDlozi* (ancestral spirit) successfully preserved him from the catastrophe of an invasion by that all-conquering despot. Sobúza 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. Mampontshe, 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 Mangóndowane, another guileless potentate away north, 'with his leopard as watch-dog.' Was it possible that Sobúza could have escaped the notice of these keen-eyed and keen-eared watchers of the Zulu king? 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, following a line eastward of the Sincweni, Bulungu, Ntabankulu and Malinda hills, in its quest of quarry farther north, it had no need to ask Sobúza the way. He, on his part, was prudent enough not to dispute its right of passage. Moreover, as a devout ancestor-worshipper, he was fully aware that menacing spirits are best kept quiet by liberal placations; so from among



Copyright, Author.

A HUSBAND MAKES THE FIRE
By twirling one stick in a hole in another



Copyright, Author.

HIS WIFE GOES TO THE FIELD FOR CORN
planted and reaped by herself

the beauties of his *umNdlunkulu* (multitude of tribute-girls), he selected Mpandesi and Nonkuluma and despatched the brace as an agreeable peace-offering to Shaka. By such means, for the nonce, Sobúza was permitted to rest in peace—if, indeed, one oppressed by 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 Sobúza rose, as it were, relieved of a hideous nightmare.

Exempt for the moment from outside dangers, Sobúza had now to contend with what was worse, namely, enemies within the camp. The garden he had sown only with seeds of violence could not now be expected to produce the 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 he had erected at kwaHlomohlomo, in the country of one of the baPedi (Sutú) chiefs whom he had vanquished. But now the Pedi chief, taking advantage of his conqueror's plight, turned about and vanquished him. Poor Sobúza, compelled on either side to eat the bitter bread of an outcast, found no way left but to venture home again. There he found his brother, Magwégwé, on the throne. But the wheel of fortune favoured him once more; and, by the aid of his own supporting faction, he ousted and killed the usurper, and so set his humbled self once more upon the throne.

We said that to Sobúza the death of Shaka was as the awakening from a hideous nightmare. As a matter of fact, he awoke to something infinitely worse—he awoke now to the real thing. Dingane having nothing further for his troops to plunder or destroy in the depopulated waste left by Shaka to his south and by Mzilikazi to the west, turned about to the north and fixed his ghastly gaze upon none other than Sobúza! Plenty of occupation up there, thought he; and it did not take him long to utter the command. Up, boys, and at him! So about the beginning of the year 1836 off sallied the Zulu army northwards with the firm intention of turning Swaziland into a second Natal. "All the strength of the country," write the American missionaries then recently arrived in Zululand,¹⁹ "leaving only a few women and children in the kraals, was drawn out to fight Sopusa." Poor Sopusa! However, although the missionaries fail to enlighten us as to the result, we know that Sobúza somehow wriggled through—probably through into some of the unapproachable caverns in his mountain strongholds, according to regulation Swazi custom. He had the satisfaction of seeing the last of the Zulus depart and his kingdom for the moment saved. But he had won his last, and greatest, victory—against the invincible

Zulu. Then for him the play was o'er. In the same year (1836), at the zenith of his power, the curtain suddenly fell and the lights went out in Sunshine kraal (ēLangeni, near the Mdimba mountains), and Sobūza was immediately enveloped in everlasting darkness.

Mswazi was the name of Sobūza's heir. A boy of sixteen, he was still a minor, in his mother, Tándile's care, at her ōDidini kraal. So the reins of government fell temporarily into the hands of Sobūza's eldest son, Malambūle, assisted by Sobūza's brother, Somcuba. This temporary dislocation of the governing machine encouraged certain unruly Swazis to indulge in a little diversion on their own, and to seek to get their own back by raiding cattle over the Zulu border. This brought Dingane immediately back to the fray, and the very next season (about the end of 1837), we find him launched on a second campaign against the Swazis with redoubled vigour. He had already sent up a punitive force; but all they achieved was to send back a report that the enemy, as usual, had ensconced himself safely in his mountain fastnesses and was absolutely unreachable. Thereupon Dingane, following the precedent laid down by his illustrious predecessor, conceived the idea of inspanning his White 'subjects' in Natal, that he might "send them against an enemy who had robbed him," poor innocent soul! and "who had placed himself in such a situation" that actually the Zulus could not get at him. About thirty white men mustered to the call—all bent, no doubt, on thickly buttering their own bread—including John Cane (who commanded), Thos. Halstead, Rich. King, Rob. Russell, Rich. Wood, with William his son (who left us the following account) and some others. :—

"Next day," writes Wood,²⁰ "they started [from Dingane's emGūngundlovu kraal] in search of the enemy, reinforced by a large body of Dingaan's troops, commanded by Inhlela [= Ndlela]. Having travelled some days, they arrived in the vicinity of the Umpongola Mountains [presumably over the Pōngolo river], where a party of Sapusa's people were posted, and lest these should discover that Inhlela had Europeans with him, they covered the English with their shields while ascending the mountain. Sapusa's people had taken up a very good position on the top of a hill, immediately over, and commanding the entrance to, a natural cavern, in which they had placed the cattle they had captured from Dingaan. By rolling down large stones, they had for some days prevented the approach of a party of Dingaan's troops who had before attempted to recapture the cattle.

"The nearest approach which could be made to them with safety was by ascending a small hill opposite. This the party did, and found themselves separated from Sapusa's people by a

deep gulph [= gulf] at the bottom of which ran the Umpongola River. As they were within speaking distance, John Cane, who commanded the Europeans, spoke to them and told them to deliver up the cattle which they had taken from the king, or he would fire upon them; adding that it was useless for them to resist, for that Dingaan himself had taken the trouble to come so far to get his cattle and was determined to have them.

"On hearing this, Sapusa's people made no reply, but turned their backs to them in token of contempt. John Cane's party then fired a volley over their heads, and he begged of them to agree to his demand, and told them that, if they delivered up the cattle, he would allow them and their wives and children, who were still with them, to depart unharmed. They still returned no answer, and he then fired at them and shot three or four. Cane repeated his demand, but they treated him in the same manner, upon which his party again fired and shot some more of them. A Zulu [prob. Swazi] woman was then seen to approach the brink of the precipice, leading a boy of about twelve or thirteen years of age by the hand, and having an infant fastened at her back. Looking towards the Europeans, she cried out, 'I will not be killed by thunder, but will kill myself,' saying which she pushed the boy over the precipice, and jumped in herself after him.

"The firing still continued, until the party cried out for mercy, and promised to give up the cattle, which John Cane sent a number of men round to receive. He then distributed a few head amongst them, and commenced his journey to Ngungunhlovu."

The year following, 1838, was the Black Year in Dingane's life and reign. He had become mortally oppressed by the appearance on his southern borders of an entirely new and most alarming species of aggressor in the shape of the emigrant Dutch farmers. He had already essayed to rid himself of them by treacherously massacring their men-folk on a friendly visit to him at Mgungundlovu and their women-folk left unprotected in their wagons at Weenen. But these murderous efforts, futile as frantic, had only resulted in bringing down the invaders more numerous and fiercely upon him. Only recently, at the Ncome (Blood) river, they had dealt him an all but fatal blow, in which he lost 3000 of his braves and his Mgungundlovu capital in ashes (burnt by his own orders). Shaka's invincible army had at length been smashed, and the throne of his empire was tottering to the fall.

The consequence of all this was that Dingane's ambitions were turned more intently and more resolutely than ever to the north. Driven from his capital, he had first fled to the Hlulhuwe; but finding the country there infested with the tsetse-fly and fever,

he was now on the upper iVuna river, not far from the eNgóme hill, where he built himself a new emGúngundlovu kraal.

The Boers, assuming that Dingane was now incapacitated for life, withdrew from Zululand. No sooner out of sight, than Dingane immediately recovered and became as bellicose as ever. While still at the Hluhluwe, he hurried off a force to replenish his depleted herds from those of the 'Nkentshane' Sutús, in the Middleburg district of the Transvaal. Upon their returning with the loot, he ordered another force off to repeat the process upon the Natives resident on the ōKúla river, beyond the ūSutú.

While these were still absent, and subsequently to his removal to the iVuna, Dingane elected to have another shot at the Swazis. From among the weary and disheartened army still remaining at home, he selected the four most presentable regiments and ordered them off to confront the Swazi warriors. They did so, somewhere about the Ntabankulu hill on the Mzimpofofu river. Four melancholy remnants soon after returned, having left half of their number stretched on the field and many of their cattle in the enemy's hands. Nothing daunted, Dingane sent off post-haste to Mpande, then at the Kángela kraal (about eight miles from Eshowe, on the right of the emPangeni road) directing him to send up two further regiments. Mpande despatched the ūKókóttí youths (only that year enrolled) and another, both which anon returned, saying, they could not find Dingane—and, of course, had not looked for the enemy. Upon their heels came other messengers from Dingane asking Mpande why he had disobeyed his orders and not sent up the reinforcements; furthermore, ordering him and all his people to vacate southern Zululand and accompany him 'to the north,' where there were good prospects of annexing some new country from the Swazis. As a token of his 'good will,' Dingane forwarded also a present of a hundred head of cattle under the care of his domestics, Matúnjana (218) and Nxagwana. But Matúnjana before starting had received certain sinister hints from Dingane's prime minister, Ndlela, that the present of cattle was but a decoy to bring Mpande along to 'return thanks,' and then—? So while on the march and resting overnight at a kraal below the Nkandla forest, Matúnjana gave his companion the slip and under cover of the darkness hastened over to inform Mpande (then at his emPenqaneni kraal near the Túkela) that they would be arriving to-morrow with the present from Dingane and, incidentally, with some important secrets for his hearing only. Thereafter Matúnjana hurried back home. On the morrow they arrived as per schedule with the cattle; but soon after arrival, Matúnjana suddenly discovered that he had left his stick behind somewhere on the path—a device to get Mpande to accompany

him alone. While walking, he advised Mpande not to be misled by the present of cattle to go up to Dingane, as the intention was to kill him. But for public consumption Matúnjana delivered a different message—"Says Ndlela, Why do you dilly-dally here and not get off to Dingane? Are you then waiting for Mpande? Do you not see that *he* has already turned his face to the Whites?" Summing together all these various observations, Mpande began to think that, after all, perhaps it were best that he do so; and that forthwith. So, there and then packing up his belongings and followed by so much of the Zulu army (with their families) as were still at home in southern Zululand, Mpande trekked away towards the Túkela and over it into Natal in the month of September of that year (1839).

We know how he there united with the Boers; how, in January, 1840, their combined forces utterly routed Dingane's army (such as he then had with him) at the emaQonqo hills, beyond the upper Mkúze; how Dingane had fled (as his own captured mother declared) "with a few of his people and a troop of cattle" away to the north-east into Swazi territory (see below).

The enemy from the south whom Dingane had been so frantically trying to avoid had at last driven him into the arms of the very enemy he had been as diligently preparing for himself in the north. The Swazis now had their arch-foe hiding in their very lap.

Even before the Maqonqo battle, Somcuba, the Swazi regent, had felt some apprehension lest the Boers, drawn by Dingane right on to their borders, might not take it into their heads to cross the Póngolo, and annex Swaziland. He therefore took the precaution to make friendly overtures betimes by sending along three headmen with the olive branch. "Well," said Pretorius, the Boer commandant, taking full advantage of the Swazi's fright, "I grant you peace on condition you bring me Dingane's head." And then went off home to Natal.²¹

The Swazi regent proceeded forthwith to get hold of that head, but could not find it. Dingane successfully foiled his efforts for a full month. Meanwhile he had built himself a kraal, surrounded on three sides by dense bush, on the slope of the kwaHlatikúlu hill on the ūBombó range within the territory of the Nyawo chief. The kraal completed, a large number of his followers went off to bring along the goods and chattels left in the ēVuna kraal. When they had departed, a traitor within the household stole off and whispered in the ears of Sonyazana, captain of a small force of Swazis then in the neighbourhood, "Now is your time." In order to take their quarry by surprise, they crept through the bush above the kraal by night, entered

the enclosure in its upper part (where Dingane slept), so as to avoid the guards down below at the main entrance, and planted a spear in the king's thigh, the point penetrating the lower bowels. With a few females, children and cattle, Dingane fled into the adjacent forest, but succumbed the following morning. The deed accomplished, Dingane's huge house-dogs (*amaGõvu*) were upon them, and they were glad to hurry away without the head, which lies still beneath the Hlatikùlu bush.

The account of Dingane's death left us by the Boers and obviously all highly coloured for their special delectation, is interesting, if improbable. Thus: "There Sapusa [who was long dead] took him prisoner. On the first day (according to the statement of the Kafirs), Sapusa pricked Dingane with sharp assegais, no more than skin deep, from the sole of his foot to the top of his head. The second day he had him bitten by dogs. On the third day, Sapusa said to Dingaana: 'Dingaana! are you still the rain-maker? Are you still the greatest of living men? See, the sun is rising: you shall not see him set!' Saying this, he took an assegai and bored his eyes out. This was related to me [Daniel Pieter Bezuidenhout] by one of Sapusa's Kafirs who was present. When the sun set, Dingaana was dead, for he had had neither food nor water for three days. Such was the end of Dingaana."²² How awful!

In this same year, 1840, Mswazi was proclaimed king, and Malambùle (others, Fókotí), his elder half-brother, who, with his uncle, Somcuba, had been holding the reins during his minority, withdrew into retirement. But not empty-handed. When his time had expired, Malambùle 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 Sigwéje, 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 Malambùle fled for protection to a certain Wesleyan missionary, the Rev. James Allison, who, with Mswazi's permission, had settled amidst these people, about the Mahámhá Mount, near the Mkóndo (by Europeans wrongly named the Assegai) river. But Mswazi was not to be humbugged in his own kingdom by such childish tactics; so, having rid the earth of Malambùle's baneful presence, he unceremoniously bundled the whole party of missioners 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 them 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, Allison, 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 Hlatikúlu hill, near Washbank, subsequently migrated to the latter place, where they still reside under Mbango, son of Lubelo, son of Sigwéje.

This family squabble presented to Mswazi's subjects the first indication that he had inherited a deal of the 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. Stories of the unparalleled exploits and inhuman excesses of this latter he had in his youth no doubt passionately enjoyed. And now it was within his power to imitate. Might he not even hope to surpass? At any rate he would try.

He tried; and became a veritable Shaka of the north. He entered into office with a natty little principedom half the size of Switzerland, furnished with a standing army all ready-made, comprising probably one, or even two, thousand warriors in their prime. To these he himself added, year by year, the younger regiments known as the Celecele, the Nyati, the Mbáyimbáyi, the Mjindi, the Malalane, the Mbúlabómvu, the Gíba, the Mlondolozí, the inDlovu and the Mgádlela. Comfortably established in his eFinyeni kraal near the Mdimbá mountains—he later on removed to the Hoho kraal beyond the Nkomati river—the problem constantly before him was, how to keep this restless army occupied. He very wisely avoided operating towards the south. To have crossed the Póngolo would have involved him in the more risky undertaking of a conflict with the Zulu power. So he turned his eyes northwards, where the less warlike Sutú clans would furnish him with easy victories.

His favourite hunting-grounds were there where the cattle were; for he was especially keen on raiding. The Sutú clans of the Lydenburg and Middelburg districts of the north-eastern Transvaal furnished an abundance of specially attractive stock. So thither he sent his army. First they paid their attentions to the Mabúlanis over the Olifants (ūBálule) river; then on to their neighbours, the Túsis, driving everywhere the inhabitants from their homes and gathering up the stock as they went. The

Siyoka people, of queen Mjanji (210), were next honoured with a visit, and afterwards the Narini, ruled by queen Magáyibiya.

Such easy success was encouraging, and created in Mswazi an appetite for bigger game. The biggest game in that part of the globe was Sikwata, son of Túlwane—whose acquaintance we made some time back, when travelling with Zwide (210). Most of the clans thereabout belonged to the baPedi (*Z. abaBêlu*) tribe of Sutús, and he was their paramount chief. It was, of course, of no consideration with Mswazi that these inoffensive people had already been robbed by his father of a large portion of their country; for the aboriginal inhabitants of much of Swaziland had consisted of small baPedi clans. It was precisely on that account that he was more anxious to rob them of the rest; and, as poor fighters, they would provide good sport, without risk, for his braves.

So, about the year 1850, he set out for a little diversion in that region. Out of the land he soon drove the Pedis, and allotted thereabout building sites to all soever of his own people as desired. Then with unabated vigour he followed the fugitive enemy right into their very 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.

In this way Mswazi gradually extended his borders, increased his subjects and added to the wealth and strength of his kingdom. Indeed, so extensive were his forays, that his raiding parties actually reached the Zimbabwe country in Southern Rhodesia, a distance as great as that from Durban to Johannesburg, from London to Aberdeen.²⁹ He has sometimes been credited with an army of 10,000 braves. Seeing that the total Native population of Swaziland in 1907 was only 84,000, it could hardly have been more than 35,000 sixty years earlier, say in 1850, even allowing for Mswazi's sway over a slightly Greater Swaziland. We cannot believe that one individual in every $3\frac{1}{2}$, or even in every 4, was a fighting man. At its maximum, in 1867, Mswazi's army could not have numbered more than 5000 or 6000 men.

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 a couple of 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 the first occasion, the Swazis, not yet having made the acquaintance of the Zulus, ventured to display a certain measure of boldness, and positively refused to budge; until all alike being thoroughly exhausted, both sides called for a respite. Fighting being renewed, the onslaught of the Zulus was so irresistible, that the Buffaloes were forced to turn tail and 'hide in holes' (= caves). The Zulus were so far foiled of victory as well as loot, and to relieve their disgust, set off to sweep together such fragments of stock as the Swazis had left behind in the countries of poor Sikwata and Mabókwe. Even in those parts, the *isaNgqu* was the only Zulu regiment of the many in the force which had the fortune to enjoy a fight and win some loot.

The Zulu army returned from Sikwataland during the weeding season. The crops being harvested, off they were ordered again to the Swazis. It was now the year 1854, and the *uTúlwana* or *amaMbóza* regiment (to which Cetshwayo, Mpande's son, himself belonged) had but recently been enrolled. As among those participating in the trip—the *umKúlutshane*, *zHlaba*, *inDaba-kawombé*, *umDlenevu*, *izinGúlube* and *isaNgqu*—there were some regiments of experience, it was deemed advisable to allow the young *Túlwana* braves to accompany them for the sake of the lesson. This expedition accordingly became known as the *uku-Fúnda kukaTúlwana* (the learning of the Tulwanas).

Upon the appearance of this awe-inspiring host, Mswazi's fighting-men took the precaution of immediately removing their cattle over the border into Boer territory and of withdrawing themselves as usual into the caves of the Mdimbá mountains. But the Zulus had determined not to be humbugged again this time. On reaching home after their last experience, they had set their brains a-working and had succeeded in discovering a very effective 'poison gas.' So when they saw that all available Swazis had entered safely inside the trap, they collected huge faggots of wood and old hide shields; filled the mouth of the caves chock-full with these; then, setting the whole on fire, sat down and awaited developments. Tradition does not state how many, if any, proved proof against this new engine of war; probably none cared to venture inside to investigate. A few cattle are said to have been collected, whereafter the army

returned home, presumably in triumph. The impression made upon the Swazis (those outside the cave) by this new method of warfare was so profound that they immediately sent after the retiring army a present of cattle as an offering—whether propitiatory or thanksgiving, we cannot say—to its king.

When the Zulus had gone, the Boers arrived—those with whom Mswazi had placed his herds. They, in turn, 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 Tõnga neighbours; and accordingly a batch of boys and girls was sent over to the Boers.

The bully is proverbially a coward. Mswazi, too, so long as he could pile inexpressible misery, without fear of reprisals, on harmless and impotent neighbours, was supremely happy and merely gloated; but the moment one stronger than he came along and administered a little well-merited castigation, he immediately squealed, and ran off to inform the British in Natal of the wicked Mpande, who was continuously tormenting him. He sent a deputation, headed by Majumbá (of the ekuNene clan), to this effect to Sir Theophilus Shepstone, in charge of Native Affairs in Maritzburg, requesting his intervention. And as a special inducement to secure his goodwill, he reinforced his request with a present of his own most charming sister, Tifokati, as an acceptable bride. That, thought Malunge, Sobúza's brother, who had suggested the plan, will certainly fetch him. And it did; for no chivalrous knight could refuse to hasten to his aid after that; and Sir Theophilus did not. He immediately brought such suitable pressure to bear upon Mpande, that he never worried Mswazi again. But the black-skinned houri he handed over to his black-skinned headman, Ngóza, son of Ludaba (of the Majozi clan), who knew better what to do with her. We do not hear, however, what pressure, if any, Sir Theophilus brought to bear upon his new brother-in-law to induce him to cease his continuous raiding of the helpless and inoffensive Sutu clans to the north!

The unfortunate Zulus, however, were now in a sorry plight—a huge standing army, and to south and north, to east and west the gate barred against them. So they started fighting amongst themselves, and in 1856 indulged in the great enDondakusuka battle between Mpande's sons, Mbúlazi and Cetshwayo.

In that same year, 1856, Soshangana, fugitive of the Ndwandwe clan dispersed thirty years before by Shaka, and now conqueror of most of Portuguese Tõngaland, had died, having previously banished into the far Transvaal his principal son, Mzila. After his demise, another son, Mawewe, therefore ascended the throne. Anon 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 of 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 homeward, with Mawewe following close on his heels. In the Swazi country Mawewe found a safe asylum, and there subsequently died, leaving, as heir, Hanyana.

¶ 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 Pôngolo river on the south to the Crocodile river on the north, and from the Lubombó mountains towards the coast to 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 Sutús amongst whom they moved, the *maTebele*—an appellation which in Ngúni 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 henceforth known, among the Cape Colony Natives as simply *amaShaka*, and among themselves, simply as Shaka's clan, the *aba-kwa-Zulu* (the family of Zulu), whereas, as a matter of fact, not more than $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of them were any more blood-members of that clan than most of my readers will probably be. Soshangane made a nation; and the Tóngá mass, comprising the remnants of a hundred clans, of which it consisted, proudly called themselves the *amaShangane*. So too here. Sobúza 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 emaLangeni, the Maseko, the Hlatshwayo, the Shabalala, the Magónondo or

whatsoever clan, were now indiscriminately christened, first of all, *aba-kwa-Sobúza* (Sobúza's people), after their common conqueror, and subsequently, in the completed nation, *amaSwazi* (the people of Mswazi), after their common sovereign. (Among the Sutú, they were often originally referred to as *baRaputsa*, the people of Raputsa, which latter was evidently the Sutú rendering of the name Sobúza.)

Mswazi died at the Hoho kraal in the year 1868, and was safely immured in a cleft between two rocks, then covered with stones, at the royal cemetery at emBilaneni (317).

One of the most troublesome characters in Zululand, at the time of the Zulu war, was a certain Mbilini, who, with a following of Swazis, had been permitted by the Zulu kings, Mpande and Cetshwayo, to enjoy a kind of semi-independence within Zulu territory adjoining the Swazi frontier. When the great Mswazi died, this Mbilini, 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 was still a child of 11 years old. His uncle, Ndwandwe, son of Sobúza (by a second of Zwide's daughters) held the reins for him meanwhile, with Tándile, his grandmother, alongside to give the words of command.

This young chief had the distinction of being king, not only over a Native state, but also over 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 their 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 a 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 by 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 already, in language and habits, perfect Natives (455).

But what had become of Mswazi's standing army of irrepressible braves? Had they had excitement and successes 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 Tûsis and Mjanjites, 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 beer, brewed at the Nkanini kraal according to a recipe specially supplied by Ndwandwe, had been fortified with something stronger than water, and his promising career came to a sudden end in 1874, before the poor boy had even reached to man's estate. He was buried at the Mdimbâ mountains. The oracle being immediately consulted, the pythonesse declared in no ambiguous voice that Ndwandwe was the villain of the piece. A stout knobkerry skilfully applied to Ndwandwe's pate put the cap on this wicked plot.

And yet not quite. The Ndwandwe faction took up the cudgels on his behalf, and other factions did the same, and in a trice Mswazi's sons engaged in a general scrimmage for the crown. The whole country now laboured in the throes of internecine warfare, and so continued for a whole year. At length the forces of disorder had expended their strength and soberer counsels prevailed. The conflicting parties united in electing to the chieftainship another of Mswazi's boys named Mbândeni.

Mbândeni was proclaimed king in 1875; but being still a lad of 17 years, grandmother Tândile assumed the helm once more.

But though the integrity of the Swazi nation was thus for the present preserved, not so that of the Swazi country. Mbândeni proved a prince of weak, if of peaceful character. He found himself at the helm when South Africa was entering a new stage in her 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 Mbândeni 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 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.

Mbândeni was buried, like his fathers, according to the orthodox Ngûni rite. To the common herd he was reported as 'indisposed,' till his corpse, wrapped in hides and laid in his hut, had completely decomposed and dried. Throughout all this time, headmen and body-servants had to remain 'watching' by the corpse, with their nostrils well plugged with the strong-smelling leaves of the umSuzwane herb (*lippia asperifolia*). So soon as the umSuzwane plug was no longer needed, the corpse was deemed sufficiently cured for burial. A grave having been prepared at the royal Ngwâne cemetery within the forest on the emBilaneni hill (on the north bank of the Pôngolo), the body was carried there by stealth during the night. Should daybreak overtake the bearers before reaching there, they would have to remain in hiding throughout the day. A great heap of stones covered the grave.

The burial accomplished, a tremendous rainfall of four days' duration followed, called the *uSihlambi-sinye* (the One-long-downpour), as became the greatest rain-doctor—a special prerogative this of the Ngwâne kings—on the face of the earth!

The successor of Mbândeni was his son, Bûnu (Dutchman), who followed his father to emBilaneni on 10th December, 1899, and left Sobûza II. (alias Bûza) still reigning.

¹ Stow, *N.R.*, 519.

² Arbousset, *N.E.T.*, 181; Stow, *N.R.*, 499.

⁴ Arbousset, *N.E.T.*, 178.

⁶ *Ibid.*, 34.

⁸ Shaw, *M.*, 262; Harris, *W.S.*, 364, map; Keane, *B.S.*, 26.

⁹ Friar dos Santos, Bk. II., Ch. XVII. See Theal's *R.*, VII., 291.

¹⁰ Theal's *R.*, I., 34.

¹² *Ibid.*, I., 36-7.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, 81.

¹⁶ *J.Z.C.*, 167.

¹⁸ Gardiner, *J.Z.C.*, 167.

²⁰ *Ibid.*, 377.

²² *Ibid.*, 375.

² Ellenberger, *History of the Basuto*, 15.

⁴ *H.B.*, 348.

⁷ Bleek, *Comparative Grammar*, 111.

¹¹ *Ibid.*, VI., 407.

¹³ Hall, *Great Zimbabwe*, 82.

¹⁵ *De Bello Gallico*, I., 29.

¹⁷ Arbousset, *N.E.T.*, 172.

¹⁹ Bird, *A.N.*, I, 210.

²¹ *Ibid.*, 375, 596.

²³ Hall, *Great Zimbabwe*, 89.

CHAPTER 36

SOME SWAZI NEIGHBOURS

WHEN treating, in the preceding chapter, on the Swazis, we narrated how the *Ngwâne* folk (who subsequently founded that nation) came down from beyond the Nkomati river (inland of Delagoa Bay) and settled on the eastern side of the ūBombó hills. Members of the great *eMbó* group of Ngúni Bantu, in trekking south they were merely following the general trend of *eMbó* migration.

There are those who believe—and Mbándeni, the Ngwâne king, was among them—that the Ngwânes were an offshoot of the Tembê Tóngas. That is most improbable. The Swazis, the Hlubis, the Kúzes, the Mkízes and others of the *eMbó* group, were of the *abaNgúni* stock; but to call a Tóngá or other East Coast African an *umNgúni* would be a contradiction in terms, for 'umNgúni,' if meaning anything, means 'non-Tóngá.' Despite the fact that a portion of the *eMbó* branch of the Ngúnis became, through contact or intermarriage, more or less 'Tóngáized,' they remained, through the male line, *abaNgúni* all the same.

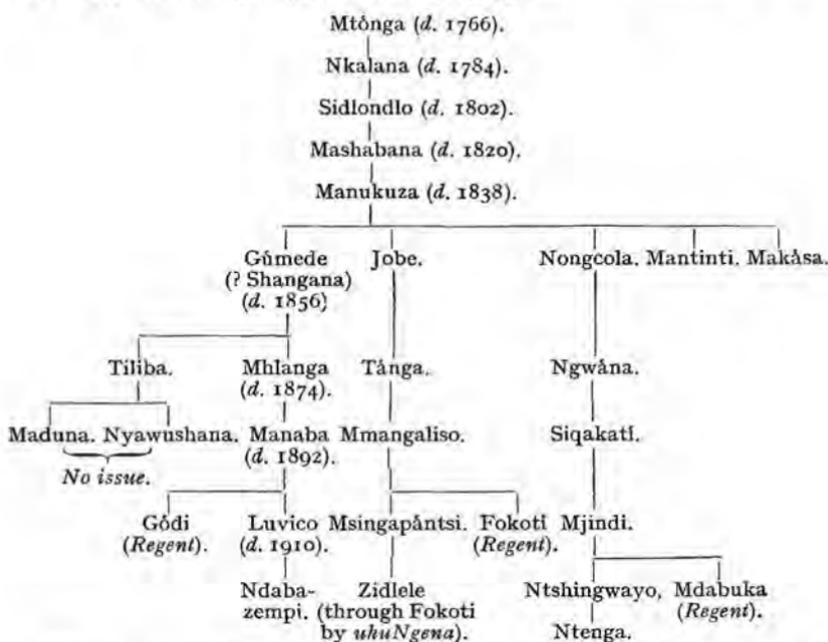
Contemporary with this Ngwâne (founder and leader of the first 'Swazis') was one by name Mtóngá. He is said to have been closely related to Ngwâne, and therefore, like him, of the **emaLangeni** clan. Both lived during the second half of the eighteenth century. But whether they parted for each other's good, or whether in tears, the evidence does not clearly show. What it does show is simply that Ngwâne and his family went west over the ūBombó range, while Mtóngá with his remained behind.

Between the ūBombó and the sea lay an extensive tract of unoccupied territory—unoccupied, no doubt, owing to its unhealthiness, low, flat and swampy, yet devoid of running water, covered with dense and dank bush, infested with malarious mosquitoes and cattle-killing tsetse-flies. But there was plenty of elbow-room, and the Mtóngá family availed themselves of it to move about, and break up into small separated and independent tribal fractions, each calling itself after its own particular head and allowing the original tribal-name of *emaLangeni* almost to fall into abeyance and become eventually entirely forgotten. Thus, among these descendants of Mtóngá, who himself lived no longer than a century and half ago, we hear of some calling themselves the **aba-kwa-Gúmede** (the People of Gumedede), others the **aba-kwa-Jobe** (People of Jobe), others the **aba-kwa-Manaba**

(People of Manaba), and still others the **aba-kwa-Ngómane**, the **aba-kwa-Ngiba** and so forth.

Their comparative wilderness, poor in cattle, offered no attraction to rapacious Zulu kings; and for that reason these people succeeded in retaining their old homes untouched by all the political storms that raged about them.

Below is the genealogical tree of this small branch of the eMbó-Ngúni family * (see Table, p. 314):—



The name 'Mlangeni' sometimes given as the father of Mtonga is probably a mere substitute for that of the unknown founder of the emaLangeni clan.

Further, since members of all branches alike (including those of Nongcola and Jobe) may, and do at times, address each other as *Gúmede*, we conclude that the latter was the original *isiTákazelo* of the *emaLangeni* people, and did not take its rise from the so-called *Gúmede*, son of Manukuza, who, according to the habit of his tribe (e.g. the Ngwanes calling themselves 'Dlamini'), was merely assuming his *isiTákazelo* in place of his own personal name. And yet, since his time, the *isiTákazelo* 'Gúmede' seems to have become practically the distinguishing clan-name (*isiBongo*) of his branch of the family.

* Kindly collected by O. Fynney, Esq., magistrate.

These emaLangeni Gúmedes, moreover, are not to be confused with the Ntungwa-Ngúni *aba-kwa-Qwabe*, who also use 'Gúmede' as their *isiTákazelo*. More likely is it that the emaLangeni Gúmedes are related to the Gamedes (or Gamedzes) of Swaziland.

The names in the genealogical table prior to Mashabana are doubtful. Besides the names there given we hear also of Nkubeni (who *may* have been Mashabana) and Mpandanyana (who may have been Nkalana, or Mtónga).

The *aba-kwa-Ngómane* are described as an offshoot of the Manaba Gúmedes, dwelling at ōLaleni (inland of the Nibeles) under Mbúlawá, of Masuku, of Mduku, of Mzondi, who was their originator.

Hemmed in between the Mtónga and the Ngwáne branches of the eMbó family referred to in the preceding pages, a succession of alien clans stretched north and south along the line of the ūBombó range.

The **aba-kwa-Myeni** belong to the Ntungwa-Ngúni group. They are closely related to the Mabasos (others say to the emaCúnwini), and were probably an offshoot of one or other **Myeni** of these. Their original home was inland of the Babanango Mount (at the source of the Mhlatúze), in country adjoining both Mabasos and Cúnus. There they were known as the **aba-kwa-Myeki** clan. The Myeki chieftain dying, contention arose in the family as to the succession. The heir (or claimant) to the throne, Mlambó by name, settled the dispute by withdrawing with his adherents from the country. He betook himself to the Qwabe chief and was allotted a location for himself and people in the Eshowe district. But in migrating, he had not forgotten to purloin the tribal sceptre and decamp therewith. When an Myeki chief died, the waters of the local river were struck with this magic rod, whereupon the waters divided, and, when the corpse had been deposited on the river bed, reverently closed again over it. Thus were the strife-makers left behind deprived of their emblem of sovereignty, and all the tribal glory went away with the secessionists.

Mlambó died there in Qwabeland, leaving two sons, Ngwénya (senior) and Ntsinde (junior), from whom the two divisions of the new clan (the **aba-kwa-Ngwénya** and the **aba-kwa-Ntsinde**) were respectively derived.

During the time of Duma, son of Ngwénya, the clan was stricken with terror by an awful portent that then befell them—a ground-hornbill (*inTsingizi*) actually entered the royal kraal and cried therein! Duma, with the major portion of his people, fled

instantly in dismay and besought hospitality of the Tëmbú chief on the enTseleni river, near the coast. And not only did he shift his quarters, but also changed his name, calling his people henceforth the **aba-kwa-Myeni**, to distinguish them from the *aba-kwa-Myeki* who had remained behind in Qwabe and Cúnu lands.

Duma by this time had acquired the trek-habit—unless perchance some disagreeable curse had attached itself to the magic rod. For, hardly settled on the Ntseleni, than he was up and away once more. He passed into Mtétwáland, where the local potentate granted him a site at emaTúbatúba (on the north side of the lower Mfolozi).

Hardly settled at emaTúbatúba than the petty chieftain, Soshangane (of the Gása Ndwandwes) swept down upon him from his ēTshaneni mountain stronghold and swept him and his people as far as the enGwávuma river (along the ūBombó range). There he found the Mngómezulu people in charge, and immediately entered into an alliance with their king, Zondiwe, whose faithful vassal he promised to become (c. 1817). With Duma (who was head of the senior, Ngwénya, branch of the clan), Magúma (head of the junior, Ntsinde, section) had also gone.

On the north bank of the Ngwávuma river (by the ūBombó hills) Duma found eternal rest at last, and that accursed heirloom, the stolen sceptre, became the unwelcome heritage of Duma's son, Mdolombá. The continuous flight through Mngómezululand of hordes of refugees driven by Shaka out of Zululand created such an unbearable state of apprehension in Zondiwe's mind that, about the year 1820-21, he decided to move on himself to more peaceful climes. So, leaving his people behind in his brother, Msuduka's charge, he disappeared, never to return (343).

The new Myeni farm on the banks of the Ngwávuma proved a barren venture. Seeing his Ntsinde family wasting visibly from starvation before his very eyes, the paternal heart of Vuma (grandson of Magúma), now at their head, was so powerfully touched that he appealed to Mpande for the mercy of adoption. This graciously permitted him to occupy the country on both sides of the Mkúze river, around the ēTshaneni mount, where Soshangane and his Gása clan had till recently resided, but now in charge of Shaka's cousin, Mapítá.

Mdolombá, with the major section of the clan, for the time being remained where he was, as Msuduka's loyal subject. There the English travellers, Cowie and Green, on their journey to Delagoa Bay in 1829, honoured him with a visit in his 'hamlet' situated on the northern side of the Ngwávuma. "At this village and at most of those they subsequently passed, they were received with distrust and hesitation; but when by means of their guns,

first with Sambáne, chief of the neighbouring Nyawo clan, and subsequently with Mtshelekwana, of the Maténjwas. When at length Madlaka had grown to man's estate, he was duly recalled by his tribe, and resumed the chieftainship.

Vuma, in his branch of the tribe, was succeeded by Sipike, whose son, Mkakwa, died only in recent years. Sipike, for some reason, seems not to have been content with life in this land of his people's adoption south of the Mkúze. So, with a considerable following, he betook himself to Swaziland, whence again, finding the environment not congenial, he besought Mbikiza, the Mngómezulu chief, to sanction the reoccupation by him of a patch of the aboriginal fatherland, close by the Ngwávuma river, from which the Mngómezulus had driven his ancestors. The prayer having been granted, there at last Sipike 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 Sipike had been for so many long years repining. No human heart but feels and owns—there is no place like home. During Sipike's ramble in Swaziland, Mlangazi, son of Lundini, assumed charge of the forsaken Myenis left behind.

At the other (or northern) end of the ūBombó range, along the southern bank of the ūSutú, dwell (at the present time) a clan calling themselves the **aba-kwa-Maténjwa** (or **ema-Maténjwa Nyiseni**). They constitute the extreme eastern limit of the Sutú Bantu. They belong to the same (baPedi) stock as did most of the other small clans of Swaziland prior to the *eMbó* (Ngwáne) intrusion, and are more especially related to that section of the baPedi (Siyoka) formerly ruled by queen Long-Breasts (Mjanji, daughter of Tóbela, p. 210), from which locality they may have originally migrated.

They suffered little inconvenience from the warlike activities of Shaka; but, like the Myenis, they suffered much in the early forties of last century from the hostile visitation of Lubelo and his predatory Mngómezulus. Like the Myenis again, they were expelled precipitantly from their country. They too moved off to the south, and were allowed by Mpande—Shaka at that time having already been bundled into the grave and Dingane after him—to build in the small corner between the Msunduze and Mduna rivers, in that portion of former Ndwandweland which he had lately conferred on his mother's clan, the Hlabisas, under their regent, Mbópá.

After tarrying there awhile—their conqueror, Lubelo, being dead—the Maténjwas discovered that the northern portion of

their old country, adjacent to the Sutú river, had been left unoccupied by the invading Mngómezulus 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 Sutú river, the exiles wandered into territory nominally belonging to the Portuguese. Then, in 1887, came the British annexation of so-called Tóngaland, and the inauguration of the *Pax Britannica*. Now at length was Mtshelekwana, then reigning chief, permitted to re-establish himself and his people in their old home, where, having died in 1904, and his son, Sibámu, having followed suit in 1923, Shikishi, son of the latter, may still be found 'eating beef and beer'—goat-flesh being tabu with this clan—as the Zulu quaintly describes the enjoyment of life.

Lubòko.
|
Musi.
|
Siboti (Dlamini).
|
Manyamalala.
|
Mzikubola (Muntukubola).
|
Gámula.
|
Mtshelekwana (*d.* 3.10.1904).
|
Sibámu (*d.* 10.4.1923).
|
Shikishi.

Another of the ūBombó clans was the **aba-kwa-Mngómezulu** (the People of Mngomezulu). Like the preceding, they too were of Sutú extraction. Mngómezulu, their founder, being dead—probably in the baPedi region of the north-eastern Transvaal—his son, Mdluli, decided on a change of air and scenery. He thought a trip to the seaside might prove interesting and beneficial. So he faced round towards the coast and followed the ridge of his nose (as the Natives say), till it led him to a likely-looking spot on the upper Ngwávuma river (now known as kwaNtshingila) where he sojourned awhile, then died (*c.* 1751).

Mafú (? = Ngwáne), his son, now on the throne, the eMbó invaders, led by (another) Ngwáne (*c.* 1780), son of Dlamini, marched up from the coast and excited a general flutter among the small Sutú clans up inland.

It was probably due to the general disturbance and dislocation of clans that followed this eMbó inroad into Sutú territory, that Mafú shifted away (c. 1782) with his people over the ūBombó hills and down into the lowlands below the ēTshaneni Mount. There the Mngómezulu family discovered that seaside resorts are not everywhere of bracing and salubrious climate. So they abbreviated their visit and retraced their steps to the Ngwávuma river (c. 1784) where conditions were more wholesome, and there looked out for a home.

One would have thought suitable houses would be abundant in those unfrequented resorts. Apparently they were not, or perhaps rather they seldom seemed wholly to meet the requirements of a fastidious public. Mafú therefore continued his search up stream and alighted upon another party of new arrivals, a certain Ntungwa Ngúni family calling themselves the **aba-kwa-Tábeté**. The Mngómezulus came across them engaged hunting elephants, and, not having yet made their personal acquaintance, for want of another appellation, nicknamed them *aba-kwa-Ndlovana* (They of the Little Elephant). Closer intercourse, however, revealed the fact that they were poor plundered vagrants, recently ejected from their comfortable homes still farther up stream by still other new arrivals, named **Vilana** and **Mpukunyoni** (112). Tidings of 'comfortable homes' in the neighbourhood was decidedly interesting to the Mngómezulu party; and, having duly received the poor Tábeté vagrants into the bosom of their family, proceeded with them to a personal inspection. And indeed it proved to be as said. The residences looked very handsome and the grounds very charming and the present Vilana and Mpukunyoni occupants very lamb-like. So the Mngómezulu wolf assumed its most impressive snarl and demanded of these ovine spoliators, How dare they rob the poor little Tábetés of their cosy fold? The Vilanas capitulated without a bleat, and were immediately absorbed within the Mngómezulu tribal paunch. The Mpukunyonis, on the other hand, stampeded headlong through the back door and over the horizon, down south. The Mngómezulus thereupon assumed possession of the premises; and the premises comprised so much of the Ngwávuma valley as stretched from the ūBombó hills to Tábetéland.

About the year 1816-17 a small party, calling themselves Myeni folk and headed by Messrs. Duma and Magúma, appeared at the Mngómezulu gate and begged admittance. They declared they had been unjustly evicted from their homes near the lower Mfolozi by a hard-hearted landlord named Soshangane, of ēTshaneni Mount (338). Zondiwe, always willing to augment his numbers, never drove a beggar from his door, and he at once

granted the strangers a free site on the ūBombó hills on the northern side of the Ngwávuma.

The general political upheaval down south in Shakan times did not fail to make itself felt even in Mngómezululand. Horde after horde of fugitives, led by Soshangane, by Zwangendaba, by Nxaba, passed along by or through their country on their way to the north. True, Zondiwe and his people usually managed to enrich themselves with considerable loot in the shape of cattle skilfully hooked as the fugitive droves passed along the ūBombó—one memorable occasion was when they quietly relieved Soshangane of a large bunch of cows which he, as cunningly, had picked up as he passed through Nyawoland. All the same, the migrations themselves were decidedly disquieting, and the prospect of pursuing Zulu armies lay on Zondiwe's chest like an awful incubus and impressed upon him the wisdom of the ancient precept, 'Go thou and do likewise.' He accordingly (*c.* 1820-23) girded his loins, took to him his young son, Lubelo, and called upon his people to 'Go.' They either joined themselves on to the tail of one or other of the aforesaid migrating parties, or set forth on their own account, and, it is said, eventually found themselves next-door neighbours of the fugitive Zwide, the Ndwandwe chief, in the region of the enKomazana river away north. There in exile Zondiwe very soon lost heart and gave up the ghost.

Most of the Mngómezulu folk, however, had loved more their fatherland than their king, and had remained where they were, under the care of Zondiwe's brother, Msuduka. Then, away in foreign lands, Zondiwe died and left no heir behind. But he left the next best thing, some wives, with the help of one of whom Msuduka had soon produced an heir on his brother's behalf, to wit, Lubelo.

In due course, Msuduka was relieved of his regency by death (*c.* 1850), and Lubelo, now some 30 years of age, came into his own as his father's successor. One of his first state acts was to fall out with his Myeni subjects, whom he drove off, with Mdolombá at their head, over the Mkúze into Mpande's Zululand (339).

Lubelo next turned his attention to the Maténjwa people, who had adjoined the Myenis on their northern flank. He experienced little difficulty in forcing many of these likewise to execute a hurried march southwards, where they too sought and obtained sanctuary with Mpande (340).

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

Ntini, the neighbouring Gúmbi 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 Sambáne, the Nyawo chief and suzerain of Ntini, rise up in his ire on his southern flank, and simultaneously the Maténjwa remnant on his northern. Between the two he found himself so disagreeably squeezed, that he clambered forthwith on to a Whiteman's wagon lying handy by and, amidst a fury of howls and cracking of whips, rolled away over the veld into the Swazi domain, hoping somehow, somewhere, to emerge in Whiteman's sanctuary. But Mswazi, the Swazi fighting-king, was on the alert, and had his *iziNyati* regiment nicely posted out of sight on the path. Right into their outstretched arms Lubelo rushed and was extinguished there and then, though his would-be Whiteman saviour was spared. As for his people left behind in the lurch, they dived at once out of sight into the bush, and thus largely saved their skins.

Lubelo's son, Mbikiza, after his father's death, deemed it expedient to give the infuriated Nyawo chief a wide berth. He accordingly sought asylum among the Swazis, from whom, when the storm was spent, he ultimately returned and assumed command of the Mngómezulu ship of state.

Here is the pedigree :—



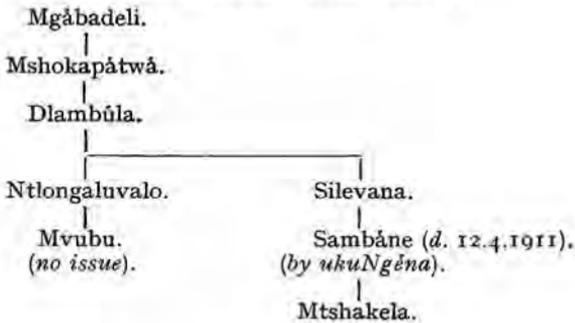
We can make facts fit in with dates only by assuming that Mafú must have survived well into the 1780's, and that the reigns of his successors, Malinga and Dlakadla, became proportionately shortened.

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 ūBombó hills, midway between the Póngolo and Ngwávuma rivers. There, in the Hlatikúlu forest, the fugitive king found sanctuary—for a time; then succumbed to the common fate of kings (325).

These **aba-kwa-Nyawo** (People of Nyawo), like the rest in their vicinity, came down from some unknown district inland. It is described as having been 'under the Drakensberg,' which means, we think, somewhere in the hill country on the western side of Swaziland. Like many other small clans in this latter country, the Nyawos too are of Ntungwa-Ngúni origin, though nowadays, like the former, considerably 'Swazi-ized.'

Their country, as said, lay and still lies along the ūBombó hills betwixt the Póngolo and the Ngwávuma rivers. They were by nature disposed rather to the arts of peace than to those of war; and well was it for them that they escaped the attention of Shaka and the early Zulu kings.

Yet, when need arose, with better measured foes they were quite prepared to enter the lists bravely and shiver a lance, as the quite triumphant expedition led by Sambáne against Lubelo and his practised Mngómezulus doth attest. The sequel alas! of that brilliant exploit was sadly disappointing. For the forlorn Mngómezulus, after Lubelo's death, appealed for succour to Zibébú, son of Mapítá, dwelling over the near Zulu border; and when Zibébú arrived in force to avenge the royal dead, Sambáne and his warriors preferred the security of their inaccessible mountain and forest fastnesses to the risks of an open contest; so that Zibébú, 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 to-day, there where it has dwelt throughout the whole length of the historical period, on the ūBombó hills, where its old and wearied chief, Sambáne, son of Ntlongaluvalo, of Dlambúla, of Mshokapátwá, of Mgábadeli (all alike buried within the Hlatikúlu forest), so recently as 1911 gave up his spirit to his fathers and 'went home.' Ntlongaluvalo had died young, leaving but one son, Mvubu, who likewise died while still a boy. But Ntlongaluvalo's brother, Silevana, hurried to the rescue. He took to wife (by *ukuNgéna*) his brother's widow (mother of the dead boy), and raised up for him another son to assume his rank and office. This was Sambáne.



¹ Kay, *T.C.*, 409.

CHAPTER 37

SOME SWAZI RELATIONS IN NATAL

THE other day, the French town of Angers opened a lottery of 25,000 francs for entry by such of its inhabitants as, having two children, should increase their number to three during the year 1926. What a topsy-turvy world this is; for, with the Zulu, the difficulty used to be the other way about. With him abnormally large families were a reproach, a reflection on the proprieties. To say of one that 'he has borne a white-ant-swarm, has bred like a precipice-mouse' (*u-zale isi-hlwa, u-zalise okwem-puku yesi-wa*), was the height of vulgar abuse. We fear it must have been a common saying in regard to the Dlamini family.

If one look back at the genealogical table on p. 314, one will find a certain Dlamini, the first of the name, living somewhere about the commencement of the fifteen hundreds. This gentleman seems to have been answerable for much; for besides having planted humanity all over Swaziland and northern Zululand, he also littered the whole of northern Natal with his progeny.

We have already (313) sketched the origin of the **eMbó-Ngúnis**, how the larger half of them broke off independently as **Dlamini Ngúnis**, and how of these latter a party strolled round the uplands of Zululand and, after dropping the great-ancestor of the **emaHlutshini** folk, crossed over the Mzinyati into upper Natal, and there, as time progressed, became the **emaBéleni**, the **Dlamini** (*ekuNene, emaKúzeni* and *enTlangwini*) and the **eMbó** (or *Mkize*) clans.

Scattered about in small sub-clans in the country encircled by the eastern Biggarsberg, the Klip river and the Túkela, dwelt the Dlamini Nguni **emaBéleni**, related, on the one side **emaBéleni** (and more closely), to the **emaHlutshini** on the upper Mzinyati, and on the other (and more remotely), to the Dlamini along their southern border. There was the **aba-kwa-Ntshangase** sub-clan, ruled by Hlati; the **aba-kwa-Ntuli**, between the **eLenge** and the Biggarsberg, under Mahlapáhlapá—of whom we have already spoken (58); the **aba-kwa-Memela** (subject to the **emaBéleni** paramountcy, but of foreign origin), ruled by Mdingi, along the Sunday's river; and others under Zingelwako, Jojo, Mabúngane, Shuku and Maliwa. Over all these Qunta, son of Dlomo, of Dibandlela, of Mambá, of Kuboni, of Mafú, of Langa (*d.* 1712), was paramount. A long list of names sometimes placed beyond Langa and leading up finally to one called Diwu, is hardly reliable. It is interesting to note that, worked out according to our usual estimate of eighteen years to a reign, this Langa must have been practically contemporary with the Langa of the Swazis (*d.* 1707) and him of the Mkizes (*d.* 1670—see Table, p. 314), and so all three may have been the same individual.

Dwelling in a district abounding in ironstone, we are not surprised to hear that the forte of these **emaBéle** was the iron-smelting trade, nowadays an entirely vanished art.

We have already described how, about the year 1818, Matiwane and his horde of **emaNgwáneni**, on their flight down from Hlubiland to Champagne Castle (on the Drakensberg), fought their way ferociously through the whole breadth of Béleland (139). That sanguinary invasion drove from its homeland the whole of the Béle tribe, save only the Memela foreigners, who still held on awhile. With most of their chiefs and most of their people they fled away south, over the Túkela, over the upper Mkómazi and so ever forward till they had passed beyond the last of the clans and found themselves in No-Man's-Land, over the middle Mzimkúlu.

Yet not all went south. Numerous waifs and strays, families as well as individuals, were left behind, aimlessly, lawlessly, wandering about within the fifty miles of wilderness between the Biggarsberg and the Klip river, hoping in the crannies and caves of their mountains and kloofs to elude the gory grasp of Matiwane and survive till better days. True, they had one or more of their chiefs among them, as Mahlapáhlapá; but the mere presence of these, without their protection, was of small consolation and avail. Matiwane and his rabble had reached the end of their march and had come to stay. Too soon did Béle chiefs and people alike discover that for the one sharp pang of the assegai had been substituted the more lingering tortures of starvation.

To have rebuilt their homes and re-sown their fields would have been but to draw the enemy upon them. 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 live now he only could by sacrificing his brother man. Now at last must he close his eyes and resolutely wring from his breast all that is there 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.

The cannibal stronghold on the ēLenge hill (Job's Kop), near the lower Waschbank river, became the most shunned and perilous spot in all Natal for any solitary traveller to approach. When Macingwane, the famous, now the fugitive, chief of the great emaCúnwini tribe, on his return flight from the south was so ill-starred as to pass within its neighbourhood, straight into the cooking-pots of the emaBēleni he went. And when their own respected chief, Mahlapáhlapá, died, or was slaughtered to furnish a special banquet *de luxe*, he too was tenderly buried, not in the bowels of the earth, but in those of his loving subjects.

We think Matiwane alone was not responsible for this demoralization of the Bēle people. We believe there is evidence that cannibalism was more or less prevalent in this region of upper Natal and the Drakensberg even prior to Matiwane's coming. Though this latter event no doubt aggravated the evil, the *causa causans* of the then widespread anthropophagous habit was, we think, starvation (see *fn.* p. 248).

While still located in the country south of the present Mzi-mkúlu bridge, Qunta crossed the bar. After the corpse had been properly dried, the royal mummy was consigned to a tiny chamber dug in the earth with a little pyramid of rough stones or soil raised above it. This drying of the royal corpse before burial was almost universal among the Bantu, and the object of it was no doubt to foil the wizards, royal 'fat' and such like being with them in great request. In some tribes (as with the Zulus) the drying process was carried out by simply leaving the corpse, bound up in hides, lying in the hut for a sufficiently long time; in others, by laying the bundle on a framework over the fire inside the hut, till it became sufficiently baked; in others again, by the

more salubrious method of placing the body beyond nose-range up a tree, where sun and wind might do the embalming. It were perfectly reasonable to suppose that the Ancient Egyptian custom of embalming the corpses of the great and then of placing the mummy in a subterranean vault beneath a pyramid was primarily derived from this essentially Negro mode of burial.

Soon after Qunta's death, the tribe shifted camp and appeared on the upper Mzimvubu river, where the Têmbús under Ngúbencuka, hearing of their coming, marched up from the south in battle array and wrought wholesale slaughter among them. The strong arm and influence of a paramount chief no longer existing, the Béles lost cohesion and split asunder into divers fragments, scattering themselves in every direction. About this same period, a party of Hlubis, accompanied by Mehlomakúlu and Mhlambiso, and likewise driven south by Matiwane (154), appeared in East Griqualand—they may have been there already—and many of the Béles, much rejoiced to meet with old friends in common troubles, amalgamated with them. Attacked by Madikane, some trekked away down to the opposition chief, Híntsa, of the Gcaleka Xózas; and later on secured from the British Government a grant of land in the Herschel district of the Cape. Others of the Béles sought protection under Fáku, the Mpondo chief near by.

The Fingo (*amaMfengu*) population of the Transkei have good reason to hold Mabandla, Qunta's heir, in ever grateful memory. He was domiciled in the Butterworth district when, in April, 1835, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, Governor of the Cape, arrived there to settle matters with Híntsa, the Gcaleka chief. In association with Njokweni, son of Mháwu, of Hénqwa, he tendered a petition to the Governor to release the Fingos from Xóza thralldom by accepting them as British subjects. That petition was granted on the spot, and the whole Fingo population of Xózaland became immediately emancipated. In later times, Mabandla came to anchor near Qumbú village, where his son, Mbóvane, succeeded him as Béle paramount, though shorn of the ancient glory.

Mabandla's brother, Ndombá, on the other hand, hearing that the Dutch were already in occupation of Natal, became suddenly stricken with a bad attack of homesickness. Arriving there, he found that Matiwane and all his herd had vanished long years before, and the country now was large Boer farms. He subsequently enlisted in Her Majesty's Police Force at Ladysmith, where, as became a prince of the blood royal, he was soon elevated to the high office of court-headman and finally, in 1855, was appointed chief over a Native location thereabout. Thus was it that the Qunta dynasty became revived once more in the ancient homeland under Letters Patent of the Queen of England.

Dlokwaké was Ndombá's heir, who, dying childless, let the sceptre fall into the hands of his younger brother, Noxaka.

Another Béle party who returned to Natal about the same time as Ndombá, feeling no symptoms of homesickness, elected to remain nearer the coast on the Mzumbê river, under the governance of Tamuzele.

For the emaBéleni *Genealogical Table* see under emaZizini, p. 354.

As we said, the **aba-kwa-Memela** clan, though subject to Qunta while living on the Sunday's river, had refrained from accompanying him on his flight to the south. As it **Memela** turned out, it was merely a postponement of the journey.

These Memelas were not of eMbó-Ngúni extraction. They were not Dlaminis, nor related to the emaBéleni. A certain Memela, a Sutú of the *amaHawuwa* tribe (of the *baPedi* group), had two sons, of whom the one, named Ngúlosigwévu, migrated into Natal and subjected himself to the Kuboni petty chief (of the emaBéleni tribe); and the other went away north. Ngúlosigwévu was succeeded in the family by his heir, Ngwévezana. That is one tale. Another is that the Memelas originated from Ngwékazi, son of Kóndlo, son of Msizi. Somebody may perhaps find a way of linking the two tales together. Whoever the tribal founder may have been, he is said to have come from a place called Nkubanyoni, and that place, curious to relate is said to be in 'Zululand.' The eastern or north-eastern Transvaal were more likely.

Hunted away from the exposed plains of the central plateau, the yellow-skinned Bushmen had at this period largely withdrawn to the unfrequented heights of the Drakensberg. This closer acquaintance was already rapidly breaking down, among the Bantu tribes located near those mountains in upper Natal, their usual racial prejudice against Bushmen intermarriage. Numerous individuals among the Zizis, the Ncamus, the Bomvus and others had succumbed to a natural impulse stronger than any social tabu. Even royalties were not proof against so human a weakness and so a certain Gambú chief yclept Msutú—these **aba-kwa-Gambú** were a sub-clan of the Memelas, though others affirm that they were Ntungwa-Ngúnis merely subject to them—having become possessed, most probably by capture, of such a tiny lady christened her Mdlle. Mtwákazi (Miss Pigmy-She), then married her, thus instilling Bushman blood into the veins of his royal offspring.

Three years after the emaBéleni had abandoned their home

land for the south and the Memelas had been left behind, these latter discovered that they had made a mistake. One season after the other, they had witnessed a flight *en masse*, first, of the Tembús, then of the Cúnus, and had seen the trail of horrors that these migrations meant, till they and every clan about them had sunk into a chronic state of panic. Precisely what terrific convulsion away north had set in motion all this sanguinary turmoil they hardly knew; but the apprehension had now become general throughout the region that to remain where they were, when all the buffer-states had fled, was no longer safe. So, as we shall see later on, a number of the local clans, each too small and weak to act alone, joined together in one confederacy, and, as Ngóza and Macingwane before them, fought their united way to the south.

At that time the Memela clan was ruled by Mdingi, son of Langa, of Nteté, of Ngwévezana, of Mcombó, of Matángabomvu. Along with the neighbouring enTlangwini clan (of the Dlamini tribe), he too joined the confederacy and moved off with them on his great adventure, particulars of which are given elsewhere (377, 387). With him went also the **aba-kwa-Dladla** section of the emaMbátèni (253), who, previously subjects of Ngóza, had remained behind when the Tembús left, and allied themselves with the Memelas.

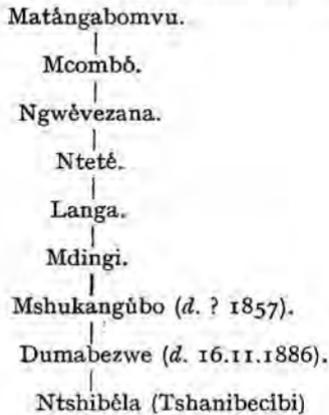
Mdingi's great adventure led him straight into a most furious hornet's nest, from which, after nine years of frantic lashing out on every side, he could rid himself and the remnant of his clan only by an ignominious flight back to Natal. He plunged through the Mzinkúlu, the Mzumbé and half a dozen other rivers, till at length he struck a cozy nook down by the mouth of the Mkómazi. There, at a place called kwaMagáye, he built himself a peaceful home and ere long died quietly on his mat.

Mshukangúbo was Mdingi's heir. He too dwelt thereabouts by a stream named enGúdwini (a sub-tributary of the Mkómazi). He contributed a small chapter to history in the year 1857, and the chapter was entitled, as usual, *Cherchez la femme*. The loan of a piece of bead-work to her sweetheart by some innocent girl set certain youths at loggerheads; then at broken heads. Being of different clans, tribal sympathies were aroused, and then tribal fights. This brought the respective chiefs into conflict, Mshukangúbo championing the Memela cause and Sidoyi, son of Baleni, that of the enTlangwini. One day Mshukangúbo was indiscreet enough, within somebody's hearing, to describe the enTlangwini as 'a cross-grained lot, a mere bundle of bull-rushes.' This simple observation reaching the ears of Sidoyi, and he a notoriously rash and irascible being, in a tremendous state of wrath he

immediately collected his troops and marched on the Great Place of the Memelas. These were not taken by surprise, but rather welcomed the prospective fun. "Come along," they shouted to the approaching enTlangwini; "come along! here are your ancestors, Góbingca and Fódo [i.e. their departed spirits], awaiting you" [i.e. come to take you also into Kingdom Come]. Then the clash came, and things began to look very gloomy for the Memelas, who were appreciably fewer in numbers than their adversaries. Seeing that, under these circumstances, to fight in 'extended order' was to court disaster, the Memela general bethought himself of 'mass formation.' With shields overlapping, in one long line, the Memelas charged down on the disordered foe and entirely routed them. But their chief, Mshukangúbo, had fallen at the hand of Bóvungane, son of Bono.

From the Black chiefs, the matter now passed into the hands of the White. Sir Theophilus Shepstone, representing the British Lion in Maritzburg, mustered the warriors of his *umTintandaba* tribe under the generalship of Mfulatélwa, son of Ludaba (of the Majozi clan) and proceeded in force to the headquarters of Sidoyi. Quite naturally, when they arrived there, the bird had flown. As a matter of fact, the bird was comfortably perched within the blackness of a cave near by, named emHónqweni (by the Mkómazi), viewing with some amusement their chagrin. It was not difficult for Sidoyi and his party to steal forth from the cave overnight, but it was not nearly so easy to steal unobserved through the breadth of the Báca country, which lay athwart the path they had decided on, to the south; for this tribal olla podrida termed the **amaBáca** (an accumulation of fugitives from most of the southern clans of Natal) was none other than the old enTlangwini enemy, the people of Madikane, who at this time were settled along the northern banks of the middle Mzimkúlu. And, as a matter of fact, Sidoyi and company did not get through unobserved, and they were only saved from destruction by the timely appearance and aid of a party of mounted Griquas. From that moment Sidoyi had transferred his allegiance from the British to the Griquas. Crossing the Mzimkúlu with these latter, he passed beyond the limit of British jurisdiction and into the Griqua domain. In the vicinity of Kokstad he was allotted a comfortable location for his people. There he died, and left his son, Pátá, in charge of this particular section of the enTlangwini clan.

Of Mshukangúbo, Dumabezwe was the heir; and when he died, he left a minor son, Ntshibéla (alias Tshanibecibi), for whom a certain Mjila (a commoner of the Memela clan) was appointed by the Government to act as regent.



Amidst that panorama of grandeur and romance which stretches along the face of the Drakensberg from the Mont aux Sources to the Giant's Castle ; that superb picture of craggy fells, **emaZizini** and snow-capped peaks, of emerald glens and crystal brooks, the eMbó-Ngúni **emaZizini**, first cousins of the neighbouring ema-Béleni, under their chiefs, Dweba, Hénqwa, Makáluza, Mkúli and others, flourished in pastoral opulence and tranquillity. They had passed out of Natal, and consequently out of local ken, even prior to Shaka's entry into that country. Little, therefore, is known of their history at this end. They were the first Bantu to occupy the upper part of Natal, and the first to enter also what is now Basutoland—territory which till then had been solely a roaming-ground for Bushmen. At the commencement of the historic period, they had planted themselves about, in divers small clans, from the upper Klip river away over the upper Túkela, as far as the upper Bushman's river.

They called themselves Dlamini ; but there is a tale that that cognomen was, not an inheritance, but a purchased title—like that of many noble knights of British nationality who had made an appropriate contribution to the Party Funds. In this present instance, Dweba was the knight. At a wedding between the Zizis of Dweba and the enTlangwini of Nongcama (descended from Dlamini II., 364, 366), the former had been so much struck by the aristocratic flavour of the *isiTákazelo*, 'Dlamini,' of the latter, that, when they got home, they induced their chieftain, Dweba, to part with a fine ox, wherewith they proposed to buy the right to the title from the owning Ntlangwini chief. There being no precedent in his clan for traffic of this description, Nongcama referred the matter to his superior officer, Ngónyama, paramount

of the Dlamini tribe. To him, as to others in more recent times, this was purely a business proposition, and he gave his subordinate the reply, "By all means! What's in a name? Take the cash." So the Ntlangwini took the fine ox and gave Dweba and Co. the fine name, which they had great pride ever after in flaunting before less-favoured neighbours.

That, as we said, is a tale, in every sense of the word. The truth, however, is more likely that the emaZizini, as well as the emaBéleni, were 'Dlaminis' (that is, were of Dlamini descent) as much as were the Ntlangwini; but they were not descended, as were the latter, from king Dlamini II. The former, along with the Swazis and emaHlutshini, came from a Dlamini much farther back (313). And being Dlaminis, they were also abaMbó.

Of Zisis, as of Béles, Langa was the Moses; he it was who brought them into this Promised Land. Though their respective pedigrees show names much farther back than Langa, yet, generally speaking, Langa is he to whom the pedigree usually mounts and with him ends. He is every time the outstanding personage

| EMAZIZINI. | | EMABÉLENI. | |
|---|---|--|--|
| Natal Zisis. | Sutú Zisis. | Diwu (<i>d.</i> 1604). Béle (<i>d.</i> 1622). Ntshetshe (<i>d.</i> 1640). Mcutshana (<i>d.</i> 1658). Ntsele (<i>d.</i> 1676). Zondi (<i>d.</i> 1694). Langa (<i>d.</i> 1712) | |
| Mtiti (<i>d. c.</i> 1566). Miya (<i>d.</i> 1584). Ncwabe (<i>d.</i> 1602). Dlangati (<i>d.</i> 1620). Ndzaba (<i>d.</i> 1638). Masango (<i>d.</i> 1656). Ngubontse (<i>d.</i> 1674). Mtiti (<i>d.</i> 1692). Dlamini (<i>d.</i> 1710). Tenya (<i>d.</i> 1728). Tshanikuhle (<i>d.</i> 1746). Njokweni (<i>d.</i> 1764). Mhlanushile (<i>d.</i> 1782). Xuza (<i>d.</i> 1800). Hénqwa (<i>d. c.</i> 1818). Mshibe. Njokweni. | <i>baPútl.</i> <i>maPólane.</i> Langa (<i>d.</i> 1704). (<i>paternal side.</i>) (<i>maternal side.</i>) | Mafú (<i>d.</i> 1730). Kuboni (<i>d.</i> 1748). Mambá (<i>d.</i> 1766). Dibandlela (<i>d.</i> 1784). Dlomo (<i>d.</i> 1802). Qunta (<i>d. c.</i> 1820). Mabandla. Ndomba (<i>d.</i> 25.2.1899). Mbóvane. Dlokwaké (<i>d.</i> 20.7.1903). Noxaka (<i>d.</i> 24.10.1918). Gilibete. | |

in all the lists of ancestors. And as, according to our rule of genealogical reckoning, the Langa of the Bêles and the Langa of the Zizis come out as virtually contemporaneous, we conclude that the two were one and the same individual. And opposite is their pedigree, to which has been added that of the most important section of the Zizi tribe which passed on ahead over the Drakensberg. We confine ourselves to the line of descent of the two paramount chiefs, Hênqwa, of the emaZizini, and Qunta, of the emaBêleni tribe, adding that of the famous Moorosi, chief of the **baPúti** 'Sutú' Zizis.

It will be observed that, in the descent of the Zizi chief, Hênqwa, no Langa appears; and yet in the Sutú lines he does appear. This makes us believe either that the entire (Zizi) house of Langa migrated over into Basutoland, or that Dweba, not Hênqwa, was really the paramount chief among the Natal Zizis—as, indeed, some affirm. It is known, however, that Dweba died childless—on that account his ancestry has become lost—and that his line became accordingly extinct. In that way no doubt Hênqwa came to the fore, and his house to be, at the time of the flight to the Cape, the most important in the tribe. The above pedigrees should not be trusted beyond about the year 1700.

That, as we said, was the date of Langa's coming; but where he came from were interesting to know. It was not from the south, nor do we think, from the coast. More likely was it from some locality north of the Mzinyati, the Zizis forming the head of the inland eMbó-Ngúni movement. The Mpondos, who also perhaps belonged to the same Ngúni group, presumably broke off from the parent tribe while it was still in or near Portuguese territory, thence passing down by a coastal route, and entering Pondoland as early as 1550, about the time when, away north, Sihúbu (whom some say was the same as Sidwabelutúli) was reigning (see Table, p. 314). And this last-named chief, we know, has the reputation of having been a tribal Moses, marking one of the periods of tribal migration, and perhaps disruption (316).

Not the Zizis alone was it that thrived in these bracing altitudes of the Drakensberg. To those wild solitudes two fast-dying species of man and beast, the eland and the yellow-skinned Pigmy, had also 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

carcase of one of these led to a family squabble which culminated in the break-up of the tribe.

A certain personage—described in the story as none other than Langa's own father, Dlamini—had the good fortune to procure an eland in the chase. At this his superior lord—though we cannot think who, in these parts, could have been a superior lord to Dlamini or to Langa—grew jealous, and demanded the carcase as very appropriate tribute. Dlamini, conscious of his noble pedigree, resented such presumption and promptly ate up the game himself. The next we hear of him is that—he died; and that thereby his grandson, Titi, suffered such a shock that he deemed it advisable at once to sever his allegiance and, with goods and chattels, to depart and, over the Drakensberg, set up an independent kingdom of his own.

Titi was led to conceive this venturesome plan by the fact that others of his clansmen had already done the same before him. The first of the Zizis to migrate into Trans-Drakensbergia was, thinks Ellenberger,¹ the family of Matshekane, from whom was bred the later 'Sutú' **maPéhla** clan. They were soon followed by a second party, comprising the families of Mafú and Ndlovu. All together called themselves 'the Family of Langa' (*aba-ka-Langa*), from which we infer that, not only Mafú, but also Ndlovu was a son (or brother) of Langa. The Mafú people subsequently developed into the 'Sutú' **maPólane** clan, and the Ndlovus, we opine, into those **ba-ha-Thlovu** (Z. **aba-kwa-Ndlovu**) whom one meets with sporadically throughout both Sutúland and Natal. The 'Sutú' *ba-ha-Thlovu*, however, must be distinguished from the **baTlou** (= Z. 'abaNdlovu') branch of the *baRolong*, a purely Sutú tribe.

Finally, occurred the squabble over the eland and the consequent climb over the Drakensberg into the Free State (c. 1715) of Titi, with another batch of his father, Langa's people. These in course of time grew into the 'Sutú' **baPúti** tribe, of which the celebrated Moorosi was the last great scion.

At the time these Zizi offshoots clambered over the Drakensberg out of Natal into the Orange Free State, though they found nobody yet (save Bushmen) in occupation of Basutoland, yet in parts of the Free State were already scattered small parties of **baFukeng**. But these **baFukeng** were no more 'Sutús' than were the Zizis themselves soon to become. They were Sutúized *baKoni* (Z. *abaNgúni*), and were therefore distantly related alike to Zizis and Zulus. The true Sutús first entered the Free State region *circa* 1700, not long prior to the arrival of the Titi Zizis, who found the **maPúting** (branch of the Sutú **baKhatla**) already established along the Wilge river. And these parent **baKhatla**

themselves, when, in still more ancient times, they had first entered the Transvaal and arrived at the Thaba Mohâle (Magaliesberg), they found the baKoni *baFukeng* already there before them.²

The Titi-ites of Langa, when they migrated over the Berg, set out from a little hill near the upper Bushman's river named eSandluluba; and that little hill marked the centre of what was afterwards Dweba's little kingdom—Dweba, son of Gwili, who was so proud to have been knighted by the neighbouring Ntlangwini chief, 'Sir Dlamini' (354). The only celebrity to which this noble knight attained was that of being—a common failing with noble knights—an unconscionable simpleton, playing with the children and asking idiotic questions, like an overgrown babe. No wonder he died without offspring, and so allowed the tribal crown to pass out of the hands of the house of Langa (to which, we think, he must have belonged) into those of Hênqwa, head of a collateral branch of the family.

Both Dweba and Hênqwa died while the tribe was still in Natal, Dweba apparently at the Sandluluba hill, Hênqwa, it is said, at Helpmakaar; but this latter must be an error, Helpmakaar being far away, near the Mzinyati river, and outside of the Zizi country. The tradition, however, is interesting; for maybe it marks the locality from which Hênqwa's Zizis originally came. The honour of burying the great chief devolved upon that section of his tribe called the **aba-kwa-Madiba**, who thereafter became dubbed the **aba-kwa-Magqiba** (the People of Mr. Sexton, from *Z. gqiba*, bury). The **aba-kwa-Miya**, too, were another section of Hênqwa's people, equally expert as undertakers; but their habit was to deposit the corpses within themselves, for, as Ellenberger notes,³ they were 'blood-thirsty man-eaters.'

No sooner had the great tribal chiefs been safely deposited in their graves than (as is usual when great chiefs die) something alarming happened—the roving horde of emaNgwâneni, led by Matiwane, swept suddenly down on Ziziland. 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 emaBêleni, were already wending their way before them.

Skirting the foothills of the Drakensberg, they ultimately reached the region of the upper Mkómazi and entered the domain of a gloomy-looking monarch yclept king Shadow, alias Túnzi, son of Mbóngwe. Pompously holding up two gloved hands, he bade the truants go back to school. The truants thereupon tucked up their sleeves for action; and the next scene discloses king Shadow and all his

emaTolweni
(Z. ema-
Zolweni)

family scurrying like a black cloud over the face of the land seawards, towards the mouth of the Mzimkúlu.

Down there, in later years, king Shadow found himself in congenial company—none other than his own cousin, king Lion, otherwise Ngónyama, son of Nganyaza, of Ndlebe, and in a like predicament. He too had once been lord of the manor farther up the Drakensberg, along the upper Bushman's river, till, one evil day, only a short time back, the amaBéle of Qunta and others (themselves urged on by the prods of Matiwane behind them) had rushed down on his little flock and chased it before them, until the whole confused crowd was held up by the Mzimvubu. There they allied themselves with the Bâcas under Madikane and, with these latter, later returned to the Mzimkúlu.

No doubt the two cousins, Túnzi and Ngónyama, heard a good deal of each other down south, but whether they actually joined hands and amalgamated forces is not certain. What is certain is that both sections of the tribe had to endure down there many miserable years of warfare and homeless wandering. The amaTolo of Ngónyama, recognizing that strength was in union, allied themselves, under Dingindlela, Ngónyama's son, with the enTlangwini of Baleni. At last, wearied and worn by long years of bloodshed and destitution, this section of the amaTolo, or such as remained of them, returned in Dingane's time, and in company with the Ntlangwini (led by Baleni's son, Sidoyi), to Natal and settled with the latter in the country between the sources of the Lufafa river and the Pólela.

A goodly fraction, however, of these Tolos had remained on the Mzimvubu, and were in recent years still there, under Mlowe.

These **emaTolweni** (Z. **emaZolweni**) were of Dlamini extraction and nearly related to the emaZizini. Like the latter, their relations with the Bushmen of the Drakensberg were rather intimate, and perhaps the fact that in Bushman parlance 'Tolo' generically signified any and every 'Coastal Ngúni,' may have had something to do with this clan's name (*amaTolo*). Their great ancestor was one Dlangamandla (He-who-eats-mightily). They acquired considerable fame as rain-doctors; but this renown was largely due to the pluvial miracles wrought by a member of the tribe named Gása, who, resident at the ēQúdeni forest north of the Túkela, was always open to receive a small herd of black kine from Shaka, and then, watching for the condensation of moisture over the forest, to predict and 'produce' rain to Shaka's order. His thunder is said to have been terrific!

Having satisfactorily dealt with the obstructing emaTolweni, the Zizi host passed on—and was lost! We hear nothing of their route, their objective, their wanderings, their tribal vicissitudes

ever again. Both their great chiefs, Dweba and Hênqwa, being recently dead, their younger successors, lacking both the dignity of age and the wisdom of experience, failed to win the confidence of the tribe, and it fell to pieces. Its members gradually dropped away, dispersing themselves as subjects or menials—*amaMfengu*, as they were called—among the Mpondos, Xózas and Témბús of the Cape. Sixteen or seventeen years later, however, Njokweni, son of Mshibe and grandson of Hênqwa, reappeared on the political stage and, from 1835 to 1846, along with the Bêle chiefs, Mabandla of Qunta and Nkwenkwezi of Mbângambi (Qunta's brother), performed meritorious and effective services on behalf of the emancipation of the Fingos.

Of the fortunes of those Zizis who betook themselves over the Drakensberg (356) into Sutúland we are much better informed.⁴ 'Those who dance last,' says the Zulu, 'are the most (longest) admired,' and so we shall confine our attention here to the party that went last, viz. that of Titi, which afterwards grew into the 'Sutú' *baPúti* clan and supplied the principal actors in that Diverting Farce of the Moorosi Campaign.

After the Titi Zizis had remained for half a century in peaceful love-making with the Sutú *maPúting* on the banks of the Wilge river, the essential quarrel arose—as usual, over an eland carcass—and the Titi-ites struck camp and marched south to explore the Caledon river. There, in process of time, Titi's great-great-grandson, Tibela (*d. c.* 1794), begat several sons, of whom the greatest was Maswabi, his heir, and the youngest, Mokhwebi. We shall attach ourselves to the latter or minor branch of the *baPúti* family. Mokhwebi died, and his son and heir, begotten of Ngwanamokone, daughter of the *baFukeng*, was named Mokuwane. Mayidi, daughter of the *maPolane* chief, Tsosane, was the girl of Mokuwane's heart, and in due season bore to him a child, Moorosi. It is whispered that the pretty Mayidi was a Bushman mulattress, and Moorosi a Bushman quadroon. But that did not alter his destiny to become the hero of a whole chapter of South African history.

Moorosi had already made his *début* as a warrior and won his spurs in a tournament with Sir George Cathcart, when that general had presumed to invade Sutú territory in 1852. And now in 1879 he was about to defy and outwit the ablest military geniuses of the whole Cape Colonial army.

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

Now, Moorosi 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 youths 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 an 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 Moorosi to demand the surrender of Dodo forthwith. Without any doubt the unsophisticated savage potentate quailed tremulously 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 seemingly Moorosi 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 Moorosi. Arrived at Moorosi's camp, the British Lion was received by a bevy of ancient females, who evinced considerable surprise at his coming, and knew nothing whatever of any ultimatum and still less of Moorosi!

As a matter of fact, Moorosi *was* still considering the matter, in an almost impregnable stronghold twenty miles away, overlooking the Orange river, to which he and his whole people had quietly retired, while his guards were dozing. The flat, grass-covered top of this precipitous mountain was liberally furnished with perennial springs, 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 trusty braves, all armed with guns, and dwelling in the congenial company of all the brides of the clan, together with their children. Moorosi felt very comfortable. Obviously the British generals had been sadly hoodwinked by the astuteness of this simple savage.

A stitch in time saves nine, says the homely proverb. So,

* So spelt in some European documents; in others, Doda—see Lagden, *B.*, II., 485. For the general account, see Moodie, *B.S.A.*, II., 183-207.

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 Moorosi and his compatriots were complacently regaling themselves with *utshwala* 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 duly off 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 Pütis, 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 singly; 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 reorganization. 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 colds of winter combining to render continued operations difficult, a large number of the besieging force, having accomplished nothing, were glad to be returned home. Further, the enemy might be very wisely 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, yclept 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 lofty 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 Capetown, where it was said—with what truth we know not—to have done good service, throughout a period of seventy 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 wouldn't work—unless, indeed, to the mortal peril of any such artillerymen as were foolish enough to remain in its vicinity when fired. But the inventive geniuses of the army, putting their heads and hands 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 expedient 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 Moorosi, 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 Moorosi's stronghold was inaugurated by a prelude of 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 a pitchy 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. Springer 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 amongst the attackers.

This 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 or the swirling Orange river below. Moorosi was discovered and slain in a cave; but Dodo had vanished, and may even yet not be extinct.

At 5.30 a.m. Moorosi'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.

All the pastoral highlands from beyond the Mooi river to the northern Drakensberg mountains, constituting the upper district of Natal, were, in Senzangakóna's time, but sparsely populated by the eMbó-Ngúni Bantu. Each of the tribes then in possession—the emaBéleni and emaZizini, of whom we have already spoken, and the Dlamini, of whom we shall speak now—had appropriated to itself a piece of territory

of quite disproportionate magnitude, over which it scattered itself in tiny clans.

The **aba-kwa-Dlamini** tribe, in four principal branches, each consisting of several clans and sub-clans, had at the time mentioned already annexed for itself the whole mid-Túkela region (above the great bend) on both sides of the river, and had distributed itself over all the territory embraced within the triangle of which roughly, the eLenge hill (Jobe's Kop), the Doorn Kop and the junction of the Mzinyati and Túkela rivers form the three corners.

The Dlaminis belonged to the eMbó-Ngúni group of Bantu, like the Zisis and Béles just described. The difference between them was that, whereas the Béles and Zisis were members of the Hlubi division of that group, the division to which the Dlaminis pertained was that which comprised the Ngwánes (of Swaziland), the Ndwandwes and Mtóngas (of northern Zululand) and the Mkizes (on the Túkela). Indeed, in comparatively recent times, all the last-mentioned peoples had constituted but one single tribe; and that tribe was the original Dlamini tribe, of which these modern tribes are the fragments. This is proven by the fact that the cognomen 'Dlamini' is common to all of them together. If you turn to the table (314) showing the pedigree of the Ngwánes of Swaziland, you will find two Dlaminis mentioned in the list of kings. It is the first or oldest of these (labelled Dlamini I., *d.* 1527) who, we think, may have been the founder of this original parent stem.

The particular fragment of the tribe we are now considering, as dwelling on the mid-Túkela, was 'Dlamini' in a double sense. It was not only descended, in the more remote sense, from the original Dlamini I. just mentioned, but it was descended also, in a more special manner, from another king Dlamini of its own, of much more recent date (*d.* 1730), and it is after him, and not the original Dlamini that it now calls itself. It thus formed a younger 'Dlamini' clan within the older 'Dlamini' tribe.

Leaving their relatives, the Ndwandwes, Ngwánes and Mtóngas, behind in northern Zululand, the 'younger Dlamini' branch of the tribe wended its way inland to the eNgóme neighbourhood, where it sojourned a while (*c.* 1700). Thence proceeding on its way, it encountered a dense patch of thorn-jungle through which it had to hack its way. The particular branch of the family to whom fell the doubtful honour of cutting a path, afterwards grew into the small **aba-kwa-Nyide** sub-clan.

Whether this younger Dlamini 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

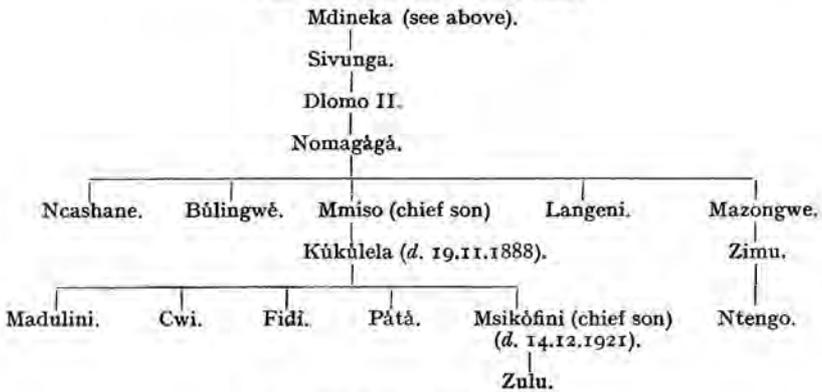
(said he) had flaunted the regally-sounding title of Lusiba-lukúlu (He of the Long Feather), and was, moreover, the son of Domo, son of Ntlontlonde, son of Lubiyele, son of Lolwa, son of Loko-wáko, son of Siqongweni, son of Nomagwála, son of Kutá, son Mnyambáne.

Now, calculating from the present tribal chief backwards to the last-named ancestor, with an average (according to our rule for these Bantu sovereigns) of eighteen years to each chieftain's reign, we find that Mnyambáne 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, Mnyambáne (from whom, not only the local Dlamini's, 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. Was he perchance named after the place; and does the place mark the spot whence the wandering eMbó-Ngúnis descended to the Nkomati?

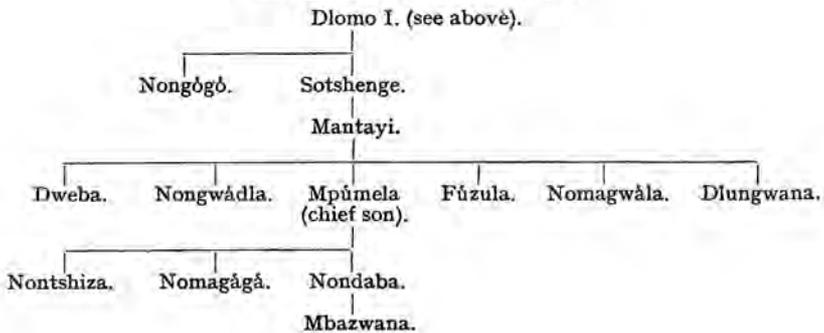
Although perfectly aware that these eMbó-Ngúnis (like the Sutús) are reported to have cultivated a veritable mania for lengthy genealogies, and although granting that the afore-given series of names may be a true list of Dlamini's more famous forebears (including divers uncles, grand-uncles and other 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 the memory for preserving their historical data, could have maintained intact a continuous succession of names reaching so far back as the commencement of the sixteenth 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 (first-born), Buhlalubude (chief heir), Dlomo and Makáta (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.

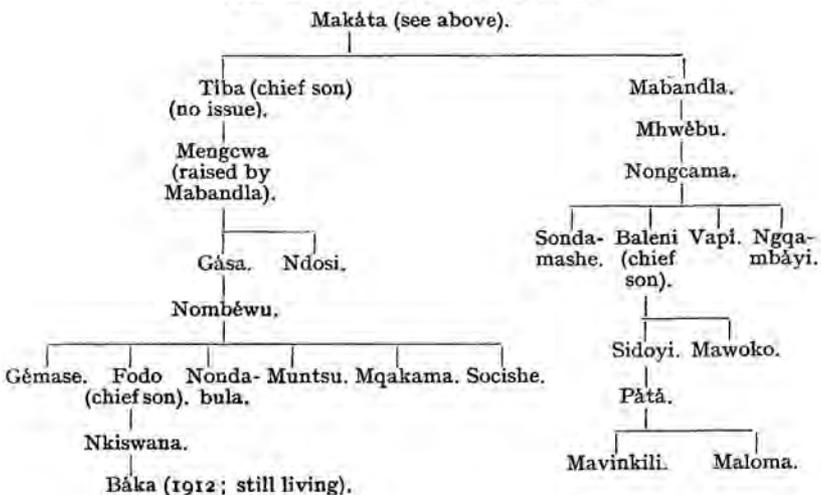
The **EMAKÜZENI** Sub-clan.



The **ESIPÁHLENI** Sub-clan.



The **ENTLANGWINI** Sub-clan.



Buhlalubude (ruling c. 1730-48) begat Meyiwa, father of Mdlovu, father of Mzabane, father of Ngónyama (the which was chief at the inception of the Shakan upheaval), father of Bidla, 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 hut for the purpose of raising up for the tribe an heir, which indeed was successfully accomplished in the person of Dlangana, father of Sihlangu, till recently 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 *emaKúzeni*, so called after the chief kraal of its founder, Mdineka (first-born of Dlamini), who in turn begat Sivunga, father of Dlomo (the second), father of Nomagágá (ruling when Shaka appeared), father of Mmiso, father of Kúkúlela, father of Msikófini, till recently living.

Another equally well-known branch is that of the *enTlangwini*, likewise so designated after the chief kraal of Dlamini's youngest son, Makáta, father of Tíba, who, however, dying without male issue, his brother, Mabandla, was deputed to 'enter' (*ngéna*), according to Native custom, the surviving widow and thus raise up for the tribe, in his brother's stead, an heir, named Mengcwa, who in turn begat Gása, father of Nombéwu (contemporary of Shaka), father of Fódó, father of Nkiswa, father of Báka, till recently living.

Of these *enTlangwini* there exists moreover a sub-branch. The particular Mabandla aforementioned, after having successfully functionalized 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 rôle of a petty chieftain in his own right, and in due course begat Mhwébu, father of Nongcama, father of Baleni (ruling in Shaka's time), father of Sidoyi, father of Pátá, till recently living.

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

The first intimation received by the Natal tribes of their approaching doom was the invasion (in 1818) of the northern territory, the land of the *emaBéleni* and *emaZizini*, by the fugitive

amaNgwáneni, under their leader, Matiwane. To the neighbouring Dlamini this event had the value merely of a disturbing report, not that of an actual experience, and might easily have been forgotten as a quite casual occurrence. But when, later on in the same year, a party of plundering Zulus came over the Mzinyati and actually attacked Nomagágá, the Kúze chief's kraal one night (204), and immediately following that the whole Tembu tribe invaded the Kúze country and killed their chief (246), the Dlamini began to realize that something really alarming must be happening away to the north. And when, two years later still, the whole might and magnitude of the Zulu army appeared on their borders and routed the Tembús (250), it became obvious to the Dlamini that their own position was no longer safe. So when Ngóza fled away to the south, the Kúzes and ckuNene Dlamini decided to accompany him. The enTlangwini alone elected to remain, hoping that, like all other storms, this too would pass and peaceful times return. We shall soon see how sad a delusion it proved to be.

¹ Ellenberger, *H.B.*, 21.

² *Ibid.*, 219.

³ *Ibid.*, 25, 30.

⁴ *Ibid.*, 21, etc.

CHAPTER 38

MADZIKANE, KING OF THE BACAS

THERE were no amaBáca then (c. 1818); they had not yet been evolved. Madzikane (*Z. Madikane*), however, their king, was already very much alive. But he was king of the Zelemus. And none more redoubtable in all Natal.

These **aba-kwa-Zelemu** people were somewhat of a mystery. There in the midst of Natal Debe-Ngúnis, they proudly claimed to be of Zulu blood and family. The Zulus knew nothing whatever of them. Nor could they themselves, beyond their word, produce any evidence for their claim. That they entered Natal out of what is now Zululand we may readily concede; though their peculiar habits of life and their language would militate even against that admission.

According to their sworn deposition, they are the descendants of Lufúlwenja (Mr. Dog's-stomach). The Zulus, according to theirs, are descended from Lufénulwenja (Mr. Penis-canis), an entirely different person, and different thing. Yet the similarity

of names, to Natalian Natives unfamiliar with the exact designation of the Zulu progenitor, might possibly have suggested the error.

According to their deposition, the Zelemu Lufúlwenja must have died somewhere about the year 1734; but Lufénulwenja of the Zulus must have died almost a century earlier.

The Zelemus, moreover, recognize the Wushes and the Latás as brother-clans; but it has never been heard that either of these claimed relationship with the Zulus.

The first we hear of these proud pretenders to Zulu dignity is that they were in abject hiding in the darkest recesses of the eNkandla forest, in Zululand, northward of the mid-Túkela. Some would place them in the ōNgoye forest, fifty miles away towards the coast; but, for the present, we accept that as an error. They were driven out of their homes and into the particular forest by some hostile, but unnamed, clan; and so great was their dread of being discovered, that they feared even to light a fire to cook the game they caught, and had perforce to eat the meat raw. That was how and when they contracted the omophagous habit peculiar to them—at least that was the story they concocted to clear themselves when reproached by other Natives for their barbarous practice. But they must have remained a long time in that forest for raw-meat eating to have grown into an uncontrollable passion!

Whence they came, on betaking themselves to the forest, they can no longer tell. Nor are they aware that the country of the Zulu clan in those days lay fully thirty miles away from the Nkandla forest with two or three foreign clans in between.

There are members of the clan who actually place the country they came from as 'on the Pǒngolo river, below the Lubombó hills.' And that coming, of course, was long before Shaka's time. But at that period the very existence of a 'Zulu' clan was probably absolutely unknown in the said locality.

It were worthy of note, however, that between the Nyavu (Mdluli) Debe-Ngúnis—next-door neighbours of the Zelemus in the Mngéni valley—and the Nibele Mdlulis (282) on the lower Mkúze (beyond St. Lucia Bay) a feeble claim to relationship is sometimes maintained. Did the Zelemus perchance come down with their Nyavu neighbours (as said, out of the Pǒngolo region) and on their way find temporary shelter in the ōNgóye forest (some five miles from the sea, between the Mhlatúze and Mlalazi rivers)?

In 1852, at the Natal Government Native Commission, Fynn stated that the Latás (who, we have said, are related to the Zelemus) came from 'over the Mzinyati.' He makes no mention



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OLD ZULU MODES OF HAIRDRESSING NOW UNKNOWN

either of Wushes or Zelemus ; but the position he indicates for the Latás fits in very well with another tradition frequently heard, viz. that the Latás are related to the emaCúnwini, who, as we know, in those times were just 'over the Mzinyati.' Further, the south-eastern boundary of Cúnuland abutted almost right on to the Nkandla forest.

All, then, considered, we shall for the present assume that the Zelemu-Wushe-Latá tribe came from the neighbourhood of the emaCúnwini—may even have been closely related to them, rather than from the land and family of the Zulus. Their very strange and unCúnulike customs and speech render even this admission difficult, and acceptable only on the supposition that such were acquired only after their arrival among the Debe clans of the Mngéni.

Another plausible theory, seeing that relationship is sometimes claimed by the Latás with the emaBomvini, is that the Zelemus also may have been an offshoot of that family at the time of its migration to the Túkela. Or, again, that they were connected with the Ncamus, whom the Bomvus displaced ; for both Ncamus and Latás (as well as the Bomvus) practised the *iNdiki* custom (of amputating the little finger).

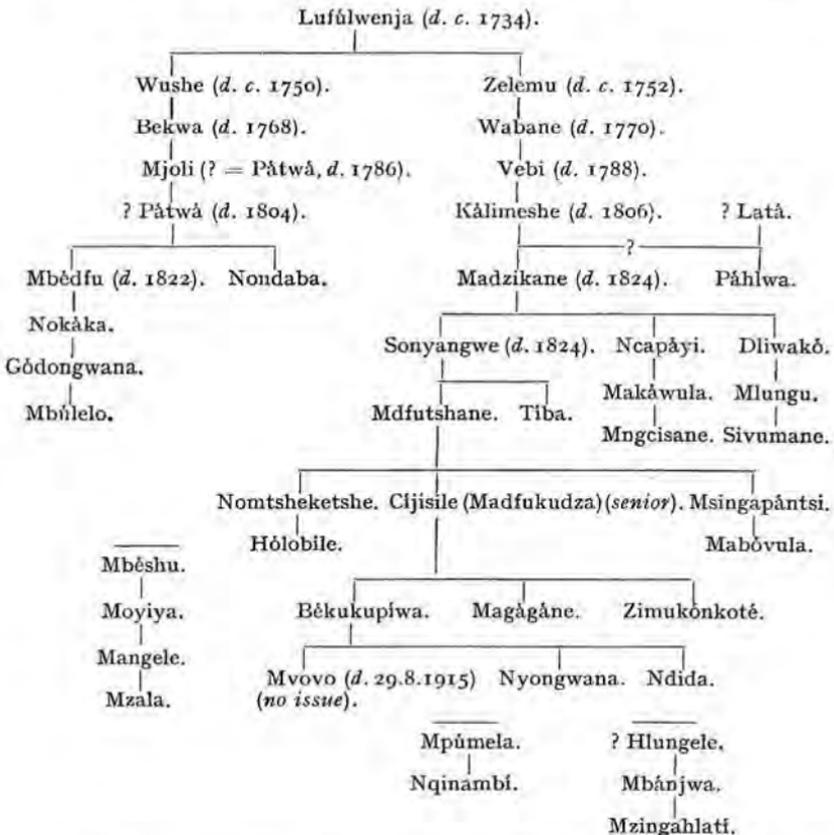
It were, again, perfectly possible that the Zelemus may have descended from a forebear of the name of 'Zulu,' and yet not the 'Zulu' of the Malandela family. For just as there were several kings 'Jama' and still more kings 'Ndaba,' all reigning in different clans at or about the same time, so too there may have been several 'Zulus.'

It is narrated of the Zelemu 'Zulu' that he had a certain brother, Ciya, who would have been heir to the family headship had he not utterly disgraced himself by committing the unpardonable sin of partaking of milk-curds (*Z. amaSi*) prepared from the beestings of a cow not previously calved. This awful offence cost him, if not his head, the crown that should have been on the top of it ; which now tumbled into the hands of brother Zulu. The Malandela baptism-register, we regret to say, shows no name answering to 'Ciya,' nor do their law-court records contain any reference to any suit of Ciya *v.* Zulu.

Already prior to the mishap which culminated in reversion to forest life, patriarch Dog's-stomach had begotten two sons, Wushe (the elder) and Zelemu (the younger) by name. Then he died. Who brought the people out of the land of Egypt and out of the house of bondage ? Some tribal historians inform us (in so far as the Zelemus are concerned) it was Madikane ; that he had brought the people out in Senzangakóna's time, and that all his predecessors up to and including Kálimeshe, had succumbed

while still in Zululand. Other authorities equally ancient and equally 'reliable' tell us that their Moses was Zelemu himself; that all his descendants were born in Natal, as far as and including Kálimeshe, who died at the Bluff. Seeing that the clan throughout all its history in Natal has ever been known as 'the People of Zelemu' (**aba-kwa-Zelemu**), we propose to accept the second of the statements above, and to assume that while Zelemu may have been the leader who brought the people down to the Durban Bluff, Madikane was the leader who took them up to Otto's Bluff.

We append the genealogical table of the Wushe-Zelemu tribe:—



Of the movements of the Wushe brother-tribe we know little. We take it that, in their flight, they made a bee-line for the upper Mngéni and did not take the circular tour *via* the Bluff. Hence it was, when Madikane went up with his Zelemus, they, already long and firmly established, were his objective.

At length, then, the Zelemu family—perhaps along with that of Wushe—ventured to steal out of the forest by the back-door, cross the Ntsuze river and make a dash through Mkize and Bomvini-lands for the Tùkela. Unluckily the ema-Zelemu Bomvini barred their way and, in forcing a passage, Mbèshu, head of one of the parties, bit the dust. The amaBomvu at that time were settled just about the junction of the Mzinyati and Tùkela rivers.

Perhaps it was at this point that the Wushes and Zelemus got separated; for the next we hear of these latter is that they had already reached the upper Tongaat. Thence they moved along and settled below the eNanda hill, between the Mngèni and Mdloti. There the Mbèshu party elected to remain, under Mbèshu's son, Moyiya; and there later on Shaka's roving army found them, killed their chief and decimated the rest, the remnant making a headlong dash for Mpondoland, led by Moyiya's son, Mangéle, father of Mzala. Many succumbed to starvation on the way, or were killed by unsympathetic tribes.

Needless to say, when, in 1824, the first European settlers reached Natal, they found no White-skinned ladies whose hands to seek. So they sought the black-skinned hands of Native damsels, as the next best substitute. Among those whose charms captivated the heart of pioneer H. F. Fynn (*uMbùlazi wēTēku*),* was one, Vundlase, a daughter of these Zelemus. Having duly wedded her, he elevated her to the rank of Great Wife; and, after he had returned to the Cape, she was left as independent queen over his *izinKumbi* (Wanderers) tribe, settled between the um-Zumbé and iFáfá rivers, an omnium-gatherum of all such homeless waifs and strays as cared to join on.

A party of Zelemuites called the **aba-kwa-Hlungéle** and living on the oHlange river, under Mbánjwa, father of Mzingahlati, were probably closely connected with these Zelemus of Mbèshu below the iNanda. They met a like fate with these latter and at the same time, most of them being slain.

The main party, however, consisting of the Zelemus of Kálimeshe, trekked still farther forward and established themselves in the vicinity of the Bluff (*esiBubulungu*), Durban, there where the enTweka and eSaba rivers flow—rivers no longer to be distinguished now, for these new-comers, not knowing the country and having at first no intercourse with the foreign clans in their neighbourhood, indulged in a practice of coining new names for the rivers, wherever they settled. The *inTweka*, however, plainly corresponds with the Zulu *iTékwa* or *iTéku* (a one-testicled male;

* Moodie, *B.S.A.*, I, 224.

and name of the lagoon at Durban). The *ĩSaba* may have been either the Mhlatúzana (most probably) or the Mbilo.

Kálimeshe, as we said, is reported to have died at this place ; and his son, Madikane, feeling lonely, decided to move up to his friends and relatives farther up the Mngéni, which river, according to custom, they christened the Msonganyati.

The main attraction in that direction was his own dear brother, Páhlwa—he may have been merely a clansman ; for all such were named ‘brothers’ together. This Páhlwa had gone up,

Latá or may more probably have gone direct, with the Wushes, and had established himself on the right bank

of the Mngéni below the Howick Falls. When Madikane arrived, he occupied the next farm below the Páhlwas, round about Otto’s Bluff (*kwaKwéla*). The descendants of Páhlwa’s little family became known in after times as the **aba-kwa-Latá**.

The **aba-kwa-Wushe**, the senior branch of Lufúlwenja’s family, in Shaka’s days had so increased their numbers that they were spread all about the country from the Karkloof

Wushe range to south of the Mngéni, above the Howick Falls (*kwaNogqaza*). They were, already at that time, split up into several small sub-clans. One, settled along the right bank of the Mngéni above the Falls, was ruled by Nondaba, son of Pátwá, with a smaller section still farther up the river, under Hlepú, son of Ngcwanekazi. Another was under the Karkloof range, ruled by Nqinambí, son of Mpúmela. Paramount over the whole Wushe tribe was Mbédu, son of Pátwá, others say, of Mjoli, of Bekwa, of Wushe, of Lufúlwenja. His particular pitch was opposite that of Nondaba, along the left bank of the Mngéni, above the falls.

How all these happy clans were broken up, massacred, dispersed or carried into captivity by the irresistible Ngóza on his desperate march to the Mpondo country in 1818, and how, in 1822, Mbédu bravely died there, fighting for his capturer, we have already related (256).

Mbédu, however, was not a fighting-chief of the calibre of his renowned Zelemu brother, Madikane. The latter had been just beyond the range of Ngóza’s reach; and so been spared ; but in the season following, the Cúnu horde, led by Macingwane, had caught the Zelemu in its onrush and—willingly or unwillingly, is not quite clear—swept along with them, till it cast them adrift at the upper Lovu, as it proceeded forward on its way. There for the moment we leave them somewhat bewildered, wondering what next is going to happen (268).

Madikane, we are told, was a man exceptionally tall of stature and correspondingly long of finger-nails, which any Chinese

mandarin might have envied. He won fame not only by fierce deeds of daring, but also in the more peaceful sphere of wonder-working. He too had his *umLingo* (particular miracle). He would take his 'crouch' beside an uncovered and uncalved heifer and, having charmed it in a manner known only to himself—we regret to have to own that the secret died with him, and so another art got lost!—fill your pail with richest milk. Personally, he spurned and never ate any such *amaSi* (milk-curd) as had not come from a thus enchanted heifer. Wonderful man, this Madzikane.

And strange the ways of his Zelemus. Whether these had been brought along with them, or were but an adopted reflection of typical Debe-Ngúni life there along the Mngèni, were interesting to know. The dress of the Wushe-Zelemu men consisted of a separate covering fore and aft, as with the Zulu-Ngúnis; but the sporran and buttock-cover was with them, not prepared of skin (as with the Zulus), but of square patches of supple mat-work, woven of fine grass (after the manner of the small Zulu eating-mats or *iziTébe*) and strung from around the projecting thigh-bone before and behind. A tiny headring, fashioned after the manner of that of the Zulus, but scarcely larger than a duck's egg—one of which we met with still in use as late as 1889—was worn by men, sewn on to the hair, and allowed to grow upward with the latter, till it rested on an oval wall of hair four or five inches in height, resembling somewhat, when seen from a distance, the high-crowned Turkish fez worn by Soudanese soldiers. This high-ringed coiffure (termed an *umPatsha*) continued common among Natal Natives—though the dimensions had since increased to those of the Zulu oval saucer—until near the 'gos of last century. A European crowned by a top-hat was also said to be wearing a Whiteman's *umPatsha*. The Zelemu women wore a kilt similar to that of the Zulus, but of dressed sheep-skin (in place of cow-hide), or alternatively of the paunch of an ox. Their hair, smeared with red-ochre mixed with grease, was twisted into numberless strings, falling, like an inverted mop, down as far as the eyes and over the ears and neck, the whole being termed an *umYeko*. Young, unringed men also wore a similar *umYeko*, but minus the red-ochre. With a woman, a black *umYeko* denoted mourning for a dead chief or husband. Hollow, cylindrical neck-rings (called *izimBédu*, Z. *imNaka*) of copper or brass were worn originally as aristocratic decorations by both sexes. In later years, the men having discovered that the metal became uncomfortably heated in the sun, oftentimes even scorching or chafing the skin, had abandoned the bawble solely to the female sex, who adopted it with pride. The men remained content with smaller similar rings (*amaSóngo*) worn around the wrist and arm.

Maize was unknown in those early days in Natal, the principal cereal crop among the Zelemus being *ũPòko* (*Eleusine coracana*). Their cultivated vegetables consisted of pumpkins and gourds alone, neither dumbis (*Colocasia antiquorum*) nor *imBondwe* (*Plectranthus esculentus*) being known. We hear nothing of *uNyawotĩ* (*Pennisetum typhoideum*); but are told that in later years (perhaps during Dingiswayo's or Shaka's time) a short variety of Kafir-corn (*Sorghum Cafrorum*), and afterwards a short yellow variety of maize (*Z. ũNgóye* or *ulwAndlekazana*) was introduced.

CHAPTER 39

TRIBAL ANARCHY SETS IN IN NATAL

It is still in the year—in other lands, maybe, of grace—1821, Shaka is seated in his Bulawayo kraal by the Mkúmbáne, gnashing his teeth that the Cúnus had so successfully slipped through his clutches. But he would grab them yet. And he did (271).

Meanwhile, into what a doleful state of chaos and panic all Natal had fallen, not, it is true, directly due to any local Zulu invasion, yet to the continuous flooding with waves of destruction set in motion by the cataclysmic political upheaval wrought by Shaka up north.

After, in 1820, the Témús had hacked their way through the breadth of Natal (252), and the Cúnus, in 1821, hacked theirs (268); after the multitude of scattered and decimated clans had had time to recover from their derangement and surprise, and to calmly consider what manner of impending evil this sudden appearance of universal warfare might portend, an overwhelming sense of helplessness and apprehension came down upon them. Here were they, weak tiny clans, with nought but a deserted wilderness now between them and this reported political ogre; with no longer any buffer-state to obstruct his view and divert from them his fatal gaze. What could they hope to achieve, when such powerful tribes as those of Témús and Cúnus had been compelled to fly in headlong terror before him? Manifestly they too must hence, along the southward trail, whilst the day is fair. But then, how shall suchlike puny clans ever force a way, and emerge unscathed, through so dense a mass of hostile peoples as barred all passage to the south? Strength is in union, thought they. So a number of them—the Dunges in three sections, under

Bóyiya of Mdakuda, Ngwána of Vazi and Nkani of Msudulu respectively; the oNyamvini under Mkálipi, and the Fúzes under Maháwule—conceived the wise idea of federating and, so united, of presenting an irresistible front to any antagonist athwart their path.

What is there wanting, then, to set us free
 And show thy beauty in its fullest light?
 To make the Alps impassable; and we,
 Her sons, may do this with one deed—Unite.

—BYRON.

The homelands of the Dlamini tribe along and beyond the upper Túkela had for long become practically untenable, owing to their having been overrun in recent years by packs of cannibals, now posted along all their inland borders. To such extremes of human degradation had these people been driven by the devastating and disturbing migrations of the emaNgwáneni under Matiwane and the emaHlutshini under Mpangazitá in the year 1818 (348). And now that the strong restraining arm of Ngóza no longer checked the cannibals' descent from the uplands, now that the support of their brothers, the emaKúzeni, was no longer available, the position of the Dlaminis had grown appreciably worse. When, then, the rumour of the above-mentioned project reached their ears, it came as a new ray of hope in their despair. Clustering round their chieftains, Baleni and Nombéwu, the enTlangwini moved away to join the southward trek, followed by the equally straitened emaBéleni and Memelas, led by Mdingi, and, both combined, they added to the new confederacy the whole strength of their desperation.

For seventy miles the way was fair. Then they struck their first serious obstacle. The redoubtable Madikane, at the head of the Zelemu-Wushe combine, had drawn themselves up in battle-array, an impassable barrier, along the upper uLovu river, to which place they had removed from the Mngéni at the time of the passage of Macingwane. The Tembús and Cúnus had fallen upon the clans of Natal unexpected and unprepared. Now they awaited any adversity and were in readiness for all; so when this new invasion had reached to Madikane's frontier, he 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 chief of the **aba-kwa-Bombó** sub-clan of the emaDungeni, Noqandambédu (or Mbédu) by name and resident on the southern side of the upper Mvoti, alongside the Kámbúles. As former neighbour of Madikane, Mbédu no doubt gladly availed

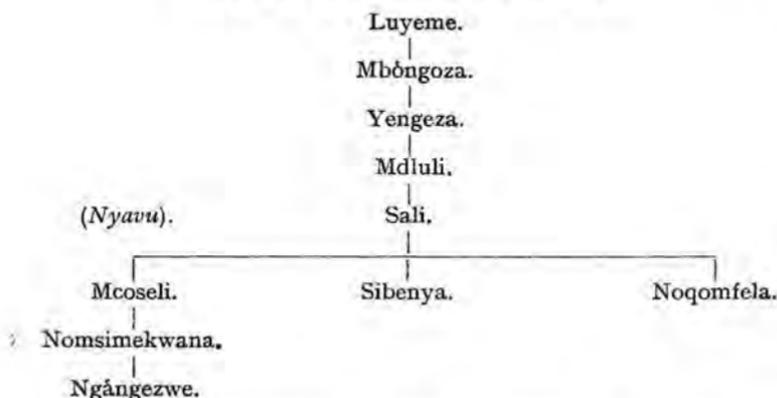
himself of this opportunity for paying off old grudges long harboured against him. With this considerable reinforcement of their strength, back to the fray hastened the confederate tribes; and this time not only did they effect a clear passage, but they had the extra satisfaction of ousting their erstwhile vanquishers altogether from their country and of driving Madikane, a blaspheming vagabond, before them.

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 a comfortable home again; never for them the sunny joys of the pastoral life. 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 woods 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.

The result of the collision with Madikane was that the recoil sent Madikane himself reeling off away inland and the confederates in the opposite direction down the river. Mbèdu, on his part, having fulfilled his purpose of lending support, returned home.

Ten miles on ahead, the confederates came upon the Njilo signpost, as usual, 'No Thoroughfare.' On both sides of the Mlazi river, on the confederates left, dwelt a section—
Njilo the senior section, we think—of the **aba-kwa-Njilo** clan (of the Debe Tônga-Ngûni group), which spread itself over most of the country between this point and the Mngéni. Sibenya, son of Sali, was at the moment on the throne, but it was his last moment; for hardly had the confederates saluted his 'No Thoroughfare' signpost, than they threw Sibenya and his throne and his people all together over the border. By the time the Njilos had recovered their wits, they found that their bits had been picked up by Madikane, leader of the Bâca horde at the Mzimkûlu. In the dazzling brilliance of this greater planet, the light of Sibenya seems to have disappeared altogether, and all the family satellites with him; for the outstanding star in the Njilo constellation in later times seems to have been Mukazi, son of Macoco, of Ndwandwa, of Sodela, of Kôhlela, of (?) Siputini, of Ntombêhlela, of Nyawula, of Bahûza.

This Sibenya was the paramount chief of all the Njilo-cum-Nyavu tribe (556-558):—



It is more than probable that the **emaCindaneni** folk, ruled by Makósikazi, farther down the Mlazi, were but another small section of this Njilo tribe. Anyway, they met the same fate, and specimens—though we have never met one—may in all likelihood be still procurable 'down south.'

The confederates now altered their course and steered to the south. They forded the uLovu river and emerged into Ntsheland. This was another bunch of Debe Tõnga-Ngúnis. **Ntshele** From about Richmond town to the banks of the Mkómazi river was the **aba-kwa-Ntshele** estate, and the then lord of the manor was one, Nomabunga (father unknown). And yet he is celebrated as one of the star-heroes of Bantuland.

In a rocky defile near the Mkómazi river, the confederate host struck South Africa's Thermopylæ and its Leonidas. A handful of Ntshele warriors driven there into their last ditch, headed by their valiant chieftain and with Spartan bravery, held the pass against every effort of the invaders to force it and dislodge them. Ten years later, Nombéwu's enTlangwini clan, to-day fighting in vain along with the confederates, returned again to the Mkómazi (slightly higher up the river), led by Fõdo, Nombéwu's son. The old antagonism was again renewed, the parties came to grips, and Nomabunga fell. Writing five years after this event (1835), says Capt. Gardiner: "Only nine of the original party now remain, who, with their wives and children, still retain their rocky fastness, the proud and melancholy wreck of a brave and unconquered race."¹

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 by 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—Bóyiya leading his Dunges, Mahâwule his Fûzes, Mkâlipi his ōNyamvini—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 Memelas 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 Mzimkúlu and reached the left bank of the Mzimvubu. There 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—with whom he had allied himself—a mere fugitive like himself, proved distasteful to Madikane's growing pride, and independence could now be safely asserted. At that moment a Zulu army, in search of Macingwane, came down upon him, and Madikane 'moved away' and followed in the wake of the last feeble remnant of those confederates who first 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 (383).

A nine years' struggle (*c.* 1821-30) for supremacy, aye! for very life, ensued, a war of the fiercest and most inveterate kind, between the united enTlangwini, emaBéleni and Memelas, led by Nombéwu and Mdingi, on the one side, and, on the other, the composite army, generaled by Madikane, and consisting of the Zelemus, the Wushes and remnants of most of the other clans which the confederates had dispersed on their passage down. Then the local tribes, again, the Mpondos, the Témbús and the Xózas were equal enemies of both and never ceased to harass and invade. Many and sanguinary were the battles that raged there about the Mzimvubu, polluting the virgin sward with gore and

putrid corpses and the pure atmosphere with the stench of 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 this hallowed paradise where heretofore nature had luxuriated undefiled in unruffled bliss.

Impossible were it for us to convey to the reader's mind any vivid visualization of the social and political pandemonium in which both clans and individuals now found themselves in this small strip of land betwixt the Mzimkúlu and Mzimvubu. Only a year or two ago it was an utterly uninhabited paradise. Now it is overrun by thousands of homeless and destitute Natives, wandering hopelessly over the veld by day, slumbering precariously in grass or bush by night, subsisting as best they can on Nature's scanty products, exposed continuously to the rigours of the elements, to the perils of wild beasts, to the hostility of brother men; none knowing the other, each suspicious and apprehensive of all; men driven from their wives, wives torn from their husbands, children bewailing in vain the loss of both their parents.

Yes! every tie that links me here is dead.

Mysterious Fate, thy mandates I obey,
Since hope, and peace, and joy for aye are fled,

I come, terrific power, I come away.

Then o'er this ruined soul but spirits of Hell,

In triumph, laughing wildly, mock its pain;

And though with direst pangs mine heart-strings swell,

I'll echo back their deadly yells again,

Cursing the power that ne'er made aught in vain.

—SHELLEY.

Clan-life had been utterly broken up, chiefs been slain, home-life destroyed, social laws and restraints cast to the wind, men and women doing what they would, as best they could. True, in two or three cases remnants of clans that had fled *en masse* had partially held together, and among these a few strong leaders were soon forced to the fore. Around them the waifs and strays gradually flocked in hundreds, forming new, nameless and nondescript tribes to scramble and fight again with augmented havoc over the patch of land insufficient to hold them all.

In such straits as these, children, lost or forsaken, grew up ignorant of their tribal origin, men mated with any female met, wife-lending became, and remained till quite recent years, a customary favour.

Oh wife, oh sister, oh of all thy kind

The best and only creature left behind,

By kindred, love, and now by dangers joined:

Of multitudes who breathed the common air

We two remain, a species in a pair.

—OVID.

No wonder is it that, in studying now the offspring of those times, one is everywhere struck with the extraordinary diversity of clan-names (*iziBongo*) in those parts encountered, names which often-times must represent no clan at all, but merely the name of parents or of petty headmen.

In Natal, similar conditions had already been inaugurated, though usually in a less distressful form. There, in the broader open spaces, the congestion and chaos of the south were absent, and families, though they dared not build or cultivate the land, yet could find tranquillity, and starve at least in peace!

Among the leaders who emerged most prominently from out this tribal tumult, and gradually massed around them most of the turbulent mob, the names, as said, of Mdingi (of the Memelas), Nombéwu (of the enTlangwini) and Madikane (of the Zelemus) stand pre-eminent.

All three crossed the Mzimkúlu and entered the fair—it was not a Donnybrook yet; though they soon made it one—about the same period, viz. 1821. When they arrived, they found the Témbús of Ngóza, the Kúzes, the Dlaminis, the Béles and the Zizis already there before them. True, we cannot say precisely whereabouts they were; things were so quiet still, that we hear of nothing doing. The fun had not yet started.

The Béles, however, we understand, were congregated in the neighbourhood of kwaMadonela (Strachan's), southwards of the Mzimkúlu bridge. There, Qunta, their paramount chief, had recently died, and the Béles already began to experience a kind of 'headless' feeling, when who should appear but their old friend and quondam vassal, Mdingi, with his Memelas, in company with other friendly neighbours, the Ntlangwinis of Baleni and Nombéwu. This Mdingi, it would seem, had already gained a reputation as a smart sea-captain and a useful handyman in political emergencies; for we find he immediately supplied the Béles with the needed head and took the helm of the Béle-Memela twin-screw ship of state. Then Nombéwu rolled up with his Ntlangwini contingent—Baleni, somehow, had already vanished or become submerged—and a new triple-expansion engine was thus installed, capable, it was hoped, of forcing a way through in the teeth of the most terrific gale.

That gale was already on the wing, and, almost before the great engine could be put in motion, loomed over the horizon, out of the north-east, bearing on its back what but the hideous apparition of Madikane and all his hideous host. The parties, as we know, or some of them, had met before, at the upper Lovu river, where the confederates had dealt Madikane so stunning a blow that he reeled off, one had hoped, beyond recovery (377).

Quite the contrary, however, had happened. Madikane, more irate than ever, had but reeled from the confederates right on to the puny (?) **Kalalo** clan, dwelling near Richmond, and vented all his spleen on them. There was nothing left of the Kalalo folk after Madikane had done with them—probably he collected the fragments and took them with him. He cooled down a bit after wading the Mkómazi river, and, having passed Springvale, decided to pitch his camp by the iXobó river in pristine Ntambóland.

While at this place he renewed his flirtations with the Cúnu chief, Macingwane, a little farther on at the Dronkvei. They were, however, painfully interrupted by the sudden appearance of the Zulu army at Madikane's gate. Macingwane had been their quarry; but, hearing of Madikane being in the neighbourhood, an equally gamy sport, half the army had been detailed to detour and bear him Shaka's compliments. They had their sport; and Madikane dived headlong into the Mzimkúlu river, and over.

When he rose to the surface on the other side, whom should he meet staring him in the face but that old rogue, Nombéwu, who the other day had dealt him that thundering blow on the Lovu river! While Nombéwu had gone home to inform his pal, Mdingi, of the unexpected arrival of this interesting new chum, Madikane preferred not to wait for the reply. He stole off and clambered up the eNgéle mountains, at the identical moment when, thirty miles to the north, that other half of Shaka's army was clambering up the eNtsikeni mount, annihilating his Cúnu friends with Macingwane (271).

Since their arrival south Mdingi and Nombéwu had not been idle. A goodly number of Natal folk, members of a dozen clans, chased or dragged along in preceding months both by Macingwane and Ngóza, had congregated betwixt the Mzimkúlu and Msikaba; and these Mdingi and Nombéwu had been busy plundering, capturing, murdering, as the case might be, adding, in the process, much to their own wealth and numbers.

Madikane was not slow to gather all the news, on the one side, of the woeful wiping out of his Cúnu allies, on the other, of the aggressive enterprises of his Béle and Ntlangwini neighbours. Perched on his hilltop (eNgéle), he was plainly posited between the devil and the deep sea. For all he knew, Shaka's army might be but taking breath to tackle him. Circumstances do mightily alter things and make strange bedfellows. So, once again, Pilate and Herod became friends in that same day. Madikane, without delay, despatched a polite note to Mdingi and Nombéwu, inquiring whether, under the circumstances, it might not be advisable to shake hands all round, and they unite with him as bosom

friends. Overtures of this kind from the Wushe wolf the Bêle and Ntlangwini sheep regarded with distinct distrust, and respectfully declined the invitation. The rejoinder was brought by the wolf in person, with brother wolves fiercely careering down on the Bêle fold, which, with many torn members left to detain the wolf, stampeded for safer pastures up Matatiele way.

They reached Matatiele, but not the safer pastures; for on their heels the wolf was in pursuit, and in due time rushed down once more on the Bêle flock and made another big hole in its numbers. Thence the Zelemu-Wushe wolves overran all the foothills of the Drakensberg, ravaging and dispersing one small Sutú clan after another, till, about the year 1823, they reached the left bank of the Mzimvubu, above the Mount Frere bridge. There they rested. Madikane erected his emBondzeni kraal and settled down to a quiet time of more leisurely warfare.

Beyond the Mzimvubu river lay Têmbúland, the territory, not of the newly-arrived Têmbús of Ngóza, but of the original **ebaTénjini** Ngúnis, who were the first of the Bantu race to reach these parts some couple of centuries before (8). Their present chief was Ngúbencuka (alias Vusani),* son of Zona, son of Tato. These Têmbú folk, as well as the Xózas abreast of them along the coast between the emBáshe and the Kei and then ruled by Hintsá, son of Kawuta, son of Gcaleka, had already been much disturbed by the unwelcome intrusion into their midst of multitudes of destitute vagrants hailing, it was said, from beyond the Mzimkúlu, and here contemptuously referred to as **amaMfengu** (homeless wanderers; Fingos). In Madikane and his lawless mob they foresaw another invasion, in force, and determined to prevent it.

Their forebodings proved well founded; but their pious resolve went awry—Madikane himself forestalled it. He was already within their castle before they had finished drawing up their plans. The combined forces of Hintsá and Ngúbencuka, of Xózas and Têmbús, hastened to eject the invader and, if possible, to deal him a final crushing blow. They encountered him by the emGwáli river (southern tributary of the Mbáshe), date, 20th December, 1824. After a splendid fight, they dealt the crushing blow, and Madikane's sun sank gloriously at last below the horizon. At least, that was how the enemy read the omen; for, soon after the mighty clash of arms, the sun went suddenly out, and a mournful gloom overshadowed all the land. Coincidentally, it had happened to be the date of a sun-eclipse! In reality, Madikane arrived at his kraal on the Mzimvubu, all there, though

* Gardiner, *J.Z.C.*, 251.

somewhat battered. But not for long ; and the two suns would go down together yet. One day, after retiring at sundown within his hut, he never appeared again. Overnight, a party of Ngúbencuka's Têmbús stole round the eGqushini hill, and round the kraal. Among them was a certain Irish army deserter, one of a party of half-a-dozen outlawed Europeans (including the notorious Dutchman, Lochenburg), leading heathen lives amongst the Natives there. Secretly bribed by Mdingi, the Memela chief, to do the deed, this shady hero brought Madikane's career to a sudden close.

Sonyangwe was the name of Madikane's heir. Being somewhat scared at the turn of recent events, he decided to give the Têmbús a wider berth, and shifted his camp nearer to the Mpondo border. A long continuous fight, with numberless raidings and reprisals, was here maintained for the next four years.

Mdingi had not failed to learn from the experience with Madikane, that the safest and surest mode of ridding oneself of this kind of vermin was to catch the weasel asleep. So one dark night (? 1826), a band of Bêles crept down on Sonyangwe's kraal by the eHóde hill, northwards of the Mzimvubu, drew a circle of flame around the royal grass-hut, and roasted the enemy within.

The Zelemu successor, Sonyangwe's son, Mdutshane, was then but three years old. So Sonyangwe's younger full-brother, Ncapáyi, took up the tribal cudgels and issued a general challenge all round. Ncapáyi was a chip of the old Madikanean block. By continuous conquest and voluntary accretion from among the host of unattached Natal refugees thereabout, his tribe had now reached quite formidable proportions. No less than 3000 warriors was he able to put in the field when Capt. Gardiner visited him in 1835.² Mdutshane, the heir, at that time was "a nice lad . . . about eleven or twelve years of age." Ncapáyi, on the contrary, was "one of the shrewdest and most desperate characters in this part of Africa. His figure is slight and active, of middle stature" — "with the Zoolu ring on the crown of his head" — "but the searching quickness of the eye, the point of his questions and the extreme caution of his replies, stamped him at once as a man capable of ruling the wild and sanguinary spirits by which he is surrounded." Shaw, writing somewhat later, in 1838, found him not improved. His people, whom he knew well, he declared "are the most warlike and savage of all the tribes of Kaffraria ; and are more dreaded by their neighbours than any other people ; indeed, they are so intent on war and plunder that they are seldom quiet for four months together, without making their savage attacks on other tribes ; in which they are too often

successful, plundering all they meet with, murdering the old people and taking the young into captivity." 3

But the neighbouring tribes usually managed to get their own back again in due course. Not only had the Témbús got rid of Madikane, and the Béles of Sonyangwe, but whenever the Témbús had the good fortune to capture one of Ncapáyi's women, they promptly chopped off her hands to procure the brass arm and wrist-rings she wore, then sent her back home. Two such specimens Gardiner saw in Ncapáyi's kraal, one minus both, one a single hand.

Sometimes Ncapáyi's bellicose eggs were spoiled right there at home before they were hatched. There was an old hen named Manandaza, a widow of Madikane, who once did this. She had since developed necromantic powers, which she turned to many uses. Ncapáyi had planned out a campaign she did not approve of. "Finding all her dissuasives were ineffectual, she suddenly quitted the place; and, accompanied only by a little girl, entirely concealed herself from observation. At the expiration of three or four days she, as mysteriously, returned; and holding her side, apparently bleeding from an assegai wound pretended to have been received in her absence from the spirit of her late husband, Maddegan, she presented herself before Tpai. 'Your brother's [should be father's] spirit,' she exclaimed, 'has met me, and here is the wound he has made in my side with an assegai; he reproached me for remaining with a people who had treated me so ill.' Tpai countermanded his army; and, if we are to credit the good people in these parts, the wound immediately healed!"

Ncapáyi set the war-ball rolling the very first day of his entry into independent power. The Béles had roasted his brother, Sonyangwe, in the night, and on the following morn the echo returned to Béleland. Ncapáyi appeared at the head of some thousands of warriors and administered such painful chastisement as the Béles had not experienced for a long time.

Fortunately for them, the Béles about this time (1827) received a considerable augmentation of their strength by the timely arrival from over the Drakensberg of a large body of fugitive amaHlubi, led by Mpangazitá's son, Mehlomakúlu (154). So they concocted a scheme for a little combined diversion down Ncapáyi's way. They selected a day of icy coldness, and while all Ncapáyi's people were keeping themselves cozy within their huts, the united force bore down upon them like a tornado, drove them helter-skelter from their land and walked back home with their cattle. Now, Ncapáyi never received a beating but he gave a better in exchange. After a period of recuperation (c. 1828), his big stick fell so murderously on the enemy, that the whole

allied caboodle was shattered to pieces for all time. Men, women and children were indiscriminately butchered, Nombéwu, the Ntlangwini chief, was hurled straightway into spirit-land, cattle were retaken with interest, Mdingi and his Béle crowd stampeded south towards Xózaland, while the Hlubis clambered back over the Berg as fast as their legs could carry them.

Ncapáyi, a general by birth, followed up his victory with restless energy. Not particularly keen about the Hlubis, he hastened in pursuit of his old antagonist, Mdingi. He entered Témbúland without concern, met the Témbú army out to bar his way, engaged at once with them and slew their great chief, Ngúbencuka; but, missing the fox, gave up the chase, and returned home well content with the day's sport and much relieved that he had rid himself at last of a troublesome neighbour.

The **emaBéleni** never again recovered themselves as a united, self-governing tribe. Headless, leaderless, landless, they degenerated into wandering fugitives and menials (*amaMfengu*) anywhere and everywhere among the Xóza, Témbú and Mpondo kraals. After a few years, however, Mabandla, son of Qunta, and Nkwenkwezi, son of Mbángambi (Qunta's brother) gradually regained their prestige, and bands of clansmen regathered around them.

And what of the **enTlangwini**? After the death of their chief, Nombéwu, and the clan's subsequent dispersal (c. 1828), Fódo, his son and successor, determined to forsake this ill-fated neighbourhood in which all the refuse and evils of Kafirdom 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 hardships, he quietly retired back over the Mzimkúlu, 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 Mkómazi, an ideal spot presented itself in that beautiful valley, some distance above the ūFáfá. There, with none to molest him, freed of 'the grating strife of tyrants and of foes,' Fódo erected his emDumezulu 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 Mngéni. 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. A number of families later on (c. 1840) moved up

towards the enTlosane mount, under the headman, Nonkomo, of Ndindi, and there ran a profitable business with the recently arrived Boers in elephant tusks, this being a neighbourhood specially favoured by those animals.

That section of the enTlangwini, however, that was attached to the house of Baleni, and now ruled by his son, Sidoyi, had been fortunate enough to secure from Dingane permission to reoccupy their old neighbourhood on the right side of the upper Tùkela. Soon after, the Boers arrived, and finding that country good in their sight, when making their agreement with the revolted Mpande, in 1843, took care to insert a clause stipulating that Sidoyi's people and "all other such captains or chiefs of kraals as may be found to come within the boundaries of the territory of Natal" should be removed. After which, the Boers proceeded home and removed them themselves. Thereupon Sidoyi trekked to the Mkómazi.

Fódo'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 the coastal district of Natal altogether, in all those parts lying between the Tóngaat and Tùkela rivers, and so be placed out of the reach of any temptation to throw off their allegiance and join the White men then congregating about Durban.

But this abandonment of Natal by Dingane and his Natal subjects was the welcome signal to the remnants of evicted clans still struggling in a congested mass southward of the Mzimkúlu, 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 storm-cloud, which, for ten years past, had enveloped Natal in one perpetual cyclone, carrying into 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 those 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 and since, they failed to recognize 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, Fôdo, 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 grievous state offences, for which, in 1857, their chief was outlawed and the tribe punished. Sidoyi, like Fôdo, fled over the borders of Natal into the unannexed territory of 'No-Man's-Land,' beyond the Mzimkûlu.

The senior branches of the Dlamini tribe were not long in following Fôdo out of the hell down south into the tranquil wilderness of Natal. They 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—the paramount, or *ekuNene*, section, under Ngûza (Bidla's elder brother, the latter being still a minor) and the *esiPâhleni*, under Mbâzwana, on the northern side of the middle Mkômazi, opposite their relative, Fôdo ; the *enTlangwini*, of Sidoyi, as said, along the lower Bushman's river, under the supervision of Dingane's headman, Sotobe, son of Mpangalala ; and the *emaKûzeni*, under Mazongwe (Kûkûlela's uncle, the latter being still a minor), along the eXobó river. From along the river, Mazongwe at last went *into* it ; for when he died, the corpse having been duly cremated, according to royal Dlamini regulation, the ashes were religiously consigned to the flowing stream—whence, we may suppose, it would be duly ferried over to the owner in Hades.

¹ J.Z.S., 313.

² *Op. cit.*, 277-87.

³ *M.*, 245.

CHAPTER 40

PANDEMONIUM IN NO-MAN'S-LAND CONTINUED

It seems strange that a country so overflowing with humanity, so desperately grappled for by a dozen different tribes, should have been named 'No-Man's-Land.' The territory between the Mzimkúlu and Mzimvubu was not, however, then so called while those conditions reigned; though it might well have been, for precisely those conditions would best have proven the truthfulness of the appellation. Neither Mpondos, Témbus, Xózas, Sutús nor Natalians had ever permanently occupied or urged an exclusive claim to this patch of South Africa; hence the present general scramble for it. But there succeeded a time a few years later when those conditions had ceased, and the contending mass of humanity had either gone back home to Natal or migrated farther south, leaving the few still remaining owing allegiance to nobody in particular, save themselves. That is how the first Europeans found the place, and why they so named it, prior to its annexation by the Cape.

At the period of which we have been writing in the previous chapter, namely the years 1821 to 1828, not those tribes alone, of which we have already spoken, were there engaged in this savage pursuit of mutual extirpation. Shaka meanwhile had been completing the conquest of Natal, and the surviving remnants of practically every Native clan in that country had fled for refuge in the same direction, 'down south,' and were now stowed away somewhere within the four corners of this No-Man's-Land. Yet of these the majority had already allied themselves for their own protection with one or other of the major contesting parties, especially with that first led by Madikane, now by his son, Ncapáyi.

Ncapáyi was now, 1829, the hero of the hour. He had driven all his rivals, for the time being anyway, out of business, save Fáku, the Mpondo chieftain. With him also out of action—and that laudable endeavour would be the next item on the programme—Ncapáyi might reign the proud and universal conqueror of the south. But at that moment a most provocative fly crept into the ointment—Nqetó and his Qwabe mob arrived from Zululand.

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

Qwabe 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 for kicking over their 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 Mhlatúze. Scarcely a couple of months had elapsed since the assassination of Shaka, before Nqetó let it be known that, whatever may have been the position during Shaka's lifetime, he and his intended to own no allegiance to Dingane. Precisely what may have been this Nqetó's parentage is no longer absolutely clear. Some make him a son of Kóndlo, and therefore brother of the last-reigning and sonless Qwabe king, Pákatwáyo, whom Shaka 'caused to die.' Others declare him to have been son of Sanuse, son of Lufúta. At all events, he was at the time the most important personage among the Qwabe people, and on Shaka's assassination he immediately assumed the tribal command and proclaimed his tribal independence. And, more than that, he issued forth into surrounding districts, publicly preaching a small crusade against the usurper, and urging other headmen to follow his example. A force was tardily sent down by Dingane to crush the insurrection and no doubt to extinguish Nqetó himself in the process. The force, however, was itself all but extinguished by the Qwabes at the kwaHlokohloko hill, near Eshowe, and within Qwabe territory.

Nqetó thereupon came to the conclusion that it were wiser to seek independence with peace by removing elsewhere; so practically with the whole Qwabe clan, in number, men, women and children, some five or six thousand souls, together with all their cattle, he trekked down to the Túkela and pitched his camp on the farther side in Celeland. The great Qwabe tribe, Malandela's own people and parent stock of the Zulus, thus passed away out of Zululand for aye.

This Celeland comprised the country south of the Túkela along the coast as far as the Mdloti river, and had formerly been the home of the large Cele tribe (538). Shaka's *Dukuza* headquarters, where he had recently been murdered, was situated within this district. The junior Cele chieftain, Mande, son of Dibandlela, had suffered much at Shaka's hands; yet by discreetly flying to the local bush had saved his head. Nqetó now approached him with the suggestion of an alliance. Nqetó's hungry army, however, spoilt the prospects by plundering Mande's crops. That for Mande decided the matter, and he broke off the 'conversations.' Not so for Nqetó, who decided to resume negotiations on the morrow morn at the point of the spear.

Which seeing, Mande's people retreated as of yore to the friendly bush, leaving all their cattle in the enemy's hands ; but only one man. And that man, saith tradition, was Mande's corpse (541).

Nqetó proceeded on his way through the breadth of Natal, now utterly destitute of inhabitants, save a few in absolute hiding and other some in the employ of the handful of Europeans at Port Natal. He knew that Dingane would not permit revolts of this kind to be indulged in with impunity, and the more so since he had decamped with his clan's cattle, which, according to Ngúni law, were the property of the state (as represented in the king) and with which a subject was never permitted to depart when changing his allegiance. Nqetó therefore prepared his house for coming events by enrolling his men-folk into two fighting corps, which he christened the Ants (*izinTutwáne*) and the Decisive Settlers (*iziNqume*).

While he was thus anticipating events, the events themselves were hastening down upon him ; a Zulu army was already hot on his tracks. It overtook him about where New Germany now stands (between Pinetown and the Mngéni), and immediately gave battle. Much to its disgust, it was ignominiously repulsed ; yet gamely stuck to its antagonist and attacked him again on the north bank of the ezimBókodweni river, whither he had betaken himself. And with like results ; after which it thought better to retrace its steps homewards, minus Nqetó and minus cattle, and concoct the best excuse it could for the hoodwinking of Dingane.

Long before the Qwabes had crossed the Mzimkúlu, Fáku, the Mpondo chief, had already been apprised of their coming and their heinous character. Dingane, unable to do any damage with his army, had hastened along a couple of skilful spies to keep an eye on these thievish renegades and to make suitable arrangements with Fáku for their reception. Nqetó's intelligence department, however, was equally crafty, and did not fail to detect and bring to his notice this little manœuvre and, on its own part, to keep under careful surveillance both Fáku and the Zulu spies. When, therefore, Nqetó sent messengers to Fáku craving the favour of an allotment, he was hardly surprised to hear that his messengers had been promptly killed

Nqetó had come south with perfectly pacific intentions. He was not out on a marauding expedition or a conquestorial campaign. On the contrary, his only aim was to attain tranquillity by removing right away from the Shakan system of tyranny and murder, which Dingane now gave every promise of perpetuating. But hardly had he crossed the Mzimkúlu river than he discovered that, as the proverb hath it, out of the frying-pan he had leapt into the fire. He found himself here in a world seething with

indiscriminate hate and universal warfare. Pious intentions were utterly inadequate to meet the malice and hostility of the brood of devils here assembled; such can be reasoned with only in the language they understand, by other devilry. So he too was forced to play another devil and to pay back in the recognized local coinage.

Despite Faku's treacherous villainy, Nqetó forebore from taking any reprisals, but peacefully, though firmly, put down his foot and put up his tents on the right bank of the upper Msikaba river. On his southern flank, towards the Mzimvubu, were settled the *emaXesibeni* and *Jali* clans, like himself miserable refugees out of Natal. They proved most unfriendly neighbours, and very soon, in league with a number of *Túsis* also in the locality, determined to make the Qwabe position intolerable. A notorious Dutch outlaw, named Klaas Lochenberg, chanced then to be hunting in the vicinity; so they enrolled him and his party as useful mercenaries. This wicked old criminal is said to have had presentiments, ill-omened dreams, that the projected undertaking against the Qwabes would prove personally perilous. Nevertheless, in July, 1829, he brushed his premonitions aside as idle fears and, at the head of the little army, boldly proceeded to Nqetó's encampment.

The Qwabes had been informed betimes of the enemy's coming, and had taken the precaution to collect *en masse*, with women, children and cattle, on a hill-summit. There they calmly awaited the approach of the enemy's army with General Lochenberg and his division of Hottentot musketeers at its head. No sooner had these latter discharged their muskets, killing several Qwabes and wounding Nqetó himself, than the whole Qwabe mass charged down like an avalanche upon them before the dismounted musketeers had time to reload. Lochenberg and one of his companions were killed on the spot, their horses captured and the entire Xesibe army put to flight.

It had been now forced upon Nqetó that he must either conform with the general habit of neighbourly destruction, or else be himself destroyed. He inaugurated the new mode of life a month later by sending a punitive force against some unfriendly kraals over the Mzimvubu, subject to a minor chief there located, named Myeki, of the Mpondomusa clan. The Qwabes reached their objective over-night, set the offending kraals ablaze, leisurely speared all who attempted to emerge from the huts, and roasted the remainder within.

It was in this same month of August, 1829, that Farewell and his party arrived in the vicinity. This Farewell, formerly a lieutenant in the British Navy, was the founder of modern Durban.

It was on the 1st of May, 1824, that, upon returning from a coasting trip (1823) in the brig 'Salisbury' as far as Delagoa Bay in search of new trade-markets, he had reported to Lieut.-Col. Somerset, Governor of the Cape, that he had "found a port where a small vessel could lie perfectly secure." Soon afterwards, with a party of about forty all told and including Fynn, Lieut. Farewell chartered two vessels from Capetown to the newly-found Port Natal, their professed object being "to establish a commercial intercourse and to lay the ground for civilizing the inhabitants of that part of Africa." The party in the 'Julia,' led by H. Fynn, arrived first, the remainder, under Farewell, following six weeks afterwards in the 'Ann.' On the 24th August, 1824, the British flag was hoisted at the Point. Forty-one years later (in 1865) the little settlement at Port Natal had grown into the small town of Durban with just 1000 European inhabitants.

Farewell subsequently returned to the Cape, and, at the time we are writing of (August, 1829) was returning to Natal by the newly-blazed overland route, well furnished with wagons conveying a suitable stock-in-trade. He left Uitenhage on 6th August, in company with the elder Thackwray and a naturalist named William Walker, "an adventurous young man of high education, ambitious of following in the footsteps of Mungo Park." A Hottentot named Lynx, from the mission-station at Wesleyville, served as Native interpreter, while other Hottentots acted as drivers. The party for the moment had outspanned at a place known as amaDola, north of the Mzinvubu and about sixteen miles from Nqetó's kraal.

In years gone by Farewell had visited Shaka, the Zulu king, at his Bulawayo (in Zululand) and Dukuza kraals (in Natal) and had obtained from him a concession of a piece of country north, south and west of Port Natal, extending twenty-five miles along the coast and 100 miles inland. During those visits he had numbered Nqetó amongst his acquaintances and was now gladened at the prospect of meeting an old friend once more under such changed conditions. Fáku, the Mpondo chief, whom Farewell visited first, hearing that the latter was professedly carrying presents for Dingane and must therefore be assumed to be on friendly terms with him, advised him of the suspicions this fact would arouse in Nqetó's mind and strongly dissuaded him from his intended visit to him. Farewell, however, having little experience of savage treachery, hearkened not to the word of the wise. For did he not know himself to be Nqetó's friend, a man of peace withal, seeking nought than honest barter for the store of ivory reported to be in Nqetó's possession? And, goodness knows, heavier risks than this must

be taken to acquire that precious commodity. Accordingly he betook himself to Nqetó's kraal, and, as he had anticipated, met with a welcome, cheering and merry. Fáku 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 clouds appeared gathering on the horizon. Nqetó began to make bitter complaint of the painful wound a 'Whiteman,' Lochenberg, to whom he had never done aught of ill, had cruelly inflicted upon him. A lowering scowl played round the visage of Nqetó and an ominous change came over the behaviour of his people. So, then, this cunning Whiteman, 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 a very emissary of his, sent to spy out the where and the how of the equally wily Nqetó! For what meaneth that sneaking Zulu there—the reference was to one of Dingane's spies, well known to Nqetó, whom Farewell had imprudently allowed to accompany him back from Fáku's—so long a suspicious wanderer in Mpondo-land hard by, now here in Nqetó's kraal in the Whiteman's following, and so ostensibly disguised in the Whiteman's overcoat? Oh God! was Fáku 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 failed. And amid the jeering exultation of the savage crowd, the poor animals were tortured unto madness; but could nowhere find a channel of escape.

This first act o'er, the dark curtain of night fell upon the scene and the actors retired to rest. But not all to sleep. The Hottentot Lynx had kept his keen ears open and had overheard such sinister remarks as must be conveyed to his master in the darkness. The latter once more refused to listen to any reflections on his old friend's honesty; but Lynx's companion Hottentots were not so credulous and loaded their guns in readiness. Then, in the blackness that precedes the dawn, many crouching figures, bearing newly whetted assegais, moved stealthily towards the Whiteman'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 a hut close by, only three escaped, after having had to shoot down three of the traitors in their effort.

Then off to the Whiteman's camp they hied, sixteen miles away. Six Europeans and seventeen Hottentots there left in charge, espied the savage mob approaching, and, reading the portent right, mounted their horses forthwith and were off. Ten

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!*

Intoxicated with this sanguinary debauch, with two of the Great White race already to his credit—a fame to which Shaka himself had never attained!—Nqetó thirsted for further glory. He would now clear the field by crushing that sole remaining menace, Fáku.

But first he would drill his army into perfect form by less dangerous practice. He began with Myeki, son of Mgxambi, chief of the *amaMpondomusa* along the southern banks of the middle Mzimvubu. Stealing down, true messengers of death, in the night, the way of the Qwabe murderers was marked by the rise of lurid clouds of flame and smoke from the altar of every kraal, with the victims strewn in heaps around, no quarter having been given to woman, child or man. Therefrom on for other massacres to the Morley mission station at amaDola, whence Mr. Shepstone (father of Sir Theophilus), then in charge, barely escaped with his family by timely flight.

At this point, Fáku suddenly turned the tables and utterly extinguished the Qwabes and all their works. Hearing that Nqetó's army was assembled in a certain forest on the right bank of the Mzimvubu, he hastened over his own, probably in the night, and surrounded the enemy in his own trap. For below the forest ran a sloping ridge, flanked on either side by deep ravines down to tremendous precipices overlooking the river. Decoy parties were now launched to draw the Qwabes out of the forest on to the ridge. Finding his soldiers shrink from so hazardous a venture, Fáku, taking his brother and his own two sons, bravely led them on in person. The feint was delightfully successful. No sooner did the Qwabes espy the small force of Mpondos below them on the ridge than forth they issued in a body to demolish them; but no sooner were they themselves out of the bush than, from behind and from both ravines, they found themselves invested. Caught in the trap, the Mpondos hustled them along the ridge and over the precipices into the broad torrent of the Mzimvubu below, but few of the Qwabes escaping.

A party of Xesibes was then detached and hurried off to Nqetó's Great Kraal, where he was lying still disabled with Lochenberg's wound. With him was our old friend, Mdingi, the

* See Kay, *T.C.*

Memela chief, who, finding himself an unwelcome guest in Xóza-land, had recently sought asylum with Nqetó. Informed of the enemy's approach, both scrambled into their saddles forthwith and were off to Natal, leaving the females to bring along the plundered goods of Farewell and the men-servants the herd of cattle.

Meanwhile Ncapáyi had been keeping an interested and watchful eye on all these sudden reversals of fortune. Alas! he was informed of Nqetó and Mdingi's flight too late to be able to intercept them. He could achieve nothing more than a complete rout of their baggage corps; but the acquisition of all Farewell's bales of treasure and Dingane's herd of cattle amply compensated for the loss of the bigger game.

Headless and forlorn, the small surviving remnant of the Qwabe host scattered like sheep before the devastating wolf. Some accepted a menial subjection under their conqueror, Fáku; some gravitated helplessly back to a more miserable servitude in the Zulu army; others, a hundred or two strong, threw themselves on the clemency of Fynn, Ogle and other white-skinned brothers of him whom they had so perfidiously done to death, and by them were mercifully received.

Once over the Mzimkúlu, Nqetó and Mdingi, yesterday such mighty, proud and dreaded chieftains, to-day but mean and cringing mendicants, parted company. Mdingi headed alone towards the mouth of the Mkómazi, where he built himself a kraal and dwelt a while in peace, then died. Nqetó, on the other hand, 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 enTlangwini clan, dwelling higher up the Mkómazi. There, with the measure of perfidy he had meted out to Farewell, was it measured unto 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 clan. These, gradually uniting with others of their clan till then serving under the white men at Port Natal or scattered elsewhere about the country, came to form that collection of Qwabe people in more recent times dwelling about the Mvoti river in Natal and ruled, partly by Meseni, son of Musi, son of Gódolozí, brother of Pákatwáyo, and partly by Mafongonyana, son of Gódide, another brother of Pákatwáyo's.

But the tragedy was not yet ended. Nqetó murdered, such of his family as had followed him, broke up and dispersed. Two of

his wives, however, betook themselves back to their parental homes in Zululand. Their return (1830) got noised abroad and ere long reached the royal ears. They were at once arrested and brought to 'justice'—a fate that befell each one of Nqetó's Qwabes who dared to place his foot again in Zululand. The pioneer, Isaacs, chanced at the moment to be in Dingane's kraal. He found the king "sitting near his palace with a body of people round him, and two fine-looking women sitting immediately opposite to him. They appeared very melancholy. . . . Dingane gave the motion for them to be 'sent home.' The unhappy creatures knew what was meant by the signal and fell on their knees before the king, supplicating mercy; but it was of no avail, the signal of death had been given." The Native servant of Isaacs, Nosipóngo, was then ordered to take his master's firearms and shoot the women. The first shot proved fatal; but the second woman, thinking to shield off the bullet with a mat, held it up before her and so obstructed the aim, and received the bullet in her neck. She thereupon started running backwards, looking at her executioner with terror and anguish, while he reloaded. The second attempt put the poor woman out of her agony. All this while Dingane and his councillors had been callous spectators of the brutal scene.¹

These events caused Dingane to recollect 'those cattle of his' with which Nqetó had absconded and which, he understood, were now in the possession of that other scoundrel, Ncapáyi. He consulted his councillors as to the advisability of sending for them. The idea meeting with approval, an army was despatched (July, 1830) to put it into execution.

Hardly more than a month had elapsed before the army was home again (21st Aug.), a weary and emaciated rabble, sans battle, sans cattle, outwitted by Ncapáyi and beaten by King Cold. To reach Ncapáyi it had been necessary for the army to traverse the whole breadth of Natal, which that army itself had already reduced to a barren waste, producing no morsel of food whereon an army might march. Arriving there already worn out with hunger and fatigue, it only remained for Ncapáyi to bring about their utter collapse by systematically withdrawing himself ever farther and farther away, ever higher and higher into the foodless, fatiguing and snow-covered kloofs and krantzies in the mountains thereabouts. Neither Zulu generals nor Zulu soldiers were accustomed to such rugged and icy altitudes, and to have to sleep and walk about in snow for days—maybe for weeks—together with naked bodies and empty stomachs, after an enemy they could never see, they found most exasperating.—It was from this experience that the Zulus first came to nickname these people of Ncapáyi the **amaBáca** (the Hiders or Invisibles). So it was arranged

among the generals that they should all 'have dreams,' aware, of course, that with Dingane dreams were held imperative heaven-sent admonitions. Shaka himself, they said, had appeared to them "and demanded to know what they were doing at such a distance from their own country, seeing that they had killed him in order to enjoy peace and rest"; and further, what had become of "Dingane's oath to lay down the spear and shield and go to war no more." That certainly was a straight question calculated to cause Dingane a salutary shock. On the following night Shaka repeated his reproof. "Where *are* the Zulus going?" he demanded. "Are they going to destruction? If they proceed one inch farther, they will surely perish." That settled it; and the army was ordered to right-about at once, and the retreat from Moscow commenced, much to the relief of Ncapáyi's Russians.

Dingane could not have felt much covered with glory by such an opprobrious fiasco; but, in the face of 'those dreams,' obviously nothing could be said or done. What he could do, though, was to order them all back again to Moscow, and see what their next stunt might be. So he allowed them a respite to fatten for the market and, in May, 1833, issued the command, Back to Ncapáyi. The army on this occasion took the inland route; but what happened to it when it reached Ncapáyi's is discreetly omitted from Zulu records. All that we are told on an otherwise blank page is that 'those cattle' remained, as before, with Ncapáyi, while poor Mgóduka, Mhlangana (alias Ntlanganiso) and Mpézulu, the Zulu spies, who had failed to locate them, lost possession of their useless eyes.

On their return, the army took the coastal route. Standing on the southern bank of the Mzimkúlu, it alighted on an out-spanned wagon in charge of some Hottentots. Urged by empty stomachs, they first slew the Hottentots (save three who escaped), then slaughtered the cattle. News of this was conveyed post-haste to Port Natal, where the European residents regarded it as a hostile act, premonitory of what was coming. So when, a few days later, they beheld the Zulu army approaching the Port, they bravely sallied forth and peppered it vigorously with shot.

The 'enemy,' however, as it afterwards appeared, was a perfectly friendly one, and its inhospitable reception by the Whites, thought Dingane, could be attributed only to some aggression of its own. To prevent further such misunderstanding, he ordered all Zulu subjects, including two large regimental kraals, to remove from the country between the Tóngaat and Tùkela into Zululand. At the same time the Whites, on their part, fearing reprisals departed *en masse*, together with their Natives, in the contrary

direction. They crossed the Mzimkúlu, and awaited developments ; but nothing happening, they soon after returned, though many of their Natives remained permanently down south.

With Nqetó and Mdingi gone, poor Ncapáyi was left in a sad plight—there was nobody now to fight with, except Fáku ; and he could hardly wage war, just yet, on him, seeing that he was momentarily engaged courting the hand of Fáku's beautiful daughter, which hand in 1835 he succeeded in winning. The purchase of the bride being completed, the diplomatic friendship ceased. In 1839 we find father- and son-in-law locked in mortal embrace. Ncapáyi was knocked out and Fáku went home with the purse, a goodly number of cattle.

These lost cattle had to be made good, somehow ; and Ncapáyi lamented more than ever the disappearance of his old and gallant rivals, Mdingi and Nqetó. But just then something very opportune happened—the trekking Boers arrived in Natal (Nov., 1837). Their enormous herds of cattle, thought Ncapáyi, would exactly suit his purpose and provide an excellent substitute for Béle and Qwabe raids. Moreover, as though to suit his special convenience, the Boers were all away from home just then, fighting with Dingane (1838-39-40). So Bâcas and Bushmen (then numerous along the Drakensberg) joined hands, and between them they raised Boer-cattle baiting to a national art and pastime.

When at length the Boers had accounted for Dingane (Jan., 1840) and returned to their homes at Weenen and thereabouts (in central Natal), they noted with surprise how remarkably, during their absence, their treasured herds had grown—grown smaller ! Ja ! each succeeding mist or heavy rain, related the perplexed *uNoyi* (Dutch housewife), the growth had made another spurt downwards ! Putting their unkempt noddles together to solve the mystery, the farmers decided that it was highly improbable that the mists could have swept the cattle away, or the rain have washed them off to the sea. What about the Bushmen on the Berg, or the Bâcas farther down in Griqualand ?

The Dutch government accordingly called out a commando of their burghers, including the English ' burghers ' at the Port, to proceed and interview these unsophisticated savages (latter part of 1840). When they reached the Bushmen haunts on the Berg, curiously enough, not a Bushman was to be found—apparently they had all been swept away along with the cattle ! So they wended their way seawards. When they reached Mpondoland, what was their astonishment when they found that a number of their cattle had been carried (by the rains) right into Fáku's kraal ! Asked for an explanation, five days before, said Fáku, he had indulged in a little diversion at Ncapáyi's expense,

and this was the proceeds. So-o ! and off the commando cantered, 260 Whites all told, to interview Ncapáyi. The interview consisted of the slaughter of 150 Bácas, the annexation of 3000 head of cattle and the capture of two women. For the satisfaction of their own conscience, the Boers adjured one of these women, by the "holy God who dwelt in heaven," to confess that Ncapáyi was the thief; to which she confessed instead that she "had no such knowledge of a living God." Not to be outdone, the Boers adjured again, on the "great Book in which the Lord says, if we lie, He will destroy us with his lightning," and threatened that "if she lied, the great God would strike her dead by His lightning." She swore instanter, "by the sun, that he had robbed us." What more was needed? All qualms of conscience were immediately dispelled by this unimpeachable evidence; and the Boers went home with the Báca cattle and a conviction of the righteousness of their raid.²

When they got home, they issued a formal report of the proceedings, and, amongst other items of interesting news, they put it on record that, "after a desperate fight, Ncapáyi fell."³ We do not doubt that Ncapáyi fell; but we are equally certain that he got up again, none the worse for the fall, and remained up for another four years. At the end of that time, all love between Fáku and him had so cooled down, as to be already several points below zero.

Fáku was not among the number of those favoured monarchs, of whom we have already spoken, as possessed of an *umLingo* (a miracle stunt). Still, he possessed a useful working knowledge of ordinary Ngúni magic. Everybody knows how the Native love-sick swain, by certain telepathic charms of his, can irresistibly draw to his bosom the distant and unwilling girl. With this well-known trick Fáku would experiment on the unwilling rogue, Ncapáyi. So he called to him the royal magician and bade him become possessed, as he knew how, of Ncapáyi's arm-ring. This was easy work for the magician; he simply donned one night his robe of invisibility and inaudibility, crept into Ncapáyi's hut as he lay, with his wife, asleep, withdrew the brass ring from his arm, and walked off with it, without anybody being the wiser! The ring in his possession, Fáku treated it with proper magic, then at night called through the void its owner over.

Ncapáyi heard the call as he lay asleep, got up and dressed. "Where are you going?" asked his wife. "I am going to Fáku," said he. "During the night?" "Without any doubt"; and off he went, followed by the astonished family. Arrived at Fáku's, his advent was announced to the chief. "Where are you going to?" asked the latter. "I am going right here," was

the reply. "And what are you going to steal?" inquired Fáku. "I thought I had been called by the king." "Imagination"; said Fáku. "Anyway, take him to yon hut, and we will talk to-morrow."

Having completed his plans for finally ridding himself of this pest, on the morrow Fáku was smitten with remorse, and cried, "It repenteth me that I have done this thing. I cannot slay my own child's husband. Take him home."⁴

And home Ncapáyi went, gathered together an army and went back again (1844), to slay the royal wizard. No actual account is available of the collision that followed between the two forces; but it must have been pretty terrific, because on this occasion Ncapáyi fell; and remained there.

After Ncapáyi's death, Mdutshane, son of Sonyangwe, for whom the former had been acting regent, was already 21 years of age at least. He now entered into his inheritance and assumed the paramountcy over the whole *amaBáca* tribe. The path at this time being already open back to the broader spaces and more tranquil environment of Natal, Mdutshane, with a portion of his people, moved over into that country and settled above the sources of the Mzumbé river. There three sons of note were born, all, after his death, becoming important chiefs over as many sections of the tribe. The eldest of these was Nomtsheketshe, who ruled those of the Bácas who had remained at emBondzeni, Madikane's old country, north of the Mzimvubu above the Mount Frere bridge. But the son born of the great wife (purchased by the whole tribe's cattle) was Madukuda or Cijisile (father of Békukupíwa), who retained authority over his father's own people above the Mzumbé. Msingapántsi selected a pitch opposite him on the southern side of the Mzinkúlu, below the Ngwángwáne; while Madikane's son, Dliwakó, established himself on the *kwa-Cekwane* flats (Dronkvlei). Other minor chieftains, each with a goodly following, were scattered here and there, on the Cabáne, the Mzimvubu and elsewhere. On the southern bank of the Mzimvubu, south of the Mount Frere bridge, settled that portion of the tribe which on Ncapáyi's death, assumed independence under his son, Makáwula (or Lufútá).

¹ Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, II, 45-9.

³ *Ibid.*, 622.

² Bird, *A.N.*, I, 250, 633, 727.

⁴ Callaway, *R.S.*, 431.

CHAPTER 41

THE ABAMBO OF THE DRIZZLE

FOR twenty years and more (from 1821 to 1844) we have been leading the reader, like Dante, through another world, through the Pandemonium of the south. A wave of our magic wand will now transport him back to the upper world again, to the point from which we started—the year, 1821; the place, Zululand.

Shaka sits, as we left him, lamenting the slimness of the Cûnu boys (267), who had run away before he could grab and thrash them. But alongside former Cûnuland dwells another large clan, which may serve as substitute. These are the **aba-s-eMbó** people (They of eMbó—a place-name), otherwise the **aba-kwa-Mkize** (They of Mkize—a person).

We have already related (312) how in 1589 the early Portuguese found the *abaMbó* folk dwelling southward of Delagoa Bay and northward of the St. Lucia Bay; how a century or more later, the tribe broke up and a considerable portion of it marched away inland, there, in the lapse of centuries, to grow into the Hlubi, Dlamini and Mkize clans. From the fact of the original tribal name, *aba-s-eMbó*, having been retained by the Mkize house alone, one would almost like to believe that that house represented the branch originally paramount in the family; but beyond this sole fact there is no evidence confirming such a supposition.

The elucidation of place-names has been a hobby greatly in vogue among modern European folklorists. But long before their time a similar kind of hobby had been fashionable among the savages of Africa. Almost every clan had fabricated some fantastic fiction explanatory of its own particular name—at any rate, wherever there was the smallest loophole for doing so. The Mkize name offered such a temptation. Was it not clear that they had been so called because of having set forth on their travels in a drizzling rain (*Z. umKizo*)? Perfectly obvious, even to the blind! Yes; that is why they were, and are, dubbed the *abaMbó* of Mkize (the *abaMbó* of the Drizzle)!

The direction taken by these Mkizes after they had left the Lubombó hills was that towards the Hluhluwe river, along whose banks they for a space sojourned. Whether or not they subsequently circled round via the eNgóme hills, as did their Natal neighbours and relatives, the Dlaminis, remains unrecorded: they may all have travelled together.

This general *abaMbó* migration took place, as we have already surmised, between the years 1700 and 1750. Either Langa or his son, Ndlozela, is as likely as anyone to have been the Mkize Moses; but on their last lap, which brought them to their final goal at the eNtsuze, Mavovo was their leader. This seems a reasonable deduction from the fact that all the minor chieftains who came into prominence subsequent to the clan's arrival on the eNtsuze, trace their ancestry back to one or other of the sons of Mavovo. The paramount chief alone effects a pedigree that transcends the normal and ranges away, beyond Mavovo, to Langa.

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 doings of others. Dingiswayo had not yet arisen to form them together into one political union under his own Mtétwá hegemony. Freedom of passage, therefore, along the lines of unoccupied lands was open to all, and the Mkize eMbós passed safely along, till they reached what appeared to them a promising site for settlement on the northern side of the Túkela valley, between the Ntsuze stream and the eQúdeni forest. There unmolested they pitched their tents of supple sticks and grass. And the time of their coming was the time of Mavovo (between 1750 and 1770).

Having arrived in the Túkela wilderness, Mavovo soon began to feel dreadfully lonely and longed for some one to come and share his sorrows. Now, at that identical moment it happened that some one, not very far away, to wit, a love-sick maiden, was suffering from precisely the same complaint, and hearing of the timely arrival of the eMbó king, thought how nice it would be to become a queen. She resolved forthwith to 'run away' (as was the Ngúni custom) and offer her hand to his majesty. Not knowing, however, exactly where the eMbó palace lay, she inquired of a stranger, "Prythee, canst thou direct me to King Mavovo's?" "Certainly," replied the stranger, "over yon hills, and far away." So over the hills she ran, and reached Mavovo's. "Oho!" quoth the king, when he espied the pretty maiden tripping up his kraal; "what luck is this that hath brought thee here?" "Sire," she said, "I seek Mavovo, the eMbó king." "Mavovo, my dear," said he, "that is I, the *Cube* king"—it chanced that at that time both eMbó and *Cube* kings possessed the same name. "That other chap over there is only Mavovwana (the Little Mavovo)." Well, thought the maiden, to me one king is as good as another; so there she stayed and married, and in course of time produced an infant girl.

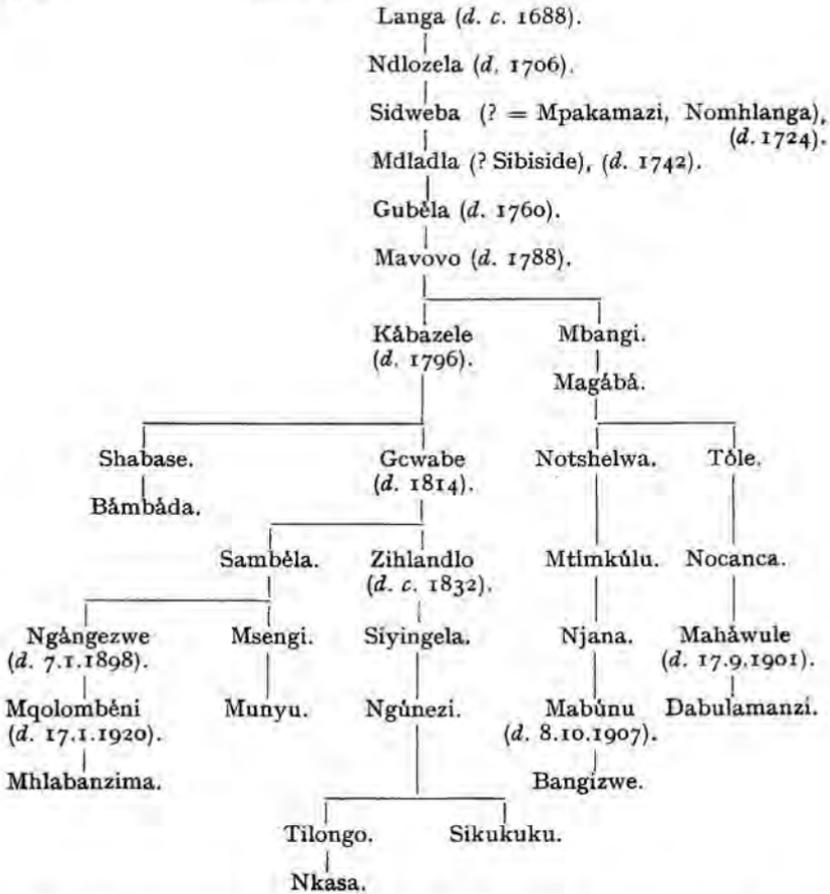
It was not long before this lamentable miscarriage of justice was brought to the notice of the eMbó king. "Zounds!" he cried, "thus to rob me of my prize." And he immediately sought out a reliable artful dodger whom he despatched to entice the lady back. Conceiving that a change might possibly be for the better—it could hardly be for the worse,—the lady most gallantly responded, and took the very earliest opportunity of transferring her allegiance. True, she found another lady already installed as eMbó queen; but she willingly engaged to become her understudy, and in due course gave birth to a son, Mbangi (so called after the 'contest' waged over her, from *Z. banga*, to contend). "So you have found your Mavovo at last, my love," chuckled the eMbó king. "That fraud over there is not Mavovo at all; he is only Mavovwana (the Little Mavovo)."¹

In the genealogical table on p. 406, the names before Mdladla are to be regarded as unreliable. The line of descent of the senior house was obtained by Bleek from Siyingela prior to the year 1860. Bleek's *Nllozela* was a miswriting—a weakness against which even great German philologists are not proof!—for *Ndllozela*; likewise *Sitweba* should have been *Sidweba* (see 314, table).

The speedy and total collapse of his immediate neighbours, such large and powerful clans as the emaCúnwini and ebaTénjini, must have caused Zihlandlo, son of Gcwabe, then on the eMbó throne, considerable misgivings. A hopeless outlook for him indeed. He decided to take the wiser course and to submit abjectly betimes. We may well imagine him sending handsome presents to the dreaded Shaka with protestations of fealty and flattery—how unutterable was the respect he cherished for his august person; how magnificent were his conquests; how he was, and ever would be, the most faithful and admiring of his servants. Anyway, from the moment of Zihlandlo's submission, Shaka became his friend; aye more, he ever after publicly referred to him as his 'younger brother' (*umNawa waké*), and treated him as such until the day of his death. By such wise diplomacy the eMbó became one of the very few clans that remained unmolested throughout the whole Shakan period, retaining both fatherland and quasi-independence intact.

The pioneer Isaacs was the first white man Zihlandlo ever saw. What Zihlandlo thought of such a phenomenon he did not venture to declare—probably he regarded it purely as a less repulsive type of albino, of whom a number existed among the Natives. What Isaacs thought of him is more flattering. "To-day," he says, "as I was walking through the [recently erected Dukuza] kraal, I noticed a venerable-looking man washing his feet with a calabash of water. His appearance attracted me: he was tall and of a

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yellowish complexion, much lighter than the Natives." ² Isaacs afterwards made a pleasant journey with him to his home at the eNyakenye kraal on the northern side of the Túkela—although at this time the eMbó people were already in occupation of both banks. They passed through the beautiful, but now depopulated, wastes which, but a few years before, had been the happy fatherlands of the emaNgángéni, the Mapúmulo and the emaKábeleni clans, now all of them destroyed or dispersed. Like their chief, Isaacs found the eMbó people friendly, generous, hospitable and courteous, "a tall, stout, athletic and fine-looking people, much lighter in colour than their neighbours and approaching to something between a yellow and a copper complexion." And still to-day one meets, among the Mkize people, with very handsome Natives of a semi-Caucasic type and yellowish skins, and possess-

ing, especially among the females, quite delicately chiselled and handsome features. One wonders whether, in former centuries, while still sojourning near the north Zululand coast, there may not have been infused into their veins the blood of some light-skinned Caucasian strain, as that of Persians, northern Indians or Europeans wrecked upon the coast, who would naturally become the perquisite of the eMbò royal house.

As having an interesting bearing on this point, we may introduce a 'Nursery Tale,' which Callaway * collected from a Ndlovu man, whose clan was originally settled alongside the eMbòs, from whom the story may have been received:—

"A king of the east reigned over a large nation; he had many daughters; they had their own pool in the river where they bathed. At noon on a certain day they left their homes and joined company and went to the pool; they went to sport in the water. One little one started out from among them and went into the pool. So they all took off their dresses and went into the pool and sported. They sported and sported. The little one went out and shouted on the bank of the pool, saying, 'Come out and see what is the matter with me. Look, my breasts are swollen, as large as a woman's, as big as yours, too, ye maidens.'

"They all went out of the pool and said, 'Let us go back to our father, and show him what is the matter with this child of his.' So they came home to the king, their father, and said, 'Father, look at this; there is your child. We went to sport in the water; we observed, when she came out of the pool, that her breasts were as large as this.' The father said, 'Where are the men?'

"When the men came, he said, 'Consider this wonderful thing, and whether it is a disease or not. Consider, ye old men, if there ever was such a thing as this. Did you ever see it before? Since it is not proper that her breasts be so large, she being so young a child.'

"The council answered, 'No, we have never known of such a thing. It is a prodigy. Do you speak, you whose child she is.' The king said, 'No! let her depart from her home amongst us. For I do not know what the beast, with which the child is pregnant, will do when it is born. I say, there is a beast inside of the child. I say, let it go to a distance from this home of ours, even though she die, that she may die without my seeing her when the beast is born.'

"The child wept. And all the maidens wept, when she left her home, saying, 'Alas! whither will the child of our father go?'

"So she went, leaving her home; she knew not where to go;

she quitted her father's village. She wandered hither and thither without an aim. Her wandering in uncertainty was great while thus pregnant.

"At length she came to another village, not belonging to her father. She gave birth to a child; she gave birth to it among another people. She said, 'I thought I was pregnant with a beast; and forsooth I have given birth to a human being.' When she had given birth to the child, her friends came, who were seeking her; when they found her, they said, 'We are seeking you. Your father told us to go and seek for the place where you died, and find if it were but your bones. And in truth you are here.' She replied, 'I have become a mother. I have given birth to a human being, my own boy.' She said, 'Let us go home again. I am willing, for I have given birth to a human being. I knew not how he entered within me. For you know that I was not yet of sufficient age to become pregnant. And my sisters with whom I went, know that I never spoke with a man. I speak the truth. And I myself have taken care of my child, because I saw it was a human being; I would have forsaken him, if it had been an animal. I saw it was a real human being.'

"So they set out, and returned to go to the king of the east. They reached the king's home. The king was glad; he told the whole nation to assemble; he said, 'All of you give praise. Praise this child. Praise and rejoice, for he is the child of my child only, for he is not the child of a male; for she had not married; he is my child only.'

"So he grew up; he treated diseases, he was a doctor, he alleviated suffering and excelled other doctors. He was named, The wise son of the king. He was greater than all the king's children as regards being loved.

"The king's town was full of people who went there to be healed; he excelled all other doctors. People whom the doctors could not cure of their diseases, those he helped much throughout the whole nation over which his father reigned. He left his country and travelled among all nations, going about healing diseases, and merely staying in a place to heal diseases and to help the people.

"His mother, too, and others who went with him and his mother, also treated diseases. He was not given any reward. He said, 'I am a king's child; I have no other object than that of helping you. My father is a king and possesses all things. I help you from pure mercy.' The nations too said continually, 'We too are the children of your father, because you seek nothing of us as a reward; we are now the children of your father. He is king.'

" So he ceased to be known among the people of that maiden. He went about without ceasing. That is the end of the matter."

This story is obviously of non-Bantu origin, and we agree with Callaway that it suggests the story of the Virgin Birth. Was it derived, along with the fair colour, from shipwrecked Portuguese or Goanese Catholics?

While Zihlandlo, as a vassal prince, must needs conform to the rigorous custom of periodically appearing at Shaka's court, it was much more congenial to him to curry favour by that sincerer form of flattery, imitation. With Shaka's sanction and on his behalf, he often indulged in small campaigns of conquest.

Small roaming Zulu armies, commanded by Manjanja of Ntlambéla (of the Ntombéla clan), and other minor generals, and often without any definite objective, were at this time (1821) already busy ravaging and raiding the quiet and unwarlike Lala clans dwelling on the southern side of the Túkela. One such army presented itself one day in Kábelaland, opposite the eMbó country on the Túkela. Unfortunately for the Zulus, the Kábelas, who were very insignificant in numbers, saw them coming and completely vanished into the innermost recesses of the jungle, leaving the Zulus nonplussed outside. Yet not so altogether; for Shaka had already appointed as local deputy his 'younger brother,' Zihlandlo, just over the river, to carry out such minor local tasks as he himself lacked time or inclination to accomplish. Zihlandlo found huge delight in being commissioned with such congenial undertakings, and, crossing the river, instead of wasting time hunting for hidden Kábelas amongst the thorns, he simply pronounced judgment on them by default and distrained their country, proclaiming it, in Shaka's name, a new province of eMbóland, which it henceforth became.

It was during this or the following year that the Lala Confederacy (377), upon reaching the Mkómazi, fell to pieces, and most of its members returned to their former homelands. Among them was Mkálipí, son of Nombúya, chief of the ōNyamvini, south of the mid-Mvoti. This had hardly reached the dear old land and re-erected his home, when a Zulu raiding force appeared, led by Manjanja, and turned him out again. Knowing that Zihlandlo, the eMbó chief, was already Shaka's *alter ego*, Mkálipí felt he would be preserved from further molestation if he subjected himself to him. He took that step, and was not mistaken in his trust. He continued to live untouched in the old country, in peace indeed, though 'in very reduced circumstances,' until Zihlandlo himself was murdered by Dingane.

Bóyiya, son of Mdakuda, the emaDungeni chief, was another of the returned confederates. As destitute now and discouraged

as was Mkálipi, he was not as wise. He deluded himself with the futile hope of 'things improving' and gradually falling back to normal. But the local world since then had galloped on apace, and Bóyiya was sadly out in his musings. It did not take Zihlandlo long to discover and take advantage of his simplicity. 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 Bóyiya himself.

By Shaka's own favour, Zihlandlo was rapidly developing into a strong, though unintentional, rival to Shaka himself. By a system of small military enterprises, on the one hand, and of benevolent rule, on the other, he was extending his dominion and adding to his following to an almost challenging extent. When the **Nyavu** and **Njilo** Debe-Ngúnis on the Mngéni, the people of Mcoseli and of Noqomfela, had betaken themselves to Matiwane (under the Drakensberg) for protection and then (about the end of 1822) been driven away by him, they knew no safer asylum to which they might now retreat than that held open to all distressed chieftains and destitute clansmen by Zihlandlo. So over the Tükela they went to him *en masse*, and there remained till the tribe fell to pieces on his death.

It was presumably while the above Nyavus of Mcoseli were still with Matiwane, that Zihlandlo's force met with another branch of the same Nyavu tribe (the people of Sibenya, Mcoseli's brother) wandering with their wives and stock in a forlorn state about the veld. Not being willing to 'join on' as so many wiser folk had already done, the eMbó force attacked them, relieved them of all their cattle and compelled them to become sensible by hard experience.

But Zihlandlo's little victories and fights were not all performed abroad. Right there at home he also had discomfitures and triumphs. Tired at last of those wearisome ceremonial visits to Shaka, he graciously invested his half-brother, Mashukumbéle, with the honourable commission of doing the dirty work, while he himself should receive the wages. Mashukumbéle, with good business foresight, readily accepted the job, seeing therein an avenue to self-enrichment. When, then, Zihlandlo next went personally to Shaka, "Strange," observed the latter, "you have no word of thanks for those fine cattle I sent you." Zihlandlo, cute enough not to be taken dozing, explained that there had not yet been an opportunity of him and Mashukumbéle meeting. This indeed was a perilous charge, and, after Zihlandlo's arrival home, led to a perilous misunderstanding between the two brothers.



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ANCIENT CUSTOMS NOW EXTINCT
Nomkubulwana Girls herding in Men's attire



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Girl dressed in Grass for the *umShopi* Mysteries

Mashukumbéle had been misled to believe that Zihlandlo had given him away while at Dukuza. Blind to the fact of his own dishonesty, he became immediately incensed to madness by the imagined duplicity of his brother, and forthwith marched down upon him with murderous intent. Zihlandlo, however, pleaded not guilty, and endeavoured to soothe the injured feelings of his brother by informing him that, 'Quite the contrary! What he had gone to the Zulu king's for was nothing else than to obtain for his dear Mashukumbéle himself some specially handsome monkey-skins, wherewith he might clothe himself more elegantly when paying his court visits; and to-morrow he would actually present him with them.'

Meanwhile, Zihlandlo had secretly sent word to another brother, Sambéla, resident at the emNgéneleni kraal and of a more loyal disposition, stating that Mashukumbéle was here killing him, and praying that he come at once to the rescue. Before the dawn of day Sambéla's police force was already stationed in hiding above Zihlandlo's kraal. Later on in the morning the royal herald proclaimed in stentorian style, 'All company into the cattle-fold' (where official meetings were commonly held). Out trooped Mashukumbéle and party, in joyful anticipation of those beautiful monkey-skins. Having been arranged together in a suitable group, suddenly on every side the Sambéla police appeared! Taking in the situation at a glance, over the kraal-fence leapt Mashukumbéle's son, Ludonga, with Mashukumbéle himself scrambling up behind him. But just a moment too late; for, rushing up, one of Sambéla's party gripped him like a vice. He was led before Zihlandlo. "So you would kill me, would you?" asked the latter nonchalantly, "well, here are your monkey-skins, those fine brownish ones from eKómbé. Take them." And as Mashukumbéle took them, he received, as an extra parting gift, a lethal stab in the heart by an attendant." ³

On the farther side of the eQúdeni hill dwelt the emaBomvini clan; and their chief, Nzombáne, son of Matomela, was about to be presented with one of Zihlandlo's sisters in marriage. When, however, she arrived to offer herself to him, he contemptuously rejected her proposal and had her returned home, without thanks, for the apple of his eye was an entirely different damsel, to wit, a daughter of Jobe, son of Mapítá, the Sitóle chief. Such a rebuff the eMbó chief regarded as an outrage on his dignity and an insult to his clan. Very well! we shall see.

Nzombáne's wedding-day was on the morrow, and the proud Sitóle girl, accompanied by her bridal troupe, had already arrived in the bridegroom's kraal. Then, in the night, Zihlandlo whispered to his braves, "Go forth, invest Nzombáne's kraal, and at break of

day kill both chief and sweetheart." So away they cantered and, while still dark, surrounded the Great Place of the Bomvus with a cordon of spears. Before this was completed, however, they observed a man issue from the kraal and disappear into the darkness. Then another followed; but this they intercepted and slew—it was Nzombâne's medicine-man. So soon as objects had grown faintly visible, into the kraal they rushed by every entrance, and murdered there every man, woman and child within the kraal. First they dragged away the corpse of the Sitóle bride and tumbled it into an adjacent nullah; then all the other corpses were piled upon it. Taking the herd of cattle from the fold, the eMbó braves returned triumphantly home.

But where was Nzombâne? Perhaps amongst the pile? Presentiments are quite normal phenomena among primitive mankind. Nzombâne was such, and he had had a presentiment. While he lay asleep, it was as though he had been stabbed. Awakened by the terrifying shock, he immediately whispered to his medicine-man and left the kraal. Thus did the ancestral guardian angel watch over his charge, and preserve Nzombâne for future miseries (519).⁴

In the manner above narrated, under the ægis 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 to the royal brothers, none of whom was permitted even a semblance of such kingly independence and state as was enjoyed by Zihlandlo.

In the early months of 1830, one year and a half since the assassination of Shaka, Dingane decreed that his beloved 'younger brother' must follow him to Sheol. Mustering two regiments, the youngest and the oldest, the little Bees (*iziNyosi*) and the Persistent Worries (*umBelebele*), he despatched them to sweep eMbóland clean. Before Zihlandlo was aware of anything amiss, they were upon him. The eMbó warriors put up a sturdy fight, but being scattered and unprepared, were unable to cope with an organized attack. They fled for the bush on the south banks of the Túkela with such cattle as they could collect and Zihlandlo at their head. Zihlandlo's brother, however, Sambéla, then at the eKwánini kraal, was of more valorous liver. Espying his cattle being looted, and ignorant of what was proceeding elsewhere, he sallied forth, valiant and alone, in pursuit of the marauders. Meanwhile his people had armed and dashed to his assistance. Meanwhile, too, the little Bees (to whom the raiding-party belonged) had buzzed up to their comrades' succour, and a general

battle ensued. The Bees, finding themselves in a hornet's-nest, hurriedly retired; but reassembling, made another onslaught, and at the opportune moment their support, the veteran *umBelebele*, appeared over the hill, and attacked with such vigour that the already exhausted eMbó lads were compelled to follow Zihlandlo into the shelter of the bush, leaving his valorous brother dead on the field.

In constant dread of further visitations from Dingane, they continued to lead a precarious existence in and around the bush, building for themselves tiny grass shelters and cultivating a small supply of foodstuffs out of sight in the sylvan glades. But Zihlandlo himself continued ever in concealment in the thickest of the bush. By February, 1831, he had grown so utterly tired of this wretched existence, that he determined to sue for peace. Much to his relief, his prayer was heard, and he emerged once more from the forest, recrossed the Túkela and rebuilt himself a new Great Place in the sun. There, as far as circumstances allowed, the former style of semi-regal state was revived—and got him into trouble once more, for the last time.

In truth, his fate had been but postponed. From the hour when Shaka fell, the fate of Zihlandlo too was sealed. To rid the land of Shaka's supporters was an essential corollary to the getting rid of Shaka. Nxazonke, Shaka's uncle, Ngwádi, his brother, Mbópá, his valet, Magáye, his friend, one after the other had all been sent 'home' the selfsame way. Zihlandlo was happy to have escaped so long. His turn came at last, probably about the year 1832 or 1833. "What is this I hear?" indignantly inquired Dingane. "Zihlandlo playing the little king again, and boasting a harem (*isiGodlo*) as great as mine!"

Soon after, Dingane discovered that he needed a new kraal to be built, and despatched a friendly note to the eMbó chief asking him to supply the manhood for cutting the necessary sticks. Were not Zihlandlo's people dwelling precisely in that spot where such wood was most abundant? So forth went the eMbó men, chopped the posts and wattles and carried them away to the Zulu king.

During their absence, the plot was hatched. One day, Zihlandlo's milk-boy, Magwáza, son of Matomela (and father of Magéma of Maritzburgian fame), despatched on an errand at sundown, chanced to meet an individual who whispered to him the rumour that on the morrow Dingane was to put Zihlandlo to death. When he returned, he duly reported the disturbing news to the kraal headman, Bámháda, son of Shabase, of Kábazele, and he to the chief; but neither would credit the unsupported story of a child. When, then, on the morrow three or four innocent

looking strangers entered the ēDimane kraal, reporting that they had brought a secret message from Dingane, here, thought Zihlandlo, lay the explanation of yesterday's baseless alarm. So he went to converse with the strangers, as requested, away from eavesdroppers in the kraal; and while his attention was being drawn by confidential whispers on the one side, from the other an assegai flashed into his heart. The dark deed accomplished, the assassins hurried away, leaving Zihlandlo dead on the ground.

To the eMbós at any rate Dingane had proved a crueller tyrant than Shaka ever was. Indeed, of that cruelty Shaka's favour was the cause. Under him, their chief had been honoured, and they been left in peace. Now were they in their homeland homeless, and their homeland headless.

Ambition, power and avarice now have hurled
 Death, fate and ruin on a bleeding world.
 See! on yon heath what countless victims lie.
 Hark! what loud shrieks ascend through yonder sky.

Oppressors of mankind, to you we owe
 The baleful streams from whence these miseries flow.

Yet to enthusiast ears the murmurs tell
 That Heaven, indignant at the work of Hell,
 Will soon the cause, the hated cause remove,
 Which tears from earth peace, innocence and love.

—SHELLEY.

For better or for worse, the tribe resolved to go—go to the south, on the Cúnu and Těmbú trail. Siyingela was Zihlandlo's heir; but he was a young man yet, incapable of organizing and leading risky ventures like this. So Msengi, his cousin (Sambéla's eldest son), more advanced in experience and in years, took up the reins and led the way.

With three or four hundred eMbó families, and a number of the allied **Ndlovus** led by Mpongo (264), Msengi turned his back on the land of his forefathers and birth, forded the Túkela and hied, like the rest, for No-Man's-Land. But, more lucky than the rest, they never got there. Unlike their predecessors on the way, they did not pass the good lands for the bad. Having reached the green and fertile wilderness between the mid-uLovu and the Mkómazi, Why farther? they asked; and stayed. And they are there still to-day. Msengi (along with Mpongo and his Ndlovus—some of these latter had remained on the Mngéni) selected for himself a spot near the enTlazuka mount, near the Mkómazi; and there this section of the clan still remains, ruled in recent years by Msengi's son, Ngángewe.

Siyingela, on his part, established himself on the southern bank of the uLovu, and named his kraal, after that of his grandfather away at home, esiMahleni. And there too they also are, in later times governed by his son, Ngúnezi. This latter took to wife the crown-princess of Mswazi, son of Sobúza, and by her bore Tilongo, who was deposed by the Natal Government at the time (1906) of the Bámháda rebellion.

When this eMbó migration from the Túkela actually took place is not certain. Certain is it that when the Dutch farmers entered Natal in 1838, they found the eMbó people already firmly settled on their present sites; whence we may infer that they arrived there a few years earlier.

From a military point of view, the broken country about the enKandla forest, with its expanse of precipitous kloofs and abysmal gorges, is, of any part of Zululand or Natal, **emaCubeni** the most difficult to manœuvre in. That is why Shaka retreated there when hard pressed by Zwide; why Cetshwayo on his flight from Zibébú sought refuge there, and twenty years later the rebel, Bámháda, from the white men. There was the sanctuary of hunted royalties, and there the Alpine homeland of the **emaCubeni** clan.

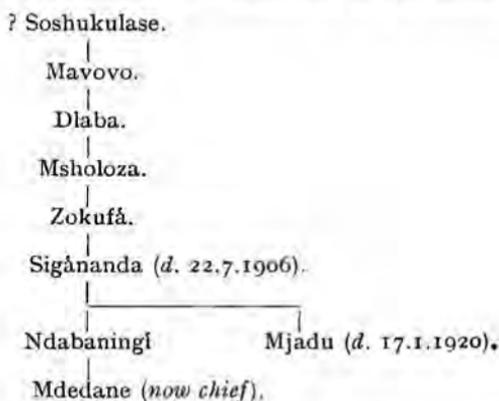
And of all spots the most impregnable was the tribal mountain fastness of kwaManzipámhána. Msholozá was the Cube chief in Shakan days, Msholozá, son of Dlabá, of Mavovo; and when his country was overrun by a roving Zulu raiding band, to that stronghold he betook himself and sat there in comfortable security, till the enemy passed off with his cattle. There is no tradition of any special Zulu campaign against the Cubes; and with their neighbour, Zihlandlo's, wise example before them, they simply submitted with him to the inevitable, about the year 1821-22.

It has been said that this clan in former times had the habit of cremating its chiefs. If such were so, it would suggest that the Cubes were rather of eMbó (Dlamini) Ngúni, than of Ntungwa Ngúni origin, the latter following the custom of simple earth-burial. Other evidence, however, supports a relationship with the Cúnus; and the Cúnus, we know, were Ntungwa Ngúnis. Like the Cúnus, the Cubes were noted as smelters and smiths.

The only Cube chief whose name has entered at all into history was Sigánanda, son of Zokufa (or Zweekufa), of Msholozá, of Dlabá. Though tribal independence had come to an end with the supremacy of Shaka, Sigánanda nevertheless enjoyed a long and peaceful term, through the reigns of Mpande and Cetshwayo, as tribal head. He received the Zulu king, Cetshwayo, when civil war had driven him a solitary fugitive from his kingdom, and

had him placed safely out of danger's way in the tribal stronghold of Manzipambána, with a bodyguard of his own Nkomo-inopondo lads (July, 1883). Little more than six months later (February, 1884), he received him again as a corpse after his rapid death in Eshowe from heart disease, and found him a last resting-place near the kraal of Lukúngu, one of his headmen.

Sigánanda might have continued indefinitely in peaceful enjoyment of office and home, had not that rebellious agitator, Bámháda, conceived the idea of seeking sanctuary in his country from the pursuing Natal Government troops. Forgetful of the diplomatic prudence of his predecessors, Sigánanda and his people foolishly allied themselves with the rebels and came with them to grief. The rebel Natives having been encircled and almost annihilated in the emHome gorge, Sigánanda was captured, and died the same year a miserable death in a British gaol. For the same reason his heir, Ndabaningí, was exiled, and endured in patience an unhonoured and poverty-stricken existence in the emaNgángéni location on the mid-Mlazi, where he too soon followed his father, and his troubles ceased for aye. His brother, Mjadu, having somehow wriggled out of the general charge of rebellion, was appointed tribal chieftain in his stead.



¹ See Stuart, *K.*, 124.

² Stuart, *T.*, 96.

³ *T.E.A.*, I., 168.

⁴ Stuart, *B.*, 187.

CHAPTER 42

MZILIKAZI DEPARTS WITH THE KUMALOS TO COLONIZE RHODESIA

THE downfall of Zwide and the dispersion of the Ndwandwe clan and its dependencies was productive of profound and far-reaching political eruptions throughout the whole length of Bantuland. Thousands of clansmen from every part of Zululand, abandoning all hope of further peace and independence in their several homelands, suddenly made up their minds to cast off the yoke of Zulu servitude and to forsake their fatherlands for ever. Strong-minded men, of courage, initiative and ambition, dominating personalities born to command, to conquer and to construct, too proud to be slaves, too clever to be underlings, endowed with a spirit at once adventurous and imperious, immediately arose amongst the rebellious multitude, and around them the less efficient herd gathered and subjected itself. Mzilikazi, youthful son of Mashobana, the Kúmaló chief; Soshangane, son of Zikode, of the Ndwandwes; Nxaba, son of Mbékane, chief of the Msanes; Zwangendaba, of the Jele (emaNcwangeni) sub-clan; Ntshingwana, of the Dladlas; Makándlane, Langanasibi and others, all found themselves surrounded by a mixed mob of fugitives and freebooters ready to seek with them new homes and form new kingdoms in the unknown regions to the north. Their sons and grandsons might have been found in more recent years reigning over a series of vast and new-formed empires stretching from the Limpopo to the Tanganyika Lake—that of the *amaTébele* in Rhodesia, of the *amaShangana* in Portuguese East Africa, of the *aNgóni* in Nyasaland; even among the *waTútá* of Nyamweziland (east of Tanganyika) and as far away as the vicinity of Victoria Nyanza.

In this chapter we shall confine ourselves to the wanderings and experiences of the **aba-kwa-Kúmaló** clan (the People of Kumalo) led by their celebrated and capable chief and conqueror, Mzilikazi, founder of the Matebele empire in and around Southern Rhodesia.

The Kúmalos pertained to the Ntungwa-Ngúni group. Indeed, since they and the emaNgwáneni alone among all the Ntungwa folk had retained as their special prerogative the use of the appellation, Mntungwa, as their tribal *isiTákazelo*, one may well suppose that these two clans represented the older section of the original Ntungwa family.

The *aba-kwa-Kúmaló* were either an offshoot of the *aba-kwa-Mabaso*, or both alike were intimately related offshoots from a

common parent clan, collateral perhaps with the ebaTénjini (241), the latter people having been already in existence as a distinct tribe as early as A.D. 1500-1550 (8). Of the Mabaso-Kúmalos family, the Mabasos represented the senior, the Kúmalos the junior house.

The original mother-clan (whichever it may have been) passed down from the south-eastern Transvaal into Zululand (along with the general Ntungwa migration) via the upper Mkúze and Black Mfoloji districts. Finally the Mabaso-Kúmalos selected for themselves the country to the north of the Nqutú hill as their special preserve. There the tribal cleavage took place, and the two, now separate, clans gradually spread themselves abroad and, between them, occupied all the territory betwixt the Mvunyana-Nondweni line and the Mzinyati.

Below we give the genealogy of the two royal houses as far as is at present known. In regard to that of the Mabasos there is some uncertainty concerning the names prior to Mtiyane.



The Mabaso (or Mabasa) clan established no record in history. Indeed, the only notable name on its roll of honour is that of Mabaso himself. He was a renowned doctor; and, as Mabaso was *de rigueur* with medical practitioners in those parts and times, likewise a renowned *umTákati* (sorcerer). Amongst other marvellous charms, he possessed an uncanny *in Jumbane*. This charm he smeared on the tip of his forefinger, then, pointing that finger at his victim, or even a whole crowd of them, he could, not indeed transform them into pillars of salt (not being acquainted with that commodity), but cause them, alternatively, to become so rooted to the soil as to be absolutely immovable, or else to drop down dead on the spot!

There is some reason to doubt whether this particular Dr. Mabaso was really identical with the Mabaso who founded the clan—his exploits have such a smack of 'modernism' about them and he himself to be so well remembered. Some declare him to have been father of Mtiyane. In that case 'Mabaso' here would be but the *isiBongo* (or clan-name) by which (according to common custom among the Ngūnis) Mangété (father of Mtiyane) was habitually called.

As sons of Mtiyane, we have two names left us, to wit, Ndlovu (the Elephant) and Langa (the Sun). We hear nothing of Langa's demise, but the Elephant, on his part, fell foul of the emaNgwāneni potentate over the Mvunyana border, who vehemently smote him; and the Sun went out—at least we think so; for we have a notion that Elephant and Sun were one.

Next-door neighbours of the Mabasos, to the south, were the ebaTēnjini folk, to whom, by intermarriage as well as by common origin, the Mabasos were closely related. Thus it came to pass, when Ngóza, the Tēmbú chief, found it necessary (c. 1820) to withdraw himself out of Shaka's reach and to seek to rejoin his cousins beyond the Mzimkúlu, that Ndabankulu, son of Langa, the youthful Mabaso chieftain, elected to accompany him on his travels (253). But when, upon arrival there, Ngóza was immediately sent 'west' by a well-aimed Mpondo spear, Ndabankulu deemed it wise to go back north again. Reaching the old home-country, he found Jobe, son of Mapitá (of the Sitóle clan), already officially installed as Shaka's *locum tenens*. There for a time Ndabankulu sojourned; but later, with Governor Jobe's sanction, he chose for himself a snug corner in the shadow of the Mhlumayo mount (between the Mooi and Bushman rivers). One morning, about the year 1840, he woke to the alarming fact that he was a squatter on a Boer farm!

The *Mabaso* people in north-eastern Zululand (284) are not related to the above clan.

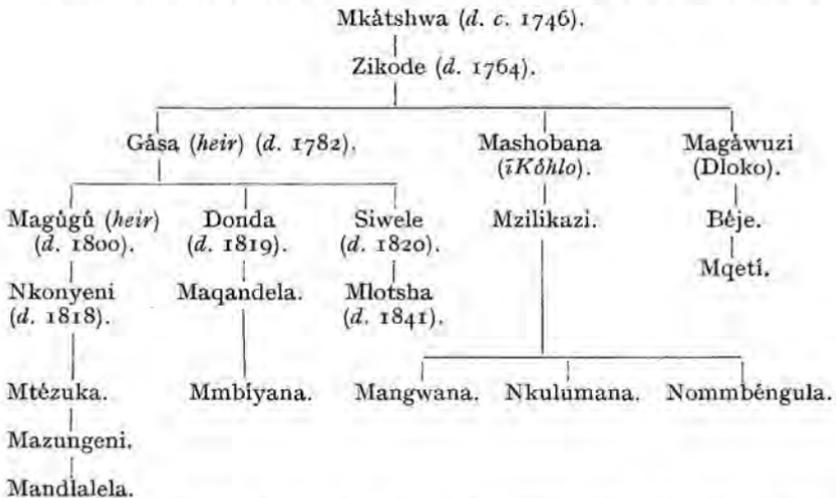
The head of the *Kúmalo* branch of the tribe was, in pre-Shakan times, Magúgú, son of Gása, of Zikode, of Mkátshwa. Prior to Magúgú's days, the *Kúmalo* clan dwelt inland of the Babanango hill, and thence away over the Nondweni river, having their group-relatives, the Kózas, between them and the Cūnus, and the eziBisini and emaNcubeni between them and the Butélezis.

But the junior scion of the family, Donda-wesiZiba, indignantly repudiated this claim to superiority of his presumptuous brother, Magúgú-wesiKába, and decided the matter by leaving the latter severely alone in his glory, removing away to the north in company with his uncle, Mashobana, and his cousins, Béje and Mlotsha, and, between them, with the major portion of the clan.

Arrived in their new homeland, each took to himself as many followers as he could entice and set up as small independent chieftain on his own account—Donda selecting the country between the esiKwébezi and the Black Mfolozi, Béje that round about the eNgóme hill, Mashobana that stretching from the esiKwébezi away northwards over the upper Mkúze, and Mlotsha (whose section of the clan was named the **aba-kwa-Nkosi of Lutúli**) about the emaPóndwana hills, likewise beyond the Mkúze.

This was a comparatively recent migration. Since the Natal Dlaminis (316) were settled in the Ngóme district at about the year 1700, the advent of the Kúmalos would have been subsequent to that date. Indeed, if it occurred in the Magúgú-Donda period, as is stated, the date could not have been much before the year 1800.

Below we give a genealogical table of the royal Kúmalo family :



Fortunately for them, the Kúmalos of Magúgú, left behind in the Nqutú district, figure not in the annals of their tribe. Most likely they meekly ducked their head beneath the Shakan yoke, along with their neighbours, the eziBisini, the emaNcubeni and the Kózas.

The northern Kúmalos, on the other hand, were on quite intimate visiting terms with all three conquistadors, with Dingiswayo, with Zwide and with Shaka. Each of these in turn invited them, *volens volens*, to be partner in their game, and, as was to be expected, on each occasion the visiting team went off with the stakes, leaving the Kúmalos considerably the poorer

in numbers and in treasure. Dingiswayo started the ball by claiming Donda's submission, and won it (102). Then Zwide came, and claimed Donda's head, and procured it, as well as that of his heir, and of his uncle, Mashobana, all which went to decorate his mother, Ntombazi's hut (172).

Enter Mzilikazi, son of Mashobana, by his wife, Nompétú (alias Mrs. Maggots), daughter of Zwide. Time, the year 1822. Place, the upper esiKwébezi river (tributary of the Black Mfolozi). Appearance and character, as follows.

Harris visited him fourteen years later, in 1836, and Moffat in 1859, and they have described him then as 40 years and 60 years of age respectively. The two estimates agree fairly well, and would make him, in the year 1822, about 25 years old. This would be too young; in the circumstances, he could not have been less than 30 years of age. When calculating the years of middle-aged Natives, Europeans generally under-estimate; when calculating those of the very young and very old, they go to the other extreme, and over-estimate.

Harris depicts Mzilikazi, in 1836, as rather tall, beardless, inclined to corpulence and wearing a small-sized Zulu ring on his close-shaven head. His features, though singularly cunning, wily and suspicious, were not altogether disagreeable. Of dignified and reserved manners, the searching quickness of his eye, the point of his questions and the extreme caution of his replies, stamped him at once as a man capable of ruling the wild and sanguinary spirits by which he was surrounded.

Moffat, on the contrary, declares that Mzilikazi, in 1859, was below the middle stature, rather corpulent, with short neck. His voice was soft and effeminate, and did not indicate that his disposition was passionate; and, in manners, he could be exceedingly affable and cheerful.

Pellissier, who was the first to visit him, in 1832, describes him as a young man of middle stature, full-faced, with round and open forehead, and otherwise of good physical proportions. Ambition, suspicion and an expression of the most extraordinary absent-mindedness were imprinted on his features. Changeableness of mind was with him phenomenal. His gloomy character trusted no one. He was capable of committing the most heinous crimes, at the very moment he was flattering one; and, having made a statement, he acted in direct opposition to it. To-day he would lift you up to the clouds; to-morrow he would plan your death. He was most at rest when plotting mischief; and, in order to wage war with more sure success, he initiated proceedings by proposing peace.

In one word, he was a man entirely after Shaka's own heart.

A born general, Shaka discerned character at a glance, and picked his men accordingly. He picked Mzilikazi.

From the time that Zwide had made himself disagreeable and had gone away with Donda's and Mashobana's heads, the Kúmalos had struck a close friendship with the rival kaiser at the Mkúmbáne. Shaka therefore soon made acquaintance with the young Kúmalo chieftain, Mzilikazi, and recognized in him a kindred spirit. So much so that, about the year 1822, he entrusted him with the leadership of a small campaign in his master's service. His commission was the common one of raiding cattle and his objective was the Sutú clan ruled by Ranisi near the Zulu border in the Transvaal. The campaign proved eminently successful and the loot was great. So great, indeed, was it that Mzilikazi felt he could pinch a goodly quantum of the proceeds without his royal employer being one whit the wiser. A most disastrous error of judgment; for never yet had anybody caught the Zulu weasel sleeping. Shaka's intelligence department was supremely efficient, and Shaka's police were on the spot within a trice of the event.

The messengers proudly marched into Mzilikazi's kraal and demanded to know, in the name of his most august majesty, the king, where were those stolen cattle. To which Mzilikazi replied by impudently cutting off the plumes that waved so proudly above their heads and sending them back home with their tails between their legs.

Then the izimPohlo boys were sent up in force with instructions to receive the ill-gotten goods and incidentally to receive also the person of the youthful robber, and to bring all home together. The unexpected happened; for it was they who were received, and withal so warmly, by the youthful robber, that they were glad to get back home with their own hides intact; but sans robber and sans cattle.

Mzilikazi dug himself in forthwith. But not there in the open kraal. With all his clan and stock, he executed a forced march up the esiKwébezi valley, till about the river's sources he reached his pet stronghold, an afforested hill called enTubeni. Thereupon the Zulu punitive expedition appeared to retrieve their kaiser's honour—and cattle. But with like results: Mzilikazi was impregnably entrenched. So they sat down and waited. What was now to be done?

At this opportune moment a traitor determined to get back his own. A certain Kúmalo man, Nzeni by name, harbouring a grudge against his chief, stole off to Shaka and gave the show away. Supplied with the umBelebele lads as escort, he guided them round by a circuitous path inland and quietly led them into the stronghold by the back door—over the hilltop from

behind. Taken unawares between two fires, Mzilikazi did not capitulate; but a sanguinary massacre took place. Practically all the elders of the clan were butchered, and as many women; but Mzilikazi and two or three hundred of the younger fry, had by the afternoon effected a precipitate escape. Away they scurried to the north, launched on their great adventure of conquering inner Africa and building there a new empire.

It was by this time the year 1823. Over the hills to the west Mzilikazi sped on his way. Passing through the Vryheid district, he struck the *aba-kwa-Nyoka* sub-clan of the emaNgweni (182). There he told a harrowing tale and begged for hospitality. The Nyoka petty potentate, however, with visions of murderous Zulu punitive expeditions if he allowed him to pass, sought to detain him till the matter be reported to Shaka. But Mzilikazi put an immediate end to that scheme by having the potentate killed, with all his men, women and children. Then, taking care of their cattle for them, he passed on to the next stage.

The same old harrowing tale did duty again as each new clan was reached, and as often as not the result was as before, hosts murdered, kraals burned, fields destroyed, cattle appropriated by the savage guests—entirely in accord with Pellissier's character-sketch. Such is the general report of Mzilikazi's royal progress among the Sutú clans—double-faced, ungrateful, treacherous, suspecting, nonchalantly murdering those who had befriended him, robbing those who gave him shelter, burning their homes, capturing their women, impressing their young men into his own service, leaving nought behind him but a long black and bloody trail of conflagration, massacre and desolation.

In passing judgment on these people, one must ever make due allowance for the crude and undeveloped moral and social state in which they lived. Theirs were the instincts, theirs the system of primitive man, in which all alike were still in a semi-brutish state, in which matters could not be adjusted save in a manner so harsh and drastic as to appear both wicked and cruel to us. One had perforce to suspect, where none were trustworthy; to take sharp and decisive measures, where all were unprincipled and cruel. Man in those days had to live on his wits and by the strength of his own right arm, or perish. Though heinous crimes in our code of life, the removal of obstacles and menace by duplicity, treachery and murder was, in their condition, regarded as perfectly justifiable, indeed even necessary: they could not get through otherwise, and survive.

Mzilikazi and his rabble had now perforce reverted to the nomad life. As they marched round the world, they did as the Phœnicians did in their sail round Africa—got out periodically

and turned farmers. Here and there as he went and the planting season came, Mzilikazi built a kraal and took a rest, while his people sowed and reaped the corn. We can thus understand Pellissier when he says, "Mzilikazi has no fixed abode—hardly has he been a few days in one place before he wants to depart from it."

Eventually he reached the district of the upper Olifants river (ūBálule) and erected there a more permanent home for himself, which he named, somewhat prematurely, *ekuPimuleni* (the Place of Rest). Not very far away to the east, near the Nkomazi (Komati) river, his old foe and neighbour, Zwide (who had killed his father) was at that same time enjoying peaceful asylum. Naturally he did not now come forth to offer Mzilikazi a welcome. Instead there came Makotoko, the local maPhuting chief, with his neighbour, Sibindi, and their little allied army cunningly concealed behind a huge herd of fine white cattle. The idea was that, through the cloud of dust, Mzilikazi would be unable to espy what was lying in store for him behind. They did not know, poor simple souls, that Mzilikazi's eyes, like those of Shaka, could see through a brick wall—provided it had been built by Natives. That smoke-screen, then, was as transparent air to the Kúmalo chief and the little ruse behind it, as clear as a pikestaff. So he quietly instructed his Light Brigade, with its most blood-curdling war-whoop, to charge furiously down on the on-coming herd. The result was a mad stampede headlong upon their own masters behind, who, now scattered and exposed, became easy targets for Mzilikazi's spears, and their granaries a most timely acquisition to a grateful foe. Makotoko, the impressario of the play, was in due course hauled out of the hiding-place to which he had retired, and gently laid upon the end of an impaling stick, as were also what remained of his faithful followers.

It was while Mzilikazi was established in this neighbourhood that another freebooting vagabond chanced to pass that way, namely Nxaba, son of Mbékane (chief of the Msane clan), leading another lawless band. And when Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug-of-war; for

In every age and clime we see
Two of a trade can ne'er agree.

—GAY.

Nxaba sheered off hurriedly into Portuguese East Africa, where he later on struck another old acquaintance, Soshangane, son of Zikode, filibustering like all the rest in that quarter. The pair entered into an offensive and defensive alliance—for a time (454).

While in these parts, Mzilikazi kept his still tiny army very busy making hay. They raided and invaded every small Sutú clan within range, finding wives in their women, recruits in their young men, food and wealth in their cattle. Then, in 1826, the great Sikúnyana fiasco (594) occurred, and Mzilikazi reaped a rich harvest in this final break-up of the Ndwandwe clan; for large numbers of its men and women, knowing nowhere else to go, betook themselves to him and added considerable strength to his ever-growing tribe. Small fugitive bands, too, arrived from time to time from Zululand throughout the Shakan period; till, in these present days, in Matebeleland we find representatives, not only of the Kúmalos themselves, and their **Mabanga** and **Dlodlo** sub-clans, but also Ndwandwes, Mtétwás, Mkwánazis, Kózas, Ndlovus, emaNcwangeni, Gúmedes (who know nothing of Qwabe) and several other Zulu clans. This motley and fearsome crowd now became christened by the suffering Sutús with a new and distinguishing appellation. They dubbed them *maTebele*, which is said to signify 'those who disappear or sink down out of sight (S. *teba*) behind their (to the Sutús) immense Zulu war-shields of stout cow-hide.' Indeed, the whole Mzilikazi horde had by this time become a profoundly Sutúized community, not in name alone, but in members, habits, language and blood; for many of its men were Sutú captives, and practically all its females. Even Mzilikazi himself already called himself by the Sutú rendering of his name, Moselekatse.

A couple of seasons, however, proved that *ekuPímuleni* was not a Place of Rest. For several months they had had no rain. Their crops were parched, the springs dried up. Desperate at last, Mzilikazi ordered all procurable rain-doctors to be brought before him. He commanded them to make rain forthwith, or suffer the consequences. Each thereupon set to and plied for all he was worth his own infallible charm. But nothing happened—save that each and all were there and then trussed and dressed and thrown into the nearest river, where they drew down upon themselves more water than they had bargained for.

An exploring party proved much more effectual. A veritable Land of Promise was reported to lie farther west, if not indeed actually flowing in milk and honey, yet 'with much water and green grass throughout the year.' So away to the Land of Promise they fled.

As was their wont before departing they took every precaution to leave no comforts behind for the at all times possible Zulu pursuers. So in the centre of the great circular kraal having placed three criminals, who had been wicked enough to mortally transgress the king's commandments, they set on fire the encircling

huts and palisades, and left the criminals to burn for their sins in hell. Thereupon they left themselves for Paradise.

It was already the year 1825. They entered the beautiful land between the Magaliesberg mountains and the Limpopo river, where the mountains were covered in woods to their summits, and the valleys, watered by numberless crystal brooks, were clothed in evergreen trees and luxuriant grass, stocked with herds of every game and dotted with hundreds of baKwena homesteads excellently built in clay and stone. Moffat has described in vivid language the methods by which Mzilikazi swept these happy and cultured baKwena from the face of the earth. Whenever he "captured a town, the terrified inhabitants were driven in a mass to the outskirts, when the parents and all the married women were slaughtered on the spot. Such as had dared to be brave in the defence of their town, with their wives and their children, were reserved for a still more terrible death: dry grass saturated with fat was tied round their naked bodies and then set on fire. The youths and girls were loaded as beasts of burden with the spoils of the town to be marched to the home of the victors. If the town were in an isolated position, the helpless infants were left to perish either of hunger or to be devoured by beasts of prey. . . . Should a suspicion arise that there was a chance that the helpless infants might possibly fall into the hands of some of their friends, they prevented this by collecting them into a fold, and, after raising over them a pile of brushwood, applied the flaming torch to it, when the fold, the town and all it contained, so lately a scene of mirth, became a heap of ashes."

One to destroy is murder by the law,
 And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe,
 To murder thousands takes a specious name,
 'War's glorious art,' and gives immortal fame.

—YOUNG.

Having thus completely exterminated or expelled the original inhabitants of the country, Mzilikazi peopled it with his own horde. Large military kraals were erected here and there, the *enDinani* and the *enKungwini* being about the upper Apies river (S. *enTsabuhluku*, Z. *enZwabuhlungu*)—the latter kraal being on its right bank, while the *emHlahlandlela*, built somewhat later (c. 1826), where Mzilikazi himself resided, was farther down the right bank, near the river's confluence with the Limpopo.

But building kraals was an unproductive job—it brought no loot. There was the Mashona chief, Mgibe, beyond the Limpopo and Mzingwane rivers, whose beautiful herds would be an ornament anywhere and an elegant acquisition for the new kraals.

So five young regiments were bundled off there ; and, as for the kraal-building, why, those old muffs down in Pediland could be easily press-ganged into service for that.

These old muffs of Pediland were the Sutús of Sikwata, who, occupying the country about the upper Olifants and Steelpoort rivers, had been Mzilikazi's near neighbours prior to his removal to the Apies district. True, he did not regard them as such old muffs then—he was not yet so great a man as now ; for when, shortly after his advent there, he had assumed aggressive airs at Matamoga and at Marema (c. 1823), he had been ignominiously repulsed. This humiliating rebuff had highly amused the Pedis, who celebrated the event in song. "It sleeps," they sang ; "it is tired, is the evil beast. Its roars trouble us no more."

Four years later (1827), there was a painful disillusionment. For the evil beast awoke, and, like the cat in the song, came back ! He attacked the Pedi Great Place at Makhwarane, slew its inmates and walked away with its cattle. Half a year later, he came back again for more, and on this occasion revisited Matamoga of unhappy memory, led into captivity the whole crowd of conceited braves who, in younger days, had heaped injury on insult, and sent them off to chop wood for his new emHlahlandlela kraal, wattles for its forty-five huts, and palisades for its fence, a mile in circumference. The heavy green logs had to be carried to the spot from distant forests ; and, as no food was given them, so soon as one lot of *amaHôle* (as these captives were called—'mere incapables, a useless encumbrance' ; subsequently the expression became equivalent to 'slave') sank exhausted, another was impressed for service in Pediland. Thus did Mzilikazi have the last laugh.

While these building operations were going on at home, portions of the fighting-force which had not been sent up north, were sent south. From this time onwards, until Mzilikazi was kicked over the Limpopo into Southern Rhodesia (about the year 1838), the whole of the Sutú domain, as far south as the Orange river, was kept continuously overrun by maTebele raiding parties. Scarcely a clan thereabouts escaped ruination or dispersal by these incessant marauding expeditions.

At the end of 1829, our old friend, Mncumbátá,(?) son of Mzingeli, the emaNcwangeni chief (277), whom we last met down by the St. Lucia Bay, and who had now wandered abroad into these distant wilds and become elevated by Mzilikazi to the rank of prime minister, unexpectedly appeared on the threshold of Moffat's mission house at Kuruman (in Bechuanaland). He had been sent along as Mzilikazi's 'eyes,' and Moffat accompanied the emissaries back to their master.

After travelling 270 miles by wagon, the party reached some cattle-kraals, the farthest west of the maTebele country. This was on the northern side of the Magaliesberg range in former Kwenaland. A novel type of habitation there encountered them. Having learned by sad experience that the intolerant selfishness and savage brutality of brother-man had rendered life down below too precarious, several of the Kwena exiles from the Apies country had reverted to their ancestral state and gone to live up trees. Moffat explored one of the largest of the trees, and, having climbed into the thick evergreen foliage up above, was amazed to find himself within a little village of no less than twenty aerial abodes. Having ascended to the topmost, thirty feet above the ground, he paid a visit to one of the cottages. Thereupon all the other ladies of the village came tripping over the branches to have a peep at this extraordinary visitor. The dwellings consisted of a platform, seven feet by six, of horizontally laid logs, the rear half of this area being covered by a tiny conical grass-hut (presumably a rain-shelter), the fore providing an open sitting-space.

Mzilikazi's enKungwini kraal, with its circular cattle-fold capable of holding 10,000 beasts, and huts sufficient for a garrison of 1000 warriors, all attired in full Zulu war-dress, was situated on the right bank of the upper Apies river. There Moffat met Mzilikazi for the first time (in 1830), and remained his dearest friend for the rest of his lifetime. In the neighbourhood, awaiting his coming, Moffat found the Rev. James Archbell, a Wesleyan missionary, seeking a field of labour in those wild regions.

The 10,000 cattle amassed in the enKungwini kraal were a source of poignant envy to the Korana-Hottentot marauders who periodically overran those parts. It was about this period that they first 'discovered' Mzilikazi—and his cattle. They there and then decided to honour him with an early visit. They first played a minor test match, however, with one of his smaller out-stations, and succeeded in walking off with a tremendous score. But a maTebele force gave chase; and while the Koranas were scurrying along with the swag, they chanced upon a migrating clan of unfortunate Sutús expelled from their homeland by some other heartless tyrant and now on their way to the noble Mshweshwe, father and protector of all the destitute and oppressed. "Poor things!" said the Koranas tenderly; "they look hungry. Let us give them a few beasts; it may comfort them." And then they vanished. No sooner vanished, than the maTebele appear, ravenous for their quarry. Ah! here are the villains! (recognizing their cattle being driven along by the innocent Sutús). Without further ado, down they rushed upon them, and

slew a thousand and more of their number. But the Koranas safely reached home with the main herd.

To raise Satan in a Zulu king's breast, one had but to tamper with the king's cattle. We have already seen Dingane's frenzied efforts down in the south of Natal to recover the 'king's cattle' that Nqetó had walked off with, and now we shall find him running about the northern Transvaal after other 'king's cattle' that had walked off with Mzilikazi. Twice was an expedition launched to recover these, and twice did the Zulus achieve a glorious victory (according to their own report), and twice did they suffer a disastrous defeat (according to that of the maTebele)!

The very first of Dingane's military ventures was undertaken against Mzilikazi. The expeditionary force consisted wholly of Shaka's troops, save for the *ũDlambedlu*, the sole regiment so far enrolled by Dingane—if we exclude the *iziNyosi*, whom Shaka had left not yet ceremonially constituted, a regiment only *in petto*, and whom he had intended to name the *iNgcobinga*. The army set forth, as usual, about April, in the year 1830, led by the newly-installed Zulu generalissimo, Ndlela, son of Sompisi (of the Ntuli clan).

Mzilikazi, as we have said, was now settled along the Apies (*Z. enZwabuhlungu*) river. Information had already reached him of the on-coming enemy, and he had hurriedly despatched a messenger to Sikúnyana, son of Zwide (who, since his last defeat by Shaka in 1826, had come to settle in adjacent territory) imploring his assistance. To which petition Sikúnyana coldly replied that the amount of support he was ready to lend was precisely so much as Mzilikazi had rendered his father (Zwide) when attacked by Shaka—which was *nil*.

Mzilikazi, away at his still building emHlahlandlela kraal near the Limpopo, was now in a quandary. The flower of his army was still absent ravaging Rhodesia; but such oddments as he could scrape together, with profound misgivings as to the result, he packed off to meet the foe (June, 1830).

They came upon the Zulus somewhat prematurely, between the source of the Mpebane (flowing into the Apies, on the right) and the Békane (flowing into the Limpopo, on the left); for the Zulu generalissimo had not yet arrived. However, his lieutenant-general, Nzobo, of Sobadli (of the Ntombéla clan) arranged the game in the good old-fashioned style. The opposing teams first stood awhile keenly inspecting each other. Then the respective tribal *izimBongi* (praisers) rushed into the arena and vied with each other as to which could shout his own king's praises longest and loudest. After a time this performance began to weary, whereupon a Zulu captain, Lukwazi, son of Mazwana, of Dlukula

(likewise of the Ntombélas) urged his own champion on to start something more exciting by shouting the old cry, 'Tear him to pieces, old cock!' (*Qũde, maniki!*). A real old cock-fight immediately developed, in which the great hide shields served as pinions and the spears as spurs. After a fierce tussle, the Zulu cock, Magólwana, proved victor, and strode from the arena dragging the corpse of his adversary with him.

This was the kick-off of the ball, and the contesting teams at once clashed in action. The visitors, greater in numbers, soon gained the upper hand and routed the home-party from the field, hunting them down till night-fall. Mzilikazi himself hurriedly retired on a stronghold he knew of on the Mlula mountain.

After the battle, on the following morn, the Zulu general arrived, and to save his face, re-mustered his army and commanded it to work deadly execution on the abandoned homes of the enemy, which they thereupon valorously burned to the ground. Thereafter they sat down to a free table and energetically tucked into the good things, afterwards retracing their steps homewards with the fragments for Dingane, thoroughly jubilant over a most successful enterprise.*

Certainly, troubles never came singly for Mzilikazi, and next season (1831) introduced him to an entirely new type of antagonist. When, in the preceding year, Moffat had come on his visit to Mzilikazi, he had encountered by the upper Limpopo river a band of Dutch-Hottentot bastards (called Griquas, after the original Hottentot clan from which they had been descended), headed by one, Barend Barends, and out on a 'hunting' excursion. Now, Barend Barends, under appropriate circumstances, loved to pose as a philanthropic champion of the oppressed; and when he here beheld the blackened ruins of once happy homesteads and the bleaching skeletons of their once happy inmates, his blood boiled within him and he vowed it his sacred duty to rid the earth of the monster who had caused it all. And when, alongside all this, his eyes espied the vast herds of cattle in the possession of that monster, his duty became more deeply impressed than ever to sweep not only the tyrant from the face of the land, but also those cattle.

So when he got back to the Vaal river, where his headquarters lay, he marshalled a motley army of Griquas, Hottentots, be-Tshwana *et hoc genus omne* and commissioned them to go forth with his blessing on this holy crusade. Never did a crusade go forth with greater fervour. Approaching the unholy land, spies were stealthily thrown out ahead and reported the coast all beau-

* J. Stuart, *T.*, 69.

tifully serene—the infidel's army absent in distant lands, only old men and women attending the homes, and the cattle attending themselves. And so it proved: the crusade was a huge success. That few Saracens had been accounted for did not trouble the crusaders much—they had captured their women and children anyway; their only worry was the tremendous mass of cattle they had looted, too great to be conveniently driven home.

To relieve themselves of some of the encumbrance—three days having passed and no appearance of any pursuers—they decided to turn some of it into a leisurely meat-feast. So they sat themselves down, gorged to their full, rolled themselves in their karosses and slept the sleep of the just. And, as they slept, a chosen band of the 'old men' from Matebeleland stole down like cats upon them and murdered them one after the other as there they lay. Of the crusading army of 1000 strong but three escaped to carry the tale of horror to Barend Barends on the Vaal. He promptly abandoned the crusading profession and went home to face the widows; and thence away to far Namaqualand.

While the 'old men' left on the Apies were thus busy keeping the home fires burning, the maTebele army (or that portion of it away down south) was equally active. In March, 1831, it reached the mountain mass of Thaba Bosiho, whereon Mshweshwe, the great Sutú chief, had built his nest. At a little distance from the mountain, writes Casalis, "is a charming little river winding its way among willow-trees. On the borders of the stream the troops of Moselekatse halted to recover from the fatigues of a march of more than a hundred leagues. From the top of the mountain they might frequently be seen bathing, arranging their military ornaments, sharpening their javelins, and towards evening executing their war-dances. The Basutos on their side did not remain idle. They carefully barricaded the breaches that time had made in their gigantic citadel. The assault was made simultaneously upon two opposite points, and was at first terrific. Nothing seemed able to arrest the rush of the enemy. Accustomed to victory, the Zulus advanced in serried ranks, not appearing to notice the masses of basalt which came rolling down with a tremendous noise from the top of the mountain. But soon there was a general crush—an irresistible avalanche of stones, accompanied by a shower of javelins, sent back the assailants with much more rapidity than they had advanced. The chiefs might be seen rallying the fugitives, and, snatching away the plumes with which their heads were decorated, and trampling them under foot in a rage, would lead their men again towards the formidable rampart. This desperate attempt succeeded no better than the former one. The blow was decisive. The next

day the Zulus resumed their march and returned home to their sovereign. At the moment of their departure a Mosuto, driving some fat oxen, stopped before the front rank and gave this message, 'Moshesh salutes you. Supposing that hunger has brought you to this country, he sends you these cattle, that you may eat them on your way home.' "

The events of the last two years had proved to Mzilikazi that, with such disagreeable neighbours as Dingane and Barends, a change of climate was again peremptory. He immediately began the work of clearing a path westwards and of proclaiming abroad his annexation of the territory in that direction. He started with the French missionaries, Pellissier and Lemue, who had already opened work among the baHúrutse of Mokhatla, at a place called Mosika (sometimes written Mosega and Mosia), a beautiful and fertile basin-like plain, three or four miles in breadth, surrounded by hills and containing the sources of the Marikwa river (in the neighbourhood of modern Zeerust). He sent a summons citing them to court to show cause why they should not be expelled from 'his country.' The Rev. Pellissier, as we have seen, wisely answered the summons, and no doubt was well pumped by the judge on such irrelevant matters as the nature of the inhabitants and surrounding country.

Only a few months had elapsed after the departure of Pellissier (in March, 1832) when the entire maTebele host appeared in Húrutseland, drove Mokhatla and his people headlong into forests and deserts thereabout—the missionaries, by the way, had taken time by the forelock and removed to Litaku—established their great military kraal of *kwaMkwahla* (so-called after the above Mokhatla) where the mission used to be, while Mzilikazi selected for himself another cozy nook called *ēGábēni* (Kapain), nestling between three high conical hills, fifty miles away to the north on the left side of the Marikwa.

As was to be expected, Moffat before long arrived (in 1835) to expostulate. He was accompanied by a certain Dr. Smith, who, in the succeeding year, after the pious missionary had duly converted Mzilikazi from the error of his ways, escorted the latter's prime minister, Mncumbátá, to Capetown, there to put his signature to a scrap of paper wherein the Matebele king solemnly pledged himself before Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the governor, "to be a faithful friend and ally of the colony, to maintain peace, to protect missionaries and generally to act as a promoter of civilization."

Mncumbátá home again, Mzilikazi proceeded without delay to put the new peace and civilization programme into practical force. We do not propose to weary our reader by dragging him

about north, south, east and west with Mzilikazi's army in all its numberless and incessant divagations issuing from this new centre at Mosika. Suffice it to say that, within six years from date, there was practically no unconquered and independent tribe left between the Orange river and the Zambezi, between Lake Ngami and Portuguese East Africa. By what manner of 'war's glorious art' it was all accomplished, Moffat has already told us (426). While the prosperous baNgwaketse towns went up to heaven in smoke and their inmates, men, women and children, were mercilessly butchered, the remnant flying into the Kalahari to die of thirst, their neighbours, the bamaNgwatō, were unique in securing for themselves Mzilikazi's favour. Their wonderful skill as iron-workers appealed to him as something worth preserving, and he condescended to accept an annual tribute of fine metal goods as an adequate substitute for their annihilation.

Mzilikazi, like the Romans, was continuously finding something new cropping up in Africa. Still another new type of invader came to torment him in his own dominions in the year 1836. Things seemed to be going from bad to worse, and he began to grow more apprehensive than he had ever felt before. In the month of May of that year, the vanguard of the Boers from the Cape, led by Commandant Potgieter, and trekking in search of the Promised Land, were reported on the Sand river (left bank tributary of the Vet river, the latter flowing into the Vaal). They proceeded on their way towards Delagoa Bay; but, before getting there—where, indeed, they never got—Stephanus Erasmus thought he would indulge in a little elephant hunting. When he returned to camp on the upper Vaal one evening in August, what was his dismay when he espied 500 armed maTebele waiting to receive him! Not being desirous of an interview, he spurred away to the next nearest laager, with the maTabele in hot pursuit. From morning till afternoon a hot fight there ensued; but the enemy was beaten off after losing a third of its number. Meanwhile another band of maTebele had gone to explore the river farther down, and spotting Liebenberg's party there outspanned, wiped it out and took off with them a small Dutch boy and two girls, who were delivered as agreeable booty to the ogre at ēGābēni.

In the month of October, the English hunter, Harris, paid a visit to Mosika, and in the open-air museum there he found Erasmus' wagons an interesting exhibit, and, still greater novelty, a trio of American missionaries, Messrs. Lindley, Venables and Dr. Wilson, who had reached there early in the same year. The army was away, gone to sweep back with its brooms the on-flowing ocean of Boers.

While this latter tragedy was in process of enactment down

south, Harris staged an amusing little farce at ēGábēni. Producing his parcels of wonderful presents, Mzilikazi, putting his thumb between his teeth and opening his eyes to bursting point, grinned like a school-boy at the sight of the ginger-bread. When, however, a suit of tartan (which clan not stated), specially created, presumably to measure, by Mzilikazi's friend, Ma-Mary (Mrs. Moffat), was displayed, poking the thumb in the mouth no longer sufficed to express his delight; he must needs put himself right inside the tartan. He rose abruptly, as though impelled by some overpowering inspiration, ordered an attendant to put him inside the coat, then strutted up and down, admiring himself in a mirror. Finding that the back of the glass disclosed no rear view, he commanded the court-jester to don the garment, that he might inspect its beauties from every standpoint. The coat meeting with unqualified approval, he chucked aside his skirt of fur-tails, and commanded all hands to stow him away inside the trousers. It had not struck Ma-Mary that braces would be needed; but a pair of red silk worn by one of Harris' servants, he thought would do just as well, and ordered its removal to his own shoulders. With that Mzilikazi became at once transformed into a civilized man.

While he was being thus initiated into the secrets of European culture at ēGábēni, his army was engaged giving the Europeans a demonstration of Bantu culture farther east. The Boer invasion had already progressed as far as Vechtkop, between the Wilge and Rhenoster rivers (left bank tributaries of the Olifants). In the middle of October, the maTebele army had set out from Mosika, under the command of its generalissimo, Mkálipi, and his chief of staff, Ngúndwane, to offer the Boers a warm reception. The latter, on their part, had made every preparation for the auspicious occasion by lashing together in a circle their fifty wagons and barricading the openings with thorn trees. Thirty-three of the Boers rode forth to meet the visitors, while still ten miles away. They did not feel it necessary to approach within less than fifty yards of them. Thereupon the maTebele sat down and snuffed, while the Boers inquired why poor innocent souls like themselves, who had never wronged anybody, should be robbed and murdered thusly. The answer was a stentorian roar of 'Mzilikazi!', and the maTebele springing up, charged down upon them. The farmers hurriedly retired on their laager and dived inside. The maTebele, tired with their ten mile sprint, and seeing their quarry securely locked up in its own trap, sat down to another rest, and enjoyed another snuff while the farmer prayed. Suddenly the enemy rose, and with a tremendous hiss, rushed the laager from every side. Tugging in vain at the well-

fastened thorn-trees, they received meanwhile into their breasts volleys of bullets and slugs at close quarters. Failing to effect a breach in the ramparts, they expressed their disgust by hurling showers of assegais into the space within. But the fire proved too hot for them, and within half an hour they were on their way back home, wiser men insooth, but not so sad, considering that they decamped with 100 Boer horses, 4600 head of cattle, and more than 50,000 sheep and goats, leaving 430 of their number on the field and 1137 of their assegais within the laager, where only two Boers had been killed and fourteen wounded.

Precisely at this time Gerrit Maritz with another party of farmers from Graaf Reinet had reached the Modder river, south of the Vaal. Fresh and eager for the fray, he immediately organized a punitive expedition against Mosika. The force consisted of 107 farmers, forty Griquas and five or six Koranas, all mounted, with an infantry brigade of sixty Natives with a main eye on the loot. On the morning of 17th January, 1837, the whole Mosika camp of fifteen kraals was suddenly awakened from its slumbers by the crack of Boer muskets. The maTebele braves, true to their name, at once turned out to silence the horrid noise. They soon discovered, however, that the bite was worse than the bark, and that a thick barrage of slug and shot they could not see, was a wall they could neither pass through nor climb over. What were they to do? Nobody knew; for their general, Mkálipi, was away at eGábeni, and the geese looked in vain for a leader. So they ordered things to their own taste, and scooted, with the Boer cavalry careering behind them till sundown. Four hundred maTebele, it was computed, were slain; but not one of the Boers so much as scratched. The kraals having been set on fire, the stolen wagons redeemed, five or six thousand head of cattle collected, the farmers headed for home on the Vet river.

There on the Vet river (about where the town of Winburg now stands), the two Boer leaders, Potgieter and Maritz, came to a misunderstanding. While thus quarrelling among themselves, a third leader, the famous Piet Retief, arrived (in April, 1837) in the neighbourhood of Thaba Nchu. He seems to have been a man with an honourable reputation among his countrymen; for the 1000 Boers, then in that district, unanimously and immediately proclaimed him their commandant-general. Failing to remove the jealousies then rampant among the different leaders, Retief left them to stew in their juice and departed, in October, 1837, on a visit of exploration to Natal.

While the farmers were thus kept at home fighting among themselves, Mzilikazi had by no means been left in peace. No sooner had the Boers left the Mosika stage, than Dingane

reappeared upon it. A new campaigning season had come round with the advent of the winter months of 1837, and Dingane was faced once more with the usual problem, What to do with the army? Seven years had already elapsed since his last expedition to Mzilikazi, and it would be interesting to learn how that enterprising rival had fared since then.

About the month of May he mobilized the Zulu army—many of the regiments of Shaka, as well as all such as he himself had so far enrolled—around the ancestral grave at Nobambá (near the Mpembéni), there by sacrifice and prayer to draw down upon their enterprise the blessing of his father, Senzangakóna's spirit. Next, off to be fortified against all ill and charmed to every success at the emHlabaneni kraal of Senzangakóna's sister, Mkabayi; finally, with faggots of firewood and bundles of sorghum and maize upon their heads, with a multitude of boys bearing sleeping-mats and karosses, earthen cooking-pots and headrests, and a host of drivers for the *uGibiqolo* herd of black cattle as provision on their way, away they marched into the distant lands of the west.*

The ancestral gods showed themselves eminently propitious. Into the heart of one, Ntlanganiso, they instilled the thought of desertion from Mzilikazi's service. Marching along, he ran right into the groping Zulu army and opportunely provided the much-needed guide. In the month of June they came in sight of the Mosika military kraals. The maTebele came valiantly forth to meet the invaders, who were sorely weakened by their lengthy journey. A fierce fight ensued between some of Shaka's veteran regiments—those, less experienced, of Dingane, taking no part in the engagement—and the famous *izimPangele* of Mzilikazi, who perished almost to a man. But when the maTebele beheld their much-prized herds being driven away by the enemy, they gallantly rallied to the rescue, and, attacking with great courage and discipline, succeeded in recovering an appreciable number. With the remainder, including some oxen and sheep captured from the Boers, the Zulus sheered off, glad, no doubt, to be quit of further risks. They reached home in the first days of September, 1837, when Dingane was so elated with the results, that he immediately despatched a messenger to Captain Gardiner, then in Durban, stating that 'all Umsiligas' people' had been killed, and to the missionary, Owen, that 'only one Zulu regiment had had a hard fight, but that a vast number of cattle had been taken.'

Mzilikazi's people, far from being 'all killed,' were mainly 'all intact.' What had happened was that, between Boers and

* J. Stuart, *B.*, 110.

Zulus, so big a hole had been made in his fighting force, and one still larger in his banking account (which is stock) that he found it imperative to withdraw to a less risky neighbourhood for recuperation and repairs. So once again the whole maTebele horde trekked away, this time to the north, to the utter relief of thousands of suffering humanity. Indeed, it almost seemed as though the severe chastisement received had at last chastened his heart; for, prior to his departure, he graciously allowed all the captive Bahúrutsi, Bakhatla and other neighbouring tribes, to return to their own land. This was a measure, it is said, which astonished the natives. Certainly, it must have been a happy release; but it does not astonish us, for, among the 'Zulus' of the tribe, it was a common-place that, when in the fight or on the march, the *amaHóle* (Sutú captives) were an encumbrance gladly got rid of.

While still ignorant of Mzilikazi's intention to trek, the Boers had already decided on another expedition against him, in the hope on this occasion of dealing him a *coup de grâce*. Three hundred and thirty of them, the largest commando they had so far mustered, set out in the month of June—at the very moment of the Zulu attack—led by Hendrik Potgieter and Pieter Uys. When they reached Mosika, to their great surprise and relief they found the place deserted; but anxious to put in a parting shot, they pressed forward and, after two days, overtook the migrating host, accelerated its progress with a hot fusilade and relieved it of an encumbrance of five or six thousand head of cattle.

Returning home in a high state of jubilation, Commandant Potgieter proclaimed "the whole of the territory which that chief [Mzilikazi] had overrun and now abandoned, forfeited to the emigrants. It included the greater part of the present South African Republic, fully half the present Orange Free State, and the whole of Southern Bechuanaland to the Kalahari Desert"—out of consideration for the Natives, the Boers generously waived their rights to the Kalahari Desert itself!

The path was now clear to the Beloofté Land, and the Chosen People recommenced their trek forthwith. Soon they reached the country formerly occupied by Mzilikazi along the Apies river, so beautiful that their long quest was obviously on the threshold of success. Anyway, they were certainly on the right track, and so bound to get there some day; for ever since they had set out from Albany (in the Cape) they had been constantly passing mysterious heaps of stones* thrown up in the wilderness, which,

* So-called *iziVivane* or luck-heaps, common throughout the primitive world, upon which each passer-by deposits a stone 'for luck.'

they were convinced, could be nothing other than monuments left by the Children of Israel in their wanderings through the desert. And, indeed, before another sixty miles had been traversed, behold majestically flowing before them a river—*entre nous* it was the Mahálikwena*—flowing, not into the ocean, to east or to west, but ever onward, always to the north. Verily this can be none other than the Nyl-stroom (Nile), which will lead them straight into the Land of Egypt, whence one step and they will be in the Land of Milk and Honey. What they thought—and said—when they found that it led them to a dead-end in the malarious Limpopo valley, has not been placed on record.

Mzilikazi, too, proceeded on his way, not by any means down-hearted, but buoyed up by the hope of entering a more enduring kingdom in a Better Land. He passed along between the Marikwa and Notwani rivers, through maNgwato territory, crossed the Limpopo by the Mural mountains, and halted for a space on the Tshwapong hills, where his scattered sheep reassembled around him. From that centre the surrounding country was thoroughly explored.

One party went off to search the country to the east; another, including Mzilikazi himself, bearing off to the west. A couple of years or more were thus spent in leisurely meandering about the veld in search of new lodgings. By that time the eastern party were already unwelcome visitors in Rotsiland, in the region of Bulawayo. Mzilikazi, on the other hand, was wandering, like Moses, with the other party through the desert, 150 miles west of Bulawayo, about the Makarikari salt-pans. Nor did he seem at all eager to reach Canaan; so much so that the eastern party, giving up hope of his return, proceeded to elect a new king of their own. That brought him home sharp; and, no sooner home, than he arraigned the disloyal headmen for treason and condemned them to be summarily incapacitated on the *iNtaba yezinDuna* (the Hill of the Headmen), some twelve miles from Bulawayo.

Little did Mzilikazi know then—though, no doubt, he later on named one of his military kraals after the event—that, but a few years earlier, his old acquaintance, Zwangendaba, had passed that selfsame way and tarried a while a little farther north, when leading his aNgóni over the Zambezi into Nyasaland. In that military kraal, named *kwaZwangendaba*, Mzilikazi's commander-in-chief, Mbiko, son of Madlenya (of the Masuku clan), was installed, and his army consisted of the following regiments: the veteran *izimPangele* (with whom he had set out from Zululand), the *iNtsinde* and *iNzanayo* (formed while in the Transvaal), the

* We are not responsible for the spelling of foreign (non-Zulu) names.

iNqobo (or *amaNgúba*), *uZwangendaba*, *iNduba*, *iNyamayendlovu*, *uMbiyazwi*, *amaBú kudwane*, *amaDlampondo* and *iMpande* (enlisted in Rhodesia).

As his own special preserve, Mzilikazi selected an agreeable site near the upper Mzingwane river, under the Matobo (E. *Matopo*) hills, and there, about the year 1840, re-erected his *emHlahlandlela* kraal.

The country thereabouts was the home of the *baRotsi* (or *baRozi*) tribe, whom Mzilikazi had little difficulty in sweeping out to the west. It is thought by some that the name *baRotsi* is but a variant of the name *baHúrutsi*—with what reason we do not know. The *Húrutsis*, of course, were they whom Mzilikazi had before displaced, both on the Apies river and at Mosika. And they were *abaNgúni* (*baKóni*). If, then, the preceding surmise may be correct, this succession of *Rotsi* and *Húrutsi* tribes, in Southern Rhodesia and the Northern Transvaal, may mark the route by which the Southern (Zulu-Kafir) *Ngúnis* descended to the coast.

The particular *Rotsi mambo* (= chief), the *great mambo*, whom Mzilikazi then found reigning, not far from where Bulawayo now stands, met with a grisly end—of Bantu *hara-kiri*. Expelled by the invader from his own homeland, he had hoped to be allowed to die in humble peace 100 miles away to the west, near the sources of the Tati river. But even there the *maTebele* hounded him down. He saw them coming and fled with his wives into a cave hard by. Seeing, however, that he was doomed, he had the heads of his wives and servants chopped off; then, seating himself in the midst of their headless bodies, he had himself and them smothered beneath a huge pile of firewood, and all together there cremated. Thereafter the *Rotsis* vacated the country altogether. They crossed the *Zambezi* and eventually established the modern *Rotsi* kingdom in Northern Rhodesia.

Mzilikazi had named his first home *ekuPúmuleni*, the Place of Rest. Much more appropriately had he thus named his last—as a matter of fact, he called it *emHlahlandlela* (Cutting-the-Path)—for never again did he suffer serious molestation, and died there peacefully in his bed.

It is due both to Moffat—worthy to be ranked with Livingstone in the apostolate of Africa—and to Mzilikazi that we close not this chapter without repeating some of the impressive incidents that occurred during Moffat's first visit to the despot in the year 1830 on the Apies river.* They will serve to illustrate the noble

* They will be found in Moffat's own book, *Missionary Labours in Southern Africa*, pp. 141, 146.

Christian and philanthropic endeavours of the one and to reveal something of the better side of the character of the other.

“ During one of my first interviews with Moselekatse the following incident took place, which shows that, however degraded and cruel man may become, he is capable of becoming subdued by kindness. He drew near to the spot where I stood, with some attendants bearing dishes of food ; the two chiefs who had been at the Kuruman were with me, but on the approach of their sovereign, they bowed and withdrew, shouting as usual, ‘ *Baaité nkhosi enkolu*, [*Bayede, nkosi enkulu*,] but were instantly desired to return. Moselekatse, placing his left hand on my shoulder, and his right on his breast, addressed me in the following language : ‘ Machobane [*Mashobane, Mzilikazi’s father*]. I call you such because you have been my father. You have made my heart as white as milk ; milk is not white to-day, my heart is white. I cease not to wonder at the love of a stranger. You never saw me before, but you love me more than my own people. You fed me when I was hungry ; you clothed me when I was naked ; you carried me in your bosom ;’ and raising my right arm with his, added, ‘ that arm shielded me from my enemies.’ On my replying that I was unconscious of having done him any such services, he instantly pointed to the two ambassadors, who were sitting at my feet, saying, ‘ These are great men ; ‘Umbate [*Mncumbátá*] is my right hand. When I sent them from my presence to see the land of the white men, I sent my ears, my eyes, my mouth ; what they heard I heard, what they saw I saw, and what they said, it was Moselekatse who said it. You fed them and clothed them, and when they were to be slain, you were their shield. You did it unto me. You did it unto Moselekatse, the son of Machobane.’

“ I had been struck with the fine, open countenances of many of the warriors, who, though living amid the bewildering mazes of ignorance and superstition, debased, dejected and oppressed under the iron sceptre of a monarch addicted to shedding blood, possessed noble minds ; but alas ! whose only source of joy was to conquer or die in the ranks of their sovereign. The following morning was marked by a melancholy display of that so-called heroism which prefers death to dishonour. A feast had been proclaimed, cattle had been slaughtered, and many hearts beat high in anticipation of wallowing in all the excesses of savage delight ; eating, drinking, dancing and singing the victors’ song over the slain, whose bones lay bleached on the neighbouring plains. Every heart appeared elate but one. He was a man of rank, and what was called an Entuna (an officer), who wore on his head the usual badge of dignity. He was brought to head-

quarters. His arm bore no shield, nor his hand a spear ; he had been divested of these, which had been his glory. He was brought into the presence of the king and his chief-council, charged with a crime for which it was in vain to expect pardon, even at the hands of a more humane government. He bowed his fine elastic figure, and kneeled before the judge. The case was investigated silently, which gave solemnity to the scene. Not a whisper was heard among the listening audience, and the voices of the council were only audible to each other and the nearest spectators. The prisoner, though on his knees, had something dignified and noble in his mien. Not a muscle of his countenance moved, but his bright black eyes indicated a feeling of intense interest, which the moving balance between life and death only could produce. The case required little investigation ; the charges were clearly substantiated, and the culprit pleaded guilty. But alas ! he knew it was at a bar where none ever heard the heart-reviving sound of pardon, even for offences small compared with his. A pause ensued, during which the silence of death pervaded the assembly. At length the monarch spoke and, addressing the prisoner, said, ' You are a dead man, but I shall do to-day what I never did before ; I spare your life for the sake of my friend and father ' —pointing to the spot where I stood. ' I know his heart weeps at the shedding of blood, for his sake I spare your life ; he has travelled from a far country to see me, and he has made my heart white ; but he tells me that to take away life is an awful thing, and never can be undone again. He has pleaded with me not to go to war, nor destroy life. I wish him, when he returns to his own home again, to return with a heart as white as he has made mine. I spare you for his sake, for I love him, and he has saved the lives of my people. But,' continued the king, ' you must be degraded for life ; you must no more associate with the nobles of the land, nor enter the towns of the princes of the people ; nor ever again mingle in the dance of the mighty. Go to the poor of the field, and let your companions be the inhabitants of the desert.' The sentence passed, the pardoned man was expected to bow in grateful adoration to him whom he was wont to look upon and exalt in songs applicable only to One to whom belongs universal sway and the destinies of man. But no ! holding his hands clasped on his bosom, he replied, ' O king, afflict not my heart ! I have merited thy displeasure ; let me be slain like the warrior ; I cannot live with the poor.' And raising his hand to the ring he wore on his brow, he continued : ' How can I live among the dogs of the king and disgrace these badges of honour which I won among the spears and shields of the mighty ? No, I cannot live ! Let me die, O Pezoolu !'

His request was granted, and his hands tied erect over his head. Now my exertions to save his life were vain. He disdained the boon on the conditions offered, preferring to die with the honours he had won at the point of the spear—honours which even that condemned man did not tarnish—to exile and poverty among the children of the desert. He was led forth, a man walking on each side. My eye followed him till he reached the top of a precipice over which he was precipitated into the deep pool of the river beneath, where the crocodiles, accustomed to such meals, were yawning to devour him ere he could reach the bottom.

“Two more days we spent together, during which I renewed my entreaties that he would abstain from war, promising that one day he should be favoured with missionaries, which he professed to desire. Having obtained from me my telescope for the purpose, he said, of seeing on the other side of the mountains if Dingaan, the king of the Zoolus, whom he justly dreaded, was approaching [as a matter of fact, Dingane’s army did appear within less than six months after Moffat’s departure, p. 429], I bade him farewell, with scarcely a hope that the gospel could be successful among the Matebele, until there should be a revolution in the government of a monarch who demanded that homage which pertains to God alone. A few moments before I left him, I remarked that it was the duty of a wise father to instruct his son, and as he called me Machobane, I thought it right again to warn him, that if he did not cease from war, and restrain his lintuna (nobles) from perpetrating their secret and dreadful cruelties on the aborigines, he might expect that the eternal God would frown upon him, when the might of his power would soon be broken and the bones of his warriors would mingle with those they had themselves scattered over his desolate dominions. To this solemn exhortation he only replied, ‘Pray to your God to keep me from the power of Dingaan.’”

Twenty-four years later (1854), Moffat paid a second visit to Mzilikazi, now in his new kingdom in Rhodesia. The reception was a most kindly one and plainly attested to Mzilikazi’s real affection for the missionary. When the latter left by wagon to go to the relief of Livingstone on the Zambezi, the king accompanied him part way. And his presence was not only agreeable, but also useful. They came to a river, 150 yards wide, with a bed of deep sand and a very steep bank on the farther side. Yet over the river they must, so in they went—in, to a depth of eighteen inches of wheel. And there they remained. Long teams of frantically pulling oxen could not make the wagon budge. Mzilikazi sat on the wagon and grinned. Then a bright idea struck him. “Take the useless oxen out,” he shouted, “and

inspan the handy-men." The accompanying escort of warriors at once threw down their accoutrements, grabbed, as many as could find a hold, the empty yokes; then Mzilikazi himself yelled out a right royal 'Reke'—in imitation of the Dutch driver's shout of *Trek* or pull—the handy-men struck up an inspiring song, and away they went at a gallop, out of the sand, up the bank, and they did not stand till they had safely deposited the wagon beneath the cool shade of an adjacent tree. Then they scampered back to look for another wagon, quite proud of having proven themselves more skilful than oxen even at their own game.

Moffat paid his farewell visit in 1860. In his father's biography the great missionary's son has described that visit and its ending. "On Sunday morning, the 17th June, he [Moffat] walked up to the chief's kraal for the purpose of speaking to Umziligazi and his people for the last time on the great themes of life, death and eternity. As we followed him along the narrow path from our camp to the town about a mile distant, winding through fields and around patches of uncleared primeval forest, no step was more elastic and no frame more upright than his. In spite of unceasing toil and tropical heats and miasmatic exhalations, in spite of cares and disappointments, his wonderful energy seemed unabated. The old chief was as usual in his large court-yard, and gave kindly greeting. They were a strange contrast as they sat side by side—the Matabele tyrant and his friend the messenger of peace. The word of command was given; the warriors filed in and arranged themselves in a great semi-circle, sitting on the ground; the women crept as near as they could . . . and all listened in breathless silence to the last words of 'Moshete.' . . . It was a solemn service, and closed the long series of such, in which the friend of Umziligazi had striven to pierce the dense darkness of soul which covered him and his people. On the morrow there was the last leave-taking and Moffat started for his distant home."

Eight years later, on the 5th September, 1868, Mzilikazi started for his, aged *circa* 73; and we hope he went a repentant sinner. He departed life at his iNyati military kraal, where he had been receiving medical treatment from the missionaries near-by. When he had breathed his last, "a few of the headmen, shaken by a deep and very real grief, went into the hut, gathered the blankets and rugs in which the king had been lying, and in them carefully wrapped the body till a thickness of some three feet had been attained. At dusk the corpse was taken in a cart to Mhlahlandlela, where in his own hut the dead king was laid. Indunas [headmen] took charge and watched round the hut by day and night, while within relays of queens, with plugged nostrils,

kept guard." When fully matured, the corpse was taken and entombed within a cave on the Matobo hills—where Cecil Rhodes, first king of the succeeding Matebelean dynasty, later went to keep him company.

His eldest son was named Mangwana, but his heir was Nkulumana (named after the place, Kuruman, where Moffat resided); and thereto hangeth a tale. Nkulumana suddenly vanished, and was never seen for evermore; and none knew why, or how, or whither. The story spread abroad was *ben trovato, se non era vero*. If it was not provable, it could not be disproven; for mother and son had disappeared together! She had gone with the boy 'to Natal,' it was said, there to place him under British care, lest harm befall him. A strange way indeed of 'preserving' the pair, when they were cast on the world in nobody's charge and nobody cared a further fig about them! Howbeit, on Mzilikazi's death, an embassy was despatched to Natal to institute a search. And, curious to relate, Nkulumana came to light, and the Governor of Natal sent word to Matebeleland by the traveller Baines, that several refugees from Matebeleland had identified the claimant and that he had decided to proceed to assume his inheritance. But when Shepstone, the Secretary for Native Affairs, questioned the man, "Art thou Kuruman?", suspicious of a trap, he promptly replied, "Certainly not." And the embassy went home (July, 1869) without him.

Meanwhile Nommbêngula, called by the Matebele Lobengula, son of an *umLobokazi* (young bride affiliated to the Great Hut), and therefore next in succession to the missing heir, despite all pressure to usurp the throne, had faithfully respected his brother's rights and awaited his return. Now, however, that the search had proven unsuccessful, the truth—or what purported to be the truth—came out. Mzilikazi, it was declared, while away exploring the Kalahari desert (438), had been informed of a conspiracy to dethrone him and place his heir upon the throne. He returned post-haste, had the kraal wherein that son resided invested in the night and every soul therein slain—save only Lobengula, who, a child, was hidden in a shield-house. Yet, in the morning, no Kuruman was there amongst the slain—he had been away with his regiment at the Zwangendaba kraal. Specially summoned to court, he came with his servant, Nkwalima, and, without further ado, a Sutú named Gwábayiyo (others, Hábayi) was ordered to twist his neck for him, a form of execution regarded as specially dignified and suited to royalty. It may be added, however, that many still persisted in the belief that the Maritzburg boy, masquerading under the name of Kánda, was really the Prodigal Son, and that he subsequently migrated to Pukeng, in Bechuanaland.

"Oh, in that case," said Lobengula to his council, "if you are satisfied that my brother is dead, I can no longer resist your entreaties." And so, towards the end of 1869, at the emHlahlandlela kraal (at that time Mzilikazi's Great Place), he was proclaimed king of Matabeleland.

In 1890, Cecil Rhodes entered into an agreement with Lobengula in regard to the working of certain gold mines in Mashonaland, and in the same year the Pioneer squad arrived. While these were peacefully grubbing in the earth for fortune, misfortune came upon them. Lobengula imprudently launched a raiding party into those parts, which, without discrimination, murdered also the white men's servants. Having thus raked up the hornet's nest, the swarm rushed madly on the king's Great Place at Bulawayo (or Gibixégu)—after Shaka's kraal so named—and lodged a bullet in his colon, which made him run. Led by Ndosa, a younger brother, he fled to the Kodje mountain, where he died, on 23rd January, 1894. "His body," writes M. L. Jalla, "after being exhibited during several days to the gaze of his little band of followers, was placed in a lion's den, seated on the royal throne, with two guns on either side. He was covered up with blankets and numerous things belonging to him; then a great cairn of stones and rocks was erected over him, and the cavern surrounded by a strong palisade of tree trunks. While this was being made, the lions came back to their lair and killed two Matabele chiefs—to the survivors an evident sign of the chief's satisfaction, since he had thus himself chosen his attendants for the other world. A number of bullocks were then slaughtered in honour of the dead, and the flesh which could not be eaten on the spot was left to the vultures and hyænas. Thus perished this blood-thirsty chief. . . . We, the nearest neighbours of the Matabele, can only thank God for having at last put a stop to their massacres."

The 'royal treasure,' it was rumoured—was it to put the treasure-trover off the scent?—had been hurried off far, far away, into the Lunda country, about the sources of the Zambezi. May it not be still awaiting a lucky finder in that lion's den?

References to *Mzilikazi* and the *maTebele* will be found in the following works, most of which have been drawn upon in the compilation of this chapter: R. Moffat, *M.L.* (for abbreviations, see Bibliography at beginning), 143, 148, 154; *V.M.*, 94, 102, 107; Rev. Arbousset, *N.E.T.*; W. A. Elmslie, *W.N.*, 21; T. Baines, *G.R.*, 18, 19, 31, 32, 33, 34, 36, 37, 47, 51, 66, 83; F. Coillard, *T.C.A.*, 36, 532; W. A. Elliott, *G.Q.*, 10, 12, 23, 33, 71, 102, 103, 107; D. Livingstone, *T.S.A.*, 10, 23, 28, 33, 60, 61; G. W. Stow, *N.R.*, 388, 460, 485, 497, 515, 521, 526, 527, 532, 542, 549, 552, 557, 555; D. F. Ellenberger, *H.B.*, 180, 185, 199, 203, 206, 210, 312, 317; L. Declé, *S.A.*, 150, 151, 160, 175; E. Casalis, *B.*, 2, 3, 22; A. H. Keane, *B.S.*, 102, 109, 131; J. Bird, *A.N.*, I., 68, 213, 225, 325, 331; D. C. F. Moodie, *B.S.A.*, I., 223, 374-85, 436-8, 520, 522, 525; II., 75, 76, 88, 97, 244, 250, 388; W. C. Harris, *W.S.*, 45, 47, 70, 84, 86, 87, 120, 123, 125, 180, 226, 354-6, 357, 360, 362; E. Mohr, *V.F.*, 135, 138, 174, 279, 188, 319; J. Stuart, *T.*, 69, 70;

B., 110, 117; *H.*, 66; J. Y. Gibson, *S.Z.*, 34, 45, 50, 51; J. Shooter, *K.N.*, 135, 306; F. Fleming, *S.A.*, 321, 412; A. Schulz, *N.A.*, 7; N. Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, II., 232; J. C. MacGregor, *B.T.*, 38, 41, 43, 62; W. Holden, *K.R.*, 22, 33; A. H. Keane, *M.P.P.*, 102; S. M. Molema, *B.P.P.*, 51, 52, 59, 85, 87, 89; T. M. Thomas, *C.S.A.*

For *Sebitwane*: F. Coillard, *T.C.A.*, XXIX., 59, 61, 653; D. Livingstone, *T.S.A.*, 13, 48, 59-63, 72; G. W. Stow, *N.R.*, 144, 541, 542, 556; D. F. Ellenberger, *H.B.*, 137, 138, 305, 306, 312, 313, 315, 316, 317, 318, 320, 321, 322, 323, 326, 327, 362-4; E. Casalis, *B.*, XIX., 73; L. Declé, *S.A.*, 67, 69, 268; W. A. Elliott, *G.Q.*, 31; Selous, *T.Y.Z.*, 302; A. Schulz, *N.A.*, 307, 401; W. C. Baldwin, *A.H.*, 295; D. C. Moodie, *B.S.A.*, II., 75.

For *Sekeletu*: D. Livingstone, *T.S.A.*, 63, 121; G. W. Stow, *N.R.*, 144, 541, 542; D. F. Ellenberger, *H.B.*, 322-30; A. Schulz, *N.A.*, 308, 403; F. Coillard, *T.C.A.*, 653 and Index; F. C. Selous, *T.Y.Z.*, 302; L. Declé, *S.A.*, 69; W. C. Baldwin, *A.H.*, 295; T. Baines, *E.*, 417, 449; W. Holden, *H.N.*, 433, 434, 437.

CHAPTER 43

SOSHANGANE CONQUERS PORTUGUESE-EAST AND FOUNDS THERE THE GASA EMPIRE

THE Bantu on the whole are tame and genial savages. But there are fighting-cocks amongst the hens, who now and again, here and there about the continent, grow fitfully gamy and make the feathers fly. Among such game-cocks our Nguni folk were numbered. Those halycon days of the Golden Age ere Dingiswayo first disturbed the idyllic peace marked but an interval wherein the aggressive, plundering spirit of the race lay for the moment torpid. Once the ancient fire had been by Dingiswayo re-enchanted, then fanned by Shaka to roaring conflagration, there was no longer any power to stay the natural impulse of the race. One after another wild spirits emerged among the clans, and led forth, north and west and south, fierce blood-thirsty hordes, revelling in slaughter and destruction, whose sole aim in life was to create unmerited pain and loss, to smash up kingdoms and exterminate their peoples to their own pleasure and aggrandisement. Of Matiwane and his amaNgwane (136), of Mzilikazi and his maTebele (417), we have already told. Of Soshangane who founded the Gasa (or Shangane) empire (in Portuguese-East), of Zwangendaba (or Zangandaba) who founded that of the aNgoni (in Nyasaland), and of Nxaba who foundered himself beneath the waters of the Zambezi, we now propose to tell—fearsome leaders all of freebooting hordes whose names will ever shine in lurid light in the future annals of almost every eastern Bantu tribe right away to the Victoria Nyanza. These are they whose martial achievements created so terrible a reputation for their breed that

Stanley himself could not cross the continent as far away as the equator and half a century later (1874-77) without feeling the shock of their commotion, even then not yet expended. "No traveller," he says,* "has yet become acquainted with a wilder race in Equatorial Africa than are the Mafitte or Watuta [an offshoot of the aNgöni so called up there]. They are the only true African Bedawi; and surely some African Ishmael must have fathered them, for their hands are against every man, and every man's hand appears to be raised against them. To slay a solitary Mtuta is considered by an Arab as meritorious, and far more necessary than killing a snake. To guard against these sable freebooters, the traveller, while passing near their haunts, has need of all his skill, coolness and prudence. The settler in their neighbourhood has need to defend his village with impregnable fences, and to have look-outs night and day; his women and children require to be guarded, and fuel can only be procured by strong parties, while the ground has to be cultivated spear in hand, so constant is the fear of the restless and daring tribe of bandits."

Soshangane was not a person of imposing consequence at home; but he went abroad and established a quite notable reputation. Even among the members of his own family who remained behind in Zululand nothing is known of him more than his name. His very parentage is no longer remembered with certainty. Yet, in other lands, he blossomed into a conquerer of continental fame and in the Shangane nation raised to himself a monument and a name that may still endure when, ages hence, the Ndwandwe clan (from which he sprang) and its celebrated chieftain, Zwide, have long since passed into oblivion.

Certain it is that Soshangane was a member of the Ndwandwe clan, and withal a remote cousin of its then reigning-sovereign, Zwide (160-216). That his father was one Zikode, and that the originator of this branch of the family was named Gása, is likewise established beyond dispute; but whether his grandfather was Njinjinini or Manukuza, or whether these two were son and father respectively, or whether both were one and the same individual, and whether Gása was, or who was, Njinjinini-Manukuza's father, is a genealogical entanglement which baffles unravelling.

In any case, while Zwide, son of Langa was still (c. 1819) reigning representative of the royal Ndwandwe house, the Gása family constituted of that house the *ĩKòhlo* branch, that is, the line

* H. Stanley, *T.D.C.*, 318.

springing from the clan's originator next in importance to that of the royal succession. And of that Gása branch at the time in point (1819) Soshangane was the living head.

The family estate of this particular *iKòhlo* branch was situated on and about the ēTshaneni mount, a gigantic mass of rocky kloof and crag jutting boldly forth at the southern gate of the Lubombó range and towering abruptly for a (?) thousand feet or more above the bush-covered expanse of the Mkúze plain stretching for miles away at its feet. There no doubt the family had remained when, in an earlier century, the main portion of the clan had left the Lubombó for a country further inland. Perched on those giddy heights old Gása, 'tis said, was wont to sit, silently surveying the map from Tóngá to Mtétwá-land and meditating on the simple problems of his simple world. There, too, within the cleft between two mighty rocks, his bones lie buried, as also those of all descendant heirs.

In that last calamitous campaign (1819) against the Zulus (205), when the Ndwandwe clan was utterly broken and its king compelled to fly, it was Soshangane's privilege to bear in battle the royal shield. After the ruinous climax on the Mhlatúze, the routed Ndwandwes made for their individual homes as best they could. Soshangane and his party, probably not more than a hundred strong, hied coastwards for the family home at ēTshaneni, little knowing that a second Zulu army was already devastating their country farther inland and that their king had already absconded never to put foot in Zululand again. Thus it came about that the Gása family and adherents failed to accompany the latter in his flight, anxiously waiting for latest tidings down in their Lubombó home. When at length the sad news reached them, they too decided to quit the scene of their destruction. They knew not whither their king had fled, and so struck out on a path of their own. Their migration could have taken place hardly later than the year 1821, and may have been a season earlier (1820). Their path led along the eastern foothills of the Lubombó range, and they progressed without molesting or molestation—save that they replenished their commissariat from the Mngómezulu cattle grazing in the flat thorn-country eastward of the Lubombó—till they reached the vicinity of the upper Mtembê river, where they pitched their camp and where Owen found them.

Capt. W. Owen, of the British Navy, chanced to be conducting a marine survey of Delagoa Bay in the year 1822. He had already received tidings of a band of warlike freebooters hovering in his neighbourhood and called, by some, *vaTwá* (i.e. Bushmen, *Z. abaTwá*), by others, *Hollontontes* (presumably representing a

Tonga rendering of the Portuguese term for 'Hottentots'), both names being suggested by the Bushmen-Hottentot click-sounds in the Ngûni (Zulu) speech. Ere long he made their personal acquaintance. While one day conversing with some Tembê Tóngas, "some of the Hollontontes appeared at a short distance in their war costume, armed with shields and spears: at first they were shy, and kept away from us, until the Temby people, who appeared to be their allies, prevailed upon them to approach by assurances of our friendly disposition." This interview possesses for us here an especial historical interest—it was not only the first occasion on which these particular 'Zulus' had ever beheld a white man, but, what is more, marked, so far as we know, the first meeting between the English and 'Zulu' races on detailed record.

'Chinchingany' was the name of the young Hollontonte chief, and Chinchingany was, we feel sure, but Owen's caricature of none other than our hero's name, Soshangane. At that time, on that spot, he was the only 'Hollontonte' leader bearing a name of any such similitude. And this is his portrait as Owen drew it: "Round his head, just above the eyes, was a band of fur, somewhat resembling in size and colour a fox's tail, neatly trimmed and smoothed: underneath this his black woolly hair was hidden; but above it grew to its usual length, until at the top, where a circular space was shaved in the manner of the monks and Zooloos; round this circle was a thick ring of twisted hide [presumably the head-ring or *isiCoco*], fixed in its position by the curling over of the surrounding hair, which was altogether sufficiently thick to resist a considerable blow. On one side of his head was a single feather of some large bird as an emblem of his rank, and just above his eyebrows a string of small white beads, and another across the nose; close under his chin he wore a quantity of long coarse hair, like the venerable beard of a patriarch hanging down on his breast; his ears had large slits in their lower lobes, and were made to fall three or four inches, but without any ornaments; these holes in the ears are often used to carry articles of value. Each arm was encircled by a quantity of hair like that tied on his chin, the ends reaching below his elbows. Round his body were tied two strings, with twisted strips of hide, with the hair on them, much resembling monkeys' tails; the upper row was fastened close under his arms, and hung down about twelve inches, the end of each tail being cut with much precision and regularity; the lower row resembled the upper, and commenced exactly where the latter terminated, until they reached the knees. It bore altogether a great resemblance to the Scotch kilt. On his ankles and wrists he had brass rings or bangles. His shield was

of bullock's hide, about five feet long and three and-a-half broad ; down the middle was fixed a long stick, tufted with hair, by means of holes cut for the purpose, and projecting above and below beyond the shield about five inches. To this stick were attached his assagayes and spears ; the only difference in these weapons is that the former is narrow in the blade and small for throwing, the latter broad and long, with a stronger staff for the thrust. . . . In concluding this description of Chinchingany's costume, it is necessary to observe that this is entirely military, and used only when upon warlike expeditions ; at other times, the Hollontontes are dressed as the Kaffers, with nothing but a small leathern or skin purse [the practice of circumcision was then not yet entirely obsolete among the Zulus], not two inches in length, used as by the Delagoa tribes. . . . These were fine negroes, tall, robust and warlike, in their persons, open, frank and pleasing in their manners, with a certain appearance of independence in their carriage, infinitely above the natives with whom the party had hitherto communicated. . . . They appeared to have a better idea of the value of arms in troubled times than the Temby people, for, on being pressed to part with theirs for trinkets, they pertinently silenced the proposer by requesting the interpreter to ask if ' when a white man was in an enemy's country, he ever sold his arms ? ' They remained at our tents for some time, and examined everything with much curiosity, during which one of the party, Mr. Hood, commenced taking a sketch of the chief : before however it was finished, Chinchingany happened to discover what he was about, and instantly rose with much indignation in his manner, and without any notice quickly retired, followed by his people, some of whom, nevertheless, promised shortly to return with a bullock for barter."

True to their word, they did come back ; but without the bullock. It was on that selfsame night ; and, the heavens overcast with heavy clouds, the night was dark and gloomy. " All was hushed in the deepest tranquillity, when, a few minutes before midnight, the attention of one of the sentries, who was placed in advance, was attracted by a white object, that appeared as if rising and slowly moving towards him from the long grass and bushes ; he instantly gave the alarm, and at the moment received two assagayes in the thigh, and, as he retreated, was pierced by another in the back, which, being barbed, remained in the flesh. Lieut. Vidal had been occupied in observing the stars, and was in the act of replacing his instruments to return when the sentry's cry reached his ears ; he started up, and at the instant a band of Hollontontes, with their shields and spears, rushed towards the tents uttering the most hideous yells. . . . He rushed to the en-

campment with his utmost speed, crying loudly, 'To arms! To arms!' It was enough; the alarm was re-echoed, the rise instantaneous, and the murdering band were received at the entrance of the tents with volleys of balls and bayonet points. The constant flash and roar of the muskets, with the horrid yells of the assailants, breaking upon the still dark gloom, produced a terrific scene; an occasional groan, however, as a ball found its fleshy bed, and the falling of some, soon intimidated the barbarians, and, after a short but desperate struggle, the cries of war and defiance were changed into shrieks of terror and dismay followed by a precipitous retreat. . . . Their numbers were apparently between two and three hundred, headed by Chinchingany, whose spear and shield (since presented to Lord Melville) were found next morning at a short distance from the encampment, in the direction they had retreated. It was supposed that Captain Lechmere had killed this chief, as he fired his gun loaded with small shot directly in his face, which passed through the shield of hide that he held up as a protection."

We hope Capt. Owen survived long enough to learn that Chinchingany had returned home in perfect health and lived to become one of the great conquerors in African history. Though he got no change out of his English friends, Soshangane spent three or four very profitable years in the neighbourhood enriching and strengthening himself by constant raids on the adjacent Tembê and other Tõnga tribes as far away as Inhambane (*Z. eNyembane*).

About the year 1825 he struck camp once more, pushed over the Mtembê and Mbùluzi, and entered the country between the Malibembâne * (or Matolo) and the Nkomati (or King George's) rivers (all debouching into Delagoa Bay), from which his companion fugitive and distant relative, Zwangendaba, had, two years before, first expelled the *kwaMadolo* people (relatives of the Tembês) and then passed onward to the Limpopo (right bank).

By local conquest and absorption, and owing to the continuous stream of fugitives, individually and in bands, flowing in from every clan in Zululand, the adherents of Soshangane here multiplied apace. Somveli, son of Dingiswayo, with his Mtêtwá following, had meanwhile fled from Shaka's menace (472), and the Ndwandwe clan, rallied to a final effort by Sikúnyana (589), Zwide's heir, had at length been utterly shattered, each event sending its quatum of refugees to add strength to Soshangane's arm. This mixed mob of divers clansmen now became generally known amongst surrounding Tõngas, not, of course, as Zulus,

* We cannot guarantee the accuracy of names and spelling of distant places.

nor any longer as vaTwa or Hollontontes, but as simply Ngúnis (*abaNguni*). The great nation, however, which in subsequent years grew up around this original Ngúni or 'Zulu' nucleus, was mainly composed of multitudinous East African Tóngá captives and of half-caste offspring through Tóngá women. It assumed the general name of **aba-kwa-Gása** (the People of Gása—Soshangane's ancestor) and, in later years on the Transvaal gold-fields, of **amaShangane** (the Shanganas, or People of Soshangane, a name possibly coined by the first white miners).

Strange is it that in the numerous Portuguese records of the period the name of Soshangane never once occurs. They invariably called him 'Manikoos' or 'Manikusa,' which obviously stands for 'Manukuza,' the name of one of his great ancestors, after whom, according to Ngúni habit, he proudly called himself.

It was the year 1828 that Shaka launched his last disastrous campaign, to wit, against Soshangane. It resulted, not, as hoped, in Soshangane's defeat, but rather in the practical ruin of Shaka's own army by dysentery, fever and famine. Yet the menace of further attack proved to Soshangane the insecurity of his present position and the urgent need of moving on (626).

So on he moved, slowly fighting his way through intervening Tóngá tribes, till ultimately, about the year 1831, he reached the headquarters of the (northern) Sabi river, midway between the Limpopo and the Zambezi. A few years later, another old acquaintance from northern Zululand, the famous conqueror, Mzilikazi, son of Mashobana, would come and settle alongside him, in Matebeleland (438), with the hapless maShona packed in, as a buffer-state, between, and a common hunting-ground for both.

We are here up against another mystery name, entirely modern, yet nobody can tell us whence or how it came. **Mashona** is a tribal appellation utterly unknown to those Karanga clans themselves. Its origin is as puzzling as is that of the name, *be-Tshwana* (310); indeed, strange to say, both 'beTshwana' and 'maShona' may be but two corruptions of the same original root. Most of the earlier South African travellers penetrated the continent from the south-western side. There they found the Herero (or Damara) Natives calling the people of the central plateau (i.e. the Sutú or modern 'beTshwana' group) *ovaTyaona*. Galton¹ speaks of the Herero in 1851 as having invaded westward "to the very neighbourhood of Lake Ngami and attacked the Mationa (as they call the people who live there)." Curiously enough, on the opposite side of the continent the East-Coast Tóngas called these central tribes (or some of them) by a similar name. In 1871 Erskine paid a visit to Soshangane's son, Mzila, in Portuguese-East,² and in the map accompanying his account thereof, he placed a note,

covering the spot where Mashonaland would lie, and running as follows: "Independent tribes tributary neither to Umzila nor Umziligazi, called Amadiona." Turning to the Roy. Geog. Socy.'s *Journal* for April, 1893 (p. 305), we find therein a paper by the hunter, Selous, on *Twenty Years in Zambesia*, in which he says, "the name Mashonaland is a coined word, and how it became current I have never been able to discover. . . . I have never met with any clan whose members call themselves Mashonas; and the name is altogether unknown amongst the natives of this part of Africa, except to a few who have learned the word from Europeans. As a generic term, however, the word is useful, and may be taken to designate all the tribes of South-Eastern Africa that are not of Zulu blood"—by which, we suppose, he means 'of South-Eastern Rhodesia.' Van Oordt, a student with an uncommonly fertile imagination, explains³ that the term Mashona "means 'the people who hiss,' a name which was probably given them by some other Bantu tribe on account of the large amount of *sh* and other sibilants in the Shuna language." But his imagination failed to disclose who it was that invented the name. Mackay, equal master of fantastic notions, asserts⁴ that the Mashona "were known [presumably among the Hottentots] as the Ma-ghu-una, and that they were the offspring of the BaTuna (or Bechuana) people"—his idea being that the Hottentot *ma-ghu-Una* signified really 'they-of-Una' (= Tuna). But he too fails to enlighten us as to which people it was who named the beTshwana *baTuna*. The traveller, Declé, however, rushes to his aid⁵ and, with dogmatical certainty, lays it down that "the nickname of Amashuina (was) given to them by the Matabele, Amashuina meaning baboons—these monkeys living on the top of the hills"—presumably from their language consisting so largely of gutturals! After all this, we too feel we have a right to exercise our fancy and to wonder whether these multifarious 'Shunas,' 'Tunas,' 'Tyaonas,' 'Tionas,' 'Dionas' and finally 'Shonas' may not after all be but one and the same name variously pronounced by different east and west Bantu tribes and originally applied by them, as a generic term, to the Karanga-Sutú peoples in between them? Mackay tells us (*op. cit.*) that the beTshwana were called *baTuna*, and Moffat⁶ states that "the Mashona say their fathers emigrated from the south-east, beyond the land of the Baraputsi" (= modern Swazis), which, of course, would be a fair guess as to the location of the Tshwana field.

Anyhow, Soshangane eventually got there (1831) and smote the unwarlike maShona hip and thigh; then, gathering up the scanty spoils, turned about and—ran face to face against his old

chum, Zwangendaba (of the Jele clan), out like himself on a migratory tour through East Africa. For this Zwangendaba was leader of another fugitive rabble out of Zululand, which had gradually hacked its way north through Tóngaland (almost by the same route as Soshangane himself) and, about the year 1826-27, reached the head waters of the Sabi river, the identical spot at which Soshangane had now (1831) arrived. What Soshangane thought and what Zwangendaba thought when, a year or two later, each discovered the other 'burgling' in his own house, may be gathered from the fact that no sooner met than they were locked in mortal embrace. For three sanguinary days they tore each other desperately to pieces, until ultimately Zwangendaba fled from the field much battered and tattered, and scampered away into Rotsiland (near modern Bulawayo, 445).

Soshangane, knowing nothing of Zwangendaba's plans and feeling somewhat sore himself, deemed it prudent not to risk another meeting and sheered off farther down stream, selecting for himself a fertile spot on the high lands eastward of the central Sabi. What was his wrath there to discover that, from the unhealthy neighbourhood of Zwangendaba, he had now rushed straight into another equally unwholesome, namely that of the villainous old rascal, Nxaba, son of Mbékane, likewise up out of Zululand with a rabble all his own, and now established not far away to the north by the Busi river (461). A tactful alliance ensured the necessary rest; then, like a maddened bull, Soshangane headed straight for the red rag, and in a jiffy had Nxaba hard on the trail of Zwangendaba, towards Manikaland (471).

Soshangane was now undisputed cock of the walk and henceforth spent his leisure time subjugating and plundering the Native tribes between the Zambezi and Inhambane, which latter place had marked the limit of his range while still down south. He thus completed the conquest of the whole of lower eastern Bantuland from the Zambezi to Delagoa Bay; and, from a mere squire of ēTshaneni, he became transmogrified into a magnificent emperor of Gasaland. "Please take particular note of this fact," writes Coillard, "there is no independent tribe on this [southern] side of the Zambezi, except the people of Lobengula [son of Mzilikazi] and of Mozila" [son of Soshangane]—both, mark you, of the same Ngūni stock and both out of Zululand.

It had been decided by Soshangane that this should be an entirely black man's kingdom, and he initiated early steps for sweeping the country of all intruding whiteskins. The Portuguese, according to a common Bantu dream, were to be 'thrown into the sea.' Since they were mostly congregated about Delagoa Bay, on the 22nd of October, 1833, says Theal, a strong body of

warriors of the Gása tribe appeared before the fort on the Espirito Santo (as the estuary of several rivers debouching at Lourenco Marques used to be called). They were provided with no other weapons than short-handled stabbing assegais, so they could not effect an entrance ; but during the night of the 27th, the captain, Dionysio Antonio Ribeiro, seeing an opportunity to escape, evacuated the place, and with his men retired to the island Shefina, which lies close to the coast. On the following day the abaGása destroyed the fort, and then pursued the Portuguese to the island and captured them all. The prisoners were brought back to their ruined habitation and were there put to death.

The captain of Inhambane, continues the historian, was so rash as to attempt to assist a friendly clan against Manikusa [= Soshangane]. The result of the interference was the plunder of the village, on the 3rd of November, 1834, and the slaughter of the captain and all the inhabitants, except ten individuals who managed to escape.

In 1836, the military commandant of Sofala, Jose Marques da Costa, collected the friendly Natives in the neighbourhood, and with them and his negroes ventured to give the enemy battle, with the result that every individual of his force perished.

Subsequently Soshangane attacked Sena, slew fifty-four Portuguese and half-castes and drove the rest away.

The East-African Portuguese never shone very lustroously in their battles with the Natives, and Soshangane was within an ace of accomplishing his mission. Then a new species of white-skin loomed up from the west. "During the year 1834," writes Moodie, "some twenty-seven families, under Van Rensburg and Carl Trichard, tried to reach the Portuguese possessions on the coast. . . . They passed along the Olifants river, and crossed the Drakensberg with great difficulty. Here the two parties separated. Rensburg's proceeded in a north-easterly direction towards Sofala, while Trichard's went south-east to Delagoa Bay." Trichard's party reached their goal ; but the nine families that went off with Van Rensburg, even before they had crossed the Limpopo (at a spot some forty miles above its junction with the Olifants river) were surrounded by a band of Soshangane's raiders and all, save two infants, massacred.

Thirty years later this pair of babes reappeared on the historical stage as man and wife, with a new pair of babies of their own. The scene was laid, not in the land of Soshangane, but within the realm of the Swazi king, Ludonga. Their only language now was of the deepest Bantu hue, but their skin, unburdened with clothing, was so devoid of any colour as to be deemed positively repulsive by the Natives and entirely out of

place in Swaziland. So in September, 1867, king Ludonga had them gently escorted over the border as a suitable present for the Boer landdrost at Lydenburg, who forthwith had them spoon-fed and clothed, and the children educated, at the State expense. Under such encouraging treatment, both parents and children no doubt ultimately bloomed into the finest type of poor-whites (332).

In the year 1856 Soshangane gave up the ghost, and the ghost's corporeal shell was, with befitting stealth, borne back by night to its cradle on the ēTshaneni mount and there deposited amongst the rocks. The ghost itself remained at peace in Dlozi-land (the land of the ancestral spirits) till about the year 1892, when it began to grow restless and troublesome, as family misfortunes abundantly evinced. Ngúngúnyana, the reigning chief, at last resolved to appease the grandparental ire by secretly despatching over the border a sacrificial bullock, to be presented to his wrathful ancestor on the ēTshaneni mount (within British territory). On the way the party encountered a Native policeman out for a stroll, who, of course, their guilty conscience led them to suppose, was out after them. So they promptly took him in charge, and the bench condemned him to instant execution. A most solemn oath of secrecy stayed the process and gained him a fortunate release. But when he got home, he threw the solemn oath to the winds and gave the show away—and 'soon after died!'

Nombóya was Soshangane's heir, but had the bad luck to die before his father. On Soshangane's death, the usual scramble therefore occurred between the surviving sons, Mzila and Mawewe. Mzila, as eldest boy in the family, was, by Tóngá law, inheritor of the prize. Mawewe, on the other hand, was offspring of a greater wife, and so, by Ngúni law, took precedence. Further, Mawewe had the advantage of being on the spot, while Mzila was away in exile. He had quarrelled with his royal parent some years before and been banished to Mjanjiland, about the headwaters of the ūTábe tributary of the Olifants river. Mawewe accordingly assumed the crown unchallenged.

Much to the dismay of the Portuguese! Mawewe and they were not on visiting terms; and he was of a wild, despotic nature. Great, then, was their relief when, on the 1st of December, 1861, the rival candidate, Mzila, appeared at the gate of the fort of Espirito Santo, protesting his profound love and admiration for the Portuguese and soliciting their aid against the common enemy, Mawewe. Guns and powder were lavishly provided, and as a result, on 20th August, 1862, after three days' furious bombardment in the neighbourhood of the (southern) Sabi river (*Z. ebuSapá*,

tributary of the Nkomati), Mawewe's pretensions were smashed to smithereens and he himself shot into Swaziland. There a hearty welcome awaited him from his friend, king Mswazi, who, indeed, had hastened down to his assistance, but, hearing the crack of the guns, had arrayed his forces at a safe distance, and quickly marched them back home (with Mawewe in the rear) when he saw which way the tide was flowing. Mawewe died in Swaziland in dignified exile, more than a decade later, leaving Hanyana to inherit his royal pretensions.

Mzila now reigned in his stead over all the Gása domain, from the Zambezi on the north to the Sabi river, near Delagoa Bay, on the south. Leaving his cousin, Madumelana, as viceroy of the southern province, Mzila himself moved away to the north and established his headquarters, first at Msapa on the middle Bosi river (ninety miles inland from Sofala), and finally at Tshamatshama near the head-waters of that river and only some fifty-five miles eastward of Zimbabwe. There he led by no means an inactive life, albeit there were few, if any, tribes within easy range still left to conquer. But within the limits of the impassable Zambezi to the north, and of the unconquerable Mswazi and Mzilikazi on the south and west, there was ample space for internal depredation. An army was annually launched to gather in the tributary shekels from refractory vassals; while to prevent the Manika gold mines—where Nxaba, in his passage, had already exterminated the Portuguese—from ever again presenting a tempting bait to whiteskin adventurers, he had all potential Native labourers in that region summarily blotted out and the country reduced to a wilderness.

About the year 1870, for some reason unrevealed, Mzila appears to have developed apprehensions. In August of that year, writes Erskine, "a deputation or embassy to Natal [the nearest British outpost] arrived from Umzila, king of Gasa, making certain political representations, and requesting the Natal Government to send one of their officers to confer with him." In June, 1871, Erskine was sent, with what result has never been divulged.

The next important event recorded in Mzila's career is that he died (? 1890), leaving, to assume his mantle, his son, Ngungunyana, otherwise Mdungazwe (the Disturber of the Land). True to his name, he opened his reign by indulging in those ambitious fancies already proven futile by his grandfather, namely, of 'chucking the Portuguese into the sea.' As a preliminary, he demanded tangible recognition of his supremacy by payment of an annual tribute (c. 1895). To this demand the Portuguese responded by marching up in force to his *kwaMandlakazi* headquarters and burning the royal palace to the ground.

This unexpected denouement immediately extinguished Ngungunyana's bravado and caused his bold Tóngan warriors to disperse hurriedly for their homes, leaving their poor king in the ignominious plight of having to face the enemy alone. Unwilling any longer to wait for tribute, he forthwith decamped, and continued to decamp until the end of the year 1895, when he was captured and, much to his surprise, 'chucked into the sea' himself. A free sea-voyage to western Africa was prescribed as necessary for his health and as the most suitable form of tribute under the circumstances. For all we know, he may still be there.*

* The following works have been consulted in the preparation of this chapter: Theal, *Portuguese in South Africa*, 258, 259, 279, 281, 292; *History of South Africa*, V.; Capt. W. Owen, *Narrative of Voyages*, I., 79, 86, 93, 95, 97, 100, 271, 302; Moodie, *History of the Battles, etc., in Southern Africa*, I., 517; II., 245, 387, 416, 517; St. Vincent Erskine, Roy. Geog. Socy's. *Journal*, Jan., 1875, *Journey to Umzila's*, 1871-72, 46, 53, 72, 88, 95, 97, 120, 124; F. C. Selous, Roy. Geog. Socy's. *Journal*, April, 1893, *Twenty Years in Zambezia*, 318; H. A. Junod, *Life of a South African Tribe*; D. Leslie, *Among the Zulus and Amalongs*, 289; W. A. Elmslie, *Among the Wild Angoni*, 20; R. C. F. Maugham, *Zambezia*, 45; M. M. Fuze, *Abantu Abamnyama*, 20, 66; F. Coillard, *On the Threshold of Central Africa*, 36.

¹ T.S.A., 153, 160, 167.

² J.M. (see above).

³ *Origin of the Bantu*, 56, Cape Times Office, Capetown, 1907.

⁴ O.X., 37.

⁵ *Three Years in Savage Africa*, 164.

⁶ V.M.

⁷ *On the Threshold of Central Africa*, 36.

CHAPTER 44

THE ANGONI OF CENTRAL AFRICA, AND HOW THEY GOT THERE

FEW of the greater conquistadors of Bantuland can have made such a hash of Africa as did filibuster Hear-by-report (uZwangedaba), alias Come-on-business (uZangandaba), hailing out of Zululand.

He had been but a commonplace squire at home, of so small notability that a bald name was the only record he left behind him. His very origin was soon forgotten, even amongst his own clansmen. For he was the son of an unknown Hlatshwayo and a member (perhaps the head) of the tiny **Jele** (or **Gumbi**) clanlet, which itself was an offshoot of the emaNcwangeni (or Mfekane) clan, whose courtesy title (*isiTdkazelo*) was *Pakati*, and who, all together, were subject to the paramount Ndwandwe chief, Zwide (278). The precise locality of these Jele people is no longer known; but most likely it was near that of their relatives, the emaNcwangeni, on the Hluhluwe river. Those of the family

that remained behind after Zwangendaba's departure seem to have sheered off to the Lubombô hills and there allied themselves with the Nyawo people.

As we have already related (162), Zwangendaba had the misfortune on one occasion so to rouse the ire of his sovereign, Zwide, that the latter actually projected a small punitive expedition against him. Happily it resolved itself into a quaint little comedy, which caused Zwide himself a rather disagreeable shock. Ill-feeling is proverbially short-lived with the Bantu, and ere long we find Zwangendaba fighting loyally alongside Soshangane in his sovereign's cause, in that last disastrous attack by Zwide on the redoubtable Shaka (205). The outcome of that ill-starred venture was that Zwide, Soshangane and Zwangendaba, all three alike, scurried headlong out of their homeland, each in a different direction and with an appropriate following.

Zwangendaba's departure from the Zulu country was contemporaneous with that of Soshangane, namely, about the year 1821-22, and the route followed was practically the same, along the eastern foothills of the Lubombô. In 1823, Capt. Owen, of the British Navy, was on a business visit to Delagoa Bay, and while there made the acquaintance of a 'Hollontonte' chief named 'Soon Kundava' (sometimes printed Loon Kundava), which was the local Tóngá effort to pronounce Zwangendaba's name. He had "upwards of 5000 adherents"; which may wisely be halved, if not quartered. "These, passing through Mapoota [Mabúdu], Temby [Tembé] and Mattoll [Madolo], laid the whole country waste, and even threatened to destroy the Portuguese factory; whilst, strange to say, the commandant and soldiers actually carried on traffic with them through native traders for their spoil both of cattle and slaves." They were at that time settled along the right bank of the lower Limpopo, northward of Delagoa Bay, the companion-party under Soshangane being to the south of them in Madololand.

There they spent their time competing with Soshangane at the game of cattle- and slave-raiding among the unfortunate Tóngas around. Cattle-herding soon became a hazardous occupation for the local inhabitants. "In the afternoon," writes Owen, "a poor black was brought on board severely wounded; he was in charge of some cattle, which, as the Hollontontes approached, he drove towards the fort for protection; returning to his hut, he was shortly afterwards seized by the invading tribe, who, in revenge for his caution, speared him in a most cruel manner. It appeared that they had held him down and worked the weapon forcibly to and fro, until it had passed through the thigh, as the wound was upwards of seven inches in length."

The Port Commandant, not being of the stuff of which heroes are made, shuddered at the thought of suffering such a martyrdom in his own person. So he detached nearly all his officers—himself not included—and forty soldiers of his garrison to hunt the Hollontontes out of their nest on the Limpopo. But, after having lost two or three of their men in a skirmish, the remainder decided it were wiser to return to the less perilous avocation of commerce.

This was encouraging to the Hollontontes, who grew appreciably bolder. A couple of weeks later they actually dared to approach within a mile of the fort itself. Such an affront the dignity of the Commandant could not condone; so he marshalled his troops once more—only three soldiers were forthcoming—and ordered them to sally forth and chase the enemy away. One of the army got himself killed, a second succeeded in getting badly wounded, and the third hurried back home “with his entrails in his arms.”

Ten days afterwards, the fearsome warrior, Lieut. Antonio Texeira, was commanded to proceed in force to the very headquarters of the Hollontontes on the Limpopo and to exterminate the lot. He soon returned, however, having been “too wise to find them”—despite the fact that they were everywhere in evidence, and their fighting strength “in number about two thousand!”

As, in this screaming farce, the Portuguese made their exit on the one side, the next scene revealed a new villain emerging from the wings on the other. His name was Nxaba, son of Mbékane. Somewhere about the year 1823-24, the Msane clan residing by the emTékwinini mount in Zululand had been expelled by Shaka from their holding (279). With a Zulu army prodding him along in the rear, Nxaba, their chief, had taken to his heels to seek newer pastures in the north. Accompanied by Mgidla, son of Kōnjwayo (of the emaNzimeleni clan) and a nondescript following from most of the clans in the neighbourhood, he scooted along through the eastern part of what to-day is Swaziland, until he reached some friendly Sutús settled thereabouts. While he sat down there to take breath, his son, Mshikili became home-sick and retraced his steps; but finding the old land a blackened wilderness, he passed on and found hospitality and safety with Shaka's friend, Nqoboka, the Sokúlu chief, south of the Mfoloji.

Nxaba too passed on; but in the opposite direction. Crossing the Nkomazi (Komati) not far from Delagoa Bay, his approach reached the ears of Zwangendaba away on the Limpopo. “Háwu!” quoth the latter, “no room for further competition

on this pitch"; and hastened off to motion the intruder farther down the street. Nxaba proving obstreperous, Zwangendaba was painfully compelled to apply a good deal of forceful persuasion, in which he himself did not fail to receive some disagreeable bruises. Indeed, so much so that, when he reached home, he seriously considered the advisability of putting a greater distance between himself and this ugly intruder; and ere long he packed up and left for the north.

Curious to say, Nxaba had come to the same conclusion, and, swerving abruptly round to the west, came into violent collision, about Pediland, with Mzilikazi (424) and ricocheted again sharply off to the north-east, into Portuguese territory. Whether Nxaba or Zwangendaba arrived first in those northern parts is not clear. In any case, Nxaba hacked his way through the mass of intervening Tóngas, and at last (1824-25), crossing the Sabi river, pitched his camp in the Busi region. Between the head-waters of the Busi and Sofala on the coast, dwelt the large Ndawu tribe. Lurid reports of the terrible 'Hollontontes' down south were already familiar to these people; and, understanding Nxaba and party to be of that ilk, the Ndawus prudently surrendered without a fight, and Nxaba suddenly found himself proud monarch over a realm such as he could never have aspired to in the old country.

Unaware of Nxaba's movements in the same direction—but to the unutterable relief of the Portuguese—Zwangendaba, a year or two later, decided to strike camp on the Limpopo and move off to explore the north. While Nxaba was directing his course towards the coast, Zwangendaba wended his way up inland. Probably about the year 1826-27, he entered the cock-pit of southern Africa, the country of that most harassed of peoples, the maKaranga. He established his headquarters somewhere among the head-water streams of the Sabi river, and there inaugurated the systematic spoliation, oppression and destruction of these harmless and peaceable people. "Hundreds of thousands of acres," said Selous, "that now lie fallow (1872-77), must then have been under cultivation, as is proved by the traces of rice and maize fields, which can still be discerned in almost every valley, whilst the sites of ancient villages, long ago crumbled to decay, are very numerous all over the open downs. . . . On almost every hill traces of the stone walls will be found which once encircled and protected ancient villages. At that time the inhabitants of this part of Africa must have been rich and prosperous, possessing large flocks of sheep and goats, and numerous herds of a small but beautiful breed of cattle."

At length, on such high tyranny the gods did frown. In 1831

they brought up Soshangane from the south to the very spot where Zwangendaba was. A year or two, and Achilles had spied Hector out.

Then, with revengeful eyes, he scanned him o'er—
 "Come, and receive thy fate!" He said no more.

And Zwangendaba went ;

But, present to his aid, Apollo shrouds
 The favoured hero in a veil of clouds.

At which Achilles foams with fury and exclaims aloud,

"Wretch! thou hast 'scaped again, once more thy flight
 Has saved thee, and the partial god of light.
 Fly then inglorious; but thy flight this day
 Whole hecatombs of Trojan ghosts shall pay."

—HOMER.

And for three long days whole hecatombs, not alone of Trojan ghosts, but of Grecian too, were raised. But that of Zwangendaba was not among them. The 'partial god' had carried him and his safely over the border. They alighted in Rotsiland, the country of the baRotsi (baRozwi or maLozi), which at that time was not up the Zambezi, but round and about Bulawayo. Out of harm's way himself, Zwangendaba now considered it great fun to start persecuting the inoffensive people in whose country he had found asylum. On another page (439) we chronicled the glorious and heroic end of the greatest of the Rotsi *mambos* (= chiefs). Listen now to the ending of the last.

Sabangu (alias Tshirisamuru) was his name, and like Akhenaten on the Nile, he too had thrown overboard the ancient beliefs—he even denied that Mwali (the Great Tribal Ancestral Spirit) still existed. But Mwali himself resolved to disillusion him. One day Sabangu heard a voice addressing him from out the thatch of his hut: it was Mwali speaking. So! Well, if Mwali isn't dead yet, we'll see that he dies now anyway. So he burned down the hut and, hopefully, Mwali with it. But Mwali came back. Out of the village tree the exasperating voice still haunted him. He felled the tree and, hopefully, Mwali with it. Mwali merely chuckled; then, first out of a boulder, then out of the grass, then out of an ox, continued to roar with ever-increasing frightfulness. The boulder was buried, the grass was burned, the ox was killed. That ought to stopper him anyway. As a matter of fact, it merely increased the nuisance. Mwali continued to rub it in from directions which Mambo could no longer detect. Now he would let Sabangu have it strong. He would make him sit down, while he dinned into him his doom. "You have shut

ears and heart against my every call," he shrieked; "you have hunted me from every place. Very well! know then that henceforth I shall be dumb, and shall speak to you by means of skin-clad warriors and spears." So spake Mwali, and vanished. Ere long our old friends the 'Hollontontes' appeared in the land, with Zwangendaba at their head, very fierce and wearing skins. Mambo struggled to oppose them for all he was worth, but was able to ward off their spears with no more success than he was Mwali's voice. In the Nkwekwizi valley (tributary of the Shangani, 100 miles north-east of Bulawayo) a great battle ensued, and Mambo fled, blaspheming still, to the top of Mambo's Hill. There, amidst the ancient ruins on its summit, ruins built perhaps by Mwali himself many generations before, they caught him. And the warriors of Mwali that were clad in skins decided that Mambo should himself henceforth wear none. So taking their razor-like spears they divested his body of its covering while still alive, then cast the skinless corpse down over the precipice, the last of the Mambos.

It was while in this neighbourhood that Zwangendaba extended his explorations southward into the north-eastern Transvaal. There amongst others he paid a most unwelcome visit to the baVenda folk (between the Limpopo and Levuvu rivers). But evidently not finding his Promised Land down there, he turned about and faced the north. Soon the mighty Zambezi presented an impassable barrier to further progress; they had reached the neighbourhood of the Kabrabasa rapids midway between Zumbo and Tete. But Zwangendaba was equal to every emergency. He knew the way of other kings, that what could not be accomplished by natural means, could as effectively be accomplished by magic. He accordingly summoned the tribal magician, Chitusi—strange name indeed for a reputed veteran of Shaka's *umBelebele* division!—and instructed him to bring along his charmed *umShiza* (stout stick), such a one, no doubt, as Moses, Mabódlá (104) and the Myeki chief (337) possessed. With this the mighty river was struck, when lo! its waters divided, and the host of Zwangendaba passed over on dry ground. Struck again, the waters returned, and the great Zambezi renewed its normal flow as before and ever since. We have often wondered whether what was struck was not more likely the backs of obstreperous Tóngá boatmen. Anyhow, it is much to be regretted that among these several magic rods not one has been preserved to convince incredulous posterity.

For this feat of magic, furthermore, a suitable atmosphere had been created by arranging with the sun, at precisely the opportune moment, to become eclipsed. Now, it happened that

for this item of the programme Zwangendaba's wife was altogether unprepared, and so terrific was the shock that she gave birth to a son, afterwards celebrated in history as Mombera.

Elmslie informs us that the only solar eclipses observable in that particular region during that particular period was one on the 16th June, 1825, and another during November, 1835; and he selects the former as the most probable date of Zwangendaba's crossing. But it was not until 1828 that Shaka launched his famous expedition against Soshangane, then still in southern Portuguese territory; and it was not until about 1831 that Soshangane reached the Sabi district, and it was not until after that, that, as Selous was given to understand by Lobengula, the three days' battle was fought in that district between Zwangendaba and Soshangane. We consequently prefer to place the magic crossing in November, 1835.

As it proceeded along its path of destiny, the Zwangendabian horde picked up multifarious appellations. While the Tumbukas of western Nyasaland called them *maZitu*, the Yawos of eastern *maViti*, and the Nyamwezis of Tanganyika *waTuta*, the name which clung to them longest and firmest was that which they had brought with them from home, viz. *abaNgúni*, transformed in foreign mouths into *vaNgóni*, *aNgóni*, *mwaNgóni* and the rest. Of course, the people of Soshangane, as well as those of Nxaba, were similarly called; but it soon came about that, although the original racial name persisted, there was precious little Ngúni blood still left in the membership of the several hordes. The following of Zwangendaba, already in Portuguese-East, must have degenerated into quite a 50 per cent. dilution of Tóngá nationality, and, before his death up north, probably 90 per cent. of his adherents had become Karangas, Sengas, Bisas, Nyanjas, Tumbukas, Nkondes, Sukumas and other such. We frequently find the Hehes, Henges, Bungas, Gwangwaras and numerous other Central African Bantu peoples dubbed 'Zulus.' But their Zulu 'origin' consists solely therein that, at one time or other, they had become more or less incorporated after conquest into the migratory Ngóni host, from which they subsequently cut themselves loose, taking along with them so infinitesimal a modicum of Zulu blood—if any at all—that it rarely sufficed to confer on their language and physique anything more than the usual remote Bantu resemblance to the Zulu.

The crossing of the Zambezi had a disturbing influence on the party's morale. A certain Mrs. Buck (Nyamazane) arose, who bawled so much backbone into the compliant males about her, that they refused to budge. If only a magic wand could procure a passage now, she screeched, how the deuce were they to get back

again, if, with wolves tearing down on them ahead, the old stick, or its owner, went astray? No! they would return whence they had come, to the beautiful land they had been stupidly dragged from about the sources of the Sengwi stream, and would there proclaim the admirable Mrs. Buck their chieftainess. When, three years later (1838), Mzilikazi removed into the Bulawayo neighbourhood near by, he promptly courted the hand of the lovely queen Buck, and won it—the easiest way no doubt of preventing squalls and of appropriating the lady's property.

While Mrs. Buck, on the near side of the river (Zambezi), was thus disturbing the peace by obstinately refusing to cross, on the opposite bank, among those who had already gone over, Mr. Buck, in the guise of Zwangendaba's principal headman, Gwása, was doing the same by obstinately refusing to move on—'he wasn't going that way, he was going this.' So he resigned his billet, and launched out on an independent career. He established a small private Ngóni kingdom some thirty miles south-west of Nyasa lake, where his son, Chikusi, and then Chikusi's son, Ngómane, succeeded him. After the arrival of the *Pax Britannica*, Ngómane celebrated the occasion by starting a sanguinary shindy with his cousin, Kachinda (son of Chikusi's brother, Kachere). The end of the fight was that *Pax Britannica* grabbed Ngómane and hanged him, while Kachinda decamped to relieve his frustrated wrath on the innocent Yawos of Tambula, fifty miles to the north. Britannica now planted Mdala on Ngómane's throne, then deposed him and set Mlangeni, Ngómane's mother, in his place.

Relieved of all these disturbing elements, Zwangendaba was at last enabled to get under weigh. The good old sport of plundering or murdering or capturing everything and everybody that chanced their way, was once more revived. They first 'did' Sengaland, picking up there Tshiweri, who soon became a prominent headman; then uNdi and Chipeta lands, which they evacuated of their inhabitants; and so forward till they reached the Tumbuka tribe on the middle-west of Nyasa lake. The Tumbukas proved uncommonly docile slaves and marched submissively into the Ngóni fold. While the Ngónis sat at home and drank beer, the placid Tumbukas worked industriously to supply them with unlimited 'skoff' during their several years' sojourn amongst them.

As already suggested, the foreign element incorporated within the original Ngóni community had at this stage swollen to probably ten to one. As more amenable to arbitrary discipline, Zwangendaba had surrounded himself largely with alien favourites, which the superseded Ngóni 'aristocracy' resented as an infringement of their prerogative. They accordingly resolved to

purge the court of this undesirable element. Now, the local Tumbukas were reputed to be most wonderful 'smellers-out' of evil-doers. So the Ngûni aristocrats entered into a working alliance with them. They energetically accused the foreigners of every heinous crime against commonweal and king, and every time the Tumbuka witch-doctors as energetically worked the ordeal to the foreigners' undoing. Zwangendaba was filled with dismay at this wholesale revelation of corruption and disloyalty among the alien herd and, much to the Ngûni delight, soon had the Augean stable swept fairly clean of the vermin.

At last, however, even the docile Tumbukas palled on them. After their long and leisurely sojourn in their quiet company, the Ngûnis pined for a little more excitement. So at the bugle call, the Zwangendabian host addressed itself to the road once more. It plodded as before towards the north, passed near Lake Rukwa, to the south-east of Tanganyika, and penetrated the Sukuma domain (now named Fipaland on the maps). The Sukuma, we conclude, were not wholly swallowed up, for a large tribe of them is now established to the south-east of Victoria Nyanza.

It had been a long walk from St. Lucia Bay in Zululand to Tanganyika lake in Central Africa. For 2000 miles, through unknown lands, in spite of continuous obstruction, peril and want, Zwangendaba had led a mighty multitude ever successfully and victoriously forward. The few hundred followers with whom he had left home twenty years before had grown into a great and renowned tribe of as many thousands, and, from an obscure kraal in a corner of Zululand, he had raised himself to the eminence of a Bantu conqueror and nation-builder worthy to rank with Shaka and Mzilikazi, with Mshweshwe and Soshangane. Wearied at last and worn with the incessant mental and physical strain, he now—somewhere about the year 1840—laid himself down to rest, in peace, in distant Fipaland.

As happened in almost every case with these great Bantu nation-builders, the strong controlling hand having let fall the reins, the unruly steeds kicked over the traces and bolted, leaving the glorious chariot of state in shatters behind. One after another faction fell away from Zwangendaba's tribe, led by ambitious headmen yearning to emulate the exploits of the master that was gone. For a moment the political edifice held together under the auspices of Zwangendaba's heir, Nombâyela. But his reign must have been extremely short—if he ever reigned at all; for almost immediately we hear rumours of his brother, Mtwâro, taking command. But this proved an indolent prince, and he gladly resigned his right to still another brother, Mombera of the sun eclipse

The matter of succession finally settled, the tribe was attacked by another of its periodical fits of *wanderlust*. It accordingly moved on once more, backwards, and came to a place named Tshidlodlo in Nkondeland, at the northern extremity of Nyasa lake. There long-smouldering jealousies burst into flame once more and general civil strife ensued. The original Ngúni party, after having conquered and absorbed so many mutually antagonistic elements, discovered too late that it had but been erecting a Frankenstein to its own undoing. On the one side, the united east and central African elements, largely in the majority, experienced little difficulty in freeing themselves from the Ngúni yoke. Then, to make matters worse, the royal party itself broke up into several contesting factions.

Mombera now found it safest to move away from the scene of general conflict, and he shifted his camp back down the western side of the lake (Nyasa) and established himself once more in the original home in Tumbukaland (about the Rukuru and Kasitu rivers), where his descendants still remain.

His brothers, Mpeseni and Mperembe, elected to launch out elsewhere on their own. Mperembe headed for Bembaland (on the south-western shores of Tanganyika lake) to sample the cattle there. Mpeseni, on his part, after shedding his companion, the Senga headman, Chiweri, at a place called Dowá, organized a raiding expedition to the west among the aWemba folk and as far as the Luapula river, south of Lake Mweru. There the local magicians released their particular poison-gas and strafed the invaders with an epidemic of small-pox, to say nothing of locusts that ate up all their crops. Mpeseni hurriedly retreated and came to anchor at the point from which they had started after their first arrival in trans-Zambezia, namely, in the old uNdi and Chipeta country round about Fort Jameson, 150 miles due west of southern Nyasa. Political dangers afterwards necessitated Mlanyeni, Mpeseni's son's, abandoning the crown to the safe keeping of his wife, Mpete, while he himself hurried off for safe keeping to his uncle, Mombera, up north, where he still was twenty years ago.

Other informants mention Tshambangondo as Mpeseni's successor, and Tshinyanga as successor of Tshambangondo. Tshiputula (of Kololo extraction), Tilonga and Mbinda were the names of other headmen who, severing connection with the Mpeseni faction, went off and set up small Ngóni independencies west and south-west of Nyasa lake.

While the royalist Ngónis followed Mombera from Nkondeland to the western side of the lake, the larger body of alien secessionists filed round to the east. As they marched, a certain

section of them, later known as the *waGwangwara*, annexed the country to the north of the upper Rovuma and plundered the surrounding tribes (subsequently included within southern German-East) as far as Masaso, 100 miles of Lindi on the coast.

The remainder of this eastern 'aNgoni' horde passed onward over the Rovuma and became known as the *maViti* (or *maFiti*). Their leader was one, Puta—whether the name, *maViti*, is but a local corruption of the term *maPutu* (the Puta-ites), we cannot say. These employed themselves in ravaging, first the country of the Kuwas, then that of the Yawos; and by the latter, general Puta was slain. His son had his revenge by sweeping the Yawos from both the Machinga and the Magoche districts. The Yawos, retreating, fell on the Nyanjas of the Shire highlands, and passed into the Cholo and Mlanje districts. The *maViti* themselves, however, crossed the Shire river at Mponda's (near the lake) and rejoined the Chikusi Ngónis (465) near Domwe mount. While there, it occurred to them to run over and see their old acquaintance, Mpeseni, somewhat farther to the west. But Mpeseni, not keen on renewing relationships, beat a timely retreat. Unfortunately he forgot to take his cattle with him, and his *maViti* visitors took them away for him.

But not all the secessionists went south. After the general break-up in Nkondeland, two considerable parties elected to go north. One, led by Ntabeni, spread devastation and massacre among the tribes along the western shore of Tanganyika lake; the other, led by Ntutu, passed along the eastern shore. Of all the Ngóni offshoots, these *waTuta*, as they were called—and which was, we think, but a local rendering of the name, *waNtutu* (Ntutu-ites)—became the most famous and most feared.

They started operations in the early forties of last century, and even thirty-five years later, when Stanley visited the neighbourhood, their very name still caused the local natives to shudder. "No traveller," writes the explorer, "has yet become acquainted with a wilder race in Equatorial Africa than are the Mafitte or Watuta. They are the only true African Bedawi; and surely some African Ishmael must have fathered them, for their hands are against every man, and every man's hand appears to be raised against them. To slay a solitary Mtuta is considered by an Arab as meritorious, and far more necessary than killing a snake. To guard against these sable freebooters, the traveller, while passing near their haunts, has need of all his skill, coolness and prudence. The settler in their neighbourhood has need to defend his village with impregnable fences, and to have look-outs night and day; his women and children require to be guarded, and fuel can only be procured by strong parties, while the ground has to be culti-

vated spear in hand, so constant is the fear of the restless and daring tribe of bandits."

Away to the north-east of Nkondeland dwelt a large tribe of waRori or waSango, enviously wealthy in cattle. So our waTuta first hied themselves thither; but after tackling them for two months in one place and three months at another, they came to the conclusion that these waRori were too tough a proposition, and wheeling about, they headed for Tanganyika lake, passing through Konongo and Kawendi, and ultimately arriving at Ujiji.

But during the fighting with the Roris they had left a large number of their brethren as corpses on the field, while their strength had been furthermore depleted owing to the fact that, during the operations, a large section had been cut apart from the main body and had never returned. This party had consisted mainly of clansmen of reputedly Karanga (but perhaps of Rotsi, or even Kololo) extraction, who, expelled from their homes by Mzilikazi, had been picked up by Zwangendaba during the first years following his passage of the Zambezi. After their separation from the main body in Roriland, they had decided to settle on their own account not far away to the south of the Gogo tribe (the latter dwelling to the west of Mpwapwa in Tanganyika Colony). There they became christened by a special name of *waHehe*.

Now, the Masai are held to be the fiercest tribe in Eastern Central Africa; but, as Last avers, when waMasai meet waHehe, then comes the tug of war. For, says he, "they are frequently defeated in their contests with the Hehe. Only last year (1882) strong parties of Masai were nearly annihilated by the Hehe. I was once returning home to my station from a visit to Mpwapwa, when we were overtaken by a party of fifteen Masai, the remnants of an unsuccessful company who had gone to lift the cattle of the Hehe. Several of these were without shields, but carried two large spears, showing that they had been able to pick up some of the spears of their fallen companions, but had been obliged to secure their safety in flight by throwing away their shields."

Comfortably settled in their new home, these waHehe forthwith set about despoiling or demolishing the local peoples in quite orthodox Shakan style. They overran Sagaraland, pigsticking the males and stealing the females of the industrious Itumba and Kaguru clans; then they administered some wholesome castigation to the bullying Ngurus of Zeguhaland; and finally, in more recent days, they have brought permanently to their knees the brave Roris, who had so long successfully withstood the onslaughts of the waTuta themselves.

Then, from these Hehe, or from the mother-tribe, the waTuta,

emerged another lawless band, the Bungas. These unwelcome strangers first made their presence felt not far away from the Hehe, in the Gangi country, about the sources of the Ulanga, tributary of the Rufiji. They appropriated the south-eastern portion thereof as their own private domain, and then so far brought under their yoke a large section of the Gangi people, now known as the waHenge, that they not only recognized their paramountcy, but somehow or other came to assimilate a considerable quantum of their foreign language.

We said above that the main body of waTuta had pushed on to Ujiji town, an Arab and Native trading-centre of importance on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, and well known from the writings of Burton, Livingstone and Stanley. The unexpected appearance of these terrible plunderers in that busy little town caused an immediate panic in the market, and the money-making Semites found their transactions abruptly closed. Taking to heart the Shakespearean aphorism that discretion is the better part of valour, they and their Natives vanished *en masse* for Bangwe Isle, out in the waters of the lake. The wisdom of this step was immediately apparent, for the waTuta (as our pseudo-Zulus were here called), having duly killed all who had remained behind and finding nothing further after their taste to plunder, speedily passed on. But they made a mistake when they thought to pass without tribute through the country, farther along the lake, of those inveterate blackmailers the waHa. These headed them smartly off into Nyamwezi land, where they were again recognized by their old name, the mwaNgóni. Cutting their way through the Sumbwa, Tambara, Rangwa and Yofu tribes, they eventually emerged in Zinjaland, and the vast expanse of Victoria Nyanza spread like a vision before them. But mere pure water had no attraction for these old toppers; so, having reached their farthest point to the north, these lost children of the south wheeled about once more and retraced their steps homewards. But they did not get far; the beautiful grassy downs of Gombaland were all too enticing, and they remained there. There, betwixt the powerful waHa tribe and the equally warlike people of Mirambo, an Nyamwezi potentate, the waTuta found time to indulge in a more beautiful occupation than fighting. An unusual amount of love-making seems to have been done here, and the results consequent on this were no doubt the most potent reason that caused this section of the Ngónis to give up further aimless wandering and settle down permanently in the land. King after king sought the hand of a Tuta or Ngóni spouse; aye, even the terrible Mirambo himself ensured a permanent fighting alliance with these doughty warriors by taking one of their

daughters into the bonds of wedlock. Indeed, a number of them entered his service and gave a very good account of themselves as *Rugaruga* mercenaries. After his death, however, they resigned their commissions, and retired to the otiose and dignified life of landed gentry in the country between the waHa and waRuanda, to the south-west of Victoria Nyanza.

But what of that other bold adventurer, Nxaba, whom we last left as self-installed king of Ndawuland, down in Portuguese-East? (461). Well, a few years later (1831), Soshangane trekked up from the south to inaugurate the conquest of the Busi and Sabi regions, and relieved Nxaba of his ill-gotten crown and placed it on his own head as self-crowned emperor of Gasaland.

King Nxaba, on his part, made a precipitous entry into Manikaland, and, much to his surprise, found himself amidst a flourishing settlement of Portuguese. Having slaughtered these to extinction, he followed up the tracks of his former rival, Zwangendaba. He laid his course due west and crossed with his horde step by step through the heart of Mashonaland, maintaining himself, as he went, by the usual means of pillage and murder. This was the second wave of sanguinary and ruinous invasion to which the eastern maShona had recently been subjected, for it took place soon after the departure in 1835 of Zwangendaba from that same locality and prior to the advent there of Mzilikazi in 1838.

Vacating at length Mashonaland, Nxaba continued his progress westward, till he struck the Zambezi at the lowest point of its great central bend. He then proceeded up the river, forded the Linyanti and reached a point on the Zambezi, about Sinanga, some 600 miles above that at which Zwangendaba had crossed. It was a point at which, unluckily, two recently arrived migratory tribes, the maRotsi and maKololo, were at that very moment engaged in deadly combat for the ownership. Naturally enough, neither of the contestants viewed with approval the intrusion of a third disturbing element in their midst, and in that regard, in any case, they were in entire agreement. Each brought his own plan to bear in the solution of the new problem. Sebitwane (or Sibindwana), leader of the maKololo, resolved to lay a meat-trap. While Nxaba's force was out one day on its usual foraging expedition, Sebitwane had a number of oxen slaughtered and roasted in an appropriate spot to windward of their path. The delicious savour of roast meat suddenly wafting to them on the breeze, the hungry Nxabaïtes immediately followed the scent to its source. No sooner did the maKololo see them approaching, than they fled *en masse*, and the Nxabaïtes, with great glee and gusto, sat down to the repast. Indeed, so preoccupied were they with

the feast, that they failed to observe the maKololo returning, who, surrounding them in the trap, exterminated the lot.

Nxaba himself was not among them—he was comfortably enjoying the society of his wives at home. But soon the dire news came through that all his warriors had been either killed or captured by Sebitwane. What else to be done, therefore, than to seek the protection for self and family of Sebitwane's adversary, Mobukwano, the Rotsi chief? Upon arrival there, Mobukwano most graciously showed the ladies into his harem, and then unceremoniously chucked their spouse into the river. Thus it came about that to Nxaba fell the unique distinction, not indeed of getting over the Zambezi, but of getting under it! *

* Much of the above information concerning Zwangendaba has been culled from the following: W. Elmslie, *W.N.*, 16-28, 118; *ibid.*, *Introduction to Grammar of Ngoni Language*, VIII.-X.; Capt. Owen, *N.V.*, I, 80, 121, 142, 255, 258, 271; A. Werner, *B.C.A.*, 278-87; C. Stigand, *Jour. of Roy. Anthropol. Inst.*, XXXVII., 125-6; K. Weule, *E.A.*, 97, 117-18, 333-42; H. Stanley, *T.D.C.*, 318-22; L. Declé, *S.A.*, 150-2; F. Selous, *Jour. of Roy. Geog. Soc.*, April, 1893, p. 318; F. Posselt, *Proc. of Rhodes. Scient. Assoc.*, XVIII., Pt. I., 10; Grogan and Sharp, *C.C.*, 63; J. Last, *P.A.O.*, 14, 20; H. Brode, *T.T.*, 56.

For Nxaba: D. Ellenberger, *H.B.*, 305, 315-16; St. V. Erskine, *Jour. of Roy. Geog. Soc.*, Jan., 1875, 97, 120; W. Elmslie, *W.N.*, 19; Stigand, *ut supra*.

CHAPTER 45

SOMVELI AND SITIMELA, REAL AND BOGUS MTÉTWA KINGS (1824 and 1879)

SOMVELI, heir to Dingiswayo's throne, was small fry compared with Zwangendaba, Soshangane and Nxaba; but he was a fish of the same species. He too led forth from Zululand, about the year 1824, a band hardly large and strong enough to be marauders, yet still of roaming fugitives.

He was the eldest son and heir of the great Mtétwá king, Dingiswayo (95), and the last time we met him was at the love-dance, which had served as a bait whereby to entrap his unwary uncle, Mondise, but from which he himself, by some miraculous good-fortune, had escaped (202). Fortune still smiled upon him; but it saved him by a very close shave to-day.

At the attack on Mzilikazi's mountain fastness (422), Somveli had tendered certain strategical advice which had proven of effective service to the Zulus and helped them to success. The acceptance of this advice from so young a man had painfully piqued certain older army officers, who, when they reached home,

took an early opportunity of informing Shaka of the very bad impression made upon them by this forward Mtétwá youth who, they feared, might one day prove a danger to himself.

Impelled by this disturbing news, Shaka at once forwarded to Somveli a very pressing invitation to gladden him with a visit. Unaware of the slanders, Somveli accepted the friendly invitation, and while at Bulawayo availed himself of the occasion to reprove the Zulu king for some recent ill-treatment of his Mtétwá clansmen, they who had opened their doors to him and his mother when none other would take them in. To this reproof Shaka replied that 'the Mtétwás were rascals. They had given him cows with ugly horns, which kicked and jumped when he attempted to milk them. Dingiswayo's officers had beaten him and persecuted his sweethearts; they had called him by opprobrious names, and said he was a dependant. He disliked the Mtétwás. He was a great chief now.' Notwithstanding, towards Somveli himself his old friend, Nodumehlezi was animated by feelings of sincerest affection; and as an unmistakable token thereof he would give the whole lot of slanderous sycophants away, would present him with a prime ox and insist on his remaining there his guest for the night.

Such a gushing display of tender sentiments defeated its own purpose and caused Somveli a disagreeable shock. He politely declined the kind invitation, urging a prior engagement elsewhere. "Early and provident fear," says Burke, "is the mother of safety." Somveli agreed with him, and, making immediate tracks homewards, there gave the alarm that the signal was already at danger point and an instant exodus imperative. Sacrifices were speedily offered to coax the Mtétwá ancestors into a benevolent spirit; then, relying implicitly on them from whom all blessings flowed, away into an unknown world went the band of Mtétwá exiles with Somveli and his brother Nomandiya, at their head, and accompanied by Gúruzana, son of Menaba, the Mbókazi chief, and Mandeku, chief of the Msweli Nxeles.

Arriving in the vicinity of the emTékwiní mount (in Msane land, northward of the Hluhluwe), the party tarried a while among the *aba-kwa-Ngíba* folk. Meanwhile the Mpukunyoni people, whose country they had traversed, had reported Somveli's arrival to Shaka, who returned word that they were at once to capture the fugitives. In their effort the Mpukunyonis got surrounded and captured themselves, with fatal consequences. Thereafter Somveli resumed his travels, heading for Tembélant.

Hearing of the miserable reverse, Shaka would not be baffled. He mustered the young and energetic *Dlangezwa* boys, enrolled a year ago, and despatched them in hot pursuit. After a long

and fruitless chase, the boys sat down and pondered. Adding up their past and present experiences, they came to the conclusion that, after all, Somveli had been a wise fox, and that free life where they were was more agreeable than the iron discipline at home. So rather than go back to face the music, they resolved themselves to follow Somveli's good example and become naturalized Tembè citizens and a welcome addition to Makásana's forces. Such was the second and last appearance in Zulu history of the gallant *uDlangezwa* regiment (279).

Meanwhile, with Makásana, the Tembè chief's aid, the Somveli party had been safely ferried across the broad waters of the ūSutú (Mabúdu) river, at a nominal cost of one pretty girl and one fine ox as Makásana's fee, and were already far on the road to Soshangane, then still in the neighbourhood of Delagoa Bay.

Somveli was not struck with the country thereabouts, and bearing round to the west, he steered an inland course. His path, however, was by no means strewn with roses. Ever and anon his party found their progress barred by very thorny obstacles. Experience taught them that the only effective course was to hack their way through. Did they encounter an obstreperous Tóngá chieftain, they craftily concealed their weapons beneath their long karosses and proceeded to an interview *en masse*. The obstacle was thereupon hacked down and cast aside without further parley. Having accounted for a pair of obstinate chieftains in this summary manner, they ultimately reached the baPedi country and there settled.

Back in the Mtétwá homeland, the women and children and elder men abandoned there by the fugitives, had been called upon to foot the bill. Shaka was never so ruthless as when outwitted, and demanded now a full discharge in Mtétwá corpses as a solace to his injured feelings. The younger men, however, as prospective cannon fodder, were graciously granted a reprieve, and Mlandela, son of Mmbiya, was elevated to the post of governor of Mtétwáland.

Long, long years passed after this, when far, far away in a strange land the lost and forgotten Somveli died. His death gave birth to a bright idea in the brain of an enterprising Tóngá man. Bogus counts, archbishops and magistrates had met with marked success on the continent of Europe. Why not a bogus king in South Africa? Why not betake himself to Mtétwáland as Somveli's heir, and claim the kingdom as his own?

In the Durban *Mercury* of 5th October, 1855, there appeared the following announcement:—

“Accounts this morning report the arrival of intelligence at Maritzburg of a forthcoming attack on Panda by a powerful tribe under Somveli; with ten regiments of foot, and two of horse, armed, with a view to obtain possession of the Zulu country, which they allege belonged to them before Chaka drove them out. They now consider themselves strong enough to retake it, and the Zulus are preparing to resist them.”

The subjects of Somveli at that time may well have numbered ten families; but the ten regiments were pure fiction. The report no doubt reflected very accurately Somveli's fond desire; but the reference was certainly not to him, but to Mswazi, the Swazi king, then contemplating reprisals for the raid into his country a few seasons earlier by Mpande's *uTulwana* and other regiments (329).

A third of a century has passed, and neither the Somveli nor the Mswazi invasion has eventuated. In July or August, 1881, while Cetshwayo, Mpande's son, was still in banishment following the Zulu war (1879), an individual of apparently Tóngá extraction, mounted on a horse in true Dingiswayan style, appeared at the kraal of Mashwili (son of Mngóye, of Dingiswayo) at the ezinTsimbá hill, near Stanger, in Natal. He boldly reported himself as Sitimela, son and heir of the deceased Somveli, son and heir of Dingiswayo, and stated that he had come to assert his rights to the headship of the Mtétwá clan and to assume paramountcy over all the clans of Zululand. He was accompanied by another obviously Tóngá gentleman named Nonkenkeza. They related how they had traversed the midlands of Zululand, searching for their relatives, and had been directed to Mashwili.

Now, Mashwili was a fiercely irate character, not easily humbugged. He eyed the visitor rather suspiciously and plied him with certain relevant questions as to the names of Somveli's kraals (which presumably would be named after those of his father, Dingiswayo). The visitor thereupon suddenly explained that he was not really Somveli's son himself, but had been sent by that son, to wit, by Mehlabomvu (Mr. Red-Eyes). “So,” said Mashwili; “well, I guess you had better move on and try Mlandela.” Provided with a guide, the pretender resumed his travels, with a certain amount of useful information up his sleeve, casually picked up at Mashwili's.

Arrived at Mlandela's, Sitimela (Mr. Railway-Train, Z. *isi-Timela*) became once more Somveli's son and heir, and stated that he intended to reinforce his claim by a marvellous charm in his possession which no Whiteman could ever dare withstand. He could, and would, at will transform himself and followers into

a herd of raging lions, a swarm of ferocious bees and similar fearsome monsters, so that the enemy must needs retreat from sheer fright before him.

In the dazzle of such magic the man's political pretensions became, among the Mtétwá rank and file, merely a secondary consideration: it alone would suffice to release them from the Whiteman's thralldom and to establish the magician's right to Mtétwá sovereignty. Mtétwás, Mbónambís, Sokúlus and Tembés accordingly flocked to his banner—the more so when he became lavish with constant meat-feasts stolen from Mlandela's herds.

Mlandela, the Mtétwá chief, on his part, followed Mashwili's lead and regarded the pretender as a fraud. But lacking an effective backing amongst his people, he made hasty tracks over the border into the British Reserve south of the Mhlatúze and so out of the reach of this quick-change magician. In the Reserve he sought assistance from a certain 'Zuluized' European named John Dunn, whom Mpande and Cetshwayo had permitted to establish himself in the country in older days and whose Native 'chieftainship' had been subsequently restored by the British after the Zulu war. He was a son of Robert Dunn, a Durban pioneer, who had migrated to that place from Port Elizabeth in earlier times and, about the year 1838, had already annexed for himself a farm, upon which the Durban suburb of Sea View now stands.

Mlandela decamped, Sitimela grew bolder. He crossed the Mhlatúze into the British Reserve and helped himself to Native cattle in John Dunn's ward. That was his fatal error. For this John Dunn was a mighty Nimrod, fearless alike of lions, bees and Tóngas. With the sanction of Sir Melmoth Osborn, then British Resident in Zululand, John Dunn with a force of 2000 Native levies at once marched into Mtétwáland. He went into action the following morning, and after a short, sharp fight, during which, instead of lions, bees and other monsters materializing, the arch-magician himself had utterly vanished, the rebel Mtétwás were routed and chased pell-mell as far as the Mfолоzi river, and over. Sitimela himself had taken the first opportunity of making a bee-line, though not as a bee, into the esiYembéni bush, whence, along with his companion, he beat a hurried retreat into Tóngaland—unless, indeed, we may believe the tradition in the Mashwili family, that, instead of fleeing north he fled south, was captured in Natal, incarcerated (awaiting trial) in the Stanger gaol, climbed out through the fan-light and was lost in the darkness for aye.

CHAPTER 46

THE NCOBOS OF THE BLACK SKIN AND SHINING TEETH (1824)

WHILE we have been absent tramping up Africa with Mzilikazi, Zwangendaba and Soshangane, Shaka, at home, has been busy removing. The tiny 'Zululand' of the Mkúmbáne valley, home of his forefathers and cradle of his clan, was no longer commensurate with a dignity so enhanced and a dominion so expanded. His sway already extended, not only over the whole of Zululand, but also over the greater portion of Natal. For the better governance and supervision of his people, he judged it advisable to approach nearer to the centre of his universe and to spread himself more effectively over his realm by planting palaces here and there, visible tokens of his presence and his sovereignty.

During the winter season of the year 1824, most of the royal kraals about the Mkúmbáne were therefore dismantled and the whole family and military establishment transferred to the òNgóye district, in pristine Qwabeland, the original Malandela country, thirty miles nearer to the coast. As his personal headquarters, he re-erected his kwaBulawayo kraal in more magnificent style on a ridge some seventeen miles from Eshowe, on the right-hand side of the Empangeni road.

Within those headquarters poor Tóndolozì was now interned. What his crime precisely may have been we are unable to discover ; but a warrant had been issued for his arrest and there he was awaiting the pleasure—or more probably the displeasure—of the king. Great was the apprehension and wailing at home in the Túkela valley over this ominous misfortune. An idea was broached of hastening to buy the prisoner out by an appropriate propitiatory offering ; but the Lala men had much past history to impress upon them the risks of such an undertaking, and, regarding self-preservation as the first law of nature, politely declined the invitation to test the magnanimity of this king of beasts. But there were certain simple maidens in the land, daughters of Tayi and sisters of Tóndolozì, who, ignorant as doves of this wicked world's knavery, laughed lightly at this timidity of their brothers and determined themselves to set out and win their brother's release. They accordingly donned their prettiest dress, and wore their most bewitching smiles, and so, driving a herd of fine white kine before them, they dared to tempt the ogre in his den. To see a bevy of charming damsels filing up a kraal, come to implore the release of their chief, was a spectacle quite novel in Shaka's experience. Even his obdurate heart was melted at the pretty

sight ; and on the morrow he not only most graciously suffered the release of Tøndolozì, but treated him and his enchanting nieces to a magnificent feast, and presented him with a gift of cattle and a royal guard to escort him back to his home.

But this was merely to pave the way for further manœuvres ; for, to tell the truth, Shaka himself had now been taken captive no less truly than had Tøndolozì, and his heart was even then being carried away by artless maidens into Lalaland. So he hastily chose from all the land the handsomest young men, who should go as a mission to select for him mistresses from among the lovely daughters of Tayi. That an humble Lala clan should be thus honoured by a special embassy imploring favours for the dreaded Shah-jehan himself, would have sufficed to throw many greater peoples into a frenzy of delight. But in this case it misled into contrary excesses. It was something altogether too good to be genuine. It was a clever trick, and the courteous ambassadors were common spies. So they formed a plot whereby they should rid themselves of the whole party at one fell swoop. The plans were completed, and the conspiracy would have turned out a glorious success—had it not lacked that first essential, secrecy. For there was an innocent old woman pottering about the kraal. She was, it is true, also a daughter of Tayi, but she had been married to some Zulu nabob, and Shaka was therefore ' her child ' and his people were her people. Imprudent whisperings were overheard by her, and she was not long in conveying the information to her Zulu friends.

For by old proverbs it appears
That walls have tongues and hedges ears.

—SWIFT.

The sun rose on the morrow and found the kraal, where the embassy was housed, surrounded by masses of howling savages. Boldly and bravely they approached to victory ; for had they not caught the rat in its hole ? True, they found the hole—in the kraal fence, by which the rats had noiselessly vanished for home the night before ! And the old woman knew nothing at all about it ! Nor does history tell us what was the hair-tearing frenzy of the Shah-jehan when he espied the flower of Zulu manhood sneaking ignominiously home, and without the redeeming feature of a solitary bride. Without any doubt some unfortunate mortals had to pay the penalty.

But who indeed was Tøndolozì, thus to be first manacled ; then honoured by the king ? He was the son of Tayi, and present head of the emaLangeni nept of the great Ngcobo tribe, ' *uNgcobo lomhle, lotima, lokanya ngamatinyo.* ' Their ' beautiful black skin,

with the shining white teeth' to show it off, was no doubt a reflection of the broiling humidity of the Túkela valley, in which they had been born and bred.

Every respectable clan had to profess a knowledge of its founder, whether mythical or real, and this particular clan had selected to fill the niche one, Vumezitá. Where this **Ngcobo** Vumezitá lived, and where he came from, they did not know—they could only point away 'up north,' towards Tóngaland. But that he was no celibate we may be sure; for two sons he had, and probably one wife—no very magnificent establishment insooth for an African potentate—whose numerous offspring now filled the land. Vumezitá himself, and his offspring with him, were not of the Ntungwa type (like the Zulus), but belonged to the *Tonga-Ngúni* branch of the Ngúni family, and to the *Lala* group of that branch. Their nearest racial cousins were therefore the Mtétwás, on the one side, and the Debes, on the other.

Ngcobo, then, and Mkéshane were brothers, the only boys of the one same mother, the former the elder of the twain. Yet, as brothers, no love was lost between them, as the following little incident doth attest.

You will all have heard of the custom called the 'levirate' common to primitive peoples, whereby the widow of a man deceased becomes the wife of his surviving brother. In such social circles 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 those of their own joy hastened. Such a contingency is at all times decidedly risky for the hapless husband; for Kafir 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 organized 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 Ngcobo suddenly popped the question. "Now, wives of mine," said he, "when I am gone, whom are you going to marry?" "Ah!" replied they all significantly, "you ask us that? Is there then any other to whom we should give ourselves than to this [much-loved, understood] brother of yours, Mkéshane? He alone shall have us."

That was sufficient for old Ngcobo. "Just as I thought,"

said he. And he forthwith proceeded to hatch a plot for his brother's removal. Alas! the plan was given away before it matured, and Mkéshane had prematurely vanished.

Whither he betook himself we cannot exactly state; but, wherever it was, it was not all clear sailing. From one hornet's-nest Mkéshane 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 a word, Mkéshane must either fight for life, or lose it.

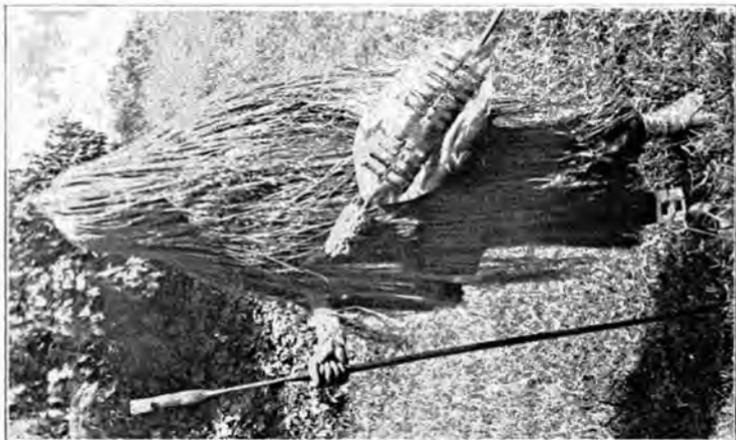
At length rumours of his brother's whereabouts and his hazardous position reached Ngcobo's ears. Regret filled his heart, and he commissioned an army to go forth and release his lost brother and bring him home.

The fugitive duly returned, the chief Ngcobo thus addressed him. "Mkéshane," he said, "and, prithee, where hast thou been these years?" "Sire," quoth he, "I have but been roaming." "Verily," rejoined Ngcobo, "you have been roaming, you rover (*impela wawu-shanga, Shangase*)" Whereupon he sent men to build for his brother a kraal, and from that time on it was no longer said, this is Mkéshane, but this is Shangase (the Rover). And so till this very day.

This little story, we think, describes an incident in a prior homeland, not in the Tükela valley, but 'away north' along the coast, and recalls the days of the family's movement to the south, when the two brothers became for a time mutually separated.

Well, Ngcobo too, like all the rest, at last succumbed—and married. His harem, however, could hardly have been more extensive than was that of Vumezitá; for history allots him but one sole son, Dingila. But in Dingila's time the status of the family materially, or rather uxorially, improved; for this was in a position to indulge, not in one only wife, but in three, to wit, an *inDlunkulu* (or Great Wife), an *iNqadi* or *iQadi* (the former's under-study, in case of no male issue), and an *isiZinda* (the Guardian of the Paternal Grave and of the Family). The eldest boy in each of these several huts inherited its respective rank or office; thus, Nyuswa became the principal heir, Ngotoma or Ngotoba, his understudy, and Gásela, the family guardian. And in course of time from these three sons were born three clans—the *aba-kwa-Nyuswa* (the People of Nyuswa), the Paramount-house; the *emaQadini* (they of the Substitute-house) and second in rank; and the *aba-kwa-Fúze* (the People of Fúze), the Guardian-house of all. Strangely we hear of no *iKóhlo* (or Right-hand Wife), as one would have expected in every properly constituted family. Perhaps that branch became extinct.

Since, in Senzangakóna's days, all three branches of the Ngcobo



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OTHER ANCIENT CUSTOMS NOW EXTINCT—
Dresses worn at a Girl's First Menstruation Ceremony

family were cosily settled side by side in the Túkela valley (northern bank), we conclude that that was the place of their birth. The **aba-kwa-Nyuswa**, the paramount house, were located on and about the eMambá stream, entering the Túkela about thirty-five miles from its mouth.

Nyuswa, they tell us, was the son of Dingila, and Dingila that of Ngcobo. Though this is hardly more than a guess, we accept it for want of something better. The imposing line of ancestors sometimes named—Tóndo, Dindi, Sibiya, Bámula, Buyiswayo, Ludiwo and the rest—and supposedly intermediate between Nyuswa and Vumezitá, does not impress us.

But while, on the one side, Nyuswa's parentage is in dispute, on the other, his progeny is equally obscure. Magúya may be taken as the first and oldest name in 'Nyuswa' ancestry about which there is any certainty at all. All are agreed about him; but none ever gives him as Nyuswa's son; and there is always a great deal of uncertain groping about to find out whose son then he may have been. The best we can suggest is that he may have been the son of Zonca; and, since it is generally agreed that Zonca was not Nyuswa's son, we assume that he must have been his brother, who raised up seed for him, after Nyuswa's own son, Hemesi (or Yemesi), had failed to do so. And the seed whom Zonca begat was named Magúya, who begat Mbéle, who begat Mapóloba, who begat Siháyo, who begat Dubuyana, who begat Deliweyo, who begat Mqedí, living paramount chief of all the Ngcobo tribe.

Magúya, then, dying about the year 1787, must have been born in the early years of the eighteenth century (say the year 1700), and that, we think, may mark about the date when the Ngcobo family first reached the Túkela valley from some spot farther up the coast. It may indeed have been the pressure of the Mtétwá horde, descending from Delagoa Bay about the year 1720 (83), that pushed them out of that locality.

When Shaka followed Senzangakóna on the Zulu throne, Mapóloba, son of Mbéle, son of Magúya, had already mounted his. He may, indeed, have been seated thereon some time; for he was already far advanced in years. With the African Bantu, a man of 90 years or so, is still young enough to marry, and even to procreate the species; so, when already approaching that neighbourhood, it was impressed upon the gay and gallant Mapóloba that it was about time he considered the advisability of taking to himself a new bride, thereby to raise for the clan a formal heir, a duty he had not yet deemed it necessary to perform. As kings, even among Africans, rarely did their own courting, they procured for him a staid and sturdy maiden-lady from the next-door eMbó clan, a sister of the reigning chief, Zihlandlo.

In due course a son forthcame, to whom they attached the name, Miswayo (the Appointed-One). This last royal duty to the state satisfactorily accomplished, old Mapóloba 'went home.' And, as destiny ordained, the Appointed-One soon followed him; and so, after all, the clan was left without an heir.

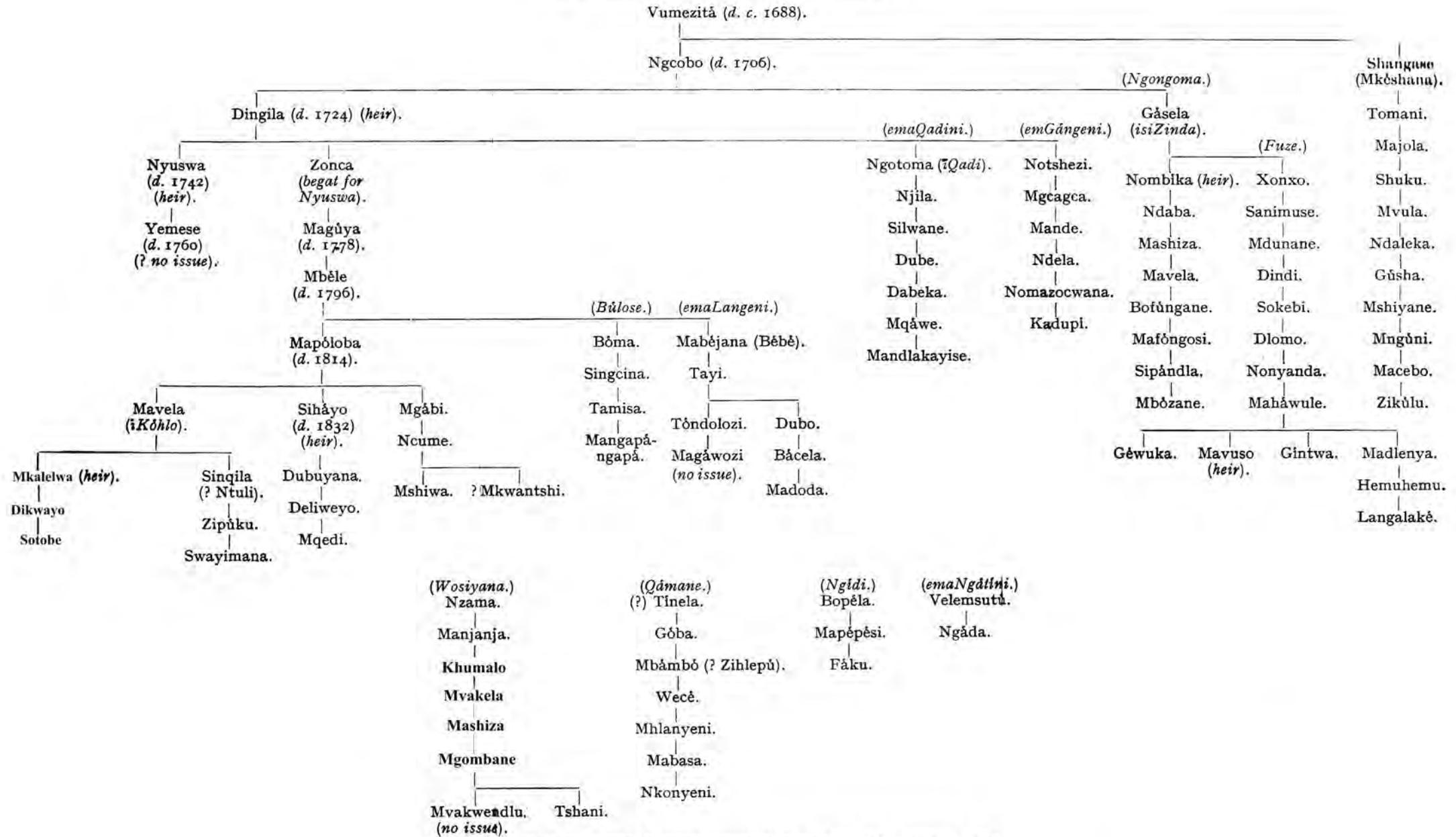
Obviously one had to be found, and the simplest way of finding one was to permit the two senior surviving sons, Siháyo and Mgábi, to fight it out, as usual. The former was the eldest boy of the royal enKumbéni kraal and therefore secured the biggest backing, the *emaQadini*, the *kwaNgóngóma* and the *emaLangeni* sub-clans all naming him their favourite. But this did not deter Mgábi from pushing his pretensions. So he arranged a nice little plan, whereby the two factions should meet together in an amicable kind of way to discuss the matter, and, when all were quietly seated, a well-directed spear should be planted in Siháyo's vitals. The meeting came off, but the spear miscarried, being planted in Siháyo's shield instead of in himself. In the general fight that followed, the Mgábi-ites were driven from the field.

Private cock-fights of this kind being strictly prohibited within Shaka's realm, news of the incident reaching his long ears, he had the parties summoned before him. There drawn up in single file before him, he got out his magic dog. Sniff! sniff! sniff! it passed along the line till it reached Siháyo. There it lay down and wagged its tail. "What more do you want?" asked Shaka. "Go home; there is your chief."

Years passed, Mgábi abiding his time; then he had his revenge. He concocted another little plan. He had it secretly brought to Shaka's notice that the fine bundles of tobacco leaves which Siháyo was wont to send along as acceptable tribute had every time been carefully charmed in a way most dangerous to his majesty's hopes of longevity. "The rascal!" gasped Shaka—and actually then about to indulge in a huge pinch of the poison. "Off with the army," he roared, "and snuff him out." And the army was off in a jiffy, and in its irresistible onslaught swept the whole of Nyuswaland, king included, into the swirling torrent of the Túkela. Thus was it that Siháyo, like Nxaba, found a watery grave.

Such of the Nyuswas as succeeded in scrambling from the wreckage, now without a head, betook themselves to where their child-chief was (namely Dubuyana), in eMbóland. Zihlandlo, the eMbó chief, being on friendly terms with Shaka, entertained no fears about receiving fugitives. There the Nyuswas remained till the overthrow by Dingane of Zihlandlo himself (414). Then they fled, with the eMbós, into Natal and settled on the upper

GENEALOGY OF THE NCOBO TRIBE.*



(emaQadini.)

Ngotoma (iQadi).

Njila.

Silwane.

Dube.

Dabeka.

Mqáwe.

Mandlakayise.

(emGángení.)

Notshezi.

Mgcagca.

Mande.

Ndela.

Nomazocwana.

Kadupí.

(Ngongoma.)

Gásela (isiZinda).

Nombika (heir).

Ndaba.

Mashiza.

Mavela.

Bofúngane.

Mafóngosi.

Sipándla.

Mbózane.

(Fuze.)

Xonxo.

Sanimuse.

Mdunane.

Dindi.

Sokebi.

Dlomo.

Nonyanda.

Maháwule.

Shunguú (Mkëshana).

Tomani.

Majola.

Shuku.

Mvula.

Ndaleka.

Gúsha.

Mshiyane.

Mngúni.

Macebo.

Zikúlu.

Géwuka.

Mavuso (heir).

Gintwa.

Madlenya.

Hemuhemu.

Langalaké.

(Wosiyana.)

Nzama.

Manjanja.

Khumalo

Mvakela

Mashiza

Mgombane

Mvakwendlu. Tshani.

(no issue).

(Qámane.)

(?) Tínela.

Góba.

Mbámbó (? Zihlepú).

Wecé.

Mhlanyeni.

Mabasa.

Nkonyeni.

(Ngídi.)

Bopéla.

Mapépési.

Fáku.

(emaNgátíni.)

Velemsutú.

Ngáda.

* Generally speaking, nothing is certain beyond the sixth or seventh generation back.

Mhlatúzana. Later on, during the régime of Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the Nyuswa refugees were offered a more spacious settlement about the upper uMona stream and the Noodsberg hills, where they still are under Mqedi, son of Deliweyo, of Dubuyana.

Then the Zulu punitive expedition went triumphant home. But when it got there and, in place of the vast booty anticipated, Shaka beheld but a mere handful of cows, assuming a pose of quite magnificent indignation, he yelled, "Wow! so they have been squabbling all these years over nothing more than the rotten castor-oil seeds dropped from the kraal fence" (not over any stock installed within it).

In long after years, still rather disgruntled over their beating, the Mgábi-ites went off and bought themselves a farm southward of the Mzimkúlu, and there Mshiwa, son of Ncume, son of Mgábi, still reigns over a little kingdom of his own, beyond the reach of further dethronement, while his brother, Mkwantshi, *busa's* over a small Government patch near Camperdown.

The merry Ngcobo clansmen and clanswomen constantly falling in love with one another in spite of statute laws, new sub-clans had to be as constantly formed and christened, in **ema-Langeni** order to preserve the parent's name unsullied. Thus did the **emaLangeni** come into being. Really this was the name of a kraal, one of king Magúya's no doubt, so called because of its having been built in a particularly scorched and scorching spot within the Túkela bush. When subsequently some Ngcobo nabob took to wife a daughter of that kraal, the inmates and their descendants had perforce to be rechristened, and received the name of their home. Later on, one of the family named Nqina, dwelling on the isiLambó stream by the isiWasamaNqe, came to loggerheads with the patriarch, Tayi, and went abroad, where he founded a **Hlabisa** clan (60) all his own.

Tayi was the son of Bébé (Mabéjana), of Mbéle, of Magúya; and Tóndolozí was Tayi's son. Now that the Nyuswa ship of state lay foundered in the Túkela, the emaLangeni felt themselves rather like stranded mariners. Dubuyana, Sihayo's heir, was still a child away with his mother's family in eMbóland. Dube, son of Silwane, was now left senior prince in all the Ngcobo tribe—Mgábi having already been expelled. But Dube was loath to endanger his own prospects by harbouring runaways from Shaka's wrath, and he advised the emaLangeni cousins to seek hospitality elsewhere. Recollecting certain family relationships, they betook themselves to Nzombáne, the emaBomvini chief, farther up the Túkela. Under the circumstances he could hardly refuse; but

he too recognized the danger, and made the reception so warm (by ere long finding pretexts for slaying some of their number), that the emaLangeni soon learned that also here was no lasting home. They determined to seek out Macingwane, the emaCúnwini chief, who a few years earlier had gone down south, then later (though the emaLangeni were unaware of it) into the bellies of the Béles.

It was in the depth of winter when one night the emaLangeni stole quietly out of Bomvuland and over the Túkela. They climbed the steep hills to the summit of the Krantzkop heights, and found themselves in the teeth of a blinding and freezing blizzard. Traversing those exposed highlands in such a state, already famished and exhausted, with little covering on the body and no shelter for the night, several of the weak and tender members of the family had there perforce silently to lay themselves out on the bleak veld to die. By the time the remnant had reached the emQeku stream (tributary of the Mngéni), the broken-hearted Tóndolozí surrendered to fate. He sought for himself a secluded nook, built an humble home there in the wilderness, and in it ere long died.

In the darkness, on the flight from Bomvuland, Magáwozi, Tóndolozí's child-heir, vanished—his mother had gone off with him, none knew whither, seeking safety for child and self in her own way. During those years of hiding, a sad misfortune overtook the boy. While asleep one night with his mother in a de-lapidated hut, a hungry hyæna walked in. It seized the child by its face, but, being disturbed, bounded away, leaving the boy minus his lips.

Meanwhile, the child and its mother were being diligently sought for among the tribal debris drifting about Natal, but without avail. Thereupon, presuming the worst, the surviving head of the clan, Bâcela, son of Dubo, of Tayí, assumed command, and passed it later on to his son, Madoda.

Eventually, however, Magáwozi, sadly disfigured, came to light in Zululand; but not long surviving, the tribal control continued undisturbed.

The **aba-kwa-Wudihulu** are such rare birds that we have never yet had the good fortune to meet a specimen. Yet we are informed that they exist somewhere. 'Wudihulu' is our imperfect effort to render into civilized script the old Lala equivalent of the Zulu 'Nkunzinkulu' (Big Bull). It is said to have come about thuswise. A certain beautiful bull had been selected by the Nyuswa chief of those days—everything great in the Nyuswa clan is attributed to Mapóloba; so we will suppose it to have been he—as a fitting beast for slaughter on the occasion of his great

annual Harvest Festival (*umKósi*). The people at this particular kraal where the beast was located so resented this deprivation of the pride of their herd, that they resolved to avert the calamity by arranging that the bull should, at the opportune moment, 'go astray.' So the festival arrived, but the bull did not; and the event was celebrated by nicknaming the crafty inmates of that kraal henceforth as 'They of the Big Bull.'

The **aba-kwa-Búlose** are a bone of contention between the Nyuswa and the emaSelekwini (531) clans, each claiming them as their own flesh and blood. We think there must have been two clan-founders with the same name, one of whom originated that branch of the Nyuswas recently headed by Mangapangapá, son of Tamisa, of Singcina, of Bóma; the other the *Shingas* (also called *Búlose*) of Ndelu (533).

The nameless section of the Nyuswa family now headed by Sotobe, son of Dikwayo, of Mkálelwa, of Mavela, claim that the latter was the *ĩKóhlo* son of Mapóloba.

Another unnamed section deriving from this same Mavela are the people nowadays headed by Swayimana, son of Zipúku, of Ntuli, of Mavela (others have Zipúku, of Sinqila).

Where precisely among these Nyuswas the **emaNgátini** (now under Ngáda, son of Velemsutú) are to be inserted, we are undecided. Some claim that they are the descendants of Mbété, son of Mapóloba.

And whether the **aba-kwa-Ngídi** (headed by Fáku, son of Mapépési, of Bopéla) are to be placed among the Nyuswas at all, and not rather among the Ngóngómas, or the Shangases, or even the Wosiyanas, we cannot venture to decide.

That their original home is pointed out as having been, not about the Mambá stream (the Nyuswa stronghold), but midway up the Ntsuze river (whereon the Ngóngómas, the Shangases and the Wosiyanas were all located) leads us to believe they were more closely related with one or other of these.

The **aba-kwa-Túsi** (or **emaMfeneni**) are a still greater puzzle. They are stated to have lived at one time about the ōPisweni mount (south of the junction of the Mzinyati and Túkela)

and, again, amongst the emaQadini Ngcobos above the Mambá stream, on the opposite side of the Túkela.

That they, or some of them, subjected themselves to the Ngcobo chief and intermarried with his people, is certain; but that they were an offshoot of the Ngcobo clan is extremely doubtful.

When the Nxamalala people (*Tlokwa* Sutú-Ngúnis) first came down from inland seeking a settlement on the middle Túkela, they found, near the ōPisweni mount, a number of people, calling

themselves the **emaDekeni** (isiTak. *Makáye*) and headed by one, Mnikadi, already in possession. They were so simple and rude a folk that they were even ignorant of the science of primitive agriculture, living on the fruit of the woods and the proceeds of the chase. With such the more cultured Nxamalalas found little difficulty in coming to an understanding and partly absorbing them. Were they perchance the ancestors of those so-called Tûsis or emaMfeneni subsequently found among the Ngcobos? The name 'emaMfeneni' is said to be derived from the root *Mfene* signifying 'baboon,' and the amaMfene people were consequently held to be but a species of anthropoid ape. Listen to the story of their origin as tradition hath preserved it.

A certain incorrigible idler ultimately came to the conclusion that the simple life, of living by stealing the fruits of other people's labours, was the ideal existence. So one day, instead of placing his hoe on his shoulder and going forth to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, he inserted it *per anum* and went forth to await the ripening of other people's cornfields in the woods. Presumably finding there a lady of the same frame of mind, he in course of time gave rise to a new species of human ape. They were the Tûsi folk—we conclude, such must have been the name of the incorrigible idler—otherwise, the emaMfeneni (They of among the Baboons).

On one of his daily foraging expeditions, he once chanced on a beautiful field of grain, with a man seated in the midst of it upon an elevated platform, guarding it against the depredations of both bird and baboon. But the man kept nodding so significantly, that Tûsi considered it perfectly safe to sit down too and fill his paunch with the delicious morsels. Appetite appeased, he broke off one of the stoutest corn-stalks he could find (a reed-like rod about three-quarters of an inch thick), climbed up on to the elevated platform and dealt the dozing man a vigorous swipe for his neglect. The watchman naturally jumped up with a start, when he perceived that the burglars were already in. But looking round, he failed to detect them—nothing but an old baboon cantering off with a broad grin on his face and most of the grain in his belly.

As an alternative to the emaDekeni origin, we may suggest the following. Among the emaZizini folk, the first of the eMbó (or Dlamini) Ngúnis to enter the Mzinyati-Túkela region, was a branch (among those of them who subsequently crossed the Drakensberg and founded the so-called maPhetla 'Sutús') called (like the Tûsis) by the clan-name, *emaMfeneni*.¹ Were the Tûsis possibly a remnant of these people, who, left behind, allied themselves indiscriminately with Nxamalalas, emaKâbeleni and Ngcobos?

Furthermore, among the Pedi Sutús (of the Transvaal Lydenburg district) there was also a clan holding the same *Túsi* cognomen. Now, the Nxamalalas, of whom we have spoken above as having first made the acquaintance of the emaDekeni folk on the Túkela, are said by some to have come down, not from among the eMbó (or Dlamini) Ngúnis, but direct from the Sutús of Pediland. Did they perchance bring the Túsis along with them?

The **emaQadini**, as already said, were not of the family of Nyuswa, but were a collateral branch descended from his junior half-brother. This brother's name was Ngotoma (or **emaQadini** Ngotoba) and, as the *ĩQadi* (or *ĩNqadi*) of the family, he would by right have fallen into Nyuswa's inheritance, had the latter chanced to leave no male issue. But until that happened—which it never did—the house of Ngotoma remained subject to the house of Nyuswa, which alone, as senior house, produced the tribal chieftain. Prior to the clan's dispersal, the emaQadini enjoyed no independence of their own; yet all the same they had their special family-head, who in these present days is represented by Mandlakayise, son of Mqáwe, of Dabeka, of Dube, of Silwane, of Njila, of Ngotoma. The original homeland of this branch of the family was immediately above the Nyuswas, at a place called eziQalabeni (by the lower Ntsuze river).

As with the Nyuswas, there are to-day also several subdivisions of the emaQadini. That the **emaNzobeni** were already in being in Mapóloba's days is shown by the fact of Siháyo having slain their then head, Gcabashe, son of Magúqa. That may have been the time and reason of their crossing to the south of the Túkela. Anyway, soon after, raiding Zulu armies alighted on them on the Mvoti river, killed their chieftain, Ndabane (presumably Gcabashe's son), relieved them of their property and chased the survivors into the general cock-pit down south on the Mzimkúlu, where, if any outlived the ordeal, they may perhaps still be found.

As for the **aba-kwa-Góba** (or **Qámane**)—see Genealogical Table—it is not clear whether they were merely closely related to the emaQadini, or were actually descended from them. One would prefer to think the latter.

The **aba-kwa-Ngóngóma** held the post next in honour after the Nyuswas and the emaQadini. As a distinct sub-clan, they were as old as either. Their founder, Gásela, held the **Ngóngóma** honourable, if not highly remunerative, appointment of *isiZinda* (or *inZalamuzi*) to the family. For, you must know, in every high-class Ngúni family, the kraal was divided into two principal branches. First, there was the section

consisting of the Great-Wife (*inDlunkulu*), usually taken in more advanced years for the purpose of providing an heir sufficiently young to preclude any risk to the old man ; and of her Substitute (*ĩNqadi*). Secondly, there was the elder (though not superior) section presided over by the Left-Hand-Wife (*ĩKõhlo*), who, generally the husband's first and oldest love, was not, upon the subsequent espousal of a Great-Wife, unfeelingly subjected to her, but was granted her independent establishment. In practice, however, this arrangement proved incomplete ; for it often happened that, no sooner had the paterfamilias been piously laid out of the way in his grave, than the eldest son and the younger heir came to ructions over the spoils. There was needed, therefore, a third party, to act as official arbitrator ; and the wife specially selected to bear this individual was termed the *isiZinda*. While precluded from any claim on kraal-property or tribal-office, and, consequently, from any personal interests in the general scramble subsequent to the parent's death, the *isiZinda* son received as his sole inheritance the honour of performing the latter's duty as guardian of the home and keeper of order in the family. There, down at the lowest and least dignified portion of the kraal, by the gate, he shall erect his hut, silently observant of the comings and goings of all, yet bound to none and subject to the kraal-head only. And when this latter is no more, to him shall all refer their domestic quarrels and complaints ; and when all else have abandoned the old home and gone abroad to raise establishments of their own, then shall he alone remain, faithful and unrequited watchman over the sacred spot, a living memorial over the parent's grave.

To such an honourable inheritance was Gásela called, to be the family *isiZinda*, to maintain law and dispense justice therein when the old chief be gone and his sons and relicts be wrangling over the spoils. And, indeed, scarcely had the old chief closed his eyes, when this hitherto sedate kraal of his became as boisterous as a beer-garden with the lights gone out, and Gásela as the most riotous figure in the fair. Naturally, at this distance of some 200 years, we can hardly expect the clan to tell us exactly what it was Gásela was supposed to be settling—rumour, the lying jade ! declares he was bent on usurping the royalties for himself ; but perhaps the incident has reference to that apparent break in the direct succession which followed Nyuswa's decease.

What we are told is that, in the dispute, he had the strong support of his great-uncle, Shangase (or of that gentleman's son) ; which fact will perhaps explain the following. When, **Fúze** soon after, the head of the Nyuswas, in accordance with Ngúni custom, ordered the removal of the clan to newer and fresher kraal-sites, the Ngóngóma-Shangase faction

declined to comply. Despite the fact that the Ngóngóma-cum-Shangase women had already removed the old grass (*Z. fúza*) from the hut-frames (in order to facilitate the transportation of these latter), they were now directed to re-thatch (*fúlela*) them and let them remain where they were. This action won for these two branches of the Ngcobo family the derisive epithet of *uFúza'afúlele njengenyamazane* (they who remove the grass, then put it back again, as do the antelopes). Strange to say, this unflattering insinuation so tickled the fancy of the Ngóngóma-Shangase faction, that they henceforth proudly adopted it as their own distinguishing title; so that we find to-day both these branches of the Ngcobo, or rather Vumezitá, family—the descendants of Shangase and those of Gásela—everywhere calling themselves the **aba-kwa-Fúze** (the People of Fúze).

Of course, one does not take these nursery-yarns of tribal tradition as serious gospel-truth. All the same, one may perhaps be safe in assuming that the cognomen 'Fúze,' nowadays affected by several sections of the Ngcobo family, is not a personal clan-name (or *isiZalo*), indicative of any common ancestral origin, but simply a sobriquet testifying to the fact of these people having once combined in a piece of trival insubordination.

Since those early times, however, things have become somewhat confused. Originally, all the Shangase folk, as well as both branches of Gásela's *isiZinda* family (namely, those born of his heir, Nombika, and those born of his inferior son, Xonxo), were all lumped together as Fúzes (**aba-kwa-Fúze**). In these present days the Shangases have entirely dropped the appellation (being known simply as **aba-kwa-Shangase**), as have also the superior (or Nombika) branch of the Gásela family (who now call themselves, and they alone, the **aba-kwa-Ngóngóma**). The name, Fúze, has thus been left to become the distinguishing appellation of the inferior (or Xonxo) branch of Gásela's family, which alone is nowadays understood as being the **aba-kwa-Fúze**—and in this restricted sense shall we apply the term henceforward.

To proceed, then, with the story of the Ngóngómas, their particular family estate was situate adjoining that of the Nyuswas (to whose chieftain they were of course subject) on the Ngóngóma inland side, along the lower reaches of the Ntsuze, with the Ngidís next above them on that river, and the Shangases and Wosiyanas near by on the Ntolwane stream. There Gásela lived and died (c. 1750). Apparently he died on better terms with his junior son, Xonxo, than with his heir, Nombika. This fact encouraged the favourite after his father's death to entertain aspirations to the family headship. The paramount Nyuswa clan, however, strongly resented this attempted

usurpation of Nombika's rights, and, coming along in force, they drove the pretender over the Tùkela.

Nombika was now able to settle down in peace. He begat an heir, Ndaba, who in turn begat Mashiza, who begat Mavela, who begat Bofúngane, who begat Mafóngosi, who begat Sipándla, who begat Mbózane, lately deceased.

After having tramped a forlorn march of ten miles through the wilderness, Xonxo and his adherents found themselves in the realm of the Dunge chief, at that time stretching across the upper Hlimbitwá river. There a gracious welcome awaited them and a vacant site was allotted them by the reed-beds near where Greytown now is. There Xonxo begat his son, Sanimuse, and he Mdunane, and he Dindi, and he Nonyanda, and he Maháwule (Shaka's contemporary), and he the four sons, Mavuso (heir), Géwuka, Gintwa and Madlenya (the latter couple of the same mother). The last-named finally begat Hemuhemu, who (then living near Maritzburg) begat Langalaké.

Fifty years had passed since Xonxo was banished from the family estate on the Ntsuze river. Shaka was already on the Zulu throne and Bofúngane presided over the Ngóngómas. Now, this Bofúngane was a bit of a dandy in his way, particularly fastidious about dirty feet. There were no shoe-shops in Bantuland, so this punctilious prince was compelled to walk to his bath, down at the brook, in bare feet, but on his return rush matting was spread along his path, lest his dainty feet be soiled. His children, too, were trained to equal fastidiousness, especially the girls, lest they stumble and fall while bearing gourds of beer or water on their heads; so much so that their gingerly picking of their way became a byword in the land (the *umCatù kaBofúngane*, Bofungane's slow-step).

But king Shaka entertained scant respect for such punctilio, and when his raiding force arrived one day to sample Bofúngane's cattle, they hustled into the kraal in such a precipitous manner that the cautious milkman did not see them coming. But Bofúngane did, and hustled too, at such a rate as he had never known before. Straightway over the Tùkela he shot and off to his distant cousin, Maháwule, thirty miles beyond, with hardly intervals to breathe. The ancient Xonxo-Nombika feud had already long been healed and forgotten, and Bofúngane was received with all the respect due to the head of the family. But Bofúngane never ventured again to practise the slow-step back to the forsaken homeland. He preferred to die quietly where he was.

But that was not to be just yet. Scarcely had he rested, when, to his inexpressible disgust, fate hustled him once more over hundreds of miles of rough country, with interludes of numberless

battles, and never one quiet moment for feet-washing. Out of the way of the impending Zulu menace, Maháwule had thought to find escape by joining the Lala Confederacy, at that moment migrating to the south (377), and dragged poor Bofúngane with him. Then, to make things doubly worse, no sooner had they laboriously hacked their way as far as the Mkómazi, than Maháwule insisted on their returning home again, dragging with him once more poor Bofúngane. So back home again they trudged—straight into Shaka's arms, or rather army, which all along they had been so painfully striving to evade.

Home again, worried and tired with such continuous adversity, Maháwule grew cantankerous and 'contrairy.' Against all law and reason, he infuriated most of the clan, headed by Matomela, son of Toko, against him by disinheriting the tribal heir, Mavuso, born of the Great-Wife, a daughter of the eMbó chief, Zihlandlo. Huffed at such unrighteous treatment, Mavuso shook the paternal dust from off his feet and went away along the old trail they had but recently abandoned, to the south. It is supposed that he was ultimately drawn into the political maelstrom down in No-Man's-Land beyond the Mzimkúlu, and got swallowed up within it.

At this most inopportune moment, while the clan was divided within itself, Shaka appeared on the scene, in the person of Manjanja, son of Ntlambéla (of the Ntombéla clan), at the head of a roving band of plunderers. They first attacked the faction under Matomela, who, forced to surrender, were immediately deprived of their cattle. Thence, soon after, they passed to the faction under Maháwule. He, rather than jeopardize his head for the sake of his beasts, executed once more a quick strategic move to the south. With his people he fled into the Karkloof forest, and for a season led an anxious and wretched existence there. At last patience gave out; he would risk an appeal to Shaka's clemency—if he had any. Apparently he had; for the Fúze were graciously permitted to return to their devastated homeland. No sooner home, than family squabbles were renewed.

At this point, however, we are glad to announce, that poor Maháwule—and, let us hope, poor Bofúngane with him—were spared all further miseries by translation to a better land. The rightful heir, Mavuso, gone to Jericho, his brothers, Géwuka and Gintwa, regarded each himself as heir-presumptive. And Géwuka, in the strife, had this powerful advantage—he had already 'joined up' as soldier in the Zulu army. There he came into personal touch with Shaka's headmen, and did not fail to impress upon them how dangerous and disloyal a criminal his brother, Gintwa, was. So Géwuka and the local Zulu superintendent hatched a

little conspiracy of their own. "You will know his hut," he whispered to the latter; "it is the topmost in the kraal. When at early morn he emerges from the hut to answer nature's call, just place a well-aimed assegai through him." And they did; whereupon the rest of the family, headed by Gintwa's younger full-brother, Madlenya, and Magwáza, son of Matomela, vanished headlong over the horizon—all save Gêwuka, who was still comfortably established on the old spot in February, 1831, when Isaacs visited him. As for the others, they wandered about hungry and homeless, maintaining themselves mostly on the flesh of elephants, buffalo and other game, till they reached at last (c. 1830), the enTlosane mount (eight miles beyond the upper Mngéni). There they made the acquaintance of Nonkomo, son of Ndindi, posing as local representative of the enTlangwini chief, Fôdo, son of Nombêwu, who had lately ventured to steal back from the pandemonium beyond the Mzinkúlu into a tranquil vale lower down the Mkómazi river (387). In later years Fôdo allotted them a stand near Maritzburg (where Langalaké now is) and where they lived happy ever after under Nocasa (others, Macantsa), son of Mahâwule.

Notification of this happy fact, that once again the Fûze exiles had found a settled home, was assiduously passed along the line, inviting all stray sheep to return to the fold. Madlenya took to wife the daughter of Sidlokovu (of the Nxamalala clan), whom Gintwa had betrothed before his death, and by her raised up seed to his senior brother, begetting Hemuhemu, father of Langalaké. Others, however, of the Fûze clan elected to remain where they were, on the Mvoti, as adherents of Gêwuka.

Mafóngosi, Bofúngane's heir, after his father's flight, seems still to have kept the home fires burning. His mortal offence, perhaps, was that his father had escaped. Anyway, not Ngóngóma long after a posse of Zulu warriors paid him a visit one day. While their leader was engaged within the hut in friendly conversation with the chief, his companions outside squatted down and enjoyed a pinch of snuff—around the local shield-house. Suddenly from the hut there came a shriek—'twas the last of Mafóngosi! After the shriek, followed the alarm of Mafóngosi's people. But when they rushed to the store-hut to take their shields, they found it already in possession of the enemy. Now, a bunch of naked warriors devoid of shields forms an excellent target, and the Zulus found little difficulty in achieving every time a bull. The kraal swept clean, the Zulus hurried off to clear the rest of Ngóngómaland. Those who saw them coming naturally dived into the nearest bush. Thence, when the coast was clear, they betook themselves post-haste to cousin

Dube, head of the emaQadini branch of the family, farther down the Túkela (see below).

But there was an humble scion of this Ngóngóma family destined to live in history when the names of Mafóngosi and Bofúngane are already long forgotten. It was Bóngoza, son of Mefú. This wily savage, after the great defeat of the Zulus at the eNcome (Blood river) and the flight of Dingane, conceived a brilliant stratagem for ridding his country of the Boers. It was based on the well-known truism that a Boer cannot resist a cow. So, by arrangement with Dingane—who, on his part, undertook to have a suitable force posted in ambush on the spot—Bóngoza hastened off to inform the Boers that Dingane and his Zulus were all dead and gone, and that all their wealth of cattle lay forsaken in the Mfolozi valley. "You don't say so?" exclaimed the Boers; and, dismounting from their steeds, they rushed down the steep face of the Mtonjaneni heights, hard by the ūPáté stream, to take possession. True enough, there were the vast herds (or what looked like them) scattered everywhere amidst the thorn-bush down below. But at the very moment they were about to grab them, Bóngoza vanished, an infernal shriek made the Boer blood curdle, and too late they realized they were in a trap! Happily, a desperate and frantic plunge towards and through the Mfolozi brought them out, and home. But Bóngoza survives, a hideous memory still.

To Dingane this venture of Bóngoza's should have been in the nature of a graceful act. A couple of years earlier, he had ruthlessly massacred Bóngoza's clansmen, along with their relatives, the amaQadi, in the Túkela valley (see below), and Ngóngómas and Qadis, such as survived of them, were compelled to find an out-cast home in the friendly bush. And Dingane now expressed his gratitude for their clansman's services by compelling them there to remain, till deliverance finally came when, in September, 1839, Mpande snapped the rope (*ĩGoda likaMpande*) that bound him to Dingane and marched with half the Zulu nation into Natal. Sipándla, son of Mafóngosi and grandson of Bofúngane, was then head of the Ngóngóma family, and took immediate steps to enrol himself under Mpande's banner. Ultimately Mbózane, Sipándla's son, was allotted by the British a settlement in the Ndwedwe district, by the Msunduze (tributary of the Mdloti), where he recently died.

Last of the Ncobos to be disturbed was that of the emaQadini (487). Throughout the whole of Shaka's emaQadini troublous times, due perhaps to the prudent rule of Dube, son of Silwane, the Qadis had remained in the Túkela valley comparatively in peace. But now Dingane was on

the Zulu throne, and with him the Qadis were suspect—they had been obviously 'Shaka's friends.' Zihlandlo, the eMbó chief near by, another such 'friend,' had already been killed (1833) and his people compelled to fly. Dube now tremblingly awaited the like fate. It was not long before it overtook him.

The immediate cause of the massacre of the Qadis by Dingane is variously stated. Some say it was due to jealousy occasioned by the Qadi boys having robbed his own of the palm at a recent *ĩJadu* dance; others, that evil tongues, at enmity with Dube, the Qadi chief, were secretly fanning the flames of Dingane's general dislike of the Qadis by maliciously informing against them, to wit, Manqondo, the Magwáza man, recently posted by Dingane on Dube's boundary, and Nomazocwana, Dube's relative, then at loggerheads with him.

It was in the early months of 1837 that Nomazocwana, son of Ndela (head of the emGângeni sub-clan of the Ngcobo family) came to a bitter misunderstanding with his cousin, Dube. Now, when an African heart becomes inflamed with passion against another, it is liable to grow malevolent and to desire the destruction of the source of irritation; and, in earlier times, an easy method of accomplishing this was to incense the chief by false accusations against the offending party. This Nomazocwana is said to have done, and Dingane gladly availed himself of the opportunity of wiping out still another body of suspected Shaka-ites. Dingane had learned from his brother, Shaka, that foes are easiest overcome by trickery; and he racked his brains for a plausible *ruse-de-guerre*. Now, just where the Qadis lived, the finest building timber was abundant. "Out with them all," he ordered, "to bring us building-posts to emGúngundlovu. But, mark you, let no one bear his weapons." Up filed the Qadi youths merrily, each with his tribute of wood upon his head; and when all were safely mustered in the cattle-fold, "At them!" he roared, and they were all immediately destroyed. One of their number, however, chancing to be outside the kraal and catching a glimpse of the horror, was off in a trice, homeward bound. Those who had remained at home, along with their relatives the Ngóngómas, plunged instanter into the darkest recesses of the Túkela bush, with Dube at their head. But hot on the fugitives' heels there pursued a Zulu force, which, scouring the bush, alighted on the Qadi hiding-place. Therein the Qadis were quickly surrounded and, most of them, including Dube, ruthlessly massacred. But few survived by scattering in the jungle.

It was in April, 1838, a year later than the Dube massacre and soon after that of Weenen and Retief (6th Feb., 1838), that the British settlers in Durban conceived the idea of getting their

own back by systematic raids on Dingane's cattle. Their first venture was on the royal cattle-kraals in the Krantzkop (*kwa-Ntunjambili*) district, under the care of Sotobe, son of Mpangalala (of the Sibiya clan) and Nombanga, son of Ngidli (of the Túsi). The enterprise was well timed, the military guard being momentarily absent repelling the Dutch invasion (following the Retief massacre) led by Piet Uys. Two to three thousand head of cattle, together with a goodly number of women and children, were leisurely picked up and carried home—a huge success.

While the settlers were still jovial over this profitable scoop, Robert Biggar arrived in Durban from the Cape, to be greeted with the news of the sad murder of his brother, George, by the Zulus at the Weenen disaster. This moving story of loss and gain immediately fired Biggar to organize a second raid. Fú-nwayo, son of Mpopóma (of the Lutúli clan), then in Cane's employ, was despatched to reconnoitre. He reported all beautifully serene and the cattle unattended—as a matter of fact, the Zulu army was already home from the Boer invasion, and was actually in that very neighbourhood, 10,000 strong, on its way to avenge the former raid! So 18 Europeans, 1500 Natives, and 30 Hottentots started merrily forth from Durban, forded the Túkela, attacked the kraal (at the enDondakusuka hill) of the famous warrior (now with the approaching army), Zulu, son of Nogándaya (of the Zungu clan), and, while mentally counting up the booty, were dismayed to behold the black mass of the Zulu army, commanded by Nongalaza, son of Nondela (emaNyandwini) and Madlebe, son of Mgédeza (Zungu), charging down upon them! Practically the whole raiding party was slain. Biggar, Cane and others were left on the field, only four of the eighteen Europeans escaping; but on the Zulu side amongst the killed was numbered Dabeka, heir of Dube.

A few miles away, Dabeka's family was in hiding, with the rest of the emaQadini, in the Túkela valley bush, driven there by the very despot in whose service their father had given his life. With the new disaster, the heart of the emaQadini failed them. Why wait there in wretchedness longer? So they crossed the Túkela and wandered onward to the south, led by their regent, Mahlukana, son of Silwane, till they reached the Bluff (near Durban), whence some wheeled about and returned to the enNanda mount (north of the lower Mngéni), while others proceeded to the enTshangwe (south of that river). When at length, in September, 1839, Mpande revolted against Dingane and passed over into Natal, the roaming Qadis found their opportunity for reuniting round Mqáwe, Dabeka's son, by the enNanda.

Ultimately the *pax Britannica* was established on these shores,

and put an end for all time to Zulu despotism and persecution. In perfect security at last and peace, the much-harassed Ngcobos were able to reassemble, one compact and unseparated tribe, the emaQadini by the eNanda mount (between the lower Mngéni and Mdloti), the Shangases and Wosiyanas adjoining them more inland, the Ngóngómas on the opposite side of the last-named river, with the Nyuswas beyond them, towards the Great Noodsberg.

We have already told (480) how the wanderer, Shangase, came home again and built a kraal (*c.* 1700). That kraal a century later had become a clan, and that clan, after the re-
Shangase moval of the Ngcobo brother-clan into the Tükela valley, followed suit and established itself above the Nyuswas, with the Wosiyanas on the Ntolwane stream (tributary of the Ntsuze).

Contention, leading to disruption and destruction, is the daily routine in Bantu clan-life. We have already recorded the primal rupture between the brothers, Ngcobo and Shangase (479). It now looks very much as though history has repeated itself; for the next time we hear of them (*c.* 1800), the Shangase family have again broken off diplomatic relationships with the Ngcobos, and gone to live by themselves on the south bank of the Tükela, along the emaNdlati stream, seawards of the Krantzkop.

A few years, and internal ructions had broken out once more within the Shangase family. The convulsion, however, was now so violent, that the whole clan was blown to pieces. When, about the years 1821-23, Shaka swept out the south Tükela valley, the Shangase folk had already, quite as effectively, swept away themselves. Their former location under the Krantzkop lay vacant, their chief had disappeared and their membership was scattered to the winds. Mshiyane, son of Gúsha, of Ndaleka, of Mvula, of Shuku, of Majola, of Tomani, of Shangase, the rightful tribal head, was at that time living in a state of splendid isolation on the north bank of the lower Mngéni, what time his loyal and faithful subjects were enjoying themselves as free-lances, some on the Bluff, some on the Lovu, some among the Bâcas on the Mzimkúlu.

When, in 1824, the British pioneers first settled in Durban (then Port Natal), Mshiyane, himself a forlorn and solitary exile in a foreign land, hastened to greet them as companions in affliction, and, from Native chief, raised himself to the rank of British servant! With him was a commoner of his clan, Mkizwane, son of Nogumbá, who, in company with Kófiyana, son of Mbéngane (? of the Mbámbó clan), likewise attached himself to the new arrivals. The former became faithful henchman of Capt. Smith,

the British military commander ; the other, Native headman to John Cane. All three, in recognition of their valuable services, were subsequently promoted to the position of district chiefs under the British Government. Around the pair, Mshiyane and Mkizwane, many of the stray Shangases then regathered, especially about the period of Mpande's revolt ; and Mnguni, son of Mshiyane, fell into his own once more as recognized clan-head over a remnant of his people congregated at the ēTáfamasi (between the lower Mngeni and Mloti). There they still are, ruled by Zikulu, son of Macebo, son of Mnguni.

Alongside the Shangases, in older days, on the Ntolwane stream (north of the Tükela), dwelt the **aba-kwa-Wosiyana**.

Then when the Shangases migrated to the southern **Wosiyana** bank of the Tükela, the Wosiyanas migrated with them, and established themselves once more beside them on their eastern flank (adjoining the Hlongwas and Mapumulos). After the general tribal break-up under Shaka, the Wosiyanas moved away still farther south into Whiteman's land and re-assembled under Mashiza on the Mlazi (with the Shangases beyond them, south of the middle Lovu). Shangases and Wosiyanas later migrated together back to the valley of the upper Mloti, where the latter may still be found, headed by Mkonto (now deposed), son of Mvakwendlu, of Mgombane, of Mashiza, of Mvakele, of Kúmalo, of Manjanja, of Nzama. All this constant clinging together of the Shangase and Wosiyana families leads us to conclude that they are fundamentally related, the Wosiyanas either springing direct from the Shangases, or both together from an original common parent.

While at the beginning of last century sheep-stealing was a rife and capital offence in England, cattle-lifting was equally 'capital,' though hardly so common, among the Zulus. It was while the Wosiyanas were residing in the Krantzkop vicinity that they produced their one and only celebrity. His name was Gcugcwa. True, no drop of the blood royal flowed through his veins, but he contrived to pass through his hands quite a remarkable quantity of royal cattle. No doubt the fortunate possession of a unique charm—he could render himself invisible to human eyes!—coupled with the proximity of several of Shaka's stock-farms, at once suggested the enterprise and supplied both machinery and raw material.

Well, one day he sallied forth as usual in pursuit of his profession and made a most successful scoop, as also, as he afterwards discovered, a most lamentable blunder. He had the cows, to be sure, but had overlooked the charm ! Further, he had overlooked the fact that the charm did not profess to render his scent

'invisible' to dogs. Anyway, homeward he hurried with the swag ; which, however, proved of such unwieldy dimensions, that driblets must needs be everywhere abandoned as he went along, thus laying for his pursuers a most unmistakable spoor. At length, enveloped in a fog, he entered a wood by the emaNdlalati stream to await its clearance.

Meanwhile the cowboys had discovered the burglary and were hot on the trail of the driblets. At last they came to the wood ; and the hounds, they came to a tree, where they came to a standstill, rather puzzled, and bayed. The pursuers did the same, and were equally puzzled, till one of them looked up the tree and espied a man very quietly perched thereon. Well, it was hardly worth while imploring him to descend, so they got an axe, felled the tree and him with it.

Brought before the outraged monarch, already then in his new Bulawayo kraal, Shaka appeared in an amiable mood—he always did admire a good sport. "*Sa-ku-bona, Gcugcwa*," he said (lit. We-have-seen-you = Good-morning, Mr. Gcugcwa). "*Sa-ku-bona, nkosi*," replied the master cattle-lifter ; "*ngamaBonabonane ; u-bona mina nje, bo-bona wena ngomuso*" (Good morning, sire. This is a mutual seeing—you see me now ; they will see you to-morrow.) In that reply Gcugcwa lived ; for it became a proverb—you laugh at me to-day ; it will be your turn next.

But he did not live long in the flesh ; for the next morning, before the cattle went out to graze, the body of Gcugcwa was bound horizontally across the kraal-gate. Then the cattle, urged on furiously from behind, forced their way out, beneath, above and through the dangling, gored and mangled corpse, till there was little recognizable still left of Gcugcwa after a thousand beasts, once so dear to him, had given him their last kick or prod.

While Gcugcwa may serve as the family's outstanding villain, of the whole Ngcobo tribe, to our way of thinking, the most honourable figure, worthiest of our remembrance and our gratitude, was that dear old scion of the Fûze house, Magêma, son of Magwâza, of Matomela, of Toko, of Dileka, of Dindi, of Mdunane, of Sanimuse, of Xonxo, of Gâsela, of Dingila, of Ngcobo, who, alone amongst the many thousands of his tribesmen, troubled to preserve for us and all future generations something of the long and complicated story of their past. Esteemed collaborator of Bishop Colenso in his early youth, in his old age, from his humble tenement in a back street of Maritzburg, he generously supplied us with most of the matter recorded in this chapter. Since then he has been called away to receive, we hope, the reward of a long life well spent. *Valeas, amice mi, et requiescas.*

¹Ellenberger, H.B., 21.

CHAPTER 47

THE DUST-MEN MIGRATE TO DURBAN

CLIMBING the steep hill-range that walled in to the north the deep and torrid valley of the lower Túkela wherein the Ngcobo folk lay stewing, one mounted, under the shadow of the Precipice of the Vultures (*esiWeni samaNqe*), on to the broad and breezy heights of the emPapála (at the sources of the amaTigulu). In those halcyon times, before Shaka came to upset the world and inaugurate the era of universal misery, the **aba-kwa-Lutúli** (the People of Mr. Dust, alias Lutúli) had there their home. They were a brother-clan of the Ngcolosis over the river (between the Krantzkop and the Túkela); and like them and the Ngcobos, were *Tônga-Ngúnis*, of the *Lala* brand.

At the period of which we are writing (1800-20), with Mashíza at their head, son of Mavela, of Nkomo, they were but a remnant of their former greatness, an utterly negligible quantity, which, luckily for them, great Shaka scorned to notice—he never honoured them with either a visit or a nod. But otherwise was it with the Qwabe king. Some half a century earlier (c. 1750), the ever-increasing Qwabe clan, by natural pressure from within, had overflowed its boundary on the Ntumeni hills and flooded the country beyond. The emaMbédwini Qwabes began to inundate the beautiful Mpapála flats, and all but swept the Lutúlis from it. Hustled about in this way, they became mutually ill-tempered and aggressive, and ere long commenced among themselves a struggle for existence.

At length one of the tribal princes determined to cut the Gordian knot finally and for ever. His name was Shadwa, son of Sivuba, of Dole, of Madlanduna, of Lutúli, of Mavela, of Zakwe. To gain a decisive ascendancy over his rival, he would rob him at one fell swoop of all the accumulated mystic 'dirt' (*inTsila*) of all their kings. So, somewhere about the year 1760, he grabbed the sacred state-bath and ran off with it over the Túkela, till he was lost in the unknown distances to the south, safe out of reach of further pursuit. The main portion of the clan, drawn irresistibly onward by the charm, followed the tribal 'dirt' in Shadwa's tracks.

This royal and sacred bath (or *umLalazi*), we may state, was a one-foot square slab of hollowed sandstone, something after the fashion of the national grindstone, in which the Lutúli majesties were wont to stand while being washed of their dust and anointed

with the magical medicaments of their office. What happened when the royal rival found the tribal mascot missing is unrecorded ; but he was surely fearfully dismayed ; and rightly so, for it became speedily apparent that all the glory had gone out of Israel and flown off with Shadwa to the south.

In all lands and ages, 'stones,' among the primitive races, had, from the beginning, been held in high esteem. Hebrews, Greeks, Hindus, Arabs, Kelts, Polynesians and American Indians, all believed they saw in them some mystic value ; and from such simple beginnings as that just related had no doubt arisen that old and universal system of Stones of Destiny, Stonehenges, grave-stones, god-stones, *penates*, altar-stones, bethels, charm-stones, luck-stones and all the rest, of which we everywhere so often read.*

In a forlorn kind of way, the few Lutúlis still left at Mpapála continued to cling together as a tiny clan for another fifty years. Then, with hearts and muscles rested, they experienced an appetite for more diversion. So they looked round for another bone of contention, fought wildly over it, and ended up, like the Kilkenny cats, by clearing each other completely from the field. Pósula was Mashiza's heir, and Mjombá his *ĩKóhlo*. But the junior section getting for the moment the upper hand, Pósula fled for protection and reinforcements to the powerful Qwabe chief, Pákatwáyo. This strategic move took all the wind out of Mjombá's sails and rendered his position at once untenable. So he too fled, to the opposition potentate on the other side of the Mhlatúze, Mgábi, the eLangeni chief. Thus between them they lost beyond regain the old Mpapála homeland, of which the emaMbédwini henceforth acquired sole and whole possession. Pósula left, as heir, Sibukezana, and he begat Wojiwoji, and he Njubanjuba, still living in the Mvoti valley in Natal.

Over the Túkela, Shadwa sped on his way, along the coast, till finally held up by a broad and calm lagoon flanked by beautiful wood-clad hills and connected by a narrow channel with emaTúlini the ocean. Looking down upon the oval lake from the adjacent hills, the tribal wag playfully dubbed it the *ĩTéku* (or One-testicled thing), a name the local Natives have since affixed to Durban (*ēTékwini*), built around the land-locked bay.

Shadwa had now lost all touch with the parent clan at the Mpapála, and set about founding one all his own. This he called no longer, as the tribe had been hitherto wont to name itself, the

* See Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, II., 160 ff., 254, 388 ; G. Allen, *Evolution of the Idea of God*, Chap. V. ; Fraser, *Golden Bough* ; J. L. Myres, *Dawn of History*, 129 ; Huxley, *Science and Hebrew Tradition*, 309.

people of *Túli* or, to give the full nounal prefix, *Lutúli* (which, being interpreted, means, the people of Mr. Dust), but by the perhaps more appropriate cognomen of the *amaTúli* (the Dustmen), *alias* the *emaTúlini* (or They-in-the-dust).

The African is by nature very prone to imitate, and to take on the peculiar manners and fashions, as well as the language, of those around him—only a further proof, of course, of his innate 'child-like' mind. The *amaTúli*, now with another race with other ways surrounding them, to wit, the Debe (or Zosha) *Ngúnis* along the *Mngéni* valley, were not slow to jettison the gods of their fathers and to worship those of the gentiles. They adopted the Debe practice of slitting incisions on their faces—a practice to which all other *Ngúni* peoples were strongly averse. Innovations of this kind were generally brought about by the *Ngúni* law of exogamous marriage, being imported and imposed on their children by the alien mothers. But whence and how the *Túlis* acquired that other newly-adopted custom of theirs, namely, of the *iNdiki* (a cutting off from their infants' hands of the last joint of the little finger) is less obvious. Of course, this is essentially a Bushman tribal-mark, and when found amongst a Bantu people proclaims indisputably an infusion of Bushman blood, the Bushman mothers seeing to it that their offspring be properly labelled. In this way the *Ncamu* clan, some of the Cape *Tembús*, and, we must suppose, also these *Túlis*, came to adopt the practice. In those times it was quite common for Natives on the Natal coast to ascend to the *Drakensberg* for the purpose of hunting. While there, they invariably came into touch with the Bushmen and never missed a chance of capturing one, or more, of their women. Strangely, this selfsame *iNdiki* custom is in common vogue also among *Negritos*, *Australians*, *Polynesians* and *North American Indians*.¹

But new *Túli*land had a history older than anything King *Shadwa* knew of. In the year 1690, *Johannes Gerbrantzer* received a commission from the Dutch Government at the Cape to purchase from the local chief, said to have been named *Nyangisa*, "for beads, copper, ironmongery or such other articles as they have a liking for, the bay of Natal and the adjoining land . . . taking good care that the articles of merchandise for which the bay and adjoining land is purchased, are not noticed in the deed, except in general terms, and that the amount of the same be estimated at nineteen or twenty thousand gulden." The purchase was duly completed, the contract drawn and sealed, and the purchaser went home with it in his pocket. In fifteen years time (1705) he returned to Natal to receive delivery of the goods. But by that time the other party to the deed was in his grave, and all his goods and bads, deeds and misdeeds with him; and "that

grave," added the present occupant of the throne significantly, "is now fenced in, and over it none may pass." So Gerbrantzer took the piece of paper home again.²

Later on, it is said, some Native potentate came along on a similar mission to Nyangisa's people. More familiar with African trade-methods, to ensure a certain delivery of the goods, this, in place of hardware, rained down upon the seller such a shower of hard blows, that he precipitately decamped, leaving the new buyer in immediate possession. What became of Nyangisa's subjects? Was the new buyer Shadwa? And was his method of 'purchase' with despatch that of capturing the local boys and girls and 'selling' them into slavery? True, the following incident is somewhat previous to our hypothetical date of Shadwa's coming. But perhaps our hypothetical date is too retarded.

In April, 1719, Captain Robert Drury appeared in the lagoon. There, he says,³ we "traded for slaves, with large brass rings, or rather collars, and several other commodities. In a fortnight we purchased seventy-four boys and girls. These are better slaves for working than those of Madagascar, being not only blacker, but stronger. Captain White put six natives of Delagoa on shore here, whom he took with him the former voyage. They had two or three king's dominions to pass through before they came to their own country, and were under some apprehension of being intercepted. The Captain therefore furnished them with ammunition, hatchets, and brass collars."

By the year 1800, the emaTúlini folk, though never remarkable in point of numbers, had already spread themselves in divers small parties over an unusually extensive tract of country, consisting of one uninterrupted strip of littoral from beyond the Mngéni mouth to that of the Mkómazi and penetrating, in some parts, for fifteen miles inland. Shadwa, of course, had already long since gone to his ancestors, but his numerous offspring had carefully apportioned the spoils. His grandson, Ntaba, heir of Myebu, heir of Shadwa, was the Great Mogul of the clan, with his Delhi situate where New Germany now stands (between Pinetown and the Mngéni). Acting as district nabobs under him were his relative, Mabone (or Manti), son of Mziwane, of Mayila, of Sivuba—controlling not more than a score of kraals nestled within the delightful woods along the *isiBubulungu* (a long bush-covered ridge extending along the sea-front from the Durban lighthouse to the mouth of the Mlazi, and now known as the Bluff); Túsi, between the Durban lagoon and the Mngéni mouth; Ndlebende (*alias* Mwahleni), son of Myebu, head of the (?) Nyawo sub-clan northward of the Mngéni mouth; Mnciwane (? Mziwane), from the Mlazi to the

amaNzimtoti ; Mabone again, onward to the Lovu ; and Sojuba, son of Majoka, between the Lovu and the Mkómazi.

When, about the year 1805, the paramount chief, Ntaba, went below, we search in vain for his heir, and must conclude he had none. Instead, we find traditions of serious intertribal ructions, with consequent disintegration. Mabone (*alias* Manti) appears to have come out on top in the scramble—or rather, we would think, remained the solitary survival of the nabobs, clinging still to his holding on the Bluff, while the rest of them had dispersed with their several followings. The only seat of Tûli sovereignty was henceforth centred on the Bluff. There Mabone died, somewhere prior to 1820, leaving a minor heir, Mnini, still a boy. Fica (*alias* Matúbane), son of Nkolongo, of Myebu, now assumed control on behalf of his little relative.

It was during this Fica's regency that two quite epoch-making occurrences startled the clan—first, in 1821, the conquering Zulus appeared on the scene, followed, in 1824, by the all-devouring Whiteman.

In spite of all their proud array of chieftains, major and minor, the amaTûli did not succeed in kicking up much dust in a military sense. They were exceptionally tame dogs. Yet every dog has its day ; and theirs came one afternoon, when, having massed their combined forces on a flat on the northern side of the Mkómazi, they actually succeeded in driving back the Zulu raiding patrol as far as the Msimbázi stream. That, however, did not help them much, seeing that the Zulus held on to their cattle ! But without cattle life was not worth living. The Tûlis simply could not sleep ; and in the night got up, stole over to the Msimbázi, there stole their cattle back, and, as fast as their legs could carry them, plunged out of sight into the surrounding bush. Such of the clan—and they were not many—who cared to continue in this distracted neighbourhood, went home with Fica, and the Bluff forest became henceforth the Tûli stronghold.

With an invincible Zulu army constantly passing by, to north or south, in their vicinity and with no further possibility of cultivating crops, hard times began to stare them in the face now that their last year's harvest had reached its end. Henceforward "they lived upon herbs and roots, and such insects and animals as could be obtained from land and water." Having "lost all their crops and cattle, so great was the danger of appearing in the open country, that the remnant of the tribe seldom left the bush or the Bluff, excepting to take fish when the tide ebbed. A little straw was all they had in the bush to protect them from the rain or cold." 4

The clansmen of Ndlebende at the Mngéni mouth were reduced

to even greater straits. Starved to the last stage of endurance, they at length succumbed, like so many other Natal Natives, to the final resort of devouring human flesh. Corpses were plentifully strewn about the veld and furnished them with many a savoury repast. It is related that the Zulu army, boldly marching along the Mhlatúzana river, suddenly alighted one day on quite a busy settlement of these Ndlebende-ites. 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 as deserted as the Kalahari. When the invading force arrived, famished as usual, 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. Whereupon, we may be sure, the Tùlis returned and finished their meal in peace.

In spite of all, Fica was reigning still, well out of sight within the jungle on the Bluff; while the prospective heir, Mnini, was doing time in Zulu bondage, herding with other boys the cattle of the Zulu king grazing yonder on the Congella flats (where a large cattle kraal had recently been erected by Shaka and placed under the guard of the Kángela regiment). One day a new disturbing vision met poor Fica's gaze. Peering from the dark recesses of his jungle home, on the calm waters of the great lagoon there spread before him, there rocked a ship, and by the water's edge were scattered many shanties of pale-faced strangers. These were they who had come up from the Cape (1824)—Fynn, Farewell, Cane and others—bent on the peaceful errand of trading with (or should we say, of trading on) the unsophisticated savages of these parts. Little did Fica know that his home and homeland, 'known by the native name, Bubolongo,' had already (4th Aug., 1824) been sold and purchased over his and his heir's heads by the unknown 'Inguos, Chaka, King of the Zulus and of the Country of Natal,' to certain of those strangers trading as 'F. G. Farewell and Company.' But of this fact he soon became aware.

One of those strangers, H. F. Fynn, has left for us a graphic description of the surrounding country as the white men at that time found it. After frequent journeys up and down the coast, "from the Itongati river, 25 miles N.E. of Port Natal, up to within a few miles of the Mzimvubu, a distance of 230 miles, I did not find," he says, "a single tribe, with the exception of about 30 Natives residing near the Bluff under the chief, Matúbane

[= Fíca], of the amaTúli tribe, now under Mnini. There were neither kraals, huts, cattle or corn. Occasionally I saw a few stragglers—mere living skeletons—obtaining a precarious subsistence on roots and shell-fish. Several of these sought refuge under the English, and in time several tribes had established themselves at Port Natal." But the first refugees coming direct from the Zulu country did not appear until about 1827-28.⁵

In November, 1825, Fíca was honoured with the first state visit from his pale-faced neighbours. Isaacs, Hatton, Norton and Ogle were curious to make the acquaintance of the dusky monarch they had so easily disinherited. "The tribe of which Mataban [= Fíca] was chief had been subdued by Chaka, but having rallied the remains of it, with them he had sought a settlement between the forests [the Bluff consisted really of two parallel bush-clad ridges, and within the intervening valley the Túli kraals were stationed], where they took refuge from the incursions of the Zoolas. The innumerable persecutions to which they had been subjected by their more powerful and sanguinary neighbours had tended to render them timid and apprehensive. On the approach of strangers they would flee with their valuables into the innermost recesses of the forest; where they would seclude themselves until an opportunity occurred for emerging from their concealment. It was not therefore until after the lapse of some time that the Europeans became acquainted with their neighbours; but when their retreat had been discovered, and the discomfited chief had seen the difference between the assurances of our party and the predatory visits of his oppressors, he was not long in determining on a friendly alliance with us and on living contiguous to our kraal. Our presence gave them confidence, and they became tranquil. They resumed their wonted avocations, and their cattle had their care without any fear of being disturbed. They looked up to us for protection, and solicited our aid in case of surprise; they were nevertheless subject to the laws of the Zoolas, who sorely oppressed them.

"Mataban is a tall, athletic man, about six feet three inches high, active and muscular, and capable of considerable exertion. He is the only one of his tribe who possesses cattle. His tribe live principally on fish, which they catch in a peculiar manner, by enclosing square spaces in the water, into which they put pieces of the entrails of animals—at high water the fish swim over the tops to obtain the food, and on the water declining are entrapped. In this way they secure large quantities, and are extremely fond of it. Indian corn, too, they use, which is prepared by soaking it in warm water [should be, by boiling] as in other

parts of the tropics ; on these, with esculents and animal food occasionally obtained, they usually subsist in winter. Corn and monkeys, which they consider a great delicacy, is their summer food." ⁶

A quarter of a century later (*c.* 1850), the Rev. W. Holden paid a second visit to these same Bluff Tûlis. Matûbane (Fica) had already long been dead and buried on the Bluff, leaving behind him a son, Bóshongweni, who, however, must needs pass into retirement in favour of the already adult rightful heir, Mnini. "Umnini, chief of the remaining Amatuli tribe," writes Holden,⁷ "lived in a bush about six miles from the Bay. But he and his people were so carefully secreted in the dense bush, that no one unacquainted with their abode would suppose that human beings dwelt there. The way to this secret, bushy citadel was rather like the track of the elephant into the impenetrable forest, than the path leading to the residence of human beings."

The following genealogical table is doubtful prior to Sivuba :—



Still another forty years, and, in 1893, the present writer was himself residing in that selfsame 'secret, bushy citadel,' with the family of old Mabone, Mnini's father, still keeping the home fires burning, his next-door neighbours. Then passed a further twenty

years, when he revisited the spot. No single soul of his former friends, no vestige of the long-harassed amaTúli was longer there to greet him—nought but their desolate and deserted kraal sites, once happy woodland homesteads, ringing with children's laughter and joyous with ever-smiling faces; nought now but the fenced-in villas of the white invader.

Still in the forest primeval—or where, perchance, it used to be—hard by the umNgábaba stream (farther down the south coast of Natal), the last tiny fragment of the amaTúli continues to cling together, under Sidiya, son of Mcotóyi, of Mnini, helplessly awaiting, with trepidation, but with certainty, the fast-approaching day when, also from this their last small patch of homeland, the arrogant, all-grabbing Whiteman will appear to eject them, and so effect the final demolition of the Lutúli clan.

When the Dust-boys (*Lutúlis*) departed from the Túkela region to found a new colony down south, they left the old folks at home; and soon forgot all about them. Indeed, in course of time, they disowned them altogether. But there is often more in a name than Shakespeare wist of; and when the Lutúlis tell us that their isiTakazelo is, or was, 'Ngcolosi,' we feel no further need to ask them proof of parentage—we conclude that the Ngcolosi was the parent-clan.

The home of these **aba-kwa-Ngcolosi** was along the amaNdlalati river (which they, in their more barbarously guttural dialect, called the amaNgralatsi) and so down, below the **Ngcolosi** Krantzkop, to the Túkela. Like their offspring, the Lutúlis, they pertained to the *Lala* group of the *Tonga-Ngúnis*. In Shaka's days they were ruled by Mmepó, son of Ngwáne, of Lamula, of Ngwábini, of Béngu, of Dlabazane, of Lusibalukúlu, of Songololo—at least so they inform us.

They were saved—or saved themselves—the misery of making history. The ignominious flight of the Tembús and Cúnus and the abject surrender of the eMbós and Ngcobos had not failed to infuse wisdom into the Ngcolosis. If so renowned a warrior as Zihlandlo and so populous a clan as the Ngcobo felt constrained to yield unconditionally to the Zulu invader, what could poor Mmepó and his handful of subjects hope to accomplish? When, then, about the year 1821-22, the Zulu army for the first time crossed their border, they immediately proclaimed themselves Shaka's most loyal and dutiful servants. As a pledge of their loyal sentiments, the Zulus demanded the tribal cattle and went off with them.

Yet some were less confiding and subservient. The **Jali** section of the clan took the very earliest opportunity of getting out of danger's way, and when they found their neighbours, the

emaXesibeni, of a like frame of mind, they accompanied them on their flight to the south (254). A few years later we find the pair, along with the Túsís, comfortably (more or less) settled together by the lower Mzimvubu (St. Johns River) (393).

Like so many others, these Jalis too cherish the little story of their name. As they trekked away to the south, they had perforce to climb the so-called umBombó ridge by the Ntunjambili mount. When doing so, they are said to have looked so extraordinarily downhearted, that the clansmen left behind could not but remark, "My! how depressed they look" (Lala, *ba-jabile*, = Zulu, *ba-jabile*). And henceforth that party became nicknamed by its relatives the *amaJali* (the Downhearted Ones).

We have already said that there was no commissariat attached to a Zulu army. It lived on the land, as it passed, soldiers on active service being by law entitled to demand or seize whatsoever they would. From the army manœuvring about the Túkela valley, small parties of lawless youths were wont to take French leave and go out on the spree, creating much havoc among the neighbouring kraals.

The Ngcolosis were often pestered by such bands of hooligans; but luckily they possessed, not only a king by way of ornament, but also a very serviceable tribal strong-man, who was highly respected by the enemy. His name was Njikiza, son of Cuba, and his massive knobkerry, which did most of the service, he had nicknamed Nohlolamazibuko (Miss Look-after-the-fords, that no undesirable immigrant may cross). His special sport was hunting leopards. Having discovered one's lair, he would crawl up to it on his knees, whining like a new-born babe. Mistaking him for such, the leopard would pounce upon him; whereat he would grab it up and crush it like a fly! Nobody ever ventured to discuss a matter with him; for he invariably settled all arguments with his club.

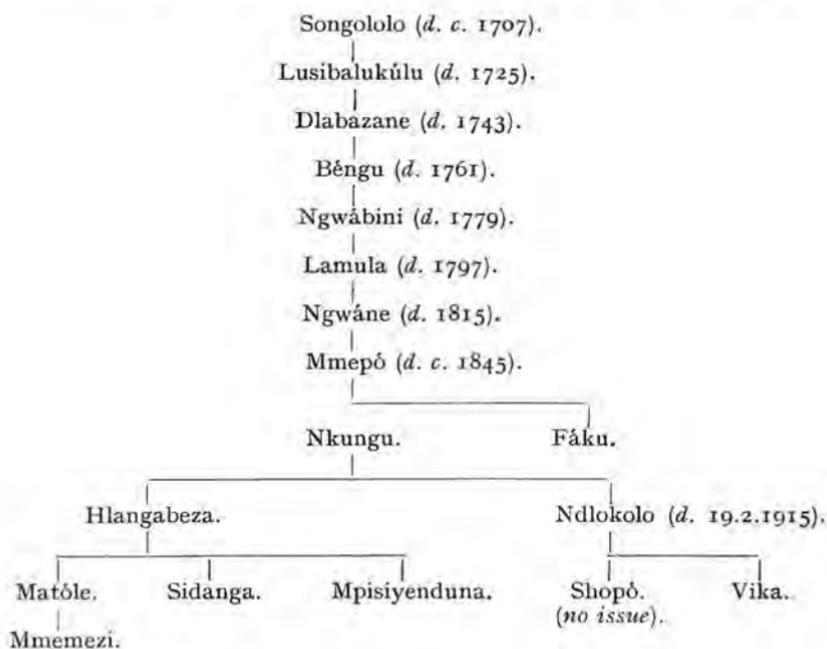
One day such a party of Zulu hooligans chanced to raid his kraal during his absence; and he, during their presence, chanced to return. He heard the row of the women while still at the gate, and, dealing the ground a thundering blow with his club, he growled portentously, "Nohlolamazibuko (his club) is hungry to-day; and she shall have her fill." But the Zulus, overhearing the observation, thought otherwise, and, before he had gained the top of the kraal, had vanished over the fence.

But the tables were turned at last. A party of Zulus alighted upon him alone in a forest. After having laid twenty of them in the dust, "Now," said he, "you may kill me. I have already spread out for myself a mat whereon to rest. I shall be laid out upon men" (after the custom of chiefs). And the spears they

thrust into every part of his body bristled like reeds thick in a morass.⁸

What Shaka deigned to spare, that Dingane, an equally hateful despot, must needs destroy. In January, 1838, Dingane had massacred Retief and party at the emGúngundlovu kraal; then massacred their wives and children awaiting their return on the Bushman's and Blaauwkrantz rivers in Natal. The slaughter at these latter places finished, the Zulus repaired home with some 20,000 cattle. Taking the direct route to Dingane's kraal, they must needs traverse Ngcolosi territory. In that vicinity they forded the Túkela. But on the following day, Maritz had mustered a commando of 50 Boers and hastened in pursuit. They too must needs pass through Ngcolosi territory, and from them got information of the Zulus' movements and were so enabled to recapture such of the cattle as had not yet been got across the flooded river.

Conscious of having so dangerously compromised themselves, and informed of rumours that Dingane's suspicions were already focussed upon them, the Ngcolosis were not slow to see that it was time to go. With wives and cattle they set off forthwith, southwards. Not a moment too soon; for Dingane's punitive force was actually on their heels. They were overtaken and many of their number slain. The rest, leaving their cattle to hold the foe's



attention, sped out of sight into the broken country of the mid-Mngéni valley (below the umQeku stream). There old Mmepó was permitted to die in peace.

But peace did not long survive him. Nkungu was his heir, and Nkungu was killed by Dingane without having named a successor. He left two boys, Ndlokolo and Hlangabeza, as usual, to fight it out. Meanwhile, Fáku, Nkungu's brother, took command. But when Ndlokolo and Hlangabeza had grown to man's estate, each proclaimed himself the senior of the other. The British Government, imbued with all the wisdom of the Bible, clove the prize in twain, and gave to each a half.⁹

¹ Sollas, *A.H.*, 222, 347-9, 487. ² Bird, *A.N.*, I., 54, 59, 73.

³ Drury's *Narrative*, 441.

⁴ Evidence of Grout and Fynn before *Native Commission*, 1852.

⁵ Bird, *A.N.*, I., 103.

⁶ Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, I., 54.

⁷ *K.R.*, 136.

⁸ Callaway, *R.S.*, 165.

⁹ See Stuart, *K.*, 116.

CHAPTER 48

THE TÚKELA CAMPAIGN (1821-22)

IN spite of the crushing weight of duties, responsibilities and worries incumbent on an autocrat governing so heterogeneous and turbulent a multitude of clans, Shaka still found time and pleasure in marching at the head of his troops to further triumphs. Thus it was we now find him (1821-22) conducting the Túkela campaign in person. Flushed with new hopes, he entered into Kábelaland.

The **emaKábeleni** established a unique fame for themselves as the dwarf among the clans. In reality they were but a small colony of settlers from some larger clan, with a domicile in the Túkela valley hardly long enough to ensure significant numbers. But which that parent-clan really was, is uncertain. Some claim for them a relationship with the ema-Ngwáneni (136); and the presence in their immediate vicinity of the Bomvu people (518), who certainly did migrate from Ngwáne-land, would support such a claim. Others, again, assert a connection with the eLangeni (125); and here, too, the fact of the Kábelas sporting 'Dlomo' as their *isiTákazelo*, would tend to confirm the assertion. Anyway, these rumours point all in the one direction, namely, that the Kábelas were of an origin differing from that of those around them. Further than that we cannot safely go.

The *Makáye* people, some of whom allied themselves to the Kábelas, were in reality members of the **emaDekeni** clan (486), the original inhabitants of those parts prior to the Kábela arrival.

The habitat of the emaKábeleni, in and prior to Shaka's time, was along the Túkela bank above and immediately contiguous to the Ngcolosis, and their king, or rather regent, was one, Fábase, son of Kópó, of Mkúlu. Magédama, however, was Kópó's heir, but, being a minor, his elder brother, Fábase, temporarily took over the management. So soon as Magédama attained his majority, Fábase passed into honourable retirement near the Hlimbítwá river along with his private entourage. Mngcangca was Fábase's heir, and Kutula that of Mngcangca.

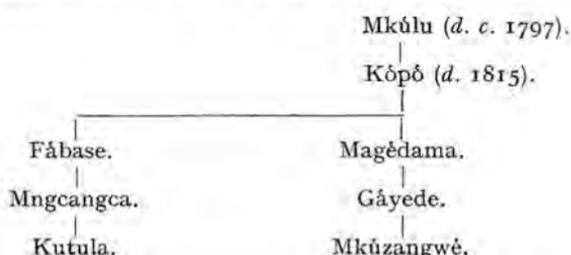
Like the emaTúlini, the emaKábeleni held their country uninterruptedly against all invaders and in spite of continued suffering. About the year 1821, Shaka cast abroad his capacious net and dragged the Túkela valley. All was grist that came to Shaka's mill, and, having disposed of the Ngcobo whale, he did not despise the Kábela sprat. The Kábelas were few indeed, but patriotic out of all proportion. Rather than throw up their hands and down their arms, they quietly retired into their jungle stronghold and, unseen, looked on. The result was amusing. The Zulu host had been given to understand it was an expedition of conquest against the Kábela clan, and now upon arrival the Kábela clan turned out to consist of one solitary man idiotically stranded on the veld. The blood-thirsty host greeted him with a yell of amusement, and immediately honoured him by elevating him to a perpetual byword—whenever, henceforth, they would impress on one the vastness of numbers, they would ask indignantly, *Kanti uti ngumuntu munye yini, njengakwaFábase na* (do you then think it is a case of one sole mortal, as at Fabase's)? Needless to say, the Kábelas were quite all there, interested spectators of the pantomime. Anyway, the one-man clan turned out not entirely lacking in wealth, of which the Zulus at once relieved him. This disagreeable contretemps brought the Kábelas instantly out of their castle, and, in recognition of their great renown as trappers, Shaka was pleased to permit their continuance in the land as purveyors of blue-monkey (*inTsimango*) and genet (*inTsimbá*) furs for the royal wardrobe.

A season elapsed, when Zihlandlo, the eMbó chief on the other side of the river, either as a matter of private enterprise or, at any rate, with Shaka's sanction, forded the Túkela and invaded Kábelaland, and erected near by his Nyakenye kraal. But his invasion had to confine itself to an occupation of the vacant kraal-sites—an occupation by no means comfortable, 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 emaKâbeleni, now for years persistently beleaguered in the wretched fortress of the bush. With Dingane, the succeeding Zulu king, Zihlandlo of the eMbós 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 emaKâbeleni; for the only change now apparent was that, in place of eMbós, they had, what was perhaps worse, a colony of actual Zulus establishing themselves in their midst, with Manjanja, of Ntlambêla, as district headman. And yet they themselves, suffering every deprivation, continued clinging to their motherland, unconquered and obstinately irremovable.

With the simultaneous accession of the more peaceful Mpande (1840) and the arrival of the Boers, a more tranquil era was ushered in for sorely stricken Lalaland. At last, at last the emaKâbeleni patriots (or such as survived of them after twenty years of imprisonment) were enabled to emerge from their sylvan dungeons, dank and foul, and unmolested to bask once more in the sun. And we trust they are basking still, under their hereditary chieftain, Mkúzangwé, heir to Gáyede, Magédama's son.



No doubt much chagrined over the fiasco in Kâbelaland, Shaka pressed on in hopes of better sport ahead. He crossed the Kâbela borders and entered the Pêpétá domain.

In endeavouring to solve the problem of tribal origins, we are constantly confronted with most annoying flies in the ointment.

The emaPêpétêni folk are generally accounted members of the *Lala* family (of Tóngá-Ngúnis), and we would like to credit them as such; but then we hear that they followed the custom of 'roasting' (i.e. fire-drying) their dead.

ema-
Pêpétêni

Now, this was a practice entirely alien to the Lalas, but characteristic of the Dlaminis. Of course, the Pépétá country—immediately above that of the Kábelas and extending as far as the *ũPiso* (ōPisweni) mount—stood virtually on the border-line between the Dlamini and the Lala fields. The Pépétás might therefore easily have been either Dlamini-ized Lalas or Lala-ized Dlaminis; but which they really were we will not venture to decide. Their instinctive bias seems to favour a Lala relationship.

When the Zulu army entered Pépétáland (c. 1821) Mshika was on the throne—Mshika (alias Mapínda), son of Kóndlwane (? Mndlovu), of Dliwa, of Mkóndo, of Nombánjwa. And his throne was the summit of the ōPisweni mount. This mount was a valuable tribal acquisition. Solitary and of conspicuous height, its top was formed of a four-faced perpendicular escarpment. This was the clan's stronghold, to which they immediately betook themselves when scared; and very much scared they were on this present occasion. The rocky cliff was scaled by means of a ladder, up which the pots of water and baskets of foodstuffs from the fields on the slopes below were carefully passed. Everything and everybody at the top, up went the ladder too. Shaka looked up at the castle and the 'baboons' peering at him from the top, with considerable interest.

General Shaka was never so happy as when faced with a hard military nut to crack. So he encamped his army on a suitable spot near by, sat himself down and leisurely worked out the problem. In a short time the solution was before him: he had espied the vulnerable point in the ramparts. At early dawn, he thundered abroad the word of command, 'Up, lads, and at 'em.' So up swarmed the lads, up the hillside, then up the perpendicular path, in one endless line, with shields overlapping above their heads in Cæsar's best *testudo* style, regardless of the showers of javelins and stones. Clambering on to the summit, the Pépétá encampment was rushed and every soul, including the valiant chief, Mshika, driven headlong to death over those very precipices they had thought would be their sure protection.

But few succeeded in scrambling down alive; and these, with those who had not gone up, dispersed in all directions. Many were captured by the Zulus and led off by them into captivity. Others, with Mshika's son, Majiya (*j* pronounced as in French), dived into the adjacent bush. There henceforth they led the life of wild beasts, even as their neighbours, the Kábelas.

But even now they were not safe. A season or two passed, then Zihlandlo came, the eMbó chief, from over the Túkela, routed them out and completed the ruin of what Shaka had left unwrecked, erecting his own Nyakenye kraal two miles from

ōPisweni. Majiya was slain and his people driven entirely from the land. These latter now resolved to turn their backs on Blackman's Land and to seek protection with the whites in Durban. So off they tramped, with Myeka, Majiya's son, as leader, towards the sea and then south along the coast.

It was while migrating thus, that Bafáko, child of Myeka's deceased brother, Mgwáduyana, contracted an ugly ulcer on his thigh. Despite the best medicaments, the sore grew ever worse and larger. Then one day, as the child lay sleeping in the temporary shelter, a *mamba* snake came in. The inmates, terror-stricken, fled, fearing the child was doomed; but the snake, heedless of the commotion, calmly proceeded to the child, placed its mouth a short while on the sore, then turned round and left. A so weird occurrence could be interpreted only by the oracle. But the pythoness allayed all fears. "It is your chief" (Majiya), she said, "come to heal the child of his son." And verily, the ulcer henceforward healed and the child regained its health. And all the way as they travelled forward, the protecting snake continuously reappeared and crossed with them each river, even unto the Table Mount (*emKámbátini*, south of the mid-Mngéni), where Myeka and his party settled, and their guardian-angel with them.

Not all, however, proceeded to the Table Mount. A party, headed by Macala, clung to the original scheme and, reaching Port Natal, entered Ogle's service.

Other some, again, grew homesick, and, in face of every danger, risked repairing to the homeland. They retook possession of their ōPisweni castle, some twenty men in all, with wives and children. In December, 1826, Isaacs went to see them. "I was told," he says, "they were a desperate body of people, and would most likely attack me, as my force was so inferior. My object was to try to get them to engage with me in a compact of friendship, to leave their secluded abode, and take up their residence under my protection. I set off to this extraordinary spot, and after travelling over a hilly, stony and disagreeable country, arrived within a mile of the abode of this persecuted tribe. I sent two of my boys to reconnoitre and hail them, and, if possible, induce them, or some of them, to come and meet me; but all would not do. They were apprehensive that it was a design to entice them from their abode and security, as had been done before, when, under the cloak and assurance of friendship, they had been induced to send people to their neighbours, who always massacred them. Finally, however, I went myself, when they all came to the margin of the precipice, and exclaimed that I could not be a human being, as they had never seen one like me

before. All my efforts to induce them to come to me were unavailing ; and, on my attempting to approach a part which I thought I could ascend, they told me that they would destroy me, and make me food for the hyænas. I said I wished them to understand that I was a friend to the distressed, and came to offer them protection ; but, if they were hostile, I could kill them every one as they stood. At this they appeared to be jocose, or to treat with indifference what I said ; consequently I fired a musket over their heads, which occasioned a panic, and they retired without my having been able to bring them to converse with me." ¹

At length, in 1839, the flight of Mpande into Natal opened the gates of redemption to those of the brethren who for twenty years had lingered in captivity among the Zulus. As occasion offered for escape, they betook themselves, some to the headquarters of their surviving chief at Table Mount, others to their relatives under Macala between the Lovu and the Mlazi.

Meanwhile, chief Myeka (which, being interpreted, signifieth Mr. Let-alone) flourished in peace and plenty in the Mngéni valley, until the Boers arrived (1839) and demarcated farms round Bushman's Rand (Maritzburg). Then he made a discovery. He discovered that, despite his name, he could not gaze on the beautiful Dutch kine grazing around him and let them alone. The attraction was positively irresistible. So, from time to time, he so manœuvred things, that numbers of them somehow found their way into his own kraal. But after the cattle came the Dutchmen ; and immediately the spell was broken. Myeka never felt so happy as when he knew a score or so of miles separated him from those miserable cows. Out by the back door, he sprinted down the Mngéni valley till, his feet worn out, he sat him down beneath the eNanda mount and pondered. " No," he cried, " I will not go to a country by the sea. I shall stay here and eat grasshoppers." And stay he did. Then soon got ill—perhaps an overdose of grasshoppers ; and, in his sleep, an angry voice accosted him, " Why didst thou forsake thy father (the *mamba* snake, which, in the hurry, had been left behind at Table Mount) ? He is calling them all. Let them return." To which Myeka and his people replied, that they were not taking any—so long as the Boers were there. So they remained. But nothing happened. And they may be found there still, ruled by Káamngwé, Myeka's son.

But some of them, hearkening to the call, returned—not, to be sure, to the Table Mount, but to the homeland. Among them was one, Ngqokwane, who planted his hut on the one side of a stream, with king Majiya's old emZimvubu kraal-site on the other.

And as Ngqokwane lay asleep at night, behold, the lord called unto him—and the lord was the chief, Majiya—saying, “ Ngqokwane, go thou and build me a bridge across the stream, that I may cross thereby and get to a (civilized) habitation ; for I am sore distressed by the cold (out here on the veld).” And Ngqokwane and his sons felled *imiNgá* and *imSenge* trees and laid them across the stream and strewed earth upon them.

Now, at sundown Ngqokwane’s herd-boy brought home the cattle from the veld, and thereafter went to bar the entrance to the kraal. But as he took the cross-poles in his hands, he found he could not lift them. Looking for the cause, he beheld a huge snake slumbering upon them. He shouted the alarm ; but his father, coming, said, “ Nay, do not bar the gate ; it is the chief. Did he not tell us to make for him a bridge that he might come ? ” Thereupon father and father’s mother burst forth into a panegyric of ancestral praise.

Well, the great ancestral spirit being now out of the cold in a cosy home, they all lived happy ever after—at least until the nasty Ngóza came along, Sir Theophilus Shepstone’s messenger, with a writ of ejection. Then, miserable them, cast on the cheerless veld once more, they moved away into the void. And the spirit of their king lay again shivering and forlorn out in the cold ³

Nombánjwa (*d. c.* 1749).

|
Mkóndo (*d.* 1767).

|
Dliwa (*d.* 1785).

|
Kóndlwane (? Mndlovu) (*d.* 1803).

|
Mshika (Mapinda) (*d.* 1821).

|
Majiya (*d.* 1822).

|
Myeka.

|
Kámangwé.

¹ *T.E.A.*, I., 178.

² Callaway, *R.S.*, 205-9.

CHAPTER 49

THE FOREIGN QUARTER AT TUKELA JUNCTION (1822)

WHERE the Túkela and Mzinyati waters meet, a clump of intruding clans had thrust themselves, different in origin from those about them, and whose origin was obscure. Ncamus and emaDekeni, Bomvus, Zondis and Nxamalalas were all of that ilk.

The first to come on the scene were the Ncamus and the emaDekeni. As a matter of fact, we hear nothing of their coming, nor whence they came—they were simply found there Ncamu in the beginning. The *aba-kwa-Ncamu*, though themselves utterly insignificant in numbers, were nevertheless successful in imposing their particular 'culture' on the more superior people, e.g. the Bomvus and Latás, who subsequently became their neighbours. They were the *fons et origo* of that *iNdiki* custom afterwards adopted by these latter people, forced no doubt by circumstances to draw upon the Ncamus largely for their wives.

The best we can make of Ncamu origins is to suppose that they were a Bushmanized fragment of the large emaZizini tribe (353) under the Drakensberg, these latter having been the very earliest of the Bantu to reach these parts. For the *iNdiki* custom is a distinctly Bushman tribal-mark, sure sign of an infusion, direct or indirect, of Bushman blood, as we have already stated (501). The *Shelembé* sub-clan have simplified the tribal-mark into a mere incision on the left little finger (the latter remaining whole).

The Ncamus were, traditionally, an uncommonly simple, artless, happy-go-lucky folk, no great shakes at work or war, and therein much reminding us of the neighbouring emaDekeni, another species of local aboriginals—perhaps, indeed, both of the same original stock—of whom we have already spoken (486). The principal industry of the Ncamus was, we are told, to make up loaves of boiled maize-bread—the emaDekeni, we know, were in possession of maize already before the Nxamalalas arrived—and then go out for a loafing picnic on the veld, spending their leisure hours counting up (as far as they could) the red *ubuTumushé* ants swarming along before them.

While these artless savages were thus deluding themselves with the fable that safety lay in the simple life, a more sophisticated customer came along and purloined their country.

Their country, we may say, was the pretty stretch of landscape between the *ĒQūdeni* forest and the *Tūkela*; and the name of the artful dodger was, let us say, Mr. Mbomvu, son (or at any rate, descendant) of one, *Ngūbane*. This, we may add, was merely his professional pseudonym; his real name has never been revealed. Certainly it was not Mbomvu; for his descendant clan was never known (as in such a case it certainly would have been) as the 'aba-kwa-Mbomvu,' and much less as the 'emaMbomvini,' but always and only as the **ema-Bomvini** (the Reddish or Red-earth People).

This undesirable immigrant described himself as a truant from the *emaNgwāneni* people, away in the *Vryheid* district (136), and, if he spoke the truth, he must have been, like them, of *Ntungwa-Ngūni* extraction. Why a truant, it were perhaps best not to ask—as likely as not he was some special brand of *umTākati* (villain), as truants mostly were. Anyhow, he made no bones about trespassing on other people's lands, and then, by a subtle scheme of super-generous beer and meat-feasts, of wheedling over the fealty of the landlords themselves, usurping their country and proclaiming himself their king, while they complacently looked on.

Below is as much as we can trace of Mr. Mbomvu's very doubtful antecedents:—

Ncukumane (*d. c. 1712*).
 |
 Nomafū (*d. 1730*).
 |
 Ngógózabantu (*d. 1748*).
 |
 Myaluza (*d. 1766*).
 |
 Ndlovu (*d. 1784*).
 |
 Matomela (*d. 1802*).
 |
 Nzombāne (*d. 1820*)
 |
 Somahashi.
 |
 Mawele.
 |
 Nyoniyezwe.

The list is safe only as far as Ndlovu. Beyond that, the names are given in any and every order, with a *Nyonemnyama* and a *Nomapkela* occasionally thrown in to add weight. From this fact we would like to believe that the Bomvus first reached the *Tūkela* country during Ndlovu's days (1766-84).

After having duly absorbed the finger-amputated Ncamu men and carried off all their finger-amputated daughters to become Bomvu mothers, the Bomvu clan very soon became itself finger-amputated, without having had any direct intercourse itself with the Bushmen. Somehow we come to hear later on that intermarriage became tabu, not only with the emaNgwáneni, but also with the Ncamus and, strangely, with the emaZizini. It is this last fact that leads us to believe that these Ncamus must have been a section of the Zizi tribe.

But no tabu barred the way to intermarriage with the neighbouring eMbós. When Shaka ascended the Zulu throne, Nzombáne was the reigning emaBomvini monarch; and one day Nzombáne was surprised, we cannot say was pleased, to be informed that a daughter of Zihlandlo, the eMbó chief, had come to court his hand in matrimony. Unwise virgin, she had come too late—all Nzombáne's love had already been monopolized by another girl, a daughter of Jobe, the Sitóle chief. All her blandishments and caresses made Nzombáne only shiver; so the females of the house smothered her with ashes (as token of her rejection) and sent her home. What the sequel was we have already related (411).

After the alarming collapse of the great emaCúnwini clan near by (1821), and with the happy results of Zihlandlo's more tactful submission before him, Nzombáne felt it was high time he should secure his own and his kingdom's safety. So he hurried off to see things for himself and to placate the Zulu ogre on eMbó lines before too late. But Shaka was very astute, and maybe had already received unfavourable reports from the sycophant, Zihlandlo, still smarting with the rebuff of his proffered daughter. When, therefore, Nzombáne arrived 'to see' the Zulu despot, "So, come to see, forsooth!" snarled Shaka; "then relieve him of his eyes; we want no spies here." And the operation was instantly and expeditiously performed. Anxious about his failure to return, Nzombáne's faithful servant proceeded to the royal precincts to make inquiries. "Oh!" they said, "he is but sleeping over there," and led him off, too, for the major operation for his impertinence.

Subsequently Nzombáne was secretly escorted home and abandoned in a wood near by the spring whence the family drew their water. There they discovered him; but such was the consternation caused by this ominous outrage, that the clan forthwith vacated hearth and home and went into hiding in the eQúdeni forest. Soon there they felt unsafe; so swinging their babes upon their backs and their household goods upon their heads, the whole clan moved down *en masse*, forded the broad torrent of the Túkela

and sought hospitality and alliance with the Nxamalala folk beyond.

When, then, soon after, the Pépétá conquest finished, as related (513), Shaka entered Nxamalala-land, Nxamalalas and Bomvus, now learned with experience, welcomed him unitedly with profusest protestations of submission, and so won for themselves a further term of unmolested occupation of their homes, even so long as Shaka lived.

Then (1828) Dingane succeeded to the throne, and inaugurated his accession by destroying all whom Shaka favoured. In due course came the turn of Shaka's friend, Zihlandlo, living near by, with his treacherous assassination and the flight of the eMbó people (1833). This made the Nxamalalas nervous, and they decided to follow suit, and the Bomvus with them. Their little plan somehow reached Dingane's ears—probably through his local consul, Sotobe, son of Mpangalala, stationed near by on the eNadi stream. A Zulu army was accordingly sent in pursuit. But the Bomvus got away in two separate parties, one of which headed towards the Mpofane river, the other towards the Whites in Durban. The latter party, reaching the eNanda mount (by the lower Mngéni), came into conflict with the Zelemu chief, Mbéshu, there in occupation. In the fight the latter was slain and the Bomvus came to rest in his country. Under British rule they were moved to the Greytown district, and are still there, governed by Nyoniyezwe, son of Mawele, of Somahashi, of Nzombáne.

Snugly ensconced in the nook formed by the great Túkela bend and the Mooi river (the River Beautiful of the early Dutch), dwelt, under their chieftain, Matomela, son of Shisa, **Nxamalala** of Magèbé, of Mndlovu, of Zitó, of Mapúma, of Dzana, perchance of Zuma, the **aba-kwa-Nxamalala** (or People of Nxamalala).

They were a brother-clan of the Zondis farther up the eNadi stream. The origin of both clans is the same, but is obscure. While some declare they were a very early offshoot of the TóngaN-gúni Dlaminis, the weight of evidence would seem to support the tradition that they were rather some variety of Sutú, of the Pedi-Tlokwa group (some think related to the Memelas, p. 350), which, in turn, was an offshoot of the baKhatla, themselves a section of the baHúrutsi.* They claim to have been a senior house among the baTlokwa—every contestant, of course, claims superiority over his rival—but they were driven from their country and their rights by a more powerful usurper, at what period it is no longer possible to say.

* Ellenberger, *H.B.*, 31-2.

So they moved away over the Drakensberg, tramped along down-country till they came to the Túkela, which they crossed and found themselves in the country of Mnikadi, chief of the **ema-Dekeni**, of which Arcadian simpletons we have already spoken (486). Yet simple though these latter were, the Nxamalalas were pleased to learn from them the art of planting maize, a cereal they had previously never seen. Before long, the Nxamalalas were not only eating maize, but had also 'eaten up' their country and assimilated as well a big slice of the emaDekeni clan, the remainder going off to be absorbed by the Kâbelas.

There for generations the Nxamalalas had dwelt in undisturbed tranquillity, when suddenly a bolt from the blue announced the approaching cataclysm—their land was flooded by terrified fugitives from Bomvuland, and Beelzebub himself was reported actually stealing up the Túkela valley to devour them. They were inevitably doomed. What should they do to save themselves? Plainly nothing other than make friends with Beelzebub. So when Shaka ere long strode straight into their house, they obsequiously kowtowed and, without further ado, were tied to the tail of the Zulu nation (1821).

As pledge of his fealty, Matomela handed over his heir, Sigúqa (? Sondaba), with other youths to Shaka's paternal keeping. Alas! the heir met with an early death from disease in his new king's service on one of the northern expeditions; whereupon Msholozì, the family's eldest son, in defiance of the prior right of Sigúqa's younger full-brother, Lugáju, still a child, usurped the chieftainship.

Throughout the whole of Shaka's reign, the Nxamalalas were vouchsafed the uncommon grace of being left untouched amidst the encircling ruin. But for all such as they, the accession of Dingane spelled imminent destruction. They had recently beheld Zihlandlo, their very next-door neighbour, treacherously killed and his people fleeing to the south. Msholozì, in consultation with his elders, decided that instant action was imperative, and the command went forth of 'Southward ho!' But the plan was bungled and got noised abroad. For Dingane had both eyes and ears installed within their very neighbourhood in the person of his local consul, Sotobe, of Mpangalala, there by on the Nadi stream. Thus it came to pass that, before the Nxamalalas had even reached where Greytown at present stands, a Zulu army was upon them, their chief, Msholozì, was slain and they themselves were being driven back home again like sheep before the wolves. There they resigned themselves to their fate, and continued for a term to endure in a very mortified and crestfallen state (1833).

Lugáju, however, half-brother of Msholozì, was of more determined mettle. With a party of similarly resolute clansmen, he disappeared from the scene. They reappeared at the Zwartkop (near Maritzburg), and thereabout led a quiet and secluded life till, six years later (1839), the Boers arrived. Immediately thereafter Mpande revolted, and the sway of Dingane in Natal ceased for ever.

In the universal disorder that followed the break-up of the Zulu nation, the Nxamalalas found themselves at last masters of their fate and free to move without fear or impediment. Left on the Tùkela, by Lugáju's flight, with neither head nor leader—Msholozì's heir, Mnyakanya, being still a minor—the clan availed itself of the first opportunity to shift its camp and betake itself to the Zwartkop, where henceforth it continued to dwell in peace under Lugáju and, later, his son, Mafáhleni. The house of Msholozì never more regained its headship of the clan.



The names prior to Magébé are doubtful. Some think Sigúqa and Sondaba were different individuals, Sondaba being heir.

Down from the uplands ran a stream, through Nxamalalaland, into the Tùkela. The stream was called the iNadi (*loc. eNadi*), and along the upper banks of that stream dwelt a clan, likewise called eNadi. Was the stream named after the clan; or the clan after the stream? None now can tell.

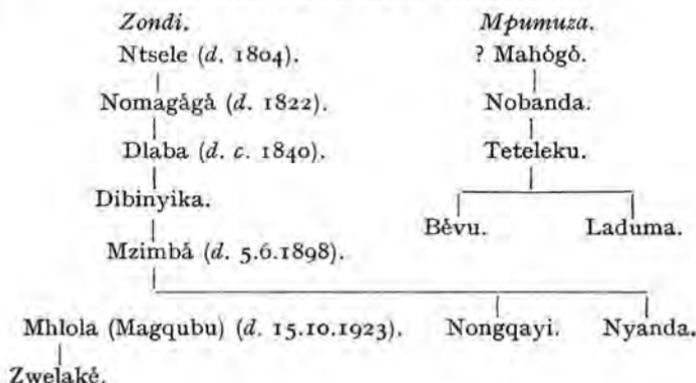
These **aba-s-eNadi** folk (the People of the iNadi), *alias* the **aba-kwa-Zondi** (the People of Zondi), were in origin one with the adjoining Nxamalalas (of whom we have just related), emigrants from the same Sutú tribe, most likely of Pedi-Tlokwa strain. They descended from the same place, at the same time, for the same reason, as the Nxamalalas : they were brothers.

Nomagágá, son of Ntsele, was their reigning monarch when Shaka paid them his unwelcome visit (probably during the campaign, 1821, we are here considering). But so overwhelmed was the Nadi monarch by the approaching majesty and might, that he and his people instantly fled into the woods. The Zulus, however, were too quick for their cows, which were promptly attached as penalty for their lack of hospitality. To lose their cows was the cruelest cut of all, and, thus chastened, the Zondis emerged from their hiding and demurely surrendered.

The shock must have proven too powerful for poor Nomagágá ; for shortly afterwards we find the clan breaking up and dispersing —evidently he was gone. Some persisted in the old country under Dlaba, his son ; some went off with the Zulus ; others allied themselves with their cousins, the Nxamalalas.

Prior to the year 1837, the remnant of the clan had decided to follow the Nxamalala example and betake themselves to the Zwartkop region (near Maritzburg). Then the intruding Boers appeared, and Dlaba, falling foul of them, was slain for his temerity. Still the Zondis persisted where they were, under his son, Dibinyeka (or Dibinyika), father of Mzimbá, father of Magqubu (Mhlola) ; and they are still there.

The **aba-kwa-Mpumuzu**, dwelling along the Mpanza river under Nobanda, son of (?) Mahógó, were a sub-clan of the Zondis ; as the *aba-kwa-Madlala* under Njenje, of Sehêle, at the **Mpumuzu** junction of the Mpanza and the Mooi, were of the Mpumuzas. While most of these people migrated with their relatives, the Zondis, to the Zwartkop and were ruled there by Nobanda's son, Teteleku, father of Bévu and Laduma, some of them, under Jangeni, son of Maqenge, tenaciously clung to their old fatherland, till white-skinned 'farmers' came along and robbed them of it. The Madlalas of Njenje, however, migrated first to the vicinity of the Table Mountain (south of mid-Mngéni), and by 1852 had progressed as far as the country between the Mzumbé and the Mzimkúlu, where they were headed by Lugáju, son of (?) Zilingana, of Majola.



CHAPTER 50

HLONGWA, MAPÚMULO AND CO. (1823)

LALALAND embraced both sides of the great Túkela valley, as well as the heights enclosing it. The Ngcobo tribe (477) held the monopoly of the northern bank. Another large tribe of Lalas, divided into several closely related clans, had annexed for themselves the tract of country stretching from the opposite (or southern) bank away to and beyond the Mvoti. The tribe consisted in the main of two equal branches, named respectively the Hlongwas and the Mapúmulos, both of the same origin and now settled side by side, though each independent of the other.

It is no longer clear whether the correct designation of this clan was **aba-kwa-Hlongwa** (the People of Hlongwa), **aba-s-emaHlongwa** (They of the amaHlongwa Stream—a southern sub-tributary of the Túkela, where they were settled) or **amaHlongwa** (the Hlongwas, *loc.* emaHlongweni). However, these people, in Shaka's time, were divided into two sections distantly located from each other. The senior house occupied a site on the southern bank of the Mvoti river, about its confluence with the Hlimbitwá. Zwebu was their reigning chief, son of Mlanjana.

The junior house, which came into greater historical prominence, was ruled by Mjulela, son of Mndindela, of Gábisa, of Zukela, of Lange, and was settled on the emaHlongwa stream entering the Mpíse (south tributary of the Túkela), immediately opposite the Nyuswas. That fact proved unfortunate; for the latter, being in considerable numbers and multiplying apace, were just

now somewhat confined for space. They were looking around for new colonies, and the Hlongwas over the way obstructed their vision and blocked the road to expansion. The remedy was obvious. Siháyo, the Nyuswa chief, came over the river and demanded that the Hlongwa rights to so desirable a piece of territory be submitted to arbitration—the arbitrament of arms. Might, as ever, decided the right, and the defeated Hlongwas skedaddled away to their elder brothers on the Mvoti, who had to feed them for the rest of the year. For Siháyo had timed his coming to the moment when the crops were ripe for reaping, and his people now gathered in a harvest which they had not sown. The new Hlongwa arrivals were allocated a reserve on the south bank of the Mvoti, below the Hlimbitwá junction.

The whole Hlongwa family was thus once again reunited, and might have lived happy ever after, had not Shaka appeared on the scene a few years later (c. 1822). On this occasion, grown wiser by experience, they offered no remonstrance, but discreetly acted on the poet's aphorism, and ran away.

The united clan now embarked on an extended tour of south Natal. The amaNzintoti river (south of Durban) was the first spot that struck their fancy; but the local owners of the soil, the amaTúli, struck them in quite another way, and they found it advisable to move out of Túliland and pitch their tents over the border at the Mkómazi. The country there not being to their taste, they struck camp once more, and plodded along till they reached the Mzinkúlu. This they crossed, to explore what was beyond. Discovering they had fallen into a hornet's-nest, they hurried back over the river and retraced their steps as far as the Mzumbé. Tired after their long tramp, here they recouped a while. Then onward again—homeward bound, of course—they recrossed the Mkómazi and entered Túliland once more. "What! back again?" roared Magéla, son of Nkolongo, the local Túli consul; and, helped along by a little forceful persuasion, the Hlongwas had to 'right about' forthwith. So back they trudged to the Mzumbé.

While wondering here what next to do, a gentleman of shady antecedents, named Lukulimbá, arrived and sought their hospitality. Branded with the capital crime of cowardice in the Zulu army, the visitor had anticipated sentence by taking a trip south for the benefit of his health. A real Zulu warrior was an acquisition to the unsophisticated Hlongwas, and they instantly proclaimed him generalissimo. Guided by his wits and inspired by his example, they were one day amazed to find themselves actually victorious, and ere long they accumulated quite a wealth of plundered stock, thanks to the art and science of Lukulimbá.

In such a way did this latter, not only cover himself with local glory, but also secure rehabilitation with Shaka, who, hearing of his prowess, invited him back to favour. Lukulimbá went back—but only as far as the Mloti, where, on Verulam site, he thought it more prudent to remain. Shaka gone, Lukulimbá sought to curry favour with Dingane by carrying tales to him concerning the Europeans at the Port. The outcome of this was a corresponding fall in grace with the latter, who were aware of his intrigues. Lukulimbá at length, it is said, conceived the idea of killing H. Fynn; but Fynn took time by the forelock and shot him.

When Lukulimbá left the Mzumbé, the Hlongwa people insisted on accompanying their hero. But they, on their part, would not trust themselves nearer Shaka than the émbókodweni river. There they came to the conclusion that Whiteman's service was preferable to bondage with the Zulus, and they offered themselves as good and faithful subjects to pioneer H. Fynn (*c.* 1825).

It was on Sunday, 8th August, 1830, when, prayers having been duly read, Isaacs and Company were aroused by a most alarming report—the Zulu army was among the Hlongwas, 'on the banks of the river Umpocote'; 'everybody was in great and unspeakable consternation'; 'the females were in the act of fastening their children to their backs, and getting their materials collected for proceeding to the thickets for security.' H. Fynn, the Hlongwa king, being absent trading for ivory on the Mkómazi, Isaacs appointed himself deputy-commander-in-chief, marshalled his forces and hastened to the Hlongwa relief. Arrived on the field of battle, he discovered that the 'Zulu army' consisted of 'two persons with shields and spears!' Thus befooled, Isaacs immediately condemned the Hlongwas to drastic 'salutary punishment,' but deferred application till king Fynn himself should return.

Meanwhile, however, the phantom Zulu army had actually materialized, returning from its first vain effort to bag the Báca chief, Ncapáyi (399). The army—or rather the few stragglers whom Isaacs saw—were 'nearly exhausted from hunger, and apparently in a pitiful state of starvation.' Upon application to him for help, he palmed them off on to the Hlongwa chieftain, 'Umjuleler.' While still awaiting a lusty yell of 'grace after meals,' he heard instead 'the death howl of natives,' and poor Umjuleler had become extinct. A Zulu warrior, it appeared, had demanded a sleeping-mat, which one of Mjulela's boys had declined to deliver and then been beaten for his insolence. This brought the royal father to the rescue, who, daring to expostulate, had been summarily dealt with.

Soon after the month of June, in the year 1833, Dingane's army returned from its second expedition into Ncapayi's country beyond the Mzimkúlu. As it approached Durban a false alarm was raised that it intended attacking that European village and now already large Kafir settlement. Without any apparent cause, the Zulus were attacked by the refugee Natives at the Bay, under the leadership of certain Whites. 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 Mzimkúlu. In the following of Fynn went also the Hlongwa people.

When Fynn returned from the Mzimkúlu after his flight from Dingane, the Hlongwas had considered it too risky to accompany him, and 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 Mzumbé.

Joli, Mjulela's heir, had not been at home when his father was murdered—he was a warrior in the very army that had murdered him. Upon Mpande's revolt (1839), Joli found the long-wished-for opportunity of escaping from Zulu thralldom, and he rejoined his people on the Mzumbé.

This reappearance of their young chieftain induced the Mjulela Hlongwas to reassert their independence. Wishing the senior branch, of Zwebu, farewell, they moved away, first, to the emaHlongwa river (south coast of Natal) as subjects of the local British pioneers; then, upon the establishment of a British Government, to their original home on the emaHlongwa (tributary of the Mpise, tributary of the Túkela). There Joli died and was succeeded by his son, Mtámo.

The senior party, now much reduced in numbers, remained on the Mzumbé under Sifána, (?) Zwebu's son.

Of the Hlongwas there were several sub-clans. There were the **emaLangeni** (perhaps more accurately named **aba-kwa-Lange**), a branch of Mjulela's section (who were also descended from Lange) and dwelling between the **ema-Langeni** Hlimbitwá-Mvoti confluence. Their head at the time of the Shakan invasion was Ndaba, who got himself slain in the event. His people went off south with the parent-clan and subsequently settled on the Mzinto river under Ndaba's son, Bebeni, father of Mangengeza.

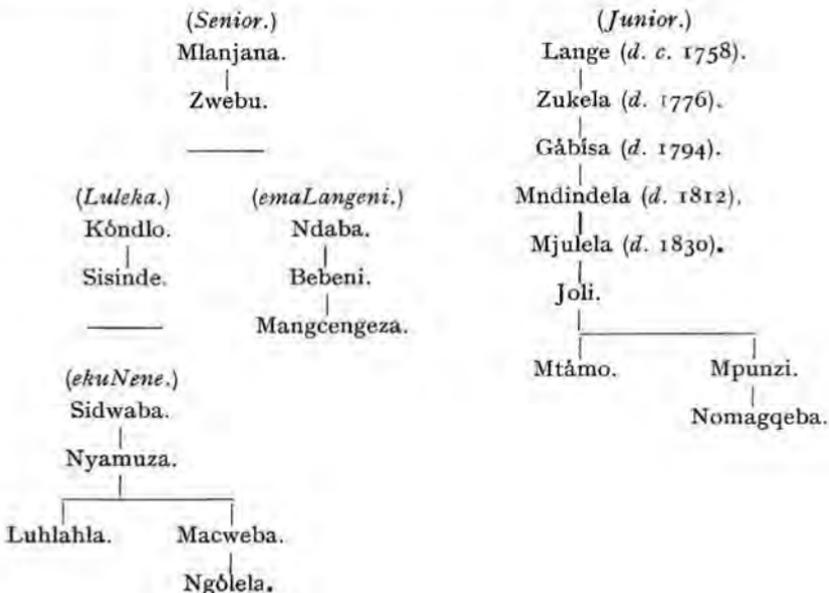
Then there were the **amaLuleka**, a branch of the senior house

of Zwebu, living originally on the Mvoti, with Kóndlo at their head, who was likewise slain in the Zulu invasion.

Luleka After returning from beyond the Mzimkúlu, these people selected the mouth of the Ifafa river as their new location. There Sisinde, Kóndlo's son, blossomed into a black-art magician ; but the ancestral spirits exposing his roguery through the mouth of the tribal pythoness, he was deposed and banished in disgrace. Sifána, living on the Mzumbé, now took charge of Luleka affairs.

The **emaKúluseni** seem to have been an offshoot of Mjulela's branch, their particular ducal line being represented by Nomaqgeba, son of Mpunzi, of Joli.

The **aba-s-ekuNene** (*alias* **aba-kwa-Jeza** or **Nkabane**), living to the east of the Hlimbitwá, contiguous to the Mapúmulo, were most likely a branch of Zwebu's Hlongwas. When these espied the Zulu army on their borders, they immediately disappeared into the adjacent bush, but their petty-chieftain, Nyamuza, son of Sidwaba, stuck to the bridge and went down with his ship. His son, Luhlahla, with a remnant of followers, eventually turned up, in British times, near Maritzburg (between Edendale and the upper Mlazi). We note also the name of Macweba (father of Ngólela) as a son of Nyamuza ; but we cannot say whether or not Macweba and Luhlahla are one and the same person.



A collateral branch of the same original *Lala-Ngúni* tribe as the Hlongwas was that known as the **aba-kwa-Mapúmulo** (the People of Mapúmulo). Their particular settlement stretched **Mapúmulo** from the Hlimbítwá to near the Túkela, with a section of their relatives, the Hlongwas, flanking them at each end. Dibandlela was the chief destined to witness the final destruction of his clan by the Zulus—Dibandlela, son of Lubéleni, of Masiyana, of Lusibalukúlu, of Zulu, of Zukuzela, of Mgóbode.

These Mapúmulos represented the senior house in their own special clan; but at an earlier period another house, yclept the **ema-Selekwini**, had disputed their pre-eminence. The African Bantu usually coin their names with a meaning, and we are informed that the 'emaSelekwini' were so called because, at the time of the tribal migration down the coast—probably that of Zululand is intended, from which they may have been ousted by the intruding Mtétwás or Qwabes—instead of keeping abreast of their brethren, the Mapúmulos, they dilly-dallied along the seashore eating 'seleku' (*Z. amaSeleku*)—whatever they may have been.

However, the domestic dispute in this instance was settled without bloodshed in the following happy manner. While the parties were still wrangling over their respective claims to the chieftainship, "Oho!" cried one; "there comes a carcase of beef rolling down on the flood!" And off scampered the Seleku 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 the ruby wooded *isiHlakoli* or Red Currant tree), but they lost the chieftainship; for on their return they were dismayed to find that judgment had been given in default and the process won by the Mapúmulo claimant.

Naturally enough the Seleku fiercely resent 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 Mapúmulo was the *inKosana* or crown prince. What the office and dignity of the *isiZinda* may be in the economy of the Kafir 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 the palmy days of the family's existence, to play the 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 Mapúmulo family.

Although the Mapúmulos were by no means an insignificant clan, their record of the Shakan invasion (*c.* 1823) is extremely meagre. A naturally futile resistance was put up, and ended with such impressive damage to the Mapúmulo that Dibandlela threw up the sponge and rescued thereby a remnant of his people. The youthful survivors were forthwith swallowed up within Shaka's army, and the tribal cattle were marched off in the same direction. Dibandlela saved his skin, but his heir, Mtímkúlu, went off with the new recruits, later on, for some reason unknown, to be killed by Shaka's successor, Dingane.

Dibandlela did not survive his ruin long. Yet three years later, in 1826, Isaacs, on his way to Zihlandlo's (near oPisweni), encountered a fragment of the clan still in its former homeland and Dibandlela with it. "The chief," he says, "though poor, killed for me a young heifer, as he said that I was the first white man who had ever visited his part of the country, and he could not imagine what induced me to come; he was sure, however, that the Spirit would reward him for having killed a cow for us. I spent the night very comfortably here. The good old natives thought that the Great Spirit could not do too much for me. I had a tolerable night's rest, though the mice, which were numerous, made sad havoc with my toe-nails." ¹ The Great Spirit must have called the old chief home soon after this, and, we hope, rewarded him.

A son of Dibandlela, still younger than Mtímkúlu and born of a junior wife, was named Mashimane. This outlived all tribal perils, hardships and vicissitudes, even until the present writer had come to dwell amongst his people. In the confusion which accompanied Mpande's flight (1839), the Mapúmulo boys, with so many others, were at length enabled to kick off the traces and to regather, south of the lower Mlazi, round Mashimane, the only surviving scion of their royal house. And there they remain, under Jeqe, son of Mangcingci, of Mashimane.

What fame the Mapúmulos lost by deeds of valour, they gained in some degree by feats of magic. Pámhána, son of Manembé, were, father and son, illustrious medicine-men, plying their trade in the days of Mpande and Cetshwayo. Pámhána had somehow become possessed of Mazibuko Kóndlo's famous stunt (184) of diving beneath the water with a lighted torch and rising to the surface with it still in flame. Clothed in the glory of that transcendent marvel, all Pámhána's colleagues became utterly eclipsed, and accordingly when, on that fateful day at enDondakusuka, Cetshwayo fought his brother, Mbúlazi, for the Zulu throne and

needed for success the most potent war-charms procurable, he summoned Manembé to supply them. The battle won, and Cetshwayo firmly on the throne by dint of Manembé's medicines, he took an early opportunity of expressing his gratitude by having his benefactor killed in his home some three miles from the Nongóma magistracy.

The *emaSelekwini* branch of the family became divided in twain, the one party calling themselves the **aba-kwa-ema-Selekwini Duma**—of Duma's 'brother,' Vangisa, we hear nothing (*Duma*) but the name; the other, the **aba-kwa-Shinga** (or **Madiba**).

The Duma-Selekus were never an independent clan, being always subject to the Mapúmulo chief, and taking part in all the clan's misfortunes. They subsequently regathered, in early British times, in the Mzinto district.

While there a certain member of their number rose into prominence. His name was Dumisa. Straying about the world, like the rest of his race, homeless, he reached the Mzimkúlu, crossed it and alighted on the enTlangwini clan there in exile. He passed a while with them; then thought to improve his position financially by allying himself with the Bushmen roving the Drakensberg between the Giant's Castle and Bushman's Nek. Elephant-hunting, he had discovered, was a lucrative occupation; for the British pioneers at Port Natal maintained a keen demand for ivory, and had established a regular emporium for the commodity at the lower Mkómazi.

But one can have too much of a good thing, and at last Dumisa got too much elephant. One day, when distributing the communal carcase, the Bushman boss handed Dumisa, as his particular ration, a joint of elephant already fly-blown. This insult to Dumisa's dignity, as a member of the superior Bantu race, offended him mortally, and he instantly packed up and went off in the huffs to immortalize the Bushman's meanness by erecting a kraal, not far inland of Mzinto, which he named *ezimPetwini* (Among-the-maggots). In this way Dumisa gained some importance among the pioneer traders and eventually bloomed into a petty chieftain over a miscellaneous collection of Native waifs and strays in the Mzinto district under the early British Government. He was succeeded in that office by his son, Sawoti, and he by Jack.

The Duma-Selekus gave off many offshoots—*Ginindas*, *Bongas*, and perhaps the *Mbidamkónos* (*Ndokweni*); but the historically best known of them were the **aba-kwa-Shinga**—although most probably these were rather collaterally descended with the Dumas from

the parent-clan. The Shingas (often called the **aba-kwa-Ndelu**) formed themselves into an independent clan only after the general dispersal by Shaka of the Mapúmulos to whom they had been united. All the same, their particular section of the clan had had its own hereditary head, and his name was, at the time of the dispersal, Mangcuku, son of Jele, of Magádlela, of Ziyeka.

When the Zulus came down on the Shinga fold (at the same time, 1823, as the Hlongwas and Mapúmulos), Mangcuku was among the casualties who never came back. His people took to flight, led by Mangcuku's sons, Novanywa and Ndelu, and accompanied the Hlongwas to the south. They crossed the Mzimkúlu with the latter and encamped by the Mzimkúlwana.

They saw nothing more of the Zulus, thank goodness ! for the next six years. But to seek to evade Shaka's clutches was like dodging the devil, and as vain. Step by step he was creeping down the coast after them, trampling underfoot or driving before him everybody as he passed ; and at last, in 1828, during the Mpondo campaign, his blighting hand fell for the second time on the Shingas, and so heavily on Novanywa that he never rose again, and left Ndelu in sole command. Many, however, escaped by timely flight, and generally kept themselves in touch with the wandering Hlongwas, whom they aided in their skirmish with Magéla, of the Túlis (525). Ultimately, with the Hlongwas, they plighted their troth to Fynn, the pioneer, and settled by the Lovu river (c. 1829).

When, in 1833, Dingane's army, suspiciously hovering about Port Natal, so scared the British pioneers that, with their Natives, they decamped *en masse* for south of the Mzimkúlu, the Shingas, unlike their Hlongwa cousins, refused to accompany their protector, Fynn, and remained on the Lovu.

This fact, perhaps, excited some suspicion in the mind of Fynn regarding the loyalty of these people ; and, upon his return from the Mzimkúlu nine months later, inquiries led him to discover that one of their number, named Mzoboshi, in league with another, Bebeni, of the emaLangeni Hlongwas, 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 Shingaland ; but that the expedition proved altogether successful is doubtful, for later on both Mzoboshi and Bebeni reappear on the Mzinto, if not, indeed, absolutely whole—Mzoboshi at least is said to have been wounded

—at any rate perfectly alive. A remnant of the clan, however, still remained about the Lovu; but a few years later, after the arrival of the Dutch, it shifted camp, led by Ndelu, farther south to the Mtwálume neighbourhood, where Ndelu was succeeded by his son, Sontsukwana, and he by Mzingelwa. The latter dying in 1923, left as heir, Mvutúluka.

An important personage among these Shingas in the earlier days on the Mvoti was one, Mvuzi. This gentleman was blessed with a pair of twins, respectively named **Gcwentsa** and **Mzwilini**, which names they were destined to transmit to posterity as those of two tiny clanlets.

Whether the **Búloses** were the Shingas themselves (as some assert), or an offshoot of them, is not clear. But **Búlose** it seems a certainty that there was a Búlose sub-clan among the emaSelekwini, as well as one among the Ngcobos (485).



¹ T.E.A., I, 172.

CHAPTER 51

THE CLAN OF THE RED-WINGED STARLINGS (1823)

THE Qwabes, as you know, were the brother-clan of the Zulus. They became much more numerous than the latter and had, at the beginning of last century, already overflowed (e.g. the Makányas sub-clan, 187). on to the south bank of the Túkela.

Southward still of the Makányas, from above the sources of the Nonoti, over the Mvoti, as far as the esiDumbini, dwelt a clan calling itself the **emaSomini** (the People among the red-**emaSomini** winged Starlings). There is a tradition that these likewise were an early overflow from the Qwabes, having crossed the Túkela perhaps even before the Makányas. The particular fiction in their case invented to explain their origin is as follows: Away in the dim twilight of the tribal dawn, some unknown Qwabe chieftain, desirous of settling a dispute between two sons, decided to do so by a method, distinctively Bantu, of drawing lots. He accordingly slaughtered a fine ox and arrayed the several joints before the contending boys. Each of the latter was then called upon to select the joint of his fancy, and the hidden meaning of each selection would be revealed by the father. So up jumped the greedy Meyiwa and dragged away with him the biggest lump in the heap, which was a leg. Then spake the chief, "By thus selecting for thyself a leg, thou hast proven thyself of the lower class, for that is an inferior joint." Now Singila arose (or Singila's ancestor) and chose the ribs. "Ah," said the chief, "that is the senior boy, who has chosen the superior joint." Thus Singila gained the precedence; and in course of time each gave rise to a separate sub-clan, the one called the **amaSomi** (the Red-winged Starlings)—most likely after a royal kraal in the woods where those birds were numerous; the other, the **aba-kwa-Meyiwa** (or originally perhaps, **aba-s-emeYiwa**), the latter remaining for ever subject to the former.

Precisely who led the people forth over the Túkela is no longer known; but since all branches of the clan trace back and meet in Mbédu (1770-88), we think it must have been he. Mbédu may have been the son of Nomdayi, or Nomdayi may as likely have been Mbédu himself. During Shaka's reign, however, Nkuna was on the Somi throne—Nkuna, son of Gwáyi, of Mbédu.

Now, besides this Gwáyi, Mbédu bore another son, named Moyeni, not to mention a daughter, named Nyepáse, who married the Qwabe chief at his ōDwini kraal—which little fact, we have a

shrewd suspicion, was really the *causa causans* of the clan's origination. Gwáyi having in due course begotten Nkuna, and Nkuna in turn having attained to the paramountcy of the clan, his uncle, Moyeni, son of (?) Mbédu, began to assume airs, of which Nkuna strongly disapproved. A hunt had been called, and to that hunt Moyeni's dogs were taken, but not those of Nkuna, on which account poor Nkuna lost all chance of sharing in the bag. "Downright leze-majesty," he cried, "that the dogs of the royal Gwáyi should have been deliberately discarded, and those of a mere poor relation (Moyeni) been selected to bring home the prize."

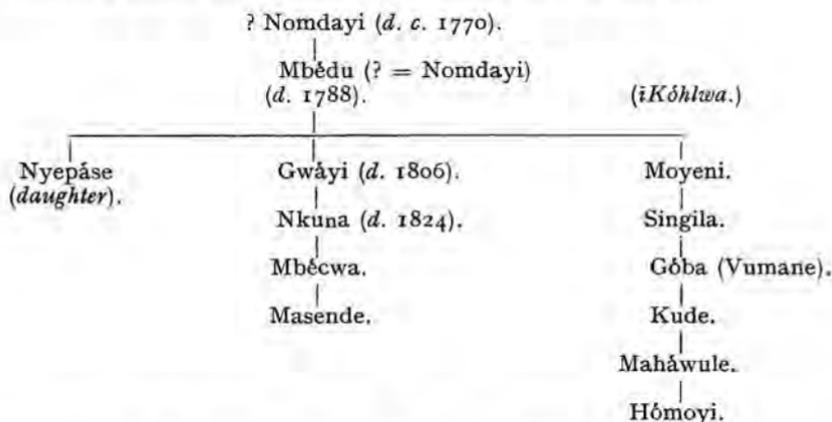
Moyeni discreetly took the hint and hurried away with his family to live on the banks of the Túkela (below the Shangases) with twenty miles between him and his irate cousin. His peaceful sojourn there was brought to an abrupt end in 1821, when the Zulu army came down for manœuvres in the Túkela valley. Between the devil and the deep sea, Moyeni chose the deep sea, where at any rate he might chance to float, and hastened back to Nkuna. As luck would have it, he did float, safely on to a nice little piece of vacant country between the south bank of the Mvoti and esiDumbini, where he lay high and dry just for two years; then came the deluge.

The year 1823 was that in which Hlongwas and Mapúmulos, Somis and Ngángás, were all swept away in one shrieking multitude to destruction. When the hand of death loomed down upon the Somis, old tribal feuds were instantly forgotten, and Nkuna-ites and Moyeni-ites took to their heels in one united *sauve-qui-peut*. But the Zulus were hotly in pursuit. Espying ahead the eSane wood (by the river of that name southward of the Mvoti), the terror-stricken Somis plunged headlong in, and in a trice—the bush was surrounded. Men, women and children were now indiscriminately butchered. Nkuna speedily took in the position, and saved himself by surrender. Shaka was so elated by the glorious triumph, that he gamely presented Nkuna with a herd of his own cattle and permitted him to return home again with the much battered and tattered remnant of his clan. The following year, however, a less considerate centipede crawled up Nkuna's nostril, and, as the Native record has it, ate out his brain!

Happily some had evaded the general massacre by flight. Among them, with a few of his clansmen, was Mbécwa, Nkuna's heir. These made their way south and subjected themselves to the pioneer Ogle on the lower Mkómazi; and they were still there under Mbécwa in 1852. His son, Masende (Mayende) succeeded him.

Moyeni's name reappears no more in the annals of the clan,

and we assume that he succumbed. His son (or (?) brother), Singila, was residing on the lower Tongaat river when Isaacs visited him in 1826. Kude, son of Gôba, of Singila, is the next we hear of. He survived the general massacre and sought refuge with Zihlandlo, the eMbô chief. There he and his dwelt in peace on the eziLozini ridge (on the north side of the Tûkela), till, in the year 1833, Dingane killed Zihlandlo (414) and dispersed the eMbô clan. Kude and his clansmen accompanied the eMbôs in their flight as far as the Lovu, and settled on the lower part of that river, where they still were when the Boers arrived. In later years they migrated with Kude's son, Mahâwule, to a spot on the northern side of the mid-Mlazi drift, once more alongside their former neighbours, the emaNgângêni. Since then they have returned under Hô moyi to the southern side of the river.



There is much uncertainty in the junior branch prior to Goba.

The Mona river was the territory 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).

But this Mamtûnzini (Mrs. She-in-the-Shade), as she was named, proved herself, in the hour of her people's need—and that hour struck right now during this selfsame campaign of 1823—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.

CHAPTER 52

THE MTÉTWÁS' BROTHERS IN NATAL (1824)

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; and had that British 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 a decade of 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.

Sitting at home throughout the sweltering summer season, talking political insipidity with courtiers whom he knew to be mere obsequious hypocrites, and with no other amusement than the daily routine of consigning uninteresting criminals to executions which he never witnessed, must have been unendurably boring to a wild animal such as was Shaka. The winter season, on the other hand, with its suitability for military enterprises on the grand scale and attendant with much prospective glory and sanguinary dissipation, was infinitely more stimulating and enjoyable.

Shaka, then, was now out on his annual holiday for the year of grace 1824, and had selected the north coast of Natal as the particular health-resort he would this year honour with a visit. So he summoned an escort of a few thousand warriors, crossed the lower Tùkela and demanded free passes all round for Celeland. What the Celes thought of this unexpected windfall of Zulu tourists we shall soon see.

It was in the days of Lufùtá (c. 1700-50) that the Qwabe clan, domiciled on the southern side of the lower and middle Mhlatúze valley, feeling the internal pressure of natural increase or urged by a natural instinct for aggression, pushed down seawards and drove a wedge into the domain of the *Mtétwá* group of *Tóngá-Ngúnis* along the coast, compelling one or more of the there located

clans to move away and give place to them. Among those clans was that of the Celeles.

The **aba-kwa-Cele**, like the *aba-kwa-Mlétwá*, were descendants of one same Nyambóse, and their original home, which they vacated for the Qwabes, stretched from the northern slopes of the ōNgóye range to the banks of the lower Mhlátuze and thence away to the Dube border at kwaDlangezwa on the coast. Evicted therefrom, they crossed the Túkela and gradually spread themselves all along the northern littoral of Natal from the Nonoti river to the Mloti and for some twelve miles or more inland. The whole of the coast-belt was overgrown by dense, though very beautiful jungle-woods, the haunt of elephants, buffaloes, leopards and numerous species of antelopes, with, on the grassy outskirts, lions and hyænas galore.

In Dingiswayo's days Dibandlela (or Dubandlela) was the Cele king—Dibandlela, son of Mkókéleli, of Langa, of Zwana, of Sodi, of Nqumela, of Magánga, of Sicunga, of Nombédu, of Ndosí, a noble pedigree insooth, and one withal fairly trustworthy throughout.

Like Mpande, Nqoboka and other Bantu chiefs, Dibandlela too, already well advanced in years, was fated to witness the mortifying spectacle of his children contending for the crown before it had yet tumbled from his head. Mdintsilwa had been his heir; but, Dibandlela doggedly refusing to betake himself to his ancestors, Mdintsilwa had died before him, as well as Mdintsilwa's son. This left Vico as Dibandlela's son next in order of precedence; but Vico too was gone. Vico's sons, however, Mande, the first-born, and Magáye, the heir, were very much alive, and so inordinately greedy to have the matter definitely settled, each in his own favour, that, right there in their grandpa's presence, they came to blows over the prospective oof and sceptre.

Magáye came out on top and scrambled on to the throne now at last vacant. Dibandlela's grass-palace had been where Groutville is; but Magáye selected for his own a spot above the sources of the Mhlali; while Mande, to be out of the way and do as he liked, crossed the Mvoti and dwelt where Stanger stands, his faction spreading themselves inland up the Mvoti, to meet the amaNgángá at the emuShane stream.

Mande was by no means cowed by his late reverse. For Magáye he had resolved to make life as disagreeable and insecure as possible, and was no doubt concocting some new and more effective vexations, when who should appear but that most efficient of tribal arbitrators, Shaka. With characteristic promptitude and despatch, Shaka undertook, quite gratuitously, to adjust for the Cele royalties their dispute.

He first took Mande in hand, as nearest before him. Being here on his holiday, and with a ravenous appetite for both food and pleasure, he sent messengers to him demanding, not solely his prompt submission—not indeed to Magáye, but to himself—but 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 note of this audacious insult, the Zulu ambassadors next proceeded to Magáye and repeated the like demand. Wise enough to learn from many lessons of the past, Magáye entertained the royal emissaries with quite sumptuous hospitality and readily responded to their every demand. Whereafter they went home to report.

Magáye's reward came soon enough—the whole Zulu army arrived and billeted itself on him. He regaled it—he could hardly have done otherwise—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. Upon the very first onrush of the Zulus, he and his people described a straight line into the most impenetrable patch of coast jungle (which happened to be that between the mouth of the Mdloti and that of the Tongaat), leaving all his fine herds 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 flesh-pots 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 Magáye 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 Magáye, to intercede with Shaka on his behalf! This Magáye 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).

Mande emerged from prison unchastened and unreclaimed as ever. That Magáye had proved himself more astute than he in timely submitting, only aggravated Mande's malice. Fair means having failed, he would have recourse to foul. So he looked about for the most promising tribal villain and commissioned him to steal into Magáye's hut by night and bundle him into Sheol. The

plan worked beautifully to schedule—till Magáye's wife woke up and clutched the assassin in the act! Then instanter into Sheol went the villain, and Magáye went to the police—"Would his celestial majesty be so good as to pacify this ever turbulent spirit, Mande?" "With the greatest pleasure," replied celestial majesty.

At that time, as we have said, Mande was already out of the jungle, out in the open, in his former Stanger home. Suddenly messengers appeared from Shaka in force. Their mission was to slay 'that dog,' and the dog was Mande himself. How he accomplished the feat, we know not; but the fact remains that Mande gave death the slip once more, and was still 'drinking beer' when Shaka himself was already 'eating earth.'

Magáye, on his part, continued to bask in Shaka's graces—along with Zihlandlo, he called, and treated him, as his 'younger brother.' In this way the Celes were allowed to remain a tributary clan in their own homeland till, in November, 1826, Shaka himself actually came over from Zululand to live amongst them. He erected his new *kwaDukuza* kraal on Mande's old estate where Stanger now stands. The local Celes were naturally shifted inland, but Magáye remained undisturbed above the Mhlali.

On November 30th, 1825, Isaacs had visited him there. He was "a fine, stout, well-proportioned man of a commanding appearance, familiar but not liberal." He was not, however, altogether lacking in a sense of humour. Isaacs had heard that Magáye was in possession of a unicorn (*iNyamazane e'luPóndo lunye*, a one-horned antelope). He was most anxious to buy it and so, as he thought, "attain some celebrity among naturalists." Alas! it was at another kraal some distance away in the interior. Anyway, he assured Isaacs he would dispose of it to nobody but himself. How much Isaacs paid him for the marvel he has not recorded; but in due course a messenger appeared announcing its arrival. It turned out to be "a he-goat with the loss of one of its horns!"¹

At last, in 1828, Shaka was assassinated by Dingane there in Celeland, and Magáye felt at once forlorn and apprehensive. He knew Dingane, and, as Shaka's favourite, Dingane viewed him with jealousy and distrust. The penalty of that past favour was that the removal of Shaka, which brought salvation to so many, to Magáye brought destruction (c. 1829).

Magáye dead, Mande instantaneously came to life again. Shaka safely secured beneath a heap of stones, and Dingane having abandoned Natal for the distant M̀kúmbane, Mande came home like one risen from the grave. He rebuilt his kraal in the old coast-land and his people flocked around him. Alas! he had but

come to life again to meet at last his long-eluded fate. Only a few months later (1829), Nqetó and his fleeing horde of Qwabes swarmed down upon him. So obstinate a foe of Shaka will certainly, thought Nqetó, join him in alliance against the present Zulu despot. He might have done so, had not the Qwabe mob plundered and destroyed his crops. Exasperated by this, Mande returned a blunt refusal. And this rebuff exasperated Nqetó, who prepared for action. With the morrow's dawn the Qwabes opened the assault. In it Mande was slain, along with his heir, Mangqaba. Mande's Celes were dispersed, their abandoned herds gathered up, and Nqetó passed on to the south.

Xabáshe, younger brother of Mangqaba, assumed leadership in the flight of the Mande faction. They wended their way towards Port Natal and for a time found shelter with the emaTúlini at esiPingo (on the lower Mlazi).

The Cele royalists or Magáye-ites, being to the westward of Nqetó's route, had remained untouched. Having rid himself of Magáye's disagreeable presence, and Magidigidi, the heir-apparent, being on service in his army, Dingane had appointed the latter's elder brother, Mkónto, to act as regent. In February, 1831, passing through the country betwixt the Mdloti and Tongati, Isaacs struck Mkónto's kraal, nestling in a paradise of idyllic beauty, not far from the lower Mdloti. "The country," he writes, "lay within the circumference of a range of mountains, and the access to it was by a pass of singular beauty; the mimosa seemed scattered spontaneously on our sides, and the willow groves studded here and there in clusters of peculiar elegance. As we rode along, we crossed several small streams, whose pebbled beds and limpid water so much reminded me of similar ones in my native soil. We saw a variety of the deer species; and the little antelope, whose beauty is the admiration of travellers, was to be seen indulging in the rich pasturage which the whole surface afforded. On the other hand, we every now and then passed the tracks made by wild beasts through the thickets on their way to the rivers; these tracks often reminded us that we were yet in the wilds, where even our momentary admiration might be interrupted by the sudden spring of a lion, or the approach of a ferocious tiger [= leopard], whose prowling nature frequently leads him into the plains in search of food.

"We entered the kraal just as the sun was setting. The king Umcontó and his people were amusing themselves in dancing, desiring to excel Umjohnduna [= kwaNjanduna, not far above Verulam], the people of a neighbouring kraal or village [one of Shaka's cattle-kraals], in a trial of their respective merits. In the evening, the young king and his chiefs came to see me, and

spent some time with me : he was quite kind, and gave us a heifer to kill. After he retired, the princesses, seven of them, came to pay their visit to me. They were most agreeable young creatures, and far surpassed any of the Zoola beauties I had seen. They sang, and amused me by their little stories, which they told with great simplicity. Their songs were harmonious, and their vocal powers pleasing. Their tales consisted of their own amusements and conquests of the hearts of some native princes.

"I sought to retire, but before I could do so, the king came to me again, and offered me his sister in marriage, provided I could conform to the customs of the country. This, however, not being disposed to do, his majesty and his sisters retired." 2

That selfsame year (1831) his majesty retired again, and, on Dingane's order, never woke for evermore. The which ill-omen roused in his people fear, and lent wings to their feet. They sped along the tracks of their compatriots, to the Whitemen at the Port. Many of their younger men, including the heir-apparent, Magidigidi, had been, as said, recruited for the Zulu army already in Shaka's lifetime, and still were there. Those that now reached the Port subjected themselves to Fynn and others of the pioneers.

Dingane, it would seem, having like Shaka to keep his rowdy army somehow or other in constant employment, had sent a force, for the second time (1833), to chastize Ncapayi, the Báca chief, away over the Mzimkúlu. 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 Whitemen 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 Mzimkúlu. Unfortunately, this comparatively insignificant incident had become so magnified in its 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 farther 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 post-haste to their comrades without any further desire to meet their refugee friends.

But this unfortunate contretemps in no wise allayed the apprehension of the Whitemen, who now felt more certain than ever of Dingane's vengeance. They therefore fled without further delay to the country beyond the Mzimkúlu. With them too went the Magáye Celes, as subjects of Fynn (see 527).

After spending a couple of years beyond the Mzimkúlu in constant expectation of the retaliation 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 Mahlongwa river, south of the Mkómazi. In 1836 their hereditary chief, Magídígídi, son of Magáye, hearing of their whereabouts, managed to desert from the Zulu army and rejoin his people at the place. While there the Celes did much faithful service for both British and Boer against the Zulus, a large number of them perishing with Biggar, Cane and others on their calamitous raid into Zululand in 1838 (495).

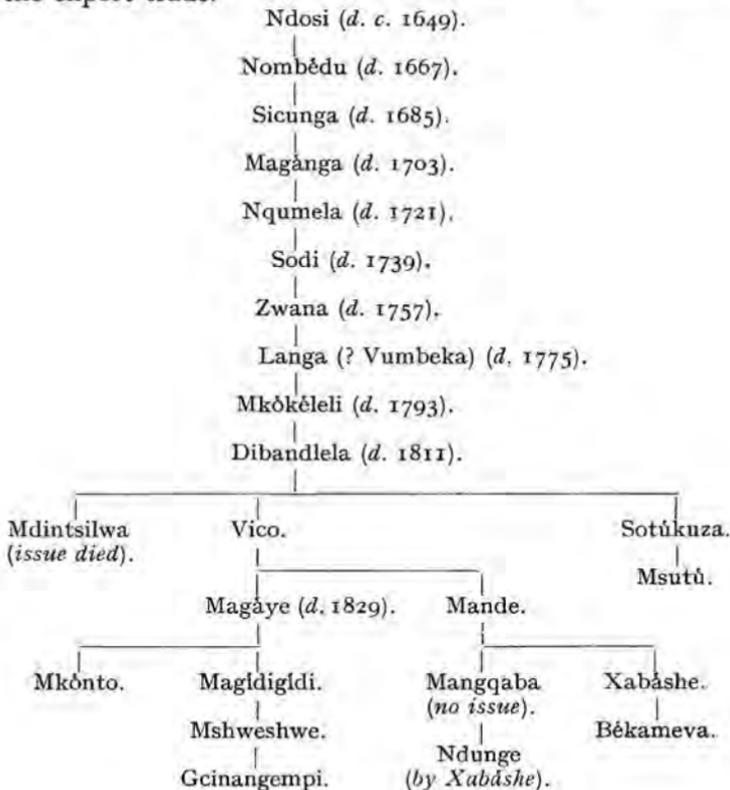
More than twenty years later, after Natal had already become a British colony, Magídígídi moved away with a large portion of his people and reoccupied their former holding over the Mzimkúlu, where they still flourish. Those that remained behind on the Mahlongwa were placed in charge of Mtúngwana, a brother of Magáye.

The Mande Celes, however, already well trained by their Túli friends in all the art and science of protective bush-life, had remained throughout tranquil and secure in the darkest recesses of the isiPíngo jungle, out of the way of travelling armies. So they figured neither in the general scare nor in the general flight to the Mzimkúlu.

A couple of years later (1840), Dingane himself in turn experiencing assassination, the Zulu menace in Natal came to a close for ever. Xabáshe and his people came joyfully out into the sun, marched some ten miles farther up the Mlazi river and, there where the Durban Corporation dam now is, entered a charming valley snugly embraced by high encircling hills and forthwith set about organizing their clan and re-erecting permanent homesteads on both sides of the river. There Xabáshe took to wife the widow of his deceased brother, Mangqaba (Mande's heir), and through her raised up for him a son, named Ndunge. This brotherly duty duly performed and the boy growing apace, Xabáshe retired to a spot some twenty miles up the northern bank of the Mzimkúlu, there to found an independent principality

of his own. On the Mlazi he left, as temporary regent, Msutú, son of Sotúkuza, of Dibandlela, until Ndunge at length came into his own. On the Mzimkúlu, Xabáshe was succeeded by his son Békameva.

As Ngúni clans went, that of the Celes was, already in Shaka's time, one of considerable size split up into divers sub-clans. Among the earlier of these latter had been the **emKúngwini**. This was really a section of the royal house itself, king Langa having succumbed to an amorous weakness towards his niece (or other very close relation). The door to endogamous marriage having been thus formally opened by royalty, other members of the family did not fail to avail themselves of the privilege. The penalty (as some have supposed) was that quite an astonishing proportion of their offspring reached this world with a congenital inability to speak. This put a check on the young men's enthusiasm, and emKúngwini girls were soon at a discount, that is to say, on the Cele market, being considered now as suitable only for the export trade.





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A ZULU BRIDE WEARING BUCK-SKIN APRON (*isiDiyu*)



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A YEAR LATER, IN COW-HIDE KILT

When Shaka and his legions invaded the land of the Celes in the year 1824, their neighbours and relatives, the amaNgangá, had already been captured and tamed during the campaign of the preceding (1823) season against the Somis, Hlongwas and Mapúmulos.

These **aba-s-emaNgangéni**, like the Celes, were members of the *Mtétwá* group of *Tonga-Ngúmis*. In more ancient times they had dwelt adjacent to the Celes, below them, on the seaward side of the Mhlatúze bend, adjoining the Dubes. From that spot they were evicted, just as were the Celes, by the forcibly encroaching Qwabes. They shifted along to the amaTigulu; but even from there Lufútá, the Qwabe chief, expelled them, and they passed over the Túkela, most likely at the same time as the Celes, and somewhere about the year 1750.

They chose for themselves a location, adjoining the Celes, between the Mvoti and Nonotí, and thence around the sources of the latter river as far as the borders of the Somis and Mapúmulos. In Dingiswayo's days Mdingi was their chief, son of Magójolo, of Timuni, of Mkize, of Ndawombí; and Mdingi dwelt on the emuShane stream. He died there in peace before the advent of Shaka.

He was succeeded by his heir, Sokóti, and it was during the reign of this latter that the Zulu invasion took place (1823). In the dark of the night the Zulu army swept through their land, murdering, as they went, all such men, women and children as they could light upon. Sokóti, then on the emuShane, saved himself by flight away to the south; but all his sons, as well as Macweba, his brother, were left dead on the field.

Safe out of the Zulus' way, Sokóti and the surviving amaNgangá sat down and took counsel together. A party of them decided to march away inland in search of Ngóza, leader of the Tém bú horde, which during the preceding couple of years (1820-22) had been hacking its way to the south farther inland. These crossed with Ngóza the Mzimkúlu, and, after his death, settled at the enTsenge, beyond the Mzimvubu.

Sokóti, however, and the main body were already home-sick, and decided to return and tender their submission. They did so, and, having handed over their cattle as a first instalment of their tribute, were permitted to occupy as Zulu subjects a beautiful patch of broken woodland overlooking the north bank of the upper-middle Tongaat—a neighbourhood especially congenial to them as possessing a dear little stream (the emuShane), which was the namesake of that they had left behind in the fatherland. Magá-lala, a younger brother of Sokóti, together with other youthful clansmen were drafted into the Zulu fighting force and went off as captives into exile beyond the Túkela.

Sokóti lived but a few years longer, then in 1828 (the year of Shaka's death) succumbed to disease at home, leaving no other heir than his younger brother, Magálela. Alas ! this too perished in that selfsame year, on Shaka's last abortive expedition to the ūBálule (604). But he died, leaving a youthful heir, Manzini, who, during the reign of Dingane must himself perform away to Zululand to be enrolled in the army.

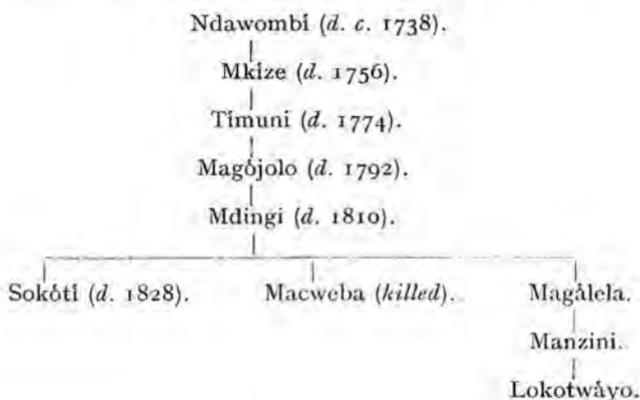
After Sokóti's death, the Ngángás were therefore entirely without a tribal head. That is not to say they were consequently not well looked after ; for Sipingo, Dingane's colonel of the Hlomendlini (*uHlomendlini o-mnyama*) military-kraal a few miles north of the Mhlali, was entrusted with that task and no doubt performed his duty well.

Owing to the dangerous proximity and increasing influence of the Whites at Port Natal, Dingane, at the end of 1830, recalled from the Natal coastlands all Zulu subjects, save such as were attached (like the Ngángás) to one or other of the Hlomendlini regiments—the *uHlomendlini o-mhlopé* having its headquarters southwards of the upper Nonoti. Over the inland districts of Natal Sotobe, son of Mpangalala (of the Gázu Sibiyas), had already (1829) been appointed governor-general (671).

Two years later (1832), and for the same reason as that just given, Dingane ordered a complete evacuation of coastal Natal. The *Hlomendlini omhlopé* pitched its new camp between the Mkúkúze and the Mlalazi rivers, while the *Hlomendlini omnyama* built their barracks on the flat between the Túkela and the enDulinde hill. With these latter went the Ngángás, and for some four years they dwelt in comparative peace in the country between the emaTigulu and Túkela. Then, in 1836, Dingane, exasperated by the constant desertion of Ngángá men to the white men at the Port, threatened to exterminate the whole clan if such disloyalty continued. The threat had an effect quite the reverse of that desired ; for now, instead of individuals, the whole clan, abandoning their cattle in their kraals, arose in the night and made a forced march to the Port. Having for a time sought the hospitality of their old friends, the Mande Celes, under Xabáshe, about esiPingo and the lower Mlazi, they subsequently ventured to set up their own establishment on the Mbilo river, and finally, preferring to independence the benevolent despotism of pioneer Cane, subjected themselves to him and removed to dwell on the northern side of the lower Mngéni, hard by the iNanda mount.

At the time of Mpande's revolt from Dingane (1839), Manzini, heir-apparent and son of Magálela, was with his uKókóti regiment in the Zulu army ; but both he and his other Ngángá comrades took immediate advantage of the rebellion to secure their own

emancipation. They did not actually accompany Mpande, but forded the Túkela by one of the middle drifts near the recently deserted location of their clan. They safely reached the Port and received a rousing welcome from their clansmen already comfortably established on the Mngéni. The whole of the emangángéni clan was now reassembled once more. In later years, the British Government permitted their removal in a body, under Manzini, to a spot on the northern side of the middle Mlazi river. That locality being afterwards demarcated as farms for European purchase, Lokotwáyo, heir to Manzini, and his people were relegated to the broken country on the opposite side of the river (just above the Richmond-road drift), with another section of the clan at the Ndwedwe (near Verulam).



On the north-eastern flank of the Ngángás, about the esi-Levini hill, was settled the **aba-kwa-Hlopé** sub-clan, headed by Gájula, son of Lufázane.

¹ T.E.A., I., 66, 80, 88.

² T.E.A., II., 187-9.

CHAPTER 53

INTO THE LAND OF THE FACE-SLITTING CLANS (1821-25)

WE are still in the terrain of the *Tóngá-Ngúnis*; but now we pass out of the domain of the Lala group into that of the *Debe* (233), the distinguishing characteristic of which was a habit of making facial incisions as tribal marks, a custom nowhere else in vogue among the Ngúnis.—It is not quite clear whether the clans dealt

with in this chapter were really Debe-Ngûnis at all, and not Lala-Ngûnis (related to the Ngcolosis) who had adopted the Debe tribal-mark.

A large tribe of these Debes consisting, in the Shakan period, of three independent clans, the *ōNyavini*, the *emaDungeni* and the *Bombôs*, all closely connected by blood, were in occupation of a considerable tract of country extending from the Eland's Kop (near the Tûkela), across the upper Mvoti and away almost as far as the Mngéni.

The eldest clan of the three, from which the others had been derived, was that known as the **aba-kwa-Madliwa-lyeve** (*alias Madliwa-lyeve* the **aba-s-ōNyavini** or **ōNyamvini**, the place or kraal where they originated; also sometimes inaccurately (*ōNyavini*) called the **amaNyavu**). This clan is oftentimes regarded as a member of the Lala Ngcobo tribe; but the weightier evidence favours their relationship to the Debe Dungenes and Bombôs.

In the second decade of last century, the chieftainship was in the possession of Mkâlipi, son of Nombûya, of Bêlesi, of Fiswa, of Dlangwê. The royal kraal was in the esiDumbini neighbourhood (seaward of the mid Ntsuze), and the clansmen spread themselves sparsely about from above the Mhlali sources, under the Great Noodsberg, away to the mid-Mvoti and over on to its northern bank.

It was early in the year 1821 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 *emaCûnwini* in their flight from the Zulu menace (261). This was the first disturbing event that opened the eyes of the *Nyavini* and neighbouring chiefs to the danger of their own position; with the result that, a few months later, they combined and were themselves following on the tracks of the *emaCûnwini*. Mkâlipi was one of the leaders of this migrating confederacy, but, upon reaching the Mkômazi, he changed his mind and returned home (377).

Poor harassed soul! he reached the wilderness that was once a home, laboriously re-erected dwellings amidst the ruins, which no sooner completed than a host of Zulu marauders, led by Manjanja, son of Ntlambêla, rushed down once more upon his people and razed everything to the ground. The portentous axe and shield with which Mkâlipi was wont to create respect when walking in his realm inspired no awe into the hearts of these ferocious savages. With axe and shield Mkâlipi made a frantic dash towards *eMbô*-land. Safely there, he hastened to proclaim himself the lifelong friend and faithful ally of Zihlandlo, then greatly favoured by the Zulu king. This tactful move ensured

for the Nyavini ten tranquil years of unmolested security in their homeland as Zihlandlo's vassals.

It was during this happy period (in February, 1831) that Isaacs chanced to pass that way. "With the delightful valley before us," he writes, "we proceeded to the residence of Umkileeper, a poor tributary chief to the Zoolas, who, having been subdued by Shaka, had never been able to recover his former wealth and greatness. He had little or no food, but he gave me a pumpkin, which was all he possessed, and I received it with as much satisfaction as the gift from his more wealthy, but yet less liberal and less kind-hearted neighbour. The females at this kraal came to me in the evening to compliment me on my arrival with their singing and dancing, which lasted the greater part of the night."¹

The protecting attachment to Zihlandlo carried its concomitance of risk. Shaka dead, Dingane came to power, and Zihlandlo fell at once from his high estate on to the royal black-list. His palmy days of semi-independence were at an end, and the future prospects of Zihlandlo and his people looked gloomy indeed. In 1832 the storm burst upon them—Zihlandlo was assassinated, the whole eMbó and allied clans took to flight, and Mkálipí and his ōNyavini with them.

Whilst the eMbós stopped short at the Mkómazi river, the Nyavini pushed on ahead and amalgamated themselves with the motley horde of Zelemus, Wushes and others (afterwards comprised under the Zulu nickname, amaBáca), who had assembled beyond the Mzimkúlu, firstly under Madikane, now under his son, Ncapáyi.

The news of Dingane's death sufficed to bring back the Nyavini towards home again; but they proceeded no farther than the Mpambányoni river (c. 1840). The Zulu pest had been crushed for all time; and now was ushered in for the suffering Natives a period of tranquillity and recuperation never since ruffled. For Mkálipí the happy days of yore soon came back. This 'poor chief' of whom it had been said that 'a pumpkin was all he possessed,' now ruled over kraals whose imposing greatness became the wonder of his time, while the cowdung amassed by their vast wealth of cattle was said 'to reach the very skies.' Later on the clan removed to the Mzumbé river, in which region it still is, under Mgómeni, son of Ndimdwane, son of Mkálipí.

The **aba-kwa-Bélesi** branch of the clan somehow acquired the Bushman custom of amputation of the little finger. We do not think the practice could have been acquired direct from those last-named people, but rather by intermarriage with the Bomvus (518).

We are unable to state whether the **aba-kwa-Ndwalana**, said to have been, in pre-Shakan times, under Gágámela between the Mhlali sources and esiDumbini, and, in after years, on the north bank of the Mzimkúlu, were a section of the òNyavini, or were related to them, or to whom. If their location is correctly given, it was either within, or adjoining, the Nyavini boundaries.

A small party of *Ngcolosi* Lalas (507) appear to have separated themselves at some time, or been expelled, from their parent clan and to have sought adoption with the Nyavini people. There they grew into a tiny clan, headed, in Shaka's time, by Jiji, son of Mtála, and calling itself the **emaSanini** (or **emaVuneni**), subject to Mkálipi.

Dlangwè (*d. c.* 1764).
 |
 Físwa (*d.* 1782).
 |
 Bélesi (*d.* 1800).
 |
 Nombúya (*d.* 1818).
 |
 Mkálipi (*d.* ? 1855).
 |
 Ndifídwane.
 |
 Mgómeni.

Out of the òNyavini sprang the **emaDungeni**. Naturally they inherited the *Debe* nationality of their parents and wore the national tribal-mark of facial incisions. Their particular **ema-Dungeni** stand, in Shakan times, was to the north of the Nyavini, from near modern Greytown, across the upper Hlimbítwá to below Eland's Kop (*esiNyambóti*).

Of course, they had not yet covered all that territory when, about the year 1750, the Ngcobo fugitive, Xonxo, son of Gásela, came to seek asylum in their house and there to give birth to the present Fúze clan (490). They were then in the vicinity of Greytown, whence, as they multiplied, they pushed their way gradually to the east. For seventy long years more they enjoyed life in a perpetual state of political freedom and quiescence.

The first intimation they received of anything being wrong with the world was when, about the year 1820-21, Shaka's prize-raider, Manjanja, son of Ntlambela, inaugurated his system of wholesale raiding on the southern side of the Túkela. Mdakuda happened then to be the Dunge potentate, and when the Zulu poachers dared to trespass on his preserves, he did not fail to expostulate; and was instantly ferried across the Styx.

While the simple Dungenes were still standing horror-stricken

at so audacious a sacrilege, Macingwane and his Cúnu horde crashed into them from behind, out of Zondiland—and, much to their surprise, fell straight into the arms of the Zulu army from which they were running away. Anyhow, the gratifying effect was the immediate clearance of both parties out of Dungenland.

The Dunges, amazed at what all this sudden political upheaval could portend, sat down and pondered. Bóyiya, Mda-kuda's heir, discovered that his neighbouring potentates were equally disquieted, and that some one had already broached a scheme whereby they should all unite in a common exodus to some less menaced spot beyond the reach of Zulu plunderers. Bóyiya heartily associated himself with the plan, and, in the year 1821, the confederacy embarked on its migration to the south. Having reached the Mkómazi, Bóyiya, with his relative, Mkálipi (of the Nyavini), and his tributary, Maháwule (of the Fúzes), repented them of their hasty action and determined to retrace their steps homewards in the hope that ere this the storm had passed (377).

So they trudged back home again,—and were engulfed by a tempest more appalling than anything they had known before. In their short absence, the Zulus had overwhelmed and swallowed up every Lala buffer-state between the Túkela and the Dunge borders (511).

The eMbós, on the opposite (or northern) side of the Túkela, had already long before submitted to the Zulu yoke, and Zihlandlo, their chief, had so ingratiated himself with Shaka as to have become appointed a species of viceroy or *alter ego* of that ferocious despot in this farthest outpost of the Zulu dominions. It was, therefore, with every warrant of Shaka's sanction, that, after the unsuspecting Dunges had re-erected on their mother-soil an humble shelter wherewith to cover their heads, Zihlandlo, at the head of a powerful force, without notice or provocation invaded their country and drove them forth again (1822-23).

Sad now indeed was their plight. Famished, exhausted, disheartened already, whichever way they turned fierce hostility stared them in the face. Whichever way the roaming Zulu army moved, clan was driven upon clan, each in turn annihilating the other in their common struggle to escape; until, among the thousands of wandering homeless, foodless men there reigned no other law than the last brutal instinct of self-preservation, from which all sense of sympathy and right had necessarily been excluded. Fragments of ejected clans, remnants of murdered families, in mortal dread each of the other and all alike of encountering the ever-roving Zulu army, roamed the veld and hills in search of some edible substance whereon to exist. What

disgusting objects were greedily devoured in this sad plight may be readily imagined. But at last the inevitable came. The meagre provision of nature failed before such an abnormal demand; and desperate humanity was compelled to descend to the level of the beasts, to hunt and devour its own kind! Of the ferocious cannibalism of other clansmen in Natal we have already told. And now a band of brutalized Dunges, headed by Mdava, son of Nomazwezwe, ranged the middle zone in search of human prey. Even the comparatively sleek carcass of Bóyiya, 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 recognized forthwith where the greater peril lay, and decamped over the Tùkela and enlisted in the Zulu army, feeling himself safer in the enemy's camp than among his own relations. A few years later, the advent at Port Natal of an entirely new species of humanity, at once powerful and benevolent, reached his ears, and he became one amongst those thousands of suffering souls who deserted from Shaka and Dingane to seek, and to find, peace and protection among the Whitemen at the Bay. He was accepted as a protégé of Fynn, and established himself on that pioneer's reserve by the Mzinto river, where, as opportunity offered, many scattered members of the Dunge clan gradually reunited around him.

Mdzakudza (Mdakuda). (d. c. 1805).

↓
Bóyiya (d. 1823).

↓
Dontsela.

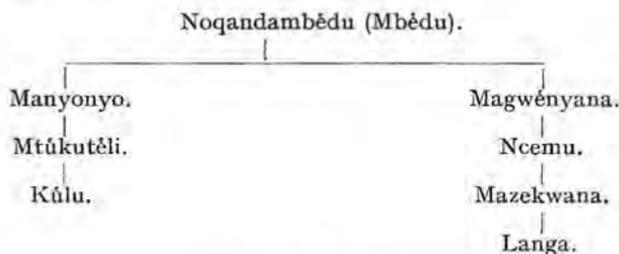
Sprung from the emaDungeni was the, already in Shaka's time, independent clan of the **aba-kwa-Bombó**. Their chieftain then was Noqandambédu (alias Mbédu), dwelling at **Bombó kwaSitêbe** (eastward of the Blinkwater mount or *Ntabakayikónjwa*); and his people dwelt there around him.

This chief had been specially called in by his relatives, the Dunges and the Nyavini, after the repulse by the Wushes of the Lala confederacy (1821), to reinforce them in breaking through to the south (377). His assistance enabled a breach to be made, and Mbédu returned home, but only to be himself later on (c. 1824-25) subjected to a murderous assault by one of the roving Zulu forces. Incredible as it may sound, he defeated it—it was probably a small 'foraging party.' However, he evidently did not think much of his victory, for no sooner had the Zulus gone

than he himself turned tail and sped away towards Mpondoland, There seemingly he died.

Thereafter, his two sons, Manyonyo and Magwényana, returned to Natal. Manyonyo found an agreeable locality on the Xuhá stream (near the enTlokozi hill, upper Mtwálume), and his people continued there under his son, Mtúkutéli, at the present time being ruled by Mtúkutéli's son, Kúlu, resident near Mzinto.

Magwényana and his party established themselves at the esiBovu; but Langa, son of Mazekwana, of Ncemu, of Magwényana, appears to be living now at the emKúzane hill, by the Lovu.



¹ T.E.A., II., 190.

CHAPTER 54

THE DEBES OF THE MNGENI VALLEY (1821-26)

You will recollect that in a previous chapter (539) we narrated how Mande, the Cele prince, had found it advisable to bring to an abrupt conclusion his contest with his brother, Magáye, and to repair to his sylvan residence down on the coast between the Mdloti and the Tongaat. Now, this particular jungle to whose saving depths he now committed himself, was to Mande foreign soil, beyond the confines of Celeland. It was a portion of the territory annexed by a people calling themselves the **aba-s-emaNdlovini** (They among the Elephants). The name sounded rather bombastic for so diminutive a clan, and yet was perfectly appropriate; for the delightful bush-land in which they lived—extending from one to the other of the two rivers mentioned and for five miles inland—was the very paradise of elephants, replete, like a paradise of earlier date, with dangerous pitfalls of abysmal depth (*amaGébe*) dug by local evil spirits for the destruction of the unwary.

Mande had selected his retreat advisedly ; for, although on foreign terrain, he would still be there at home, his 'sister,' a daughter of Dibandlela, being the beloved consort of the reigning local monarch, Nzala, son of Mangcashu.

In this his Lilliputian kingdom Nzala was to his subjects a terror-striking ogre. Down in the Manzimnyama stream (a mile or more southward of Tongaat village) stood beneath a rocky precipice a dark and awesome pool (*isiZiba sikaNzala*). Into this Ndlovini malefactors were told to go and frolic (*Z. búkuda*) with the tribal executioners. The game consisted in the executioner so ducking the criminal that he never came to life again, Nero sitting thereby and enjoying the sport.

His little reign of terror, however, did not last long now. In the year 1824, that mighty Nimrod nicknamed uSishaya-kasishayeki (He who strikes but is never stricken) came on his annual hunting-trip out of Zululand to enjoy a little 'Elephant' hunting. In a single day he cleared the bush, and the Ndlovini clan became as extinct as many another tribe of African elephants. Some, however, managed to scamper away over the Tongaat and find asylum with the Celes ; others, apparently including Nzala, to seek it among the Whitemen at the Port.

But the Whitemen never reinstated Nzala in his former kingdom. Instead, they set up there a little kingdom of their own. Among the emaNdlovini who had fled to their protection was one, Kófiyana, son of Mbéngane (of the Mbámbó clan) who so ingratiated himself with pioneer Cane, that he elevated him to the rank of chieftain over his Native subjects, whom he had settled along the coast between the Mngéni mouth and the Tongaat. King Kófiyana accordingly erected his palace by the oHlange river, and later on generated his subjects on the memorable Biggar campaign against Dingane (495), from which very few, save Kófiyana himself, returned. Kófiyana thus survived to die peacefully at home ; whereupon his family abdicated and went into retirement on the Mzimkúlu. Between Durban village and the Mngéni the Native headman was Tútá, son of Lunguza.

Now, it happened in those days—though a good number of years later—that a good ship sailed out of East Africa down the coast to be wrecked in the neighbourhood of Mount Edgecumbe. Among the flotsam and jetsam was found an *umTshweki* (or *umTshopi*) corpse ; but a kindly Samaritan named Campbell, resident thereby, took the corpse in hand and brought it to life again ! It turned out to have the name Donise, and by the good Samaritan's influence this half-drowned Mtshopi became subsequently crowned king of that part of Kófiyana's realm that lay where Ndlovini-land formerly had been (betwixt the Mdloti and Tongaat)

Following the precedent of his royal predecessors, king Donise died, and following that laid down by Kófiyana's family, Donise's heir, Mziyana, resigned his rights and retired to kwaSitêbe (inland of the Noodsberg Hills).

Mziyana had retired in favour of a pal of his named Góntshwe, son of Mdekeda (of the Mbâmbó clan); but his subjects were not enamoured of the candidate and refused allegiance. The local magistrate—the Colony had now become entirely British—came to their aid. He called out the Court Native headman, named Ncapáyi, son of Mkóbosi, of Nkombâse—the latter, of the aba-kwa-Ndlovu clan, having come out of Zululand with Mawa, daughter of Jama—and straightway installed him king over the Donise realm. And there his son, Mgábo, was recently reigning.

But Nkemu, son of Nzala, the original emaNdlovini monarch, was at that time living in humble obscurity on the êmBókodweni river.

In the year 1820, Ngóza (the Têmbú chief) had cut his way through the Mngéni Debe clans on his retreat from the Zulus to the Mzimkúlu. The succeeding year, 1821, Macingwane and his Cúnus had repeated the operation. On the heels of the Cúnus marched the migrating Lala confederacy (1821), and in pursuit of all came the armies of Shaka, roaming and ravaging wherever human beings or cattle presented themselves for capture or attack.

Shaka's army at this period (1821-22) mustered at least 10,000 warriors. Any single one of its divisions, two or three thousand strong—and there were usually more than one such division operating in different parts at once—would have sufficed to walk through and extinguish any clan in Natal, few of which could muster more than a couple of hundred fighting-men. One such army was capable of passing rapidly forward from clan to clan, dispersing or destroying each as it went, then gathering up its abandoned stock or capturing its laggards, until half-a-dozen clans had been thus accounted for at a single outing.

Such an army marched down in the year afore-mentioned (1821-22) over the Mvoti-Mngéni heights, heading Mngéniwards.

They first struck the **aba-kwa-Dlanyoka** occupying **Dlanyoka** the country, in a semicircular fashion, from the Mngéni across to the upper Mqeku and then back down that river.

Nomgánga, their chief, attempted a futile resistance, and got himself and his heir both slain in the process, and his line became extinct. The forlorn clan went into hiding in the bush to consider what their next step should be. The royal family extinct, Myaye, or his father, Nxapú, seems to have been the tribal grandee who now assumed command.

Meanwhile the Zulu army placidly proceeded on its way down the Mqeku river, till, within the triangle at the Mqeku and Mngéni confluence, it alighted on a small colony of **aba-kwa-Njilo** folk, governed by Noqomfela (perhaps son of Sali) and forming a junior branch of the Njilos of Sibenya, son of Sali, at the upper Mlazi (378). There is no record of this tiny clan having repulsed the invaders, nor of anything else they did. We conclude that they were wise, followed the Shakespearean policy and lay low. Noqomfela at any rate survived the ordeal and some, if not all, of his people with him.

The **aba-s-emNkulwini**, about the eTáfámasi, between the upper Mqeku and upper Mdloti, and ruled by Mambáne, son of Nomapíkéla, had their royal house and apparently most of themselves wiped out by this expedition; for we never hear of them again. We think they may have been but a sub-clan of one of their larger neighbours.

Fording now the Mngéni river, the Zulus called in on another colony, not now of Njilos, but of the **emaNdlovini**—whom we have already met down on the coast (553)—presided over by Mbéngé (? Bèlesi), father of Vadu, father of Mbóngwa. Their patch of territory extended from the Mngéni, between Camperdown and the enTshangwe, away to the sources of the Mhlatúzana. The Zulus found the family in, promptly kicked them out, burgled the house of such valuables as it possessed, and passed on.

They came to the **amaNyavu**—whether correctly described as *aba-s-emaNyavini* or *aba-kwa-Nyavu* is uncertain; we think most probably the former, after their founder's kraal—higher up the Mngéni on the same (right) bank. These Nyavus, ruled by Mcoseli, son of Sali, with the Njilos under Sibenya, of Sali (378) and the Njilos of Noqomfela (above) formed all together one clan or tribe. The Nyavu domain lay midway between the two branches of the Njilos, and extended from the Table Mount (emKámbátini) to Cato Ridge. The Nyavu army, two or three score strong probably, won no additional laurels on this memorable occasion; but generously contributed a handsome herd of cattle to the general collection in aid of the poor Zulu king.

Finally, the Shakan embassy knocked at the castle-gates of the **emaDlanyaweni** (the Feet-eaters), who were, think some, cousins of the Bones (*amaNtambó*—p. 269). The royal domain abutted on the lower Msunduze and thence extended southward towards Richmond Junction—a section of the clan, known as the **aba-kwa-Hlanga**, were on the opposite (northern) side of the Msunduze, towards the Mngéni.

When the Zulus arrived, the doughty knight, Magádaza, son of Nduli, of Sotóndoshe, of Ntotóviyana, of Sosoloshe, of Mkwézi (order doubtful), was in charge of the castle garrison. "What will you of me?" he demanded. "A contribution, voluntary or otherwise, in aid of the poor Zulu king." "Go away!" said Magádaza; and himself positively refused either to contribute or to budge. So the Zulus unlimbered and opened a vigorous bombardment. Dlanyawo castle collapsed like a house of cards, with the bold knight, Magádaza, honourably buried beneath the ruins. His two sons, however, managed to scramble out of the grave; of whom the younger, Nokwena, made an immediate departure for Xóزالand, beyond the Mzimvubu (whence he in later years returned), while the elder, Mgwáda, remained to watch developments on the spot. With which party another brother went, viz. Mnini, father of Gwíliza, father of Malamulela, we cannot say.

This idyllically beautiful Mngéniland, with its myriad green hills and bosky ravines, studded a year ago with numberless hamlets, resounding with the panpipes and merry laughter of Nature's own children, had now become a still and soulless solitude, strewn with ruins, harbouring but a few craven and famished vagrants lurking out of sight in the darkneses of the woods. Of the Debe survivors, many, from every clan, had already fled, seeking safety to the south, some with Macingwane, some with Madikane (both at that time about the Mzimkúlu), others with the Mpondos or Xózas. But a few dozen were left behind in the lurch, or wished it so. For these helpless and defenceless fragments of obliterated clans it would be neither profitable nor safe to linger longer in their wild and lonely homelands. They therefore resolved to unite, Nyavus, Njilos, Dlanyokas, Dlanyawos and some Wushes, such as were left of them, in one common effort for safety. They moved away, in the early part of 1822, to seek refuge under the ægis of the powerful Matiwane (1839), then still in the upper Túkela region.

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 Sutús. The Debe refugees, however, with their women and children still foot-sore 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 emaNgwáneni departed, than the remaining Debes conceived the idea of enriching themselves at the expense

of their erstwhile protectors by reaping into their own cribs the whole country-side of standing corn abandoned by the former. 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 emaNgwāneni cattle as had been secreted on the Bushman's river, came to the conclusion that the loyal professions of these Debes 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, Mcoseli as well as Noqomfela, and drove the rest from the country.

Partly by the flight of members, partly by repeated slaughter, the former Debe clans of the Mngēni were now practically extinct in Natal. Of each only a few individuals longer remained, and of these each now launched forth on his own way.

The Nyavu party, with whom marched also the Njilos, did not at first move farther away than to the Little Bushman's river (south-west of Estcourt). Two kraals they built there—maybe one for each clan—and these two sufficed for all. They spent their time hunting elephants and buffaloes, disposing of the ivory and hides to Ogle and Co. at their emporium at the Mkómazi mouth. With the results they purchased one cow, and deemed themselves rich—only Shaka possessed cows in those days. It is doubtful whether there was any recognized leader longer at the party's head; but Mcoseli's only surviving son, a small boy, by name Tshiko, was among them, and lived right into these our own times to relate the story to posterity. But in that story he figures not as Tshiko, but as Nomsimekwana, after a praise-name of his conferred in after life by admiring compatriots—*himSimeko ya-kwa-Shulwa; humKāndi wemiTi yeziNyanga, wa-kānda imiTi kaMafūnda kaLujojana* (they are the meat-skewers—the reference being perhaps to the cannibal-times, see below—of Shulwa's; he is the medicine-pounder for the doctors, he pounded the medicines for Mafunda, son of Lujojana).

At length, recovered in health, spirits and wealth, the party thought they would venture back home again and reclaim their devastated fatherland. Shaka, of course, was not yet dead, nor were his armies idle. But worse than either was awaiting them—the cannibal tribe of Mdava (552) had taken possession, and was already devising means and ways to bring them into the pot. And the Nyavus knew it not.

Everything looked so homely and joyful once more; but it did not yet quite feel so, internally. So on the morrow the men-folk went forth to forage for any chance potatoes or such-like still

procurable from their old fields down by the river. Now, it chanced that at the same hour, in the same neighbourhood, the 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 with joy—whole herds 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 the boy Nomsimekwana, son of Mcoseli, chief of the Nyavu 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 cover for the pot in which he was to be stewed. The idea, however, was premature; for, when passing the rush-grown Msunduze river soon afterwards, the boy plunged in, and, working his way forward under water, was able to view the discomfiture of his captors from amidst 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. But his sisters and friends went onward into the stew.

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 beings was their well-picked bones and their heads vacantly staring at them from the top of the huts in which they had lived.

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 hyænas, that no child or female dare be known to exist nor solitary man appear, life was no longer endurable. Crossing the Túkela, therefore, they entered Embóland, on the Ntsuze river, where Zihlandlo still reigned as a tributary to Shaka. There the 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 Tõngaland.

Nomsimekwana, however, survived, and received from Dingane (now reigning) the high appointment of cattle-herd in one of the royal kraals. Alas! two oxen gored each other to death, and the

catastrophe was attributed to Nomsimekwana's neglect of duty. Rather than face the consequences, he hastened over the Tùkela and, forging ahead, dodged the eagle eyes of the police outposts, of Sotobe (on the Nadi river) and Lukwazi (on the Mpanza), and reached the Mpfana (Mooi river) sound and safe. Step by step he gravitated back towards the wilderness that had once been the happy home of his clan and his childhood. Having sojourned awhile at the Karkloof, in the third season succeeding his escape, after having patiently suffered and outlived so many personal vicissitudes and tribal calamities, he had the unspeakable satisfaction of once again building himself a comfortable home (his esiNyameni kraal) amidst the dear old scenes by the Table Mount. To make life more cheerful, he looked about for a wife, and found a widow, a quite acceptable substitute.

Life might have been quite endurable now—had not the Boers arrived! After the revolt of Mpande (1839), several Nyavu youths availed themselves of the opportunity to escape from their bondage among the Zulus and to make their way back to the old Mngéni land. Nomsimekwana was now enabled to live right royally as a real hereditary chieftain; and, to celebrate the occasion, treated himself to a real young bride, who delighted him with a son and heir, by name Ngáangezwe. Then suddenly the sun went out, and a frightful darkness descended upon poor Nomsimekwana's soul. Fierce white men appeared and compelled him to be their serf. Rather than submit to their oppression, he would once again sacrifice home and dignity to secure but freedom. So he simply vanished, and reaching the enTshangwe hill, built himself a hovel. This the old Boer ere long discovered, and galloped over to ask how dare he seek freedom without a passport. Nomsimekwana, however, espied him coming and moved on post-haste down the Mlazi river, settling near the coast; later, on the Mkómazi.

Sali (for ancestors, see 379).
 |
 Mcoseli (*d.* 1822).
 |
 Nomsimekwana (*d.* 1901).
 |
 Ngáangezwe.
 |
 Somquba.

While at the Mkómazi, the British supplanted the Boers in Natal, and Nomsimekwana, sensing a more paternal government, ventured to give the dear old Table Mount another chance. Scattered members of his clan, recognizing the more peaceful

conditions, regathered round him, and there he continued to dwell unmolested, monarch over a realm comprising (in 1852) just 'twenty kraals,' till, on the 21st September, 1901, he passed into eternal rest, a baptized Christian.

And what of the Dlanyokas who had accompanied the Nyavus and Njilos on their flight to Matiwane, there under the Drakensberg?

After the expulsion of their companions by the latter from that locality (558), some of the Dlanyokas worked their way southward along the Drakensberg, until they came **Dlanyoka** across the emaCūnwini, under Macingwane, on the upper Mzimkūlu, to whom they subjected themselves. Other some went back with the Nyavus to the Mngeni, to become there practically extinguished by the cannibals.

Scattered about Natal, and especially in the south-east, were divers small clans of which we read in early documents, but whose members, or even names, we have personally never come across in modern times, although perchance such may still exist in or about the Transkei.

And what's her history?

A blank, my lord.

—SHAKESPEARE.

There were the '**amaPémvu**,' described as related both to the amaNgángá and to the Mapúmulos. Kutu, son of Kōndlo, their chief, is said to have been, in 1864, among the Mpondos. The '**amaKalalo**' are mentioned as having been at Richmond (upper Lovu); the '**amaMbénge**' adjoining the amaTúli on the Lovu; the '**amaMbóvane**' adjoining the same people on the Mkómazi; the '**aba-kwa-Shoba**' on the south bank of the lower Mkómazi, above the preceding; the '**aba-kwa-Mbibi**' somewhere between the Mkómazi and the Mzumbé; the '**aba-kwa-Ndonyela**' at Sawoti (inland of Mzinto village); the '**aba-kwa-Gwayi**' somewhere between the Mtwálume and Mzimkūlu; the '**aba-kwa-Ntozaké**' (still met with in Natal), in 1852 under Soféka on the upper Mzumbé.

British pioneers from 1824 to 1840 at, and south of, Port Natal collected together 'tribes' of vagrants from every broken clan and placed them under Native headmen of their own selection. Such were the '**aba-kwa-Jivane**' under Kófiyana, of Mbéngane (554) between the Mzumbé and the Mzimkūlu; possibly also the '**amaVangane**' under Ngóye on the lower Mzinto; while the '**izinKumbi**' were the people placed by Fynn under his Native wife, Vundlase (of the Zelemu clan).

The **amaMbáyini** met with along the coast of Natal are the offspring of the famous imported Cape Native, Jacob, of Shaka's time (563). Port Elizabeth (by Natives called *ēBáyí*, at the Bay) was in those days the nearest Cape port, with which most of Natal trade was done. Natives coming up from those parts (like Jacob) would naturally call themselves *amaBáyí* (Port Elizabethites), which term, in Zulu mouths, became euphonicly changed to *amaMbáyí*.

The **aba-kwa-Xolo**, now southward of the Mzimkúlu, are said to be an offshoot of the amaMpondomusa. They were found in those parts and conquered by the enTlangwini Dlamini upon their first arrival south of the Mzimkúlu (382).

The desolation of the sunny land of Old Natal and the destruction of its peaceful clans was now complete.

Thy hand, great Anarch ! lets the curtain fall ;
And universal darkness buries all.

—POPE.

CHAPTER 55

THE 'JULIA' ENTERS PORT NATAL BEARING THE INVADING BRITONS (1824)

OUT of the gloom of scant and hazy tradition we now pass at last into the clear and certain light of written records. The White-man with paper and pen has at length arrived, and, thanks to his foresight, interest and knowledge, has drawn for us, of the Zulu people, their habits and their king, many a graphic picture that will endure through all the ages.

The popular *History of England* commences, in the orthodox fashion, with the same old formula—"The history of England may be said to begin with the landing in Britain of Julius Cæsar in the year 55 B.C." With better fortune, we have been able to open the story of the Ngúni-Bantu with full 500 pages of more or less historical matter prior to the arrival in Natal of the 'Julia' sloop, and the landing there of the invading British in the year of grace 1824.

Politically speaking, the Roman and British peoples have much in common—both were endowed by nature with a similar passion for land-grabbing ; both made themselves great by marching over the face of the earth, seizing as much of its land and sea

surface as they safely could, and then arbitrarily imposing themselves and their institutions on the helpless and unconsulted natives. The main difference was in their method of procedure. When England decided to extend its boundaries among primitive peoples, unpatriotic observers inform us that it first sent forward the Bible-hawker to delude their simple hearts, then the rum-seller to capture their stomachs, and finally came itself with the big gun to blow off their heads. The Romans reversed the process, first launching their cohorts, then parading their culture, but dispensing wholly with their gods. The final result, however, was in both instances the same—a world-wide empire.

The present or most recent historical period, namely that of written 'Zulu' history, may be said to date from the advent in Delagoa Bay of the British Admiralty hydrographical expedition led by **Capt. W. Owen**, R.N., in the year 1822. The expedition left Woolwich on the 10th January, and Table Bay (Capetown) on the 31st August, reaching Delagoa Bay on the 27th September in the same year. Unpropitious weather had prevented any approach to the coast of Zululand and Natal—though the work was there later accomplished in the year 1825; but while at Delagoa Bay Owen, as we have already related (448, 459), made the personal acquaintance of that celebrated pair of Bantu empire-builders, Soshangane and Zwangendaba, both recently fled from Shaka out of Zululand.

In passing Capetown, Capt. Owen had received from the Government a number of Native convicts from Robben Island to serve as interpreters, labourers and the like. Among them was one, 'Jakot Msimbiti' (the 'Jakot' becoming later transmuted into 'Jakob' by the English pioneers in Natal), who, captured cattle-raiding over the Kaffraria-Colonial border—and therefore probably of Xóza extraction—had been escorted in chains to Algoa Bay and there placed on the brig 'Salisbury,' J. S. King, master, for deliverance to the authorities in Capetown. During his incarceration this man had acquired a small knowledge of Dutch, and later, through life with the sailors, picked up a smattering of English. The understanding now was that consistent good conduct throughout Owen's trip would ensure release from prison on the convicts' return home. As far as Jakot was concerned, his destiny was nothing so mean. Once out of the prison walls, he arranged that no further release would be necessary, and in due course waxed into a star of outstanding resplendence in Shaka's court.

The programme in Delagoa Bay for the present completed, Owen set sail for Capetown, reaching there about the end of the month of March or the beginning of April, 1823. On the 25th June

he harked back to his task of exploring the East coast, and put into Algoa Bay (Port Elizabeth) on the 27th for provisions. While so engaged, there entered the port the brig 'Salisbury,' J. S. King master, as aforesaid, chartered now by a certain trading company, headed by **F. G. Farewell** and Alex. Thompson, to proceed in search of new markets along the East-African coast. This Farewell had formerly been a lieutenant in the Royal Marines of the English Navy and, later, an East Indian merchant. To help the party in their quest, Capt. Owen graciously supplied them with much useful information, as also with a brace of Kafir interpreters, among whom was the before-mentioned Jakot or Jacob, who had now come to find globe-trotting infinitely more exciting than mere release and repatriation.

To captain **J. S. King**, for his guidance and security, Owen presented a chart of the Natal coast indicating the position of both Port Natal (Durban) and St. Lucia Bay (in Zululand), and received from the former in return a promise that he would make a survey of those inlets and later hand the results over to Owen's commodore. The 'Salisbury,' with Farewell and party on board, thereupon set sail for the East coast. The brig failed to effect an entry into Port Natal, but attempted a landing at St. Lucia Bay. Unhappily the boat with the landing-party capsized in the surf, four of its inmates being drowned; but the principals, Thompson and Farewell, managed to reach the shore, the latter by help of the strong arm of the Native, Jacob, who proved himself an expert swimmer. There the Native was immediately rewarded for his gallant service with a cruel clout from his irate master, Thompson. Mortally offended by such ingratitude, Jacob there and then determined to sever all further connection with the Whites and marched off inland to seek more humane treatment from the hands of a savage king of his own race and colour. Shaka received the wanderer at first with some suspicion, but later on, recognizing his abilities, showered his favours upon him and decorated him for his valour with the praise-name of *Hlambámanzi* (the Swimmer).

The Europeans, now left in the lurch without a capable interpreter, were unable to open communication with the Natives and must perforce make their way back as best they could to the brig. They retraced their course to the south, and on this occasion succeeded in making Port Natal. They were surprised at the excellence of the harbour, and moored their ship alongside an island within the land-locked bay, which, from the occurrence, afterwards became known as 'Salisbury Island.'

At this place the party made a prolonged stay, during which King, in accord with his promise to Capt. Owen, made a survey of the bay. But when the party left again for Capetown in 1823,

King, instead of faithfully handing over to Owen's commodore the result of his investigations, kept the information carefully to himself, availed himself of the first opportunity of a passage to England and there hastened to the Admiralty, where he was hailed, much to Owen's subsequent disgust, as the discoverer and surveyor of a new and important harbour on the East-African coast, and was forthwith promoted for his illustrious services to the dignity of lieutenant in the British Navy, in which in younger days he had already served as midshipman in the 'Guerrie.'

Ostensibly, King had gone home on quite another errand, namely, to interest the British Government in their East-African scheme. Meanwhile Farewell was to remain in Capetown and bombard the authorities at that end. On the 1st May, 1824, he hurled at the local Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, the following missive. After deploring his previous failure, he expressed a strong desire to venture "another trial, hoping that by making some stay there [Port Natal], we may get the natives to bring their produce to exchange for our goods'; which in time might lead to important advantages. My intentions are to keep a vessel lying constantly in port, and to have a small party on shore to communicate with the natives and carry on trade. The natives have already requested that we would come and traffic with them . . . and we have about 25 persons, including principals and servants, besides the crew" already willing to participate in the adventure. The shot proved nearly a bull—though not quite so. Lord Charles was brought to his knees, and promptly bestowed his gubernatorial blessing—but only on condition that intercourse with the Natives be friendly and fair, and that there be no attempt at territorial acquisition without the knowledge of the Government.

Upon this understanding Farewell chartered two vessels, the 'Julia' and the 'Ann' to proceed with some 40 persons to Port Natal. The 'Julia'—which, by the way, had some time before (viz. in October, 1822) conveyed the Wesleyan missionary, Rev. J. Archbell, to 'sow the seed' amongst the Hottentots of Walvish Bay, and now bore that portion of the trading-party which was headed by **Henry Francis Fynn**—sailed out of Table Bay in March, 1824, and reached its objective safely, presumably in the same month.

Leaving the majority of his party behind to lay the foundations of modern Durban, in the erection of a cluster of temporary wattle-and-daub hovels about where the Town Hall now stands, Fynn himself set off to interview the king, which in those regions was the king. He cautiously despatched Native emissaries on ahead to test the auguries; and the auguries proved unpropitious. The messengers found the Zulu monarch at his Bulawayo kraal

near Eshowe ; but he, with equal caution—never having yet set eyes on so uncanny a being as a white man—peremptorily waved them home again, tactfully sending with them a present of 40 head of cattle and a quantity of ivory for their masters and a polite request that these latter postpone their visit ' until a more suitable reception could be prepared for them.' So, hurling hearty maledictions at his sable majesty, the disappointed Fynn must needs tramp another 100 miles back home again with his purpose unachieved. Meanwhile Shaka's spies kept searching eyes on him and his.

Few of the aforesaid majority had the courage to remain in Port Natal. The impending departure of the ' Julia ' for Cape-town made many of them home-sick, and they returned with her. Then by the time she was ready to return to Natal, another batch of Cape Colonists was already craving for the flesh-pots of Natal. Instead, alas ! they became themselves flesh-pots for the fishes ; and the ' Julia ' was heard of nevermore.

Upon reaching Port Natal after his first abortive visit to the Zulu king, Fynn had the consolation of being greeted by his colleague, Lieut. Farewell and the party in the ' Ann,' which had arrived in Natal six weeks later than himself, after having been considerably delayed in Table Bay.—The master of the schooner, ' Ann,' was one, Capt. Dunn,* who, when he returned with his vessel to Natal on 6th October, 1826, brought with him Mrs. Farewell, who thus became the first European lady to settle at that place, and for some time the only one there. This Capt. Dunn appears to have been a different individual from the Robert Dunn, father of the famous John Dunn (*Z. Jantoni*) of later Zulu history. Robert Dunn figures in the chronicles of early Durban, about the years 1838-42, first as trader, then as British ' agent,' and had his residence, which he called *Sea View*, on a hilltop overlooking the Bay ; from which fact the hill itself and the surrounding neighbourhood has since become known by that same name.†

The pigeon-hearted having been entirely weeded out and shipped back home to their mothers, or to the mermaids, the few elect that now remained—Farewell (*Febana kaMjosi*) and Fynn (*Mbúyazi wēTéku*), **Henry Ogle** (*Wohlo*, Farewell's servant) and **John Cane** (*Jana*, his carpenter), **Thomas Holstead** (*Damuse*, who was massacred with Retief) and **George Biggar** (who fell with the Boers at Weenen), **Popham** (*Pobana*) and **Peterson**—soon proved themselves worthy scions of the good old stock, a bold and merry crew fired with the ancient spirit of adventure and quest of fortune, which made the empire. The portrait

* Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, I., 149, 152.

† Bird, *A.N.*, I., 431, 493 ; Holden, *H.N.*, 14, 108 ; Moodie, *B.S.A.*, II., 438.

Isaacs has drawn for us of Fynn would no doubt fit the lot. "In stature somewhat tall, with a prepossessing countenance, from necessity his face was disfigured with hair, not having had an opportunity of shaving himself for a considerable time. His head was partly covered with a crownless straw hat, and a tattered blanket, fastened round his neck by means of strips of hide, served to cover his body, while his hands performed the office of keeping it round his 'nether man'; his shoes he had discarded for some months, whilst every other habiliment had imperceptibly worn away, so 'that there was nothing of a piece about him.' He was highly loved by the natives, who looked up to him with more than ordinary veneration, for he had often been instrumental in saving their lives, and, in moments of pain and sickness, had administered to their relief. About a hundred had attached themselves to him [1825, one year after arrival], so much so that they were inseparable."*

The habitations of this merry crowd were on a par with their apparel. "The place selected by Mr. Farewell for his residence," writes Isaacs,† "had a singular appearance, from the peculiar construction of the several edifices [the position was about where the Town Hall and Gardens now are]. His house was not unlike an ordinary barn made of wattle and plaistered with clay, without windows, and with only one door composed of reeds. It had a thatched roof, but otherwise was not remarkable either for the elegance of its structure or the capacity of its interior. The house of Mr. Cain was contiguous to that of Mr. Farewell, and about twenty yards from it, while that of Ogle was at a similar distance, and had the appearance of the roof of a house placed designedly on the ground, the gable end of which being left open, served as a door." Though Rachel, the Hottentot lady they had brought with them, no doubt proved a useful servant, it was but natural that these strong men in the prime of manhood, with no females of their own race and colour to share with them the cares and calls of life, should have indulged in amorous liaisons with Native belles and left a yellow progeny to perpetuate their name.

Thus it was that, more than 100 years after Gerbrantzer and his Dutchmen had finally withdrawn from Natal (501), the earliest English settlers arrived and founded the township which, ten years later, was christened Durban, after Governor Sir Benjamin D'Urban, then ruling at the Cape.‡

Further references for **Farewell**: Thompson, *T.A.*, II., 407, 411; Steedman, *W.A.*, I., 273-8; Moodie, *B.S.A.*, II., 404; Shooter, *K.N.*, 275, 277, 315; Owen, *N.V.*, II., 220; Holden, *H.N.*, 43, 45, 46, 49, 50, 52, 53; *K.R.*, 28; Isaacs, *T.E.A.*,

* Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, I., 39.

† *Ibid.*, 26.

‡ Gardiner, *J.Z.C.*, 399; Bird, *A.N.*, I., 252-325.

I., xx, 23, 27, 38, 298; II., 15, 252; Bird, *A.N.*, I., 71, 74, 84, 191, 258, 261, 303; Kay, *T.C.*, 386, 397, 398, 401.

Fynn: Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, 23, 39, 270; II., 40, 88, 237, 241, 251, 268, 272; Ludlow, *Z.C.*, 192; Shooter, *K.N.*, 275, 280, 287, 289, 319; Bird, *A.N.*, I., 74; Holden, *H.N.*, 46, 49, 50, 52, 59, 60; *K.R.*, 29, 30, 49; Shaw, *M.*, 162.

Holstead: Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, I., 22.

Cane: Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, I., 27, 38; Shooter, *K.N.*, 292, 294, 316, 318, 319, 322, 324.

Ogle: Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, I., 27, 248; Bird, *A.N.*, I., 195; Shooter, *K.N.*, 276, 322, 324; Holden, *H.N.*, 54.

King: Owen, *N.V.*, I., xviii-xxi, 253; Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, I., xviii, 257, 301; Kay, *T.C.*, 402; Shooter, *K.N.*, 275, 280, 293; Holden, *H.N.*, 50; Bird, *A.N.*, I., 73, 94.

Peterson: Bird, *A.N.*, I., 79.

Isaacs: *T.E.A.*, I., xxi, 210, 312; II., 41; Shooter, *K.N.*, 275, 280, 316, 319; Bird, *A.N.*, I., 197; Holden, *H.N.*, 42, 44, 46.

Jacob: Owen, *N.V.*, I., 59, 61, 82; II., 222; Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, I., 46, 256, 258; II., 28, 60, 209, 210, 251, 264, 254, 269; Shooter, *K.N.*, 277, 282, 297, 313, 316, 319; Gardiner, *J.Z.C.*, 37; Holden, *H.N.*, 46, 47; Moodie, *B.S.A.*, II., 396; Bird, *A.N.*, I., 76, 194, 551.

CHAPTER 56

SHAKA'S HOME-LIFE AT BULAWAYO: ITS PLEASURES AND ITS PERILS (1824)

IT was early in the month of July, 1824, three months after his arrival in Natal, that Henry Francis Fynn, as we may suppose, cast off that tattered blanket and crownless hat, and got into his best cravat and brocaded vest; and Lieut. Farewell, R.N., into his cocked hat and epaulets, preparatory to the royal levee. Mounted on their steeds, caparisoned, as Isaacs has recorded of a subsequent occasion, "with blanket as a saddle, securely fixed by a specially manufactured canvas belt, a bridle of the same material [presumably canvas], some cord as reins, and an iron ring as substitute for bit," they must indeed have been to the astonished Natives a weird and awesome spectacle. Then off they cantered, escorted by befitting retinue, and got there, to Bulawayo Palace (120 miles away) and the grand levee.

Three months before, as already chronicled (565), Fynn had gone that selfsame way—but uninvited; and, when all but there, been politely gestured home again—till called. Hard in his wake—though Fynn was unaware of it—Mhlopé, Shaka's trusted spy, stole along behind; then, on a point of vantage on the Berea rise, built himself a kraal, and kept both eyes and ears wide open. This artless savage, so innocently strolling about the Whiteman's camp, was not slow to note that this was a species perfectly sociable and tame, which wallowed in a wealth of

wonders amazing and enchanting, and lived, free of care and pain, on a beverage fit for gods. His report was prompt and urgent ; and Shaka responded with despatch. He summoned his most tactful and imposing diplomat, Mbikwane, son of Káyi (the Mtétwá king), earliest of friends in the days of youth, now prime minister of the Zulu realm, and appointed him ambassador plenipotentiary to the Whiteman's camp, bearing a cordial invitation that they honour him with a visit.—This Mbikwane was by nature an amiable soul, who had conquered the hard heart of Shaka and won the love of all his people, whom he often shielded against the brutal vagaries of their common sovereign. He gained at once the confidence of the solitary and helpless Whites, and proved throughout his life their protector and their friend. He died in April, 1826, at his kraal on the north side of the lower Mlalazi, leaving to his son, Sidunge, the heritage of a noble tradition. The passing of this old friend was celebrated by Shaka in his usual ferocious style, with none now to check his fiendish passions. On that very day Isaacs chanced to be visiting the Bulawayo kraal. While still three miles therefrom, he writes : " A great number of natives passed to and from the king's residence ; most of them were crying bitterly. . . . We began to be apprehensive ; but an elderly man informed us that the sorrow of the people was occasioned by the death of an old chieftain, who had been a great favourite among them. . . . We soon arrived at the gate of the kraal. Here we were for some time detained by the crowd of people who were lamenting with hideous sounds and gestures, and whose wild looks greatly discomposed us. We observed a number of people dragged away and instantly executed, for, as we were told, not shedding tears in the imperial presence on such an occasion."

Happily Mbikwane's time had not yet come to cause such sorrowful tragedies. To-day he tripped along, jovial and hale, chaperoning through the sunlit parklands of Natal a wondrous cavalcade of white men never before seen in the land, borne on the backs of beasts never before heard of, on to his friend, ' the mightiest monarch on the earth.' No broad beaten track in those days led from Port Natal into the Zulu wilds ; so they hugged the coast as the surest course, fording the rivers at or near their mouths ; then, over the Túkela and amaTigulu, they traversed the broad iNyezane plain, past the great military kraal of enTonteleni (on the northern slope of the oBanjeni ridge ; formerly on the emTónjaneni heights), thence over the middle Mlalazi and up the oNgóye hills. Emerged on the northern side, the broad panorama of the Mhlatúze valley, with its expanse of bush-clad

hill and vale, lay spread before them down below. Mid on its bosom rested the great *kwaBulawayo* kraal.

True, this Zulu palace could not be designated a handsome 'pile,' though, when viewed from above, it might well be likened to a gigantic 'platter,' resting on a broad and gentle slope (to the right of the Eshowe-Empangeni road, some 17 miles distant from the former, and with an *umKiwane* tree near where the entrance used to be)—an inclined circular plane a mile in width, surrounded by a palisade and dotted within with fifteen hundred dwellings, themselves encompassing a central open cattle-fold encircled by another palisade. The upper segment of the circle was further hedged around to form the private quarters sacred to the king and his multitude of serving girls, while the huts along each flank were garrisoned by a couple of thousand of celibate warriors, the sole entrance to the whole being a broad opening at the lowest end of the outer palisade, through which passed in and out both men and cattle. Within reigned stringent rules of etiquette and order.

At length our imposing cavalcade descended from the *ōNgóye* slopes, hove in sight, and out of every beehive hut bestirred a swarm of naked soldiery fully accoutred with spear and shield and plumes. "On arriving within a mile of the king's residence," writes Fynn, "we were directed to wait under a large tree till the arrival of the messengers who were to call Mr. Farewell and myself and the rest of the party.

"The kraal was nearly two miles in circumference."—Isaacs, describing the same kraal, says, "the circumference I should think would exceed three miles, and it includes within its space about 1400 huts. The king's palace, which is situated at the head of the kraal, on an eminence, comprises about 100 huts, in which none but girls live."—"At the time of our entering the gates, the kraal was surrounded by about 12,000 men in their war attire. We were then desired to gallop round the kraal several times, and, returning, bring the remainder of our party. When we came again, we were directed to gallop four times more round the kraal—then to stand at a distance of twenty yards from a tree at the head of the kraal. Umbekwana (= *uMbikwana*), who had accompanied us, made a long speech to the king, who was so surrounded by his chiefs that we could not distinguish him. One of the chiefs spoke in reply to Umbekwana, to whom he stood opposite. His speech concluded, he brought out an elephant's tusk as a present to Mr. Farewell. Umbekwana again spoke, urging us frequently to exclaim '*Yebo*'—meaning 'Yes'—but what we were assenting to we did not know. Chaka then sprang up from among the chiefs, striking the shield of the chief on either side of him. The whole body then ran to the lower end of the

kraal, leaving us alone, with the exception of one man who had been in the crowd." This uniquely favoured individual turned out to be none other than our old friend, Farewell's Xóza servant, the cattle-thief, Jacob, who, as already related (564), after having been wrecked with his master at St. Lucia Bay, had betaken himself to the Zulu king, who had named him Hlambámanzi, and now raised him to the dignity of royal interpreter and intermediary with the Whites.

The 'savage' potentate entertained his distinguished visitors with all that pomp and festival usually accounted the distinctive monopoly of cultured monarchs. All the might and opulence of the Zulu nation, all the 'crown jewels' and 'state plate' in the form of prime beast and luring beauty, were brought forth and lavishly displayed for their favourable impression and delight. During their stay—which, in the case of Fynn, endured for longer than a month—the pioneers saw much of Shaka and of Zulu life.

Betaking themselves to the state-quarters—in other words, to an adjacent kraal—specially prepared for their reception, they were gratified to find a right royal banquet spread awaiting them, to wit, an ox, a sheep, a basket of Kafir-corn and a three-gallon pot of beer! In thanks for which they fired off a salute of eight guns and shot up four sky-rockets—much, no doubt, to Shaka's horror and consternation.

On the following morning, upon invitation by special messenger, they mounted their steeds and sped to visit the king. Shaka, at that time, was still in the prime of manhood, some 38 years of age, six feet in height, dark of skin, of sleek but stalwart frame, and still unmarried. He wore neither head-ring nor 'circumcision.'

They found his Majesty having his bath! But bath and toilet with the Zulus being on the true Pompeian model, a public spectacle, they marched right in. The function was performed *al fresco* at the head of the kraal. Three page-boys approached, two bearing gourds of water, the third a large black wooden dish (similar to that used for the conveyance of meat), each bearing his article in both hands raised vertically above his head. Having first 'soaped' the whole body with a paste of bruised fat and ground Kafir-corn—which, presumably, gathered up the dust,—the king then washed the compound away with water from the wooden dish held before him. Meanwhile he chattered gaily with those around him; then suddenly turning about, perfunctorily ordered one of them off to instant execution, "for what reason we could not learn, but soon found it to be one of the common occurrences in the course of the day"—apparently the notion sometimes striking him that certain individuals, like other dirt, were matter out of place; and he 'washed them off.' The gentle breeze having functioned as a

towel, the cosmetic-bearer again drew nigh, bearing a small basket, which likewise he held in both hands and presented with arms outstretched—this, we may say, was the universal Zulu etiquette when offering anything to or receiving from a superior. From the basket his Majesty extracted a lump of red-ochre paste, with which he besmeared the skin, rubbing the mixture well in till it had almost disappeared. A final unction with sheep-tail fat or Native butter rendered the body resplendent with a beautiful ruddy silky gloss, as became a king.

From the bathroom Shaka proceeded to his dressing-room—likewise *al fresco*, in the cool shadow of a tree. There, in the shade, he comfortably donned his brown-and-black kilt of furry tails, with armlets, leglets and tippet of silky white cow-tails; or, seated on his chair of state—consisting of a huge roll of *inDuli*-rush matting—had his head and body bedecked with red lowry plumes and variegated beadwork. Beside him, throughout the ceremony, stood a page bearing the royal umbrella—a large ox-hide shield—wherewith to ward off any intruding sun-rays.

The Zulus as a race are remarkably tasty in their choice of colour-schemes. The beadwork of Shaka's fancy was a combination of white (*ĩMasa*) and black (*isiSimbũla*)—which mixture, indeed, continued until quite recently to be the pet Zulu colours; but most of all he loved the red (*inGwẽle*). These beads were regularly imported into Zululand by Tembẽ (Tõnga) and Portuguese (more probably Portuguese half-caste) hawkers.

One of these so-called Portuguese was actually present at Bulawayo when Isaacs visited there; and at his expense Shaka indulged in one of his usual callous jokes. He inquired of the Portuguese who were the greatest warriors then in Europe, and the latter replied that to the English must be given the palm. "Very well then, Mr. Isaacs," said Shaka, "fight this Portuguese right here and now." Which invitation Mr. Isaacs politely declined, informing Shaka that "we were now not only at peace, but were by treaties their protectors." "Well," continued Shaka, "what need you care? You have once conquered, and may conquer again." The Portuguese visitor sat meanwhile "with concealed chagrin and swelling with rage." But the couple enjoyed together a hearty laugh when gone.

"Ah!" proceeded Shaka musingly, "King George's warriors are a fine set of men. In fact King George and I are brothers; he has conquered all the whites, and I have subdued all the blacks." But, by-the-by, "Is King George as handsome as I am?" Here Shaka was convinced he had thrown down a settler. Mr. Isaacs thought so too, and deemed it advisable to acquiesce, and said, "He thought not!"

Shaka, indeed, evinced a quite uncommon interest in his Hanoverian 'brother.' His interest consisted mainly in a determination not to be outshone by him—though he always felt highly flattered when he thought he could detect in himself some similarity to him. One day he inquired of Isaacs, how old King George was; if he was as great a king as himself; whether he possessed as many cattle, and as many girls. In reply to the latter point, Isaacs explained that in his country it was the custom to take only one wife, and in that wise habit King George set his people a glorious example. "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Shaka, "you see, King George is like me, me who does not indulge in promiscuous intercourse with women. That accounts for his advanced age." Of which profession of virtue having delivered himself, Isaacs observed that Shaka immediately proceeded to manifest much more interest in the girls than in himself; and presently he requested him to retire!

This conviction of his own superior moral and physical charms emboldened Shaka to urge still other super-excellencies. Pointing proudly to his palace—a grass structure resembling a huge beehive—he demanded of Farewell whether King George "could boast so good a one?" To which Farewell, being a tyro at diplomacy, answered, "Yes, much larger." "Ay, perhaps as large," said Shaka, "but not so good?" "Oh! yes, much better." "You have not looked at mine," rejoined Shaka, warming to the contest. "Look again; your king may have as large a house and seemingly as good, but not with so many conveniences." But Farewell still insisted that the house of King George was in every way superior. King Shaka, now wellnigh exploding, commanded that he look still again, and reiterated the order with six successive crescendo howls. This brought Farewell, R.N., to his bearings. "Ah! yes," he said, "now I see that yours is much more comfortable." And Shaka was forthwith appeased.

Life at Bulawayo appeared to be a continuous fête-day. All 'London' had flocked out to see the king and to take part in the joyous celebrations. "The whole country, so far as the eye could reach, was covered with numbers of people"—which on one occasion Fynn calculated to amount to 25,000 souls, male and female—and droves of cattle. The king came up to us and told us not to be afraid of his people, who were coming onwards." Keep the troublesome populace busy, was Shaka's wise maxim, and you keep it out of mischief; and every morning or afternoon a dance or a cattle-show on the grand scale was organized.

The cattle of the Zulu king, amassed by conquest or raid, amounted to tens of thousands. Each royal military-kraal, of which there may have been a score, had its own particular herd,

and each herd its own particular colour, as well as a distinguishing name. When whole colours failed, patterns served the purpose (black-and-white, red-and-white, speckled and so forth); and when patterns, horns; and when the limit of the horn shapes had been reached, new and fanciful varieties were manufactured. "The cattle," wrote Fynn, "had been assorted according to their colour, each drove being thus distinguished from others near it. A distinction had also been made from the shape of the horns. These had been twisted by some art or skill into various forms, and to some additional horns had been attached—as many as four, six, or even eight—part of which were erect, part hung loosely down. There were instances of cattle on which strips of skin, cut from the hide, but not detached from it, were hanging loosely from the bodies of the oxen."

So vast was his wealth of horned cattle that Shaka believed them to be utterly beyond mathematical computation. When Fynn counted with ease one huge drove specially selected by Shaka for the feat, and announced that it numbered 5654 head, "it caused very general laughter: and they asked me how it was possible that I could count so many, since I had not once reckoned ten with my fingers. They came to the conclusion that I had not counted them at all, and the interpreter could not persuade Shaka of the possibility of counting without the use of the fingers."

"After exhibiting their cattle for two hours, they drew together in a circle and sang and danced . . . The women now entered the kraal, each having a long thin stick in the right hand and moving it in time to the song. They had not been dancing many minutes, when they had to make way for the ladies of the seraglio, besides about 150 distinguished by the appellation of 'sisters.' These danced in parties of eight, each party wearing different coloured beads, which were crossed from the shoulders to the knees. Each wore a head-dress of black feathers and four brass collars fitting close to the neck. The king joined in the dance accompanied by the men."

The 'women' above referred to were most likely the so-called *amaKósikazi* (or queens), the same being, in relation to the king, divers mothers, half-mothers, grandmothers, aunts, half-aunts, great-aunts and the like, each of whom was installed as royal representative over one or other of the numerous military-kraals. Shaka himself, of course, was, on principle, unmarried. His conception of holy matrimony is nutshellled in the couplet—

I would be married, but I'd have no wife.
I would be married to a single life.

—CRASHAW.

So now, the ball-room ladies in whom Shaka was most deeply interested were those scores of luring houris attired in black silk-skin and beads, in whose seraglio he habitually lived and in whose embraces found his paradise. These, technically known as the *umNalunkulu*, had been presented at court by the aristocracy of the land bent on currying favours—and left there, to become his Majesty's private property. He jocularly referred to them as 'sisters,' but found them ample substitutes for wives. Each queen and military-kraal was allotted a parcel of these seductive damsels to be in attendance when his Majesty honoured them with a visit.

The dance usually concluded with a speech. On this occasion, Shaka "desired to know from us if ever we had seen such order in any other state"—a perfectly justified insinuation—and he "assured us that he was the greatest king in existence; that his people were as numerous as the stars, and his cattle innumerable." He "desired his people to look at us, to see the wonder of white men, and to consider his own greatness. He was able to tell the origin of his nation, and he was proud to be able to say that these men were the subjects of King George. His own forefathers and theirs were cowards, who would not have dared to admit a white man to their presence. . . . He should expect his nation to look on us, and pay us the respect due to kings, and not consider us their equals."

Interspersed with these public celebrations, Shaka entertained his guests with other private diversions of long chats and 'short walks,' alternating with the pleasures (or otherwise) of the chase. Needless to say, so primitive a king possessed no other means of conveyance than that of his own pair of brawny legs. Indeed, he would have regarded it as highly derogatory to his dignity to be carried about, like a babe, on the back of a horse or on the seat of a motor-car. When, therefore, one morning he invited the party to take a stroll with him 'for about 12 miles' to see one of his chiefs who was ill, it appeared to him the most natural thing in the world.

The occasional hunts, on the other hand, with which he varied the programme—likewise on foot, through yard-high grass and jungly woods—generally involved a 'ramble' in sweltering heat over twice that number of miles. The pioneer, J. S. King, was once invited to indulge with Shaka in such a little relaxation. "The following morning," he says, "proved excessively hot, so much so that it was scarcely possible to stir about; we therefore kept within our hut. The king, however, feeling no inconvenience from it, sent for our sailors, and proposed their going with him and a number of his people to hunt the elephant. These men, being

aware of their inability, and having only leaden balls, prudently declined, saying they could not go without consulting us. The king desired the interpreter to tell them they were afraid; this touched their pride of the insufficiency of our arms (of which we were equally aware) to destroy such animals. We immediately went in pursuit of them, and soon fell in with the king, surrounded by his warriors, seated under a large tree, and from which he had a complete view of the valley out of which they intended to start the elephant: we took our station about 200 yards from him, under a smaller tree, waiting impatiently, yet dreading the result. Two hours had nearly elapsed, when a messenger presented to the king the tail of an elephant, at which they all appeared greatly surprised; he was desired to bring it to us, and say the white people had killed the animal. . . . We had the satisfaction of congratulating each other upon what appeared to us almost a miracle. It appeared that the Natives drove the elephant from the forest to a plain, where the sailors placed themselves directly before the animal: the first shot entered under the ear, when it became furious: the other lodged near the fore-shoulder, after which it fell, and soon expired. Had this affair turned out differently we should in all probability have been held in a contemptible light by this nation, and awkward consequences might have resulted to the settlement." The sailors could not contain themselves for elation over their marvellous achievement, and ended up the day by relieving their spirits with a lusty bawl of 'God save the King,' Shaka, assuming all this to be applied to himself, "was highly pleased."

True to the African nature, Shaka mightily enjoyed a gossip, and the frequent conversations with his guests proved to them the most amusing experiences of their visits. In one of these informal chats Shaka enlarged on the gifts of Nature. "He said that the forefathers of the Europeans had bestowed on us many gifts, by giving us all the knowledge of arts and manufactures. He then asked what use was made of the hides of oxen slaughtered in our country. When I told him that they were made into shoes and other articles which I could not distinctly explain, he exclaimed that this was another proof of the unkindness of our forefathers, who had obliged us to protect our feet with hides, for which there was no necessity—whilst the forefathers of the Natives had shown that the hide should be used as a more handsome and serviceable article, a shield."—Shaka knew not then that, two years hence, when marching out to repel the invader, Sikũnyana (590), he would be 'marching over extensive plains of stony ground' and would gladly avail himself of the same Fynn's Hottentots to make 'sandals of raw-hide for his use'!—"This changed the

conversation to the superiority of their arms, which, he said, were in many ways more advantageous than our muskets. The shield, he argued, if dipped into water previous to an attack, would be sufficient to prevent the effect of a ball fired whilst they were at a distance, and in the interval of loading they would come up to us at close quarters; we, having no shields, would then drop our guns and attempt to run; and as we could not run as fast as his soldiers, we must all inevitably fall into their hands. I found it impossible to confute his arguments, as I had no acquaintance with his language, and his interpreter, on whom I had to depend, would not have dared to use strong arguments in opposition to the king. I was obliged, therefore, to accept all his decisions. . . . He placed the worst construction on everything, and did this in the presence of his subjects, ridiculing all our manners and customs, though he did this in perfect good humour. He would listen with the greatest attention when none of his people were with us, and then could not help acknowledging our superiority. He expressed, however, his aversion to our mode of punishing for some crimes by imprisonment, which he thought must be the most horrid pain that man could endure. If he were guilty, why not punish the deed with death. If suspicion only attached to the individual, let him go free; his arrest would be a sufficient warning for the future. This argument had arisen from the circumstance of his interpreter having been taken prisoner and sent to Robben Island, and through him, therefore, it was out of my power to explain how wishful we are to save the lives of the innocent, and in how few instances life was despised by its possessor. I had to give way as before. . . . Our explanation of the laws of our country called forth some very unpleasant observations from him, such as that vessels seldom, or never, visited Natal; and that he could destroy every one of us so that none might tell the tale."

After this ominous pronouncement—although we are bound to acknowledge it was made on another occasion!—no wonder Peterson and Farewell deemed it high time to go home. So off they went forthwith, leaving Fynn behind for another month to make still more weird experiences.

"Having spent the afternoon in reading," writes the latter, "I was induced to take another peep at the dancers. As it was dark when I came, the king ordered a number of people to hold up bundles of dried reeds, kept burning, to give light to the scene. I had not been there many minutes when I heard a shriek: and the lights were immediately extinguished. Then followed a general bustle and a cry. . . . I found at length that Chaka, while dancing, had been stabbed. I immediately turned away to call Michael,

whom I found at no great distance, shouting and giving the hurrah, mistaking the confusion for some merriment. I immediately told him what I had heard, and sent him to prepare a lamp, and to bring some camomile, the only medicine I had by me. . . . The bustle at this time was very great. . . . Jacob, in the general uproar, fell down in a fit, so that now I could ask no questions or gain information as to where Chaka was. I attempted to gain admittance into his hut. There was a crowd round it. My lamp was put out. The women of the seraglio pulled me, some one way, some another : they were in a state of madness. The throng still increasing, and the uproar, with shrieks and cries, becoming dreadful, my situation was awkward and unpleasant in the extreme. Just as I was making another attempt to enter the hut, in which I supposed the king to be, a man, carrying some lighted reeds, attempted to drag me away, and on my refusal to accompany him, he made a second effort to pull me along, and was then assisted by another. I thought it best to see the result, and, if anything were intended against myself, to make the best of it. I walked with them for about five minutes, and my fears and suspicions were then relieved, for I saw the king in a kraal immediately near. I at once washed the wound with camomile-tea and bound it up with linen. He had been stabbed with an assegai through the left arm, and the blade had passed through the ribs under the left breast. It must have been due to mere accident that the wound had not penetrated the lungs, but it made the king spit blood. His own doctor, who appeared to have a good knowledge in wounds, gave him a vomit, and afterwards repeated doses of purging medicine, and continually washed the wound with decoctions of cooling roots. He also probed the wound to ascertain whether any poison had been used on the assegai. Chaka cried nearly the whole night, expecting that only fatal consequences would ensue. The crowd had now increased so much that the noise of their shrieks was unbearable. Morning showed a horrid sight in a clear light. I am satisfied that I cannot describe the scene in any words that would be of force to convey an impression to any reader sufficiently distinct of that hideous scene. Immense crowds of people were constantly arriving, and began their shouts when they came in sight of the kraal, running and exerting their utmost powers of voice as they entered it. They joined those already there, pulling one another about, throwing themselves down, without heeding how they fell, men and women indiscriminately. Many fainted from over-exertion and excessive heat. The females of the seraglio more particularly were in very great distress, having over-exerted themselves during the night, suffering from the stifling hot air, choked by the four brass collars fitting tight round their

necks, so that they could not turn their heads, and faint from want of nourishment, which they did not dare to touch. Several of them died. Finding their situation so distressing, and there being no one to offer them relief, I procured a quantity of water and threw it over them as they fell, till I was myself so tired as to be obliged to desist. Then, however, they made some attempt to help each other. All this time I had been so busily employed as not to see the most sickening part of the tragical scene. They had begun to kill one another. Some were put to death because they did not weep, others for putting spittle into their eyes, others for sitting down to cry, although strength and tears, after such continuous exertion and mourning, were wholly exhausted. We then understood that six men had been wounded by the same assassins who had wounded Chaka. From the road they took it was supposed that they had been sent by Zuedi, King of the Endwandwe, who was Chaka's only powerful enemy. [It seems likely that Zwide, the Ndwandwe chief (212), may have died about this time, and that this attempted assassination of Shaka was part of his *iHlambó* ceremony.] Accordingly two regiments were sent at once in search of the aggressors. In the meanwhile the medicines which Mr. Farewell had promised to send had been received. They came very opportunely, and Chaka was much gratified. I now washed his wound frequently, and gave him mild purgatives. I dressed his wounds with ointment. The king, however, was hopeless for four days. During all that time people were flocking in from the outskirts of the country, joining in the general tumult. It was not till the fourth day that cattle were killed for the sustenance of the multitude. Many had died in the interval, and many had been killed for not mourning, or for having gone to their kraals for food. On the fifth day there were symptoms of improvement in the king's health and wounds, and the favourable indications were even more noticeable on the day following. At noon, the party sent out in search of the malefactors returned, bringing with them the dead bodies of three men whom they had killed in the bush (jungle). These were the supposed murderers. The bodies were laid on the ground at a distance of about a mile from the kraal. The ears having been cut off from the right side of the heads, the two regiments sat down on either side of the road. Then all the people, men and women, probably exceeding 30,000, who had collected at the kraal, passed up the road crying and screaming. Each one coming up to the bodies struck them several blows with a stick, which was then dropped on the spot: so that before half the number had come to the bodies, nothing more of these was to be seen; only an immense pile of sticks remained, but the formal ceremony still went on. The whole body now

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

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

"The restoration of the king to health made some great changes. The tumult gradually ceased. A force of a thousand men was sent to attack the hostile tribe, and returned in a few days, having destroyed several kraals, and taken 800 head of cattle." Having thus vented his long pent-up ire on some guiltless souls, Shaka felt considerably relieved, and proceeded to enjoy life as though nothing had happened.

"Mr. Farewell and Mr. Isaacs, having received a letter from me," continues Fynn, "stating particulars of the recent occurrence [Mr. Isaacs, we may remark, was at that time still in St. Helena, not reaching South Africa till the following year, 1825 !], came to visit Chaka, and had not been seated many minutes, when a man, who had, in defiance or neglect of the prohibition, shaved his head, was put to death. After this the privilege of shaving was again conceded."

Farewell, however, arriving at this very opportune moment when Shaka was in the generous mood, expressed himself as thoroughly satisfied if conceded the minor privilege, not of shaving but of merely fleecing—of fleecing none other than the wily monarch himself. And the wily monarch—at least so we are told—amiably allowed himself to be fleeced.

The unctuous sense of self-righteousness which invariably wells up in the Englishman's soul whenever he is engaged annexing the property of others—and notably so when it be the land of the primitives—is, to the unbiassed observer, sometimes as astounding as amusing. At the very moment when Fynn was feeling real resentment at (as he thought) Shaka's unfair "ridicule of our manners and customs" and his disapproval of some of "the laws of our country" (577), there is little room for doubt that he was privy to the mean trick which even then, under the sanction of those laws and customs, Farewell was playing on the unsuspecting savage. With the obvious purpose of defrauding the Natives, under the guise of a legal document, of their natural birthright, Farewell had drafted the following deed of session

(which none but himself could read or fully grasp the force), in which he gratuitously declared that "I, Inguos Chaka, King of the Zulus and of the Country of Natal, as well as the whole of the land from Natal to Delagoa Bay, which I have inherited from my father"—as a matter of fact, Shaka's father had never heard of, much less ever owned or bequeathed, any land of Natal or Delagoa Bay!—"do hereby . . . of my own free will and in consideration of divers goods received"—what precisely these latter were, was unstated, but there is every probability that they were of not more than a few shillings' worth—"grant, make over and sell to F. G. Farewell and Company the entire and full possession in perpetuity . . . of the Port or Harbour of Natal . . . and the surrounding country as herein described, viz. : the whole of the neck of land or peninsula on the south-west entrance"—this was the Bluff—"and all the country ten miles to the southern side of Port Natal, as pointed out"—apparently as far as the *êmbókodweni* river—"and extending along the sea-coast to the northward and eastward as far as the river known by the native name, 'Gungelote'"—presumably the *umDloti*—"being about twenty-five miles of sea-coast to the north-east of Port Natal, together with all the country inland as far as the nation called by the Zulus 'Gowagnewkos'"—*? kwaNogqaza* or Howick—"extending about one hundred miles backward from the seashore, with all rights to the rivers, woods, mines and articles of all denominations contained therein. . . . In witness whereof I have placed my hand, being fully aware that the doing so is intended to bind me to all the articles and conditions"—we cannot unravel the confused verbal jumble here ensuing—"of my own free will and consent do hereby . . . perfectly understand the purport of this document . . . before the said F. G. Farewell, whom I hereby acknowledge as Chief of the said country with full power and authority over such natives that like to remain there . . . promising to supply him with cattle and corn"—presumably owned or grown by those selfsame Natives!—"as a reward for his kind attention to me in my illness from my wound."

To all this Farewell on 8th August, 1824, requested the untutored barbarian to subscribe his sign-manual, and, as a matter of courtesy to a trusted friend, the unsuspecting barbarian did so, and, on Farewell's request, directed Mbikwana, Msika, Mhlopé and Hlambámanzi to witness the fact.

Of course, it goes without saying that Shaka had not the slightest intention of perpetrating any of the absurdities contained in this egregious document. No sable monarch, so astute and jealous as he, would ever have entertained the idea for one moment of delivering over his country and sacrificing his sovereign

rights to a rank stranger, and least of all to a 'mean white'; for, as Isaacs attests, while externally friendly and polite, "whenver the natives spoke of us, it was always with reproach. They called us 'Silguaner' [= *iziLokazana*] or beasts of the sea [really, despicable beasts], and whenever they pronounced this term, it was accompanied with a gesture of opprobrium that could not be mistaken for kindness." Anyway, the fraud deluded Farewell right enough, and he went home pressing to his bosom a bogus concession of one-seventh of the country of Natal.

On the strength of the document this merry band of buccaneers now proceeded to apportion among themselves the ill-gotten goods. Farewell himself, now Native 'chief' by self-indited letters-patent, established himself quite contentedly in his mud-hut in the capital of his dominions (subsequently Durban market-square). There, though now compeer in rank with King George himself, to his friends in the outer world of civilization he became as good as 'lost.'

Among those friends was J. S. King, one-time midshipman, now honorary lieutenant, in the British Navy. With him, as master of the brig 'Salisbury,' Farewell had made his first trading cruise along the East-African coast, and incidentally 'discovered' Port Natal. In virtue of the survey of that port, King had wheedled out of the British Admiralty his lieutenantcy. Resplendent with his new epaulettes, he sallied forth to seek a job. He obtained an appointment as master of the brig 'Mary,' loaded, amongst other things, with certain merchandise for S. Solomons of the island of St. Helena. While at that place, King made the acquaintance of Solomons' nephew, Isaacs—all alike manifestly of the Jewish persuasion. Nathaniel (for that was Isaacs'—what shall we say?—'Christian' name) was an adventurous boy. He had left England three years before (in 1822), and elected now to accompany King on further explorations in the southern seas. The pair reached Capetown on the 28th June, 1825.

It was while in Capetown that King heard of the departure for Port Natal in March of the preceding year (1824) of the 'Julia' and in April of the 'Ann,' conveying thither the Farewell Trading Company. The last news heard, some months before, of these adventurers was that they had been found, and left, in a distressful plight, and were now generally given up as 'lost.' These dismal tidings immediately impelled King to renounce all former projects and to set sail in search of his friend. The brig 'Mary' accordingly put out of Table Bay on 26th August, 1825, and a voyage nowadays safely and comfortably covered in two or three days the good ship 'Mary' laboriously accomplished, after much hardship and peril, in thirty-five, bringing the whole wretched

chapter to a calamitous conclusion on 1st October by grounding on the Bluff rocks inside the bar and there falling to pieces, leaving King now stranded himself along with the friend he had come to rescue!

Having extricated himself and his crew from the wreck, his mortification, after so great sacrifice and hazard, was complete when he found the Natal settlement deserted—save for one mentally defective youth named Thomas Holstead (*Z. Damuse* = Thomas), who anyway was able to mitigate their disappointment by announcing that their friends lived still.

Fifteen days later (on 15th October) one of those friends unexpectedly appeared—a piteous vision in rags of blanket and crownless hat (567). It was H. F. Fynn, back from his quest of fortune in Mpondoland, where for eight months he had been energetically exchanging European trinkets and trifles for elephants' tusks.—Though now there as extinct as the mammoth, a century ago elephants roamed in herds along the south-eastern coast-lands. Indeed, they might have been heard trumpeting round about Durban even so recently as the year 1853 (thirty-three years only prior to the present writer's advent there), when the last solitary survivor was laid low, and the species thus exterminated, by the guns of those mighty destroyers of local fauna, John Dunn (*Z. Jantoni*) and George Cato (*Z. Kito*).

Five days passed, and on 20th October Farewell himself arrived, back, with Cane, from Zululand, whither he had gone on a visit to Shaka. Cast on this desolate shore, among old friends at any rate, King, and with him **Nathaniel Isaacs** (*Z. Dambúza*), cheerfully submitted to his fate and became henceforth a whole-hearted pioneer in Natal. For three more years Farewell persevered at his post as head of the little colony; then, on the 30th April, 1828, in company with his wife, Isaacs, King and the Sotobe mission of Shaka to the Cape Government, embarked on the ill-fated barque 'Chaka' (afterwards re-christened the 'Elizabeth and Susan') for Algoa Bay (Port Elizabeth). He reached that port on the 4th May. It was his last; for the decree had gone forth that he was not to see his little kingdom of Natal for evermore. Instead he went aloft to Kingdom Come; and let us hope he made the port in safety. A narrative of that last voyage has already been given (394).

No sooner fallen, than the vultures gathered round the carcass. The abandoned 'property,' consisting both of Natives and of cattle, was promptly scrambled for by his 'faithful servants,' John Cane and Henry Ogle. This accomplished to their mutual satisfaction, they immediately dissolved partnership. John, with his portion of the swag, sheered off to the north and spread out

' his people ' along the banks of the lower Mngeni, erecting a castle for himself at the foot of the Berea (about where the Botanic Gardens now stand). Henry swung round to the south, and established himself and his following in former Túliland (? *kwa-Tólane*).

To Farewell, the next in recognized seniority among the pioneer community was Henry Francis Fynn—*Mbúyazi wēT'ēku* (Mbuyazi of the Durban Lagoon) in Native parlance. As his particular private estate he annexed all the country betwixt the Mbilo and Mlazi rivers as far inland as Pinetown. He ultimately quitted Natal in 1834 to assume a Government appointment on the Kafrarian frontier. His younger brother, Frank Fynn, had already previously died.

Lieut. J. S. King (*Z. Mkingi*)—who, by-the-way, is not to be confused with Richard King (*Z. uDiki* or *Mlamulankunzi*), hero, in Dingane's days, of the famous ride from Durban to Grahams-town—installed himself as squire over the Bluff lands, opposite the pioneer township (on the other, northern, side of the lagoon), and posted his residence there, facing Salisbury Island. There in the wilds, on the 7th September, 1828, he went to his eternal rest, dying a pathetic death, estranged from his oldest comrade, Farewell, who, despite the appeal of the dying man, cruelly refused to give him his hand in peace and reconciliation before they parted for ever.

But Mkingi left the world gladdened by the major consolation that he had ' done his duty ' ; had played faithfully up to his nation's ' law and custom ' and ' done his bit ' of land-grabbing in Zululand. During his free right of ramble in Shaka's dominions, he had one day (January, 1827) struck the broad basin of the Mlalazi mouth, with the adjacent ōNgóye hills. " Ah ! " said he, " this place would be an eligible port for communicating with the Zoola country, its proximity to it rendering the journey to the interior much easier, and of shorter duration ; and, eventually, a most lucrative trade might be carried on with the natives [the lucrateness, we may note, remaining the monopoly of the Whites, while on the Natives would be conferred the priceless blessing of ' losing their fatherland ! '], and afford a fine opportunity of communicating with Madagascar, the Isle of France and the Cape of Good Hope." So, " by the desire of Lieutenant King, I [Isaacs] planted the Union Jack on an elevated and conspicuous sand-hill to the eastward of the river, taking possession of it as a grant to us from Chaka [there is no record whatever in Isaacs' own history of any such grant ever actually having been made] to inherit for the purposes of trading under the auspices of the Zoola monarch."

This noble example was inspiring, and proved to Isaacs a useful legacy after King's death; for he then found himself inheritor, not indeed of the Mlalazi land-concession, but of an equally brilliant idea. An ox, specially supplied by Shaka, having been duly sacrificed "to the Spirit and rest for Lieutenant King's body," Isaacs, in pursuance of the 'law and customs' of his country, proceeded to the Zulu king, and there, "as a remuneration for the presents he had received from me, as well as for my attention to his people on the last mission, and for the wound I had received in the war in Ingoma, he created me chief of Natal, and granted me the tract of country lying from the river Umslutee [umDloti] to the river Umlass [umLazi], a space of twenty-five miles of sea-coast and one hundred miles inland, including the bay, islands and forest near the point, and the exclusive right of trading with his people. After he had made his mark, as his signature to the grant, and the interpreter made his, which happened to be larger than that of the king, the latter asked, in a stern manner, how it was possible that a common man's name could be greater than a king's? Insisting on having the pen and grant again, he scribbled and made marks all over the blank part, and said, 'there,' pointing to his signature, 'any one can see that is a king's name, because it is a great one. King George will also see that this is King Chaka's name.' "

Just how much Shaka himself understood of these Gilbertian proceedings will be apparent when we consider that the rank, the rights and the territory he was now conferring on Isaacs were precisely those he had, already four years before, conferred on Farewell (581), who, at the moment, happened to be temporarily absent on business at the Cape, and who, in virtue of those rights and powers, had granted Isaacs himself an allotment on the Mngeni Flat (near Durban), where he was even then residing.

Nathaniel Isaacs enjoyed the delusion of his bogus chieftainship and land-concession for three years more; then alighted on the fact that both were hollow shams. Dingane was now on the Zulu throne, and he 'knew not Joseph.' The sudden removal of Shaka's stern controlling hand had resulted in rapid deterioration and indiscipline among his people. At length so hazardous had life become and prospects so unpropitious that, in 1831, the English colony decided to withdraw *en masse*. Fynn departed for the Mzimvubu, and, about the end of May, Isaacs embarked on the brig 'St. Michael' for Delagoa Bay. To the latter's foresight and diligence in having kept a diary throughout his sojourn in Natal, we are indebted for the only consecutive narrative ever

penned by an actual eye-witness—apart from some odd papers left us by Fynn—describing Shaka and his people.

References : Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, I., 23, 41, 45, 50, 57, 60, 65, 68, 70, 73, 74, 105, 109, 110, 131, 132, 135, 182, 185, 187, 205, 301, 311, 312, 349, 399 ; Bird, *A.N.*, I., 69, 71, 74, 75-83, 84, 87, 170, 182, 183, 185, 191, 192, 193-5, 258, 261 ; Keane, *B.S.*, 42 ; Kay, *T.C.*, 386, 395, 398, 407 ; Owen, *N.V.*, II., 220, 391 ; Shooter, *K.N.*, 275, 315 ; Moodie, *B.S.A.*, II., 404 ; Holden, *H.N.*, 43, 45, 46, 49, 50, 53, 56 ; Holden, *K.R.*, 28 ; Thompson, *T.A.*, II., 407, 411 ; Ludlow, *Z.C.*, 192 ; Steedman, *W.A.*, I., 270, 273-8 ; Fleming, *S.A.*, 325, 327 ; Calderwood, *C.*, 31 ; Mohr, *V.F.*, 33.

CHAPTER 57

THE NDWANDWES COME BACK HOME

MEANWHILE Shaka continued his peaceless life at Bulawayo, thirsting for pleasure and thirsting for blood. His most irritating worry was the spectacle of a huge army around him with nothing to do. Furthermore, it was encumbered by the presence of numerous ancient survivals from the reigns of his ancestors, Jama and Ndaba, who "were in the way ; they could not fight ; they only consumed the food which would make the young warriors strong ; therefore it was a charitable act to put them out of the way" (605). So the faithful Old Contemptibles were mustered before their king and upon each he graciously conferred the honour of a soldier's grave. Thereupon, the Old Brigade was led away on its last march—home ; and to commemorate their departure, Shaka humorously nicknamed his kraal *kwaGibixégu* (There where the old men are picked out and thrown away), by which name it was generally known when the English pioneers visited it.

My days are in the yellow leaf ;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone :
The worm, the canker and the grief
Are mine alone.

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best :
Then look around and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

—BYRON.

Not long prior to the winter of 1826, the royal kraal had been shifted from the western to the eastern side of the valley down upon which it looked. With the destruction of the old kraal, the

nickname of kwaGibixègu fell into disuse, and to the new was applied solely the original name of *kwaBulawayo*.

Whether it be the completion of a house or the launching of a ship, a like sense of the fitness of things animates the building fraternity of the world. The house-builder cracks his bottle of beer on the apex of the house, and the shipbuilder one of champagne on the stem of his ship. Shaka's new palace needed a baptism too; but in sacrifice and ceremonial much more impressive.

It was a standing rule of discipline in Shaka's Spartan army that allsoever as showed cowardice in the fight should be rigorously weeded out and placed on the retirement list—which invariably signified death, be it by battery, by the impalement stick *per anum*,* or by throwing to the beasts, preferably hyenas on the land and crocodiles in water. Further, to turn one's back on the foe and return home defeated was to Shaka's mind indistinguishable from cowardice. Now, here at this very time, about June, 1826, there was such a luckless regiment actually so returning, having failed to achieve the impossible—eminently suitable material for Shaka's purpose. So, upon arrival, they were one and all, together with their families at home, hustled (605) off to execution;—and a Kei-apple bush (*umQokolo*) on the adjacent ridge is pointed out to us as the Bush of the Cowards (*isiHlahla samaVaka*), marking the site of their massacre. When one remembers the multitude of such trees and bushes and even clumps of grass, most of them still (i.e. in 1924) in the prime of growth and all solemnly pointed out to us by veracious Native tradition as commemorating historical events which occurred a century or more ago, one cannot but come to the conclusion that all of them must be afflicted with the attribute of perennial youth.

Coming events cast their shadows before; and that mysterious attempted assassination of Shaka at the night-club dance (577) was an evil portent prognosticating greater tragedies on ahead. With unerring intuition Shaka had divined that the murderous miscreants had been emissaries of his arch-enemy Zwide, the Ndwandwe king, then living in exile beyond Swaziland: mind was working on mind.

* 'The impalement stick' is a figure of speech. As a matter of fact, several sticks were usually administered as a single dose, each roughly resembling a pointed pencil and one following sharply behind the other through the bowels. In more modern times this particular form of capital punishment came to be reserved mainly for *abaTákati* (murderers, poisoners and so forth). But Isaacs, who lived for seven years amongst the 'Zulus' in the reigns of Shaka and Dingane, so persistently states (*vide T.E.A.*, I, 138, 250, 330, etc.) that 'cowards' were impaled, that we are forced to believe that at that period impalement was commonly inflicted for dereliction of military duty as well as for other crimes.

While sitting one mid-February day, 1826, in his great cattle-fold at Bulawayo, along with some familiar headmen, bemoaning the unhealthy condition into which for want of manly exercise the nation was degenerating, a runner suddenly appeared, perspiring and breathless, and announced the stimulating tidings that the whole Ndwandwe host, warriors, women and wealth, was already swarming into the northern districts, coming, as they said, to retake possession of their country. Indeed, so determined were the invaders and so bold, that before the 25th of the month their army had approached to within one day's march of Shaka's very capital. Shaka was not in the least dismayed. Though for once caught napping, he was already feverishly buckling on his armour and mobilizing his forces, delighted to meet the invaders on any field they chose.

Zwide (212), aged and imbecile, had died intestate somewhere about the years 1823-24 and left his boys to scramble for the estate. Of these the one, Somapunga, had found it prudent very soon to forsake the spoils and make hasty tracks to Zululand, where Shaka graciously received him and furnished him with a wife 'to take care of him.' The other, Sikunyana, thus remained in undisputed possession. In course of years, waxing powerful and ambitious, he too decided to make tracks towards the same objective, not indeed as refugee but as bold invader, come to regain the land of his inheritance.

Now, when Shaka heard that the Ndwandwes were within one day's march of him, "The deuce they are!" cried he. "And did I not smite king Zwide hip and thigh beyond recuperation? That same shall I now do to this impudent son of his, Sikunyana." So from the Mfule he summoned the mighty war-magician, Mqalane, of the Nzuzi clan, by virtue of whose potent charms he had "already conquered the world." And Mqalane went up with his asperge of medicines and ox-tail, and sprinkled on the bare body more than 40,000 warriors* arrayed before him, rendering them thereby at once invulnerable and victorious. The effect was, of course, instant and infallible; for, even before the Zulu army had so much as budged from home, the enemy became already so overcome with trepidation that it backed away for full two days' journey. Strange to say, this interesting fact was first brought to Shaka's knowledge by a pretty augury, a shower of blossom petals—an augury, of course, which only Shaka could divine. While Isaacs and his companions were seated on the ground before his door, they

* So Fynn.

"observed a large quantity of small white flowers, blown from the shrubs in their vicinity, floating in the air, covering the whole space of the kraal and which were carried off by the first ripple of breeze that sprang up. The king asked us the cause of this, when, we being at a loss for a plausible reason, he observed, 'that it was a sign the enemy had retreated from his position.' While we were communicating with him, messengers arrived to announce the fact."

Meanwhile, too, the English rifle corps had been hastily summoned from Natal, with especial instructions on no account to leave behind their magic tent—to say nothing of the blunderbusses, mostly out of repair and short of powder. "Oh!" he declared, when he saw it erected, "if that does not paralyse them with terror, nothing will. An easy victory is obvious." Indeed, so convinced was he of the effectiveness of the tent, that he immediately dismissed the whole brigade as relieved of further service. So back they tramped to Port Natal—all save Fynn, who marched off with Shaka to the great battle of Ndololwane.

"Upon our arrival (at Bulawayo)," he writes, "we found all in peace and tranquillity."

It was very different now. In a twinkling of Shaka's eye the whole Zulu land had become aflame with the excitement of the coming 'fun.' "Hurray!" flew the clarion call throughout the restful land; "the bride is already dancing in the arena; Sikúnyana, your sweetheart, has come to marry you." No wonder when Fynn awoke next morning he found the whole army of 50,000 souls lured away to the 'sweetheart' and vanished, leaving him alone with a couple of men to conduct him along after them. He overtook the army some fifty miles inland at the *kwaNobambá* kraal, whence—this being the burial-place of Shaka's father and the land of his ancestors—every military expedition, after appropriate sacrificial and fortifying ceremonies, formally started its campaign.

The ceremonies over (October, 1826), each warrior rolled up his great hide shield, strung it knapsackwise on his back, and off the army went in two great masses by different routes—two chances to one of meeting somewhere the retreating enemy and a chance of gripping him in a vice. Each regiment, consisting solely of men of an equal age and sporting similar trappings, marched together in one formless, compact crowd, with its captains in the van, and, in the rear, its herd of beef and baggage boys,

"few above the age of twelve years and some not more than six,"

bearing on their heads rolls of karosses, mats and smoking-horns, with a troupe of girls carrying pots of beer, calabashes of clotted-milk or bundles of grain for their relatives in the crowd. The

food being finished, the girls wended their way back home ; and henceforth their relatives, like all the rest, must forage for themselves and exist as best they can on scraps of slaughtered beasts or plundered grain.

Behind this army there followed a suffocating column of dust. By this half-choked, and parched withal with thirst, the vast multitude at length espied a swamp. There each wildly fought the other for one drop of the saving fluid ; with the result that instantly the swamp became a field of mud, and

" yet this mud was swallowed with avidity,"

and within its soft embrace were left the corpses of many a man and boy who, in the mad rush, had been trampled down to death.

By nine at night some thirty miles had been covered, the present-day Vryheid district reached and a small clan encountered, comprising some 200 souls, of the *iziYendane* (Hlubi-Ngúni) type, so called from the mop of black twisted strings of hair (*isiYendane*) they wore dangling round their heads. There the whole multitude went into camp—in other words, threw themselves down on the bare grass, wrapped themselves in the magic mantle of Morpheus and were wafted away into the happier land of dreams. Some 3000 or 4000 feet above the sea, so severe was the frost on the treeless plain that large numbers remained in the grip of the god of dreams for evermore. The rest rose shivering from their icy couch, and trudging painfully along over the stony plain were ere long frizzling and parched in another murderous grip, of the blazing sun. Shaka's feet, more tender than his heart, must here be swathed in cow-hide sandals, dexterously manufactured by Fynn's Hottentots ; but no other 'coward' did dare proclaim himself as footsore or frost-bitten.

Several days of torture had thus to be endured before the Póngolo river was reached and forded. Then the Zulu host directed its course towards the eNtombé river, and within the sheltered nooks of a forest there encamped in normal style behind comfortable wind-screens of leafy boughs (*eziHónqeni*). In the vicinity stood the twin hills, eziNdololwane and eNcaka ; and high on the slopes of the former, just beneath its rocky summit, the Ndwandwe host stood assembled, warriors below, women and children above, cattle in between.

Early on the morrow Shaka and his staff stole from the forest (wherein his own forces lay concealed), and up the eNcaka hill to reconnoitre. He soon discovered that his spies had not exaggerated when reporting the enemy's might and magnitude as prodigious, demanding an equally prodigious offensive.

Returning in the afternoon, he had his regiments assembled

around him and harangued them with an inspiring address as to what he had seen and what he expected them to do. Then rushed forth from the ranks the incomparable brave, Mgóbózi-ovela-entabeni, of the Msane clan, leaping fierce as a madman around the arena, wildly brandishing his shield and with his spear dealing death to right and left on numberless invisible foes—all which wild mimicry in local parlance is termed to '*giya*.' Having in imagination satisfactorily cleared the field, he stood, with outstretched legs, exhausted, and addressed the gathering: "Thus shall I go, spearing my way through the serried ranks of the foe, until I emerge in their rear." At that moment there charged forth from the izimPohlo brigade a second champion who, defiantly facing the world, swore by his fathers, saying: "As for me, the izimPohlo will no sooner have clashed with the enemy than I shall already have slain my tens and grown weary. Once started, never again shall I turn my back, whatever be my peril." At which his izimPohlo comrades, recognizing the blatant braggart, with hand to mouth marvelled, and disbelieved.

At twilight on the morrow Shaka's fierce shout sounded the reveille, and in a trice his army massed around him in the forest. "Now shall I see," he cried, "ye hosts of Mjokwane of Ndaba, what you will do. Here you have what you revel in, ye hosts of the king." Then, placing the youngest of his regiments as storm-troops in the van, with the veterans to wipe out the shattered foe in the rear, he released the leash and away they went. And Fynn, the better to view the battle, hastily climbed to a point of vantage on a neighbouring hill.

"Chaka's forces," he writes, "marched slowly" [up the Ndololwane hill] "and with much caution, in regiments, each regiment divided into companies, till within twenty yards of the enemy, when they made a halt. Although Chaka's troops had taken up a position so near, the enemy seemed disinclined to move, till Jacob had fired at them three times. The first and second shots seemed to make no impression on them, for they only hissed, and cried in reply, 'That is a dog' [in reality, in all probability, the usual Ngúni war-cry of contempt, 'Ya-ntsini za-nja, nje-ya, nje-ya, nje-ya!' it is but the gums of a dog (= is merely a snarl, without any bite), like that one over there]. At the third shot, both parties, with a tumultuous yell, clashed together, and continued stabbing each other for about three minutes, when both fell back a few paces. Seeing their losses about equal, both armies raised a cry, and this was followed by another rush, and they continued closely engaged about twice as long as in the first onset, when both parties again drew off. But the enemy's loss had now been the more severe. This urged the Zulus to a final charge."

But brave Mgóbózi was not in it. True to his plight, the valiant knight on the first onslaught had thrown himself invincibly upon the enemy ranks, slain them 'in heaps,' retired to take breath,

then back to the fray, till finally he had cut his way clean through to the veterans in the rear, where, already exhausted with his stupendous effort, he collapsed amidst the corpses of his victims.

And the izimPohlo champion? He too had staged a magnificent start—but had fizzled out in an inglorious finish. Eager to excel, he too had dashed away in advance of his troop, successfully speared a single foe, then, hard-pressed, dashed back again straight into the arms of his on-coming comrades. Nothing daunted, nothing abashed, forward he rushed once more with them, secured a second victim—then vanished from the stage. When after the final charge, wherein the izimPohlo had cleared the field, they looked about for their self-acclaimed champion and found him not amongst the glorious dead, “Since then you said, once off you would never turn back, what was it you had forgotten,” they asked, “when running back to us?” So the izimPohlo champion had proved himself a coward! Then they fell upon him and slew him.

And now, continues Fynn,

“the shrieks became terrific. The remnant of the enemy’s army sought shelter in an adjoining wood, out of which they were soon driven.”

Among these a number effected their escape—and among them Sikúnyana. Thence the Zulus proceeded up the hill to the minor work of dealing with the women and children. All were slaughtered—save a single specimen of each. These, a woman and a child, the latter about ten years old, were brought before the king. Now, it is a well-known fact, and none knew it better than Shaka, that no means will ever prise open a Native woman’s mouth when once she has determinedly closed it. But he was ready with a cunning device—*in vino veritas*. So, to cheer her heart and set loose her tongue-strings, he had her served with a savoury dish of beef and an ample pot of ale. Then when loquacious in her cups, he pumped her dry of all she could tell of Sikúnyana, his plans and his people; then coldly waved her off, with child, to instant execution. Fynn, however, pleaded for the child, and got it as a present.

From start to finish the whole engagement with the Ndwan-dwes had not lasted longer than one hour and a half. And yet in that short space a tribe calculated to number, men, women and children, not less than 40,000,* had been practically exterminated, and cattle numbering 60,000 captured. While these latter were still being rounded up, the sun set amidst a tumult of bellowing, moaning and confusion; and kindly Nature drew a

* So states Fynn. We think the number exaggerated.

fall of darkness over the hecatombs of dead, and screened the wounded as they crawled away to safety.

Many, baneful fate! had not such strength. These crept in beneath the gory corpses, hoping to be spared by feigning death. But with the dawn the Zulu searchers came—such as on yesterday had slain no foe—and, with practised eye, dragged each one forth or slew him as he lay. There too they found brave Mgòbòzi, encircled by his slain antagonists, with spirit flown, but with ostrich plumes still fluttering proudly in the breeze. Which when Shaka heard, “Alas!” he groaned, “Zwide’s son I indeed have conquered, but he has killed me in Mgòbòzi.”

After the rout, the Ndwandwe remnant, as stated, had fled into an adjacent wood, which the Zulus, hot in their pursuit, soon swept clean of all humanity. Yet, marvellous to relate, the clean sweep was but an illusion; for sundry Ndwandwes still sat calmly there, invisible to Zulu eyes. Hopeless of escape by flight, down through the overgrowth into the dark abyss of an elephant-pit they dived, a handful of men with Sikúnyana at their head. And there they sat—but like Brer Rabbit, ‘mighty still, dough’—intently gazing aloft, while the Zulus romped upstairs. When friendly night came, they climbed upstairs themselves and quietly walked away, describing a straight line to Tembélá, down coastwards. Hard along the same trail sped soon after a Zulu regiment. Naturally, in Tembélá so illustrious a potentate as Zwide’s son was right royally entertained. And in the midst of the celebrations the feelers of the Zulu octopus, perfectly camouflaged, came tapping at the door. “What is the game?” they smilingly inquired of a jovial crowd of Tembés. “Oh, nothing particular,” these replied; “we have just been helping a bit to welcome the Ndwandwe chief.” “The Ndwandwe chief?” resumed the strangers, with pardonable ignorance. “And where is he?” “In yonder kraal. He is at the moment enjoying a little wholesome fare at the expense of his majesty, Makásana.” “O-oh!” exclaimed the spies, and, obviously uninterested in the news, passed on their way—to headquarters. Another clean sweep, of course, unexpected and irresistible as a thunderbolt: and all the festive kraal and all within it had vanished. True; but not to the nether world—despite the gaudy despatches of Zulu generals, entirely wise in their generation. Regarded now as finally extinguished (in Zululand), Sikúnyana was found four years later still shining with undimmed splendour in the old adopted country off northern Swaziland (429).

He had fled with his brother Shemane (212), both intending to make their way to Soshangane (449), who was a near relative of theirs. The path they took led them through that part of

Sobúza's territory (Swaziland) then presided over by Moyeni, son of Magágúla. With Moyeni Madanga, a younger half-brother of Sikúnyana, elected to remain, with the bulk of the Ndwandwe survivors. Not so Sikúnyana, who pressed onward towards the sea, in company with the family heir, Shemane. Ere long Shemane too gave up the chase, and either remained there where he was, or, as some assert, wended his way back up-country, and thenceforth became to his family for ever lost.

Forsaken and alone, Sikúnyana continued on his way, drawn on by his complete confidence in his now powerful relative, Soshangane. To this at length he came, there down the Nkomati river, in eBiyeni-land, and was by him most generously received and soon allotted a tract of country and a herd of cattle.

Now, among the fawning sycophants of Soshangane was one, Mbósho, of the Ndwandwe clan, renegade from the new-come Sikúnyana while reigning still at the eHúlu, prior to his recent abortive invasion of Zululand. "Zounds!" gasped Mbósho, when he heard the news, "I'm already dead!"; and forthwith took preventive measures. He stole hurriedly to Soshangane and impressed upon him the impending danger—Sikúnyana was but the cunning shadow creeping on before. Soshangane scornfully repelled the vile aspersions on his 'brother's' character; but Mbósho, conscious that he must either do or die, would prove to him their truth. So with a party of Tóngas he concocted a plan whereby they would proceed by night and trample through the veld a very obvious track leading straight from Sikúnyana's kraal to that of Soshangane. This duly done, that selfsame night Mbósho hastened to the king and whispered to him how he had just beheld dim figures stealing round the kraal and was sure they came from Sikúnyana. With break of day, the pair went on a tour of exploration, and sure enough there was the broad and beaten track of the treacherous *abaTákati* leading straight to Sikúnyana's gateway. No further evidence was needed; the case was proven against him. A body of warriors was instantly despatched to drive Sikúnyana from out the land, but not to slay him. With a couple of faithful wives, over the Mumiti river Sikúnyana fled, and thereafter vanished entirely from human ken—though rumour hath it that Mbósho took effective means to prevent him ever crossing another stream, save Styx. And not even a grave-site has been left him.

CHAPTER 58

THE KÚMALO DIE-HARDS: UBÈJE-U-SENGÔME AND UMLOTSHA-WEZIPÔNDWANA (1826-27)

HARDLY back from the wars, when from Bulawayo the Zulu court removed to Balmoral (November, 1826). The Balmoral to which king Shaka removed was a brand new residence recently erected, not indeed beyond the Tweed, but beyond the Túkela, fifteen miles to the south thereof, in modern Natal, at a spot named by him *kwaDukuza*, by the present village of Stanger.—The tract of country including this locality and measuring some 6030 acres (apparently a double allotment, of 3000 acres apiece) was, about the year 1844, generously presented by the British Government to a Boer intruder named T. Potgieter (240).

Mbikwana, son of Kâyi, dead (569), Ngómane, son of Mqombolo (of the emDletsheni clan) had already been installed in his place as prime minister of the land; Mbôpá, son of Sitayi (of the eGázini clan) was major-domo (*inDuna*) of the palace; Vundisa, head-butler (*iNceku*), and Nomxamama, son of Soshaya (of the eziBisini clan), court-praiser (*imBongi*).

But Shaka did not bring back his army to waste its valuable time at home. While still away north, after the Sikúnyana fight, he had looked around and found other local occupation for his warriors. There were two doughty patriots of the Kúmalo clan who, driven to their last ditch in their mountain strongholds, had obstinately refused either to submit or be subdued. These could now receive the needed attention.

Both were chiefs in a petty way among their clansmen. One of them, Béje, son of Magáwuzi, of Zikode, had pitched his kraal below the eNgóme forest-hill and reigned over the surrounding portion of Kúmaloland.

It was about the year 1817 that Zwide, the powerful Ndwandwe chief hard by (near Nongóma), had been first unfavourably impressed by these neighbours, the Kúmalo folk. Setting forth on their conquest bent, he chopped off the heads of the most conspicuous Kúmalo chiefs, Donda and Mashobana, and carried them home as interesting curiosities for his mother (172). He then tackled Béje; but this declined to become an ornament for Ntombázi's hut, and quietly manœuvred out of the way up into his Ngóme jungle-fortress (*eNqabeni kaBéje*), whence Zwide utterly failed to dislodge him.

With these disturbing experiences behind them and others of

the like kind looming in store, Bêje, with his surviving brother-chieftains, Mzilikazi, son of Mashobana, and Mlotsha, son of Siwele, determined to improve their prospects by jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, and to submit themselves in a body to Zwide's equally tyrannous rival, Shaka.

Of the three, Mlotsha represented the senior branch among local Kúmalo royalties. Bêje and Mzilikazi, both of another branch of the family, had settled their own matter of precedence as follows. Mzilikazi, anxious to divine exactly what were Bêje's views, one day slaughtered an ox, and tentatively sent over to Bêje a hind leg (a joint usually eaten by the women). Bêje regarded the offering as an insult, and indignantly returned it. Mzilikazi exchanged it for a fore-leg (usually eaten by the ordinary men). Bêje turned up his nose and waved it away. Finally, Mzilikazi forwarded the outer layer of meat along the flank (perquisite of the great house). Bêje accepted that without demur, and thus compelled acknowledgment of his senior status.

Well, Shaka professed himself as highly flattered by this demonstration of Kúmalo confidence, and led the party straight into his parlour, perfectly safe, but heavily barred. Thence he proceeded to interview Zwide, whom he drove into perpetual banishment. A few years later (1823) he ventured to trust one of his Kúmalo protégés, Mzilikazi, out on an errand (422). But when, having run away with the parcel, the errand-boy never came back, Shaka began to look askance at his confreres, Bêje and Mlotsha, and to wonder whether they too were not hypocrites. Was it really pure love of him, and not rather a base fear of Zwide, that had induced them to seek his favour? And, the Ndwandwe menace gone, were they now about to hoist their true colours? He would put them to the test.

It chanced at this period (1823) that he was deeply engrossed in the conquest of Lalaland (modern Natal). For that campaign he would invite Bêje and Mlotsha to supply a Kúmalo contingent. To this Bêje replied that, while thanking his majesty for his esteemed invitation, he profoundly regretted his and his clan's inability to risk their heads in Zulu ventures. Bêje went on the black-list at once as prospective cannon-fodder; himself a new and useful enterprise for Shaka's warriors.

The umOtá regiment was immediately mobilized and commissioned to proceed and blot Bêje and his rebels right out. The umOtá boys proved a dismal failure—Bêje had so successfully stowed himself away within Ngóme forest, that they could not even find him! "Old women!" growled Shaka. "Send up some girls." So off went a couple of royal sweethearts, Noshuku, daughter of Njongolo (of the Zulu clan) and Mco kamisa (of un-

known antecedents), in charge of a bevy of royal 'sisters,' carrying each a tongue, as their main armament, so sharp as to move the most pachydermatous warrior to superhuman activity. So effective was the volley of ridicule they fired off at the umOtá lads, that they set off at an instantaneous gallop right up the hill. Somewhere thereabouts they struck a stray Kúmalo man and compelled him at the point of the bayonet to show them the way into the forest. He showed them the way in, but not the way out—by which Bêje and his gallant crew had vanished. Nothing to do, therefore, than to return home without him, and take the consequences. While Bêje returned to eNgóme.

Three seasons elapsed, when, in October, 1826, Shaka went forth to conquer Sikúnyana and found himself in Bêje's neighbourhood. Sikúnyana obliterated, Shaka detailed the uluTúli regiment (the Dust-Boys), recently enrolled and attached to the esiKlebêni division, to make a detour and have another shot at Bêje. As usual, the Kúmalos were not to be seen—they remained strictly indoors within the friendly forest. But marching round, like Robinson Crusoe, the Dust-Boys alighted on tell-tale footprints. These they carefully followed, till they got themselves hopelessly lost in the mazes of the forest. Then, to their surprise, the Kúmalos suddenly appeared, and, investing them, few were the Dust-Boys who that day belied their reputation and did not lick the dust. A sorry remnant fled away to rejoin the main Zulu army, to tell the tale and reap the usual reward. And Bêje remained in Ngóme still.

"This is disgraceful," thought Shaka. "What shall be done now?" A gross transgression—happy, to Shaka's mind—of the Zulu criminal code furnished an idea and an excuse. Michael and John, a couple of lascivious Hottentots in Farewell's employ, had just then indulged in the rape of a young Zulu bride, a capital crime in Zulu society. So enraged thereat was Shaka, that he threatened there and then to kill every Whiteman, Hottentot and Zulu girl within his reach in one huge hecatomb. It was in reality merely stage rage, a hollow blind to placate the angry headmen round about. "And yet," he whispered to the Whites, "something must be done to appease the chiefs, or they will say I am not fit to command; you must therefore go and fight Umbatio [Bêje]." That something had to be done was equally manifest to the Whites; so to appease the king, off went Isaacs, Cane and five jolly tars on the war-path.

Shaka was a war-lord of German thoroughness. The um-Belebele division, 5000 strong, had been entrusted with this campaign, and had been instructed to remain on the field till the food-supplies gave out—in other words, till they were practically

starved. For three long months they had already sat there on that field, gazing helplessly at the forest, two miles distant, with the invincible Béje inside.

The European musketeer contingent duly reached the scene of operations; but, says Isaacs, when we had been "three days inactive in the face of our enemy, without effecting anything, we began to think of attacking ourselves, if the Zoolas should not be disposed to assist us; while, however, I was reclining (7th February, 1827) in my hut facing the position of the enemy, I observed them herding their cattle; at this moment Brown came in to inform me that our party were going to engage the enemy and take their cattle, while the latter were herding. . . . At this moment, seeing my comrades rush out of the gate of the kraal, I seized my musket and ran after them. I soon overtook them, and we proceeded slowly so as to enable the chiefs to overtake us, which they did, and pressed us much to delay the attack until next day; but while they were engaged with me, a party of our men rushed forward and took possession of the cattle of the enemy, who had fled to the forest to summon their friends to their aid. The Zoolas, seeing what had been done, now came up to the number of five thousand men, formed in front of the enemy's position, and began to perform the usual superstitious ceremonies of the nation—such as the anointing of the body with a preparation made by the war-doctors from roots only known to these inyangers [*Z. iNyanga*, doctor], who, with an ox-tail attached to a stick about two feet in length, sprinkle the decoction upon the warrior, who rubs it over himself. . . .

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

coming in contact with us. We had just finished loading, when we perceived a large body of them approaching us, in the height of rage, and menacing us with destruction : my party for a moment felt some doubt ; on perceiving it, I rushed forward and got on the top of a rock ; one of the enemy came out to meet me, and at a short distance threw his spear at me with astonishing force, which I evaded by stooping. I levelled at him and shot him dead. My party also fired, and wounded some others, when the whole ran off in great disorder and trepidation. We now felt some confidence, exulted in our success, and advanced along the side of the rocks to dislodge some few who had halted with a design to oppose us again ; they had got behind the bushes and large trees, and hurled stones at us with prodigious force, the women and children aiding them with extraordinary alacrity. I received a contusion on my shoulder from one of their missiles. . . . Advancing a little further, we reached some huts, which we burnt, and killed their dogs. . . .

“ The commander of the enemy’s forces came from the thicket to view us, and then said to his warriors, ‘ Come out, come boldly : what are you afraid of ? They are only a handful.’ Thus encouraged, his warriors came from the bushes. When it appeared that they had reassembled for the purpose of deciding the battle, both parties paused a little ; the chief showed great anxiety, and, urging his warriors, ran furiously towards our Hottentot, leaving his people at a distance. Not having sufficient confidence in my own skill in firing, and knowing that if every shot did not tell, we must be crushed by their force, now one thousand men, I allowed the chief to approach Michael, while I aimed at one of the main body, thinking that if I missed him, I might hit another. The Hottentot’s piece missed fire at first, but at last went off and shot the chief as he was preparing to throw his spear. Just as I had pulled my trigger, and saw my man fall, and another remove his shield, I felt something strike me behind. I took no notice, thinking it was a stone, but loaded my musket again ; on putting my hand however behind, I perceived it to be bloody, and a stream running down my leg. Turning my head, I could see the handle of a spear which had entered my back. John Cane tried to extract it, but could not ; Jacob and four others tried successively ; I therefore concluded it was one of their barbed harpoons. I retired a short time in consequence, when my native servant, by introducing his finger into the wound, managed to get it out. All this time I felt no pain, but walked to a small stream at a short distance, and washed myself, when I found that the wound made by the spear had lacerated my flesh a good deal. I now was more anxious than before to renew the attack,

but felt myself getting weak from loss of blood; I therefore descended the hill, and got to the position where a regiment of Zoola boys had been stationed. I requested some of them to conduct me to the kraal, as I had to go along the side of the bush where the enemy had small parties, but they refused to lend me the least assistance. I took a stick and began to beat them, and levelled my piece at them, but not with the intention of firing, at which they all ran off in great confusion. My party now came up, the enemy having retreated, and we proceeded towards the camp in a body, but I had not gone far before I was compelled to drop, and my wound being extremely stiff and painful, I was obliged to be carried on the backs of my boys. . . .

“On the morning of the 8th February, it being clear and fine, and the enemy quite still, and not to be seen making any disposition to annoy us, it was deemed advisable, as my comrades thought the attack of the day before had terrified them, to advance, and show them that the loss of one person's services could not deter us from following up our success. . . . The Zoolas at this juncture, seeing us determined on making a second attack, assembled their forces, and at 10 a.m. the whole repaired to the enemy's position, leaving me at the kraal to be doctored. . . . For this purpose the inyanger or doctor had a young heifer killed as a sacrifice to the spirit for the speedy recovery of the patient; or rather, as I conceived, for the purpose of having the beef to eat. The excrements are taken from the small entrails, which, with some of the gall and some roots, are parboiled and given to be drunk. The patient is told (quite uselessly, I think) not to drink too much, but to take three sips, and sprinkle the remainder over his body. I refused to drink the mixture; my olfactory organs were too much disturbed during the process of preparing it to render partaking of it practicable. The inyanger, from my refusal, broke out in an almost unappeasable rage, and said, ‘that unless I drank the mixture, I could not be permitted to take milk, fearing the cows might die, and if I approached the king, I should make him ill’; expostulation was in vain, and being too weak to resist, I took some of the abominable compound; he then directed me to take a stick in my hand, which he presented to me, told me to spit on it, point it three times at the enemy, say ‘eczie’ [Z. *yizi*!] every time, and afterwards throw it towards them. . . . After this I was directed to drink of a decoction of roots as a vomit, so that the infernal mixture might be ejected. The decoction was not unpleasant, but it had no effect in removing the nauseous draught, the pertinacity of which to remain baffled the doctor's skill. . . .

“In the afternoon I was roused by the noise of the warriors who had returned. . . . Our forces had arranged themselves for

the attack and, as they thought, in front of the enemy, but it turned out to be in front of the forest, for no enemy was to be seen. The Zoolas became then apparently bold, and began a disturbance among themselves. The Armabooters [*Z. amaButô*] or young warriors, being jealous of the success of my comrades, and seeing no enemy, anticipated an easy victory; they set off, therefore, without the concurrence of their chiefs, and ran towards the enemy's position; the chiefs followed, overtook them and beat them back; and while they were engaged in debating on the subject of their conduct, three people from the enemy made their appearance, unarmed, on a conspicuous part of the mountain. Some of the Zoolas went towards them, and our party soon ascertained, to their great joy, that they were chiefs sent by the enemy to announce to the king's white people that they had surrendered and were willing to accept of any terms of peace, as they did not understand our manner of fighting. . . . This was an agreeable parley, and my comrades directed them to descend from the rock, which they were afraid to do; but after some persuasion they came down and approached the Zoolas; when, however, the white people went near them, they seemed to be struck with inconceivable terror. After a short time, their fear subsiding, they addressed us and said, 'that they would be glad to join Chaka; that they were now convinced of the power of the maloongos [*Z. abeLungu*] or white men, and rather than encounter them again, they would submit to any conditions that might be demanded.' The chiefs did not wait to hear our propositions, as they have only one term, namely, to give up their cattle and become tributary to the conqueror. They did not hesitate to comply with this, but promptly brought forward their half-starved cattle and goats. One of our seamen proposed that they should give ten young maidens by way of cementing their friendship by natural ties. To this they also assented with the same willingness as they gave up their cattle."

So Bêje was left once again in the eNgôme, impoverished indeed, but unmolested, for a term approximately of four years. Meantime Shaka had been killed (1828) and Dingane was on the throne. The latter, as it chanced, inaugurated his accession by a military expedition (April, 1830) against Mzilikazi (429). Now, Mzilikazi, at the time of his decamping with Shaka's cattle, was a chieftain of the Kúmaló clan, and Bêje was another. That fact alone sufficed to render Bêje equally suspect; and after the return of Dingane's army from the Transvaal, it was ordered to proceed against his reputed accomplice, Bêje, and to dig him finally out of his Ngôme retreat.

The force consisted wholly of already well-trained Shakan

veterans, who, on this occasion altering their tactics, besieged the forest simultaneously from above and below. Drumming with heavy kerries on their ox-hide shields as they forced their way through, so infernal a noise did they raise within the silence of the wood, that the enemy cattle concealed therein at once stampeded straight into the arms of the on-coming Zulus. Then, between the ever-converging arms of the human forceps, Bêje himself was gripped and quashed at last. But the old-standing joke that 'Bêje is in eNgóme' (*uBêje u-s-eNgóme*) remained a proverb still, for all time fixed and true. No general massacre of his clansmen followed, Dingane classing them as mere worthless destitutes (*amaNkengane*). Mqeti, however, heir of Bêje, leaving his clansmen to their fate, sought the more congenial society of Mzilikazi. The forsaken clansmen were then swept together by Dingane and placed in the Ngóje district under the care of Ngqengelele, son of Mvuyana (134).

Mlotsha, son of Siwele, was Bêje's *alter ego*, though it took three reigns to master him. He was not only head of the *abakwa-Nkosi* junior branch of the senior Kúmalo house, but was much more famous as the crack rain-doctor of his clan, to whom, as occasion demanded, black oxen were regularly sent as propitiatory sacrifices to the tribal ancestors. His tiny realm comprised the country round about the eziPóndwana (or emaPóndwana) hill (on the northern side of the upper Mkúze).

His story in many points resembles that of Bêje. Constant molestation by the neighbouring Ndwandwe chief, Zwide, had driven both, with their relative, Mzilikazi, to seek security in a Zulu alliance. But after Mzilikazi (in 1823) had proved himself a fraud (422), the loyalty of his compatriots, Bêje and Mlotsha, was assumed by Shaka to be equally as rotten. So when the Zulu army (in October, 1826) had successfully accounted for Sikúnyana, a detachment of the returning troops was despatched to account in a similar manner for Mlotsha and Bêje.

Like Bêje, Mlotsha too had his castle. The eziPóndwana hill stood a rugged and solitary mass amidst an extensive plain. It had in all times served as the impregnable tribal stronghold. Whenever invasion was feared, the mountain summit was betimes provisioned and the cattle moved there for safety. Access was obtainable solely by two rocky defiles, along which guardsmen watched and, assisted by the women, rained down colossal chunks of rock upon the pates of any rash enough to essay a passage.

This type of fortress, wherever obtainable, was much loved of the Negro people. Mungo Park tells us of another such small clan which, apprehensive of hostile attacks from the more powerful

Fulas, had prepared a similar hill-stronghold. "The situation," he writes, "was almost impregnable, being everywhere surrounded with high precipices, except on the eastern side, where the Natives had left a pathway sufficient to allow one person at a time to ascend. Upon the brow of the hill, immediately above the path, I observed several heaps of large loose stones, which people told me were intended to be thrown down upon the Foulahs, if they should attempt the hill." Such were the castles and battlements and fighting missiles of primitive mankind.

Haplessly on the present occasion (October, 1826) Mlotsha was taken unawares. He bottled himself up indeed in time, along with his people, within the castle; but the castle was unfortified and unprovisioned, and the unhappy inmates soon discovered they had but fled into a death-trap. Hunger was not long in forcing them out again to surrender humbly to the inevitable. Shaka, however, graciously received the Kúmalo patriot back again into his family and his favour.

At length (1828) Shaka died, and Dingane, as said (601), gave his early attention to those Kúmalo chiefs whom he supposed to be in league with Mzilikazi. He despatched in September, 1830, the umBelebele division to deal with Mlotsha. Mlotsha on this occasion was better prepared, and the Zulus, urged to rashness by their former easy success, were now so painfully battered by the hail of jagged rocks, that the minority fortunate to escape with skull or limbs intact, hurriedly turned tail for the south and had soon disappeared over the horizon.

In May of the following year (1831) Dingane essayed his second attempt, to which, as Shaka had done in the case of Bêje, he solicited, through his headman, Msika (of the Ntombéla clan), the assistance of the Europeans at the Port. These were just then not on the most friendly terms with the Zulu king, and they politely excused themselves, sending eleven Native musketeers to serve as substitute. We find no record or tradition concerning this expedition; but inasmuch as Mlotsha continued to flourish as a bay-leaf, we conclude that it must have been as futile as the first.

Mpande ousted and succeeded Dingane in the year 1840. He found Mlotsha defiant as ever within his unassailable mountain fastness. Maybe Mlotsha had ere this grown old and his people weary; anyway, the iziNyosi, ūDlambedu and umKúlutshani regiments succeeded at last in ferreting him out. They overtook and routed him beyond the Póngolo. He is said to have died at the eNyamane river.

References: Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, I., 188, 192-207, 211; II., 55, 94, 220, 232, 243-64; Bird, *A.N.*, I., 68, 90; II., 406-7; Holden, *K.R.*, 42; Mungo Park, *T.*, 252; Leslie, *A.Z.*, 29.

CHAPTER 59

THE DISASTROUS ŪBÁLULE RAID (1827)

CHRISTMASTIDE came in the year 1826, and with it the great annual National Festival (*umKósi*), at which all the nation assembled in full gala attire at the royal kraal to renew a very reluctant acquaintance with their sovereign and to hear the promulgation of some new piece of terror or oppression. As usual, Shaka found himself swarmed about by multitudinous rowdy youths all doing nothing, and, as usual, found the spectacle exasperating. The eternal reiteration of that old musical lie, which somebody had invented in his honour—perhaps he invented it himself; for he is said to have been no mean composer of Zulu dance-music—

Waqedaqeda izizwe (Thou hast finished off the tribes).

Uyakuhlasela-pi na (Where wilt thou wage war) ?

He ! uyakuhlasela-pi na (Yes, where wilt thou wage war) ?

Wahlula amakósi (Thou hast conquered the kings).

Uyakuhlasela-pi na (Where wilt thou wage war) ?

Waqedaqeda izizwe (Thou hast finished off the tribes).

Uyakuhlasela-pi na (Where wilt thou wage war) ?

He ! he ! he ! uyakuhlasela-pi na (Yes, yes, yes ! where wilt thou wage war) ?

could not deceive him. He had *not* finished off the tribes, or conquered all the kings. What about Sobúza ? “ Off with you,” he cried, “ ye lazy spalpeens, and chop corn in the Black Country (*ēSwazini*, the land of Sobúza, beyond the Pôngolo). And mark ye, let none save the aged dare remain at home.” Such a general clearance out of the whole body of fighting men was technically termed an *uKúkúlela-ngóqo* (a sweeping-away of all the scum of the land).

The umBelebele division of the army was already away dealing with Bêje at Ngóme (597) ; but the *izimPohlo* and other younger regiments mustered forthwith and hied away to the north. Their purpose was not any of territorial conquest, but of simple pillage and destruction—to impress the clansmen there with the fact of Zulu supremacy, and to replenish the nation’s beef supply.

Their rambles were extensive and prolonged, and eventually led them into the torrid and malarious bush-veld of the ōBálule (Olifants river), the land of the *baPedi* (*Z. abaBélu*) and kindred *Sutú* tribes. The alertness of the local inhabitants rendered booty scarce, and, as a consequence, to the weakness of fatigue was superadded the enfeeblement of hunger. In this melancholy plight, the broad swirling torrent of the Bálule, then in flood, suddenly presented itself, an impassable barrier to further progress.

To turn about homeward-bound and empty-handed would have been suicidal. So the army sat itself down, and thought to appease its clamorous paunch by a surfeit of locusts, caterpillars, slices of ox-hide shield and other such unsavoury tack; till at length maltreated nature rebelled, retaliating with such a raging epidemic of malignant dysentery as laid half the army prone.

The units unaffected deemed it expedient to beat an immediate retreat from so insalubrious a neighbourhood. They accordingly abandoned their comrades to stew in their own juice and themselves meandered off along the river bank eastwards, hoping somewhere to strike such loot as would guarantee a safe return homeward. Hardly were they out of range of eye and ear, when the neighbouring Sutús grew suddenly bellicose and bold. They believed they really could tackle an army of incapacitated Zulus with some prospect of success. So they swooped down upon the encampment of the abandoned inDabankulu (or the Great Affair) regiment, all of them lying *hors de combat*, and valiantly executed tremendous slaughter among them; after which the inDabankulu regiment became a very small affair indeed.

Meantime, that portion of the army which had marched on ahead, had skirted along the bank of the forbidding Bálule, till it too was brought to a sudden standstill by an apparition still more appalling. A multitude of fearsome, yellow-skinned men, mounted on wild and prancing beasts of an unknown species—they were the Griquas of Barend Barends then hunting in the neighbourhood (430)—unexpectedly charged down upon them amidst a terrifying flash and roar of elephant-guns. Scared by this new terror, our Zulus brought their expedition to an immediate close and made hurried tracks homeward with such meagre spoils as they were able to sweep together on their way.

Reaching Bulawayo (whither Shaka had meanwhile returned) on the 18th March, 1827, they laid at Shaka's feet the insignificant proceeds of a three-months' raid. For this insufferable insult and incompetency, the hapless izimPohlo—save Ngómane's Own, who, by special grace, were always immune from royal tyranny—were hustled off in groups to be stoned to death, their only reward for such loyal and painful effort.

Twelve months later (early in 1828) a similar expedition was despatched to blot out Fabase (? Falatsi, son of Ratsebe, chief of the maPhuthing, westward of Swaziland) and annex his much-praised cattle. The results on this occasion apparently gave greater satisfaction.

The constant presence about him during these latter years (since 1824) of so many Europeans had proved a powerful inspiration

to Shaka's progressive and ambitious mind. A few months subsequent to the return of the Bálule expedition, he confessed himself obsessed by two consuming cravings—he would dearly love to cross the sea and see King George, and, secondly, become possessed of Rowland's Hair-Restorer. He had heard so much from Farewell of the magnificence and might of the former (which he did not credit) and of the miraculous effects of the latter (which he did). He feared, however, that King George would not extend to him a very gracious welcome, and had therefore decided to despatch a headman as substitute, as soon as Lieut. King's vessel, then in process of building at the Port, should be completed (615).

As for the Macassar Oil, he needed it badly, he avowed, for his aged mother. If it was really capable of turning white hair black, that, to his mind, was tantamount to making the aged young; and the secret of rejuvenation, the elixir of life, so far as he could see, had been thereby discovered. Heaps of ivory and droves of cattle were assured to him who should procure this priceless prophylactic against the inevitable. But, mark you, the knowledge and possession of so wondrous a charm must be kept a profound secret and a jealously guarded monopoly of the king. "We assured him that his confidence should not be forfeited—though we might not be able to procure the stuff!" We shall later show how, in the very moment of his highest expectation that now at last his most ardent longing was to be gloriously fulfilled and the very elixir of life to come within his grasp, death stalked hideously in and carried him shrieking away.

References: Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, I., 219, 232-3; Colenso, *I.Z.*, 115; Stuart, *H.*, 32.

CHAPTER 60

NANDI FACES DEATH IN A RIOT OF BLOODSHED (1827)

THE tragedy of Shaka's reign is reaching its closing scenes. Rowland's Macassar Charm, awaited to turn poor Nandi's grey hairs black and make her young again, will come—or not—too late, too late. Shaka's vision of a Zulu nation built up with corpses of a myriad slain, with blood as its cement and death his instrument, lacks only now its pediment. One by one, grandmother, mother, son, shall now be gathered up and hauled aloft to crown the edifice.

It was on the 4th October, 1825, that Farewell, Fynn and King were at the Bulawayo kraal. "While sitting in our hut at

a late hour," says King, "we were aroused by the shrieks of thousands of human voices; we naturally concluded it was the enemy coming." And so it proved; the arch-slayer indeed had passed along, smitten his victim and disappeared. And the victim he smote that day was the king's grandmother, Mntaniya of Manyelela (27), supposed to be between ninety and a hundred years of age. "The kraal in which she resided was about a mile distant. Men, women and children having cried bitterly for several hours, there ensued a profound silence; after which thousands at the same moment commenced a most doleful song, which lasted a night and the greater part of the following day. . . . To give an idea of the heat, hundreds were carried away, having actually fainted, and were drenched in a contiguous brook. The remains of the old lady were conveyed to a particular spot, where they enclosed her within a stone wall [more probably, the buried body was walled round with stones]. . . . It is said that this is the only instance ever known of the king having grieved." Had they but known it, it was but the prelude to major sorrows, when the king would grieve a second time; then—have no time to grieve.

To repeat, Shaka never risked a wife; they bred but vermin, mischievous brats who later on might even contest his very right to live or reign. But he dearly loved a sweetheart—one of them too well. Her name was (quite appropriately) Miss Nanny-Goat (Mbúzikazi, of the Cele clan), who one day discovered she was no longer virginal. She sought advice of the tribal mother; and Nandi, ending a gay old sport as she began, and flouting every menace of bitter consequences, welcomed with all her heart the promise of a grandson. More than once had she suffered painful chastisement at the hands of her son, when embarrassing eventualities occurred among the girls, 'twas said, through her neglect. But—

Little reck'd that chief of womanhood—
Which frowns ne'er quell'd, nor menaces subdued;
And little deem'd he what thy heart, Gulnare,
When soft could feel, and when incensed could dare.
His doubts appeared to wrong—nor yet she knew
How deep the root from which compassion grew.—
She was a slave—from such may captives claim
A fellow-feeling, differing but in name:
Still half-unconscious, heedless of his wrath,
Again she ventured on the dangerous path.

—BYRON.

Miss Nanny-Goat, with manifold experiences of Don Juan, expressed a strong desire to clear forthwith for Guam as 'ill.'

From this Nandi dissuaded her, and hid her cosily away within her own hut. In due course Master Shaka came to light, and, when not being nursed by Madame Nomagwebu, was laid away out of sight within a large earthen pot (*imBiza*). All this was going on unaware of the prying eyes of spies. Then ugly whispers reached the royal ear; and curious to see this product of his passion, Mr. Shaka, senr., quietly strolled around, and with unutterable dismay beheld his mother actually training the evil thing to stand upon its legs. And she caught sight of him, and in that instant whisked mother and nurse and babe off beyond the Zulu realm, into distant Tembélant—where the rightful king of Zululand, unaware of his inheritance, may still be found. Hastening home, Shaka at once despatched his servaüt, Mbópá, to go over, suitably armed, after dark and rid him of the foul conspiracy. Mbópá went—and found the birds had flown! A little while, then, as all anticipated, Nandi herself went west, killed, they said, by him. At least such was the deduction of Native logic; which indisputable facts, Fynn being our witness, do happily confute.

About the beginning of October, 1827, Shaka was sixty miles from Bulawayo hunting elephants, when, one eventide, couriers arrived to state that the greatest elephant of all, Nandi, the *inDlovukazi*,* lay *in extremis*.

Her *emKindini* kraal—that presided over by her unmarried daughter, Nomcoba, situated halfway between Melmoth and the Mhlatúze, not far from the Mfule, was likewise so described—was located some three miles west of Bulawayo on the broad, flat summit of a hill almost encircled by the emaTèku and emBúzane streams, with the emPongo hill to the east.

Shaka rose right nobly to the occasion, and by his unselfish action proved that within him some spark flickered still of filial affection. Despite the lateness of the hour, he ordered that the sports be instantly abandoned and all march hastily home throughout the night. By noon next day (10th October, 1827) the great distance of sixty miles had been covered and emKindini reached—no mean achievement, considering the continuous succession of great hills and deep valleys to be traversed.

Luckily, our veracious chronicler, Fynn, was with him, and wrote down for us a graphic description of the great event. "I went," he writes, "attended by an old chief and found the hut filled with mourning women and such clouds of smoke that I was obliged to bid them retire, to enable me to breathe within it. Her complaint was dysentery; and I reported at once to Tshaka

* 'The Female Elephant'—a courtesy-title conferred on queens in a Nguni state.



Copyright, Author.

NANDI'S GRAVE
Marked by *umLahlankosi* tree on left



Copyright, C. Faye.

THE COUNTRY THEREABOUTS
Shewing herd-boys on the veld

that her case was hopeless and that I did not expect she would live through the day. The regiments, which were then sitting in a semi-circle around him, were ordered to their barracks ; while Tshaka himself sat for about two hours in a contemplative mood, without a word escaping his lips, several of the elder chiefs sitting also before him. When the tidings were brought that she had expired, Tshaka immediately arose and entered his dwelling ; and having ordered the principal chiefs to put on their war-dresses, he in a few minutes appeared in his. As soon as the death was publicly announced, the women and all the men who were present tore instantly from their persons every description of ornament. Tshaka now appeared before the hut in which the body lay, surrounded by his principal chiefs in their war-attire. For about twenty minutes he stood in a silent, mournful attitude, with his head bowed upon his shield, on which I saw a few large tears fall. After two or three deep sighs, his feelings becoming ungovernable, he broke out into frantic yells, which fearfully contrasted with the silence that had hitherto prevailed. The signal was enough. The chiefs and people, to the number of about fifteen thousand, commenced the most dismal and horrid lamentations. . . . The people from the neighbouring kraals, male and female, came pouring in, each body as they came in sight, at a distance of half a mile, joining to swell the terrible cry. Through the whole night it continued, none daring to rest or refresh themselves with water ; while at short intervals, fresh bursts were heard as more distant regiments approached. The morning dawned without any relaxation ; and before noon the number had increased to about sixty thousand. The cries became now indescribably horrid. Hundreds were lying faint from excessive fatigue and want of nourishment ; while the carcasses of forty oxen lay in a heap, which had been slaughtered as an offering to the guardian spirits of the tribe. At noon the whole force formed a circle with Tshaka in the centre, and sang a war-song, which afforded them some relaxation during its continuance. At the close of it, Tshaka ordered several men to be executed on the spot ; and the cries became, if possible, more violent than ever. No further orders were needed ; but, as if bent on convincing their chief of their extreme grief, the multitude commenced a general massacre. Many of them received the blow of death while inflicting it on others, each taking the opportunity of revenging his injuries, real or imaginary. Those who could no more force tears from their eyes—those who were found near the river panting for water—were beaten to death by others who were mad with excitement. Towards the afternoon I calculated that not fewer than seven thousand people had fallen in this frightful indiscriminate

massacre. The adjacent stream, to which many had fled exhausted to wet their parched tongues, became impassable from the number of dead corpses which lay on each side of it; while the kraal in which the scene took place, was flowing with blood."

Encompassed thus on every side by a dense mob of armed and brutal savages, all of whom apparently had run amuck, Fynn himself was in a most perilous position, fortified solely by the frail trust that he "had so far gained the respect of this tyrant as to hope for escape even from this terrible place of blood." Had he been wiser, or better acquainted with Native customs, he would, no doubt, like most of those around him, have liberally dosed his nostrils with pungent snuff and drenched a wry face with crocodile tears. His friend, Isaacs, had once found himself in a like perplexity on a similar occasion. "As we made our way from the crowd towards the hut," he writes, "several of the native warriors asked us if we were not afraid of death, and offered us some snuff, which they were forcing up their nostrils in prodigious quantities. This they generally resort to on all similar exhibitions, and the tears demonstrate their excessive grief on the melancholy occasion." In trials like this Shaka preferred to weep in company and demanded an ocular demonstration of grief from everyone about him. Felt he—

Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile
To mark detestation or fear.
Give me the soft sigh, while the soul-telling eye
Is dimmed for a time with a tear.

—BYRON.

As for Fynn, while standing thus motionless, and dry, "a regiment of young Zulus passed by me, when two of them with their up-lifted knob-kerries rushed towards me, the leader demanding fiercely why I stood there without a tear. I made no reply, but gazed upon them sternly and steadily. They moved on, shouting vengeance." At sunset, Shaka called a respite to further massacre, but the wailing continued until ten o'clock on the following morning, when refreshments were for the first time permitted.

The body, sitting upright in the orthodox contracted posture, was, on the second day, deposited in a grave near the spot where the queen-mother had died. That spot is still well known to local Natives, though, it would seem, sometimes concealed from distrusted foreigners. It may be found on the old kraal-site (608), some three miles south-east of Cross-Roads Store (twelve miles from Eshowe on the Empangeni road). A decayed umLahlankosi tree (*Zyzyphus mucronata*) marks the grave, a large

umSululu (*Euphorbia Tirucalli*) standing sixty-three feet away to the north, and two umVumvu trees (*Celtis Kraussiana*) at a distance of eight and twenty-five feet respectively towards the south.

Fynn was not permitted to witness the actual interment, but was "informed that ten of the best-looking girls of the kraal were buried alive with the deceased." This, we think, is a mis-statement. Burial alive was not a part of Zulu ceremonial obsequies, the individuals thus selected to accompany a chief into the spirit-world being killed beforehand, generally by a process of strangling, the idea, no doubt, being that they should reappear in Hades without any obvious physical blemish. A rope, first twisted round the neck, was then pulled taut to right and left, the tightened rope then receiving several powerful blows with heavy sticks. "All who were present at this dreadful scene, to the number of twelve thousand drafted from the whole army, were formed into a regiment to guard the grave for the next twelve months. About fifteen thousand head of cattle were set apart for their use, which were contributed by all the cattle-holders of the country as offerings to the departed queen and her ill-fated attendants."

Subsequent to the burial, Ngómane, the prime minister, rose and addressed the multitude. "As the great Female Elephant with the Small Breasts—the ever-ruling Spirit of Vegetation—had died, and as it was probable that the heavens and the earth would unite in bewailing her death, the sacrifice should be a great one: no cultivation should be allowed during the following year; no milk should be used, but as drawn from the cow it should be all poured upon the earth; and all women who should be found with child during the year should, with their husbands, be put to death." This inhuman ukase, condemning the whole population to starvation and unnatural abstinence, was, through abject fear, "received with acclamation, (and) regiments of soldiers were dispersed throughout the country, who massacred every one they could find that had not been present at the general wailing."

In the enforcement of these brutal ordinances, Sidunge, son of Mbikwane, at the time headman in charge of the lower Mlalazi district, proved himself an energetic enthusiast. Isaacs chanced then to be hunting hippos in the vicinity; and this is what he saw. Entering a kraal, "the first object that immediately struck me, was two huts nearly consumed. Amidst the burning embers were three women and two children of the master of the kraal, whom Sedunger's people had sought to massacre, because he had not gone to the king's residence to mourn for the queen mother. It appears that a party, three times the number of the people belonging to the kraal, came in the night, and at the dawn of day

surrounded the chief's hut ; he hearing the noise and from experience knowing too well from what it proceeded, remained quiet, and prepared to defend himself with a long spear. His opponents were foiled—nay, they were intimidated for the moment by his position, and feared to return to the combat ; they then had recourse to stratagem, to decoy him from his hold, but finding their efforts to induce him to leave his hut unavailing, they set it on fire, and in the act of doing so he sallied out, severely wounded one of the men of the party (who was placed at the door to prevent his escape) and ran off, but finding himself too quickly pursued to finally escape, he jumped into a pit, where his atrocious followers inhumanly mutilated and killed him. The commoners of the kraal fled to the thickets and jungles, the usual places of security ; his wives and children only remaining to be the horrid victims of these wretches, who sacrificed them in the flames of their own hut. Having completed their savage commission, these ferocious agents of a still more ferocious master sat down to exult in their success . . . whilst the miserable victims were consuming in the flames around them."

What the population of the land was living upon during these first three months were not easy to surmise, seeing that all food-stuffs from field and fold and veld had been prohibited under pain of death, a threat which would not fail to operate. At the end of that period, proud and courageous spirits began to grow rebellious. Among them was Gála, son of Nodade (of the Biyela clan), who determined to end the tyranny and, unsupported, to beard the lion in its den. So, taking up his cudgels, he strode defiantly off from the Precipice of Vultures (near emPapála) to Bulawayo. There arrived, he continued his stride up the kraal undismayed, and, bringing himself to a standstill on the right side of the *isiGodlo* fence (private enclosure of the king), bellowed over it to the lion within, as follows : " HÁWU ! O king, thou hast destroyed thy country. What, thinkest thou, thou wilt reign over ? Wilt thou create a new race ? Shall all die because thy mother died ? Senzangakóna died too ; but there was not done what thou doest. And thy grandfather, Jama, died ; yet these things were not done. Thou hast destroyed it [the country]. Thy country will be inhabited by other kings ; for it [thy people] will perish of famine. The fields are no longer cultivated, the cows no longer milked. They will be milked by those kings who will cultivate the soil ; for thy people no longer eat, no longer bear, and the cattle are no longer milked. As for me, O king, I say thou art dead thyself through this mother of yours. Stuff a stone into your stomach [= brace thyself up, be not downhearted]. This is not the first time anyone has died in Zululand."

And the lion, roused by this inspiring harangue, roared for all its bodyguard at once—"Ngômane! Mdlaka! Mpangazita! Mbôpâ! Just listen to this child of my grandfather. Of what use do you consider yourselves? Did you ever tell me to stuff a stone in my stomach?" Thereupon Shaka despatched his servants to select two fine oxen and present them to this thoughtful and courageous subject; "for," he added, "he has given me sound and inspiring advice, saying, I should brace myself up and not be downhearted. And thou, Gála, when thou reachest home, assume the head-ring, and command all thy ward to do so likewise." Such was, presumably, Shaka's way of decorating for bravery.

Thus, the ice of his distemper broken, a rapid thaw set in and the oppressive food-restrictions were removed, automatically opening the sluice-gates to a whole flood of thank-offerings, streaming in droves into Shaka's treasury from every quarter of his land.

And now a year had passed since Nandi's death, and the time had come to Bring her Spirit Home (*ukuBuyisa*) and for the court and country to go out of mourning. Shaka at the time was at his new Dukuza kraal (in Natal), and there he went through the process of purification from the 'darkness' (*Z. umMnyama*) which since his mother's death had overshadowed him. "Every cattle-owner had brought calves for this purpose, each of which was ripped open on its right side, the owner taking out the gall of the living animal, which then was left to die in its agonies, and not allowed to be eaten. Each regiment in succession then presented itself before Tshaka; and, as it passed in a circle round him, each individual, holding the gall-bladder in his hand, sprinkled the gall over him." Long pent-up spirits now found vent in lusty jollification. A riotous dance, accompanied by joyful song, was revelled in; "several droves of oxen were slaughtered; and Tshaka was finally washed with certain decoctions prepared by the native doctors." Subsequently "the king went with the greater part of his people to a distant forest, to perform the national ceremony of discarding their mourning dress [which, of course, had consisted simply of any old loin-skins sufficiently worthless to be eventually thrown away]. . . . They then proceeded to the river to perform the customary ablutions. Mourning, after this, was permitted to cease throughout his dominions."

Then stood up the court-orator, Ngômane, and delivered the court's farewell address. "The tribe," he said, "had now lamented for a year the death of her, who had become a spirit and would continue to watch over Tshaka's welfare. But there were nations of men inhabiting distant countries, who, because

they had not yet been conquered, supposed that they never should be. This was plain from the fact of their not having come forward to lament the death of the Great Mother of Earth and Corn.* And, as tears could not be forced from these distant nations, war should be made against them, and the cattle taken should be the tears shed upon her grave."

Thus, on the 7th September, 1828—only fifteen days prior to his own assassination—Shaka ceremoniously brought to a close that year of massacre, lamentation and distress, in the deliberate planning of which, says Fynn, "I cannot help suspecting that reasons of state-policy had as much to do as any feeling of regret for his dead mother; and that he wished his people to infer, if such a sacrifice was necessary upon the occasion of her departure, how frightfully terrific would be that required at his own." In this he reckoned without his host. Little knew he then that, only fifteen days later, he himself would be unceremoniously pitched into a grave more infamous than a pauper's.

All burial rites now magnificently discharged, Shaka turned about and sought the villain. Where was the fiend who had wrought this abomination on the king of kings?

The Qwabe clansmen had ever been on Shaka's black-list. Had not Pákatwáyo himself, their chief, been guilty of the heinous crime of making love to Nandi, and lost his head in the process? Had not Nandi herself deliberately elected to place her kraal in the very midst of Qwabeland? He, however, would shatter their spell and bring their machinations to a final close. He knew the arch-villain—the unhallowed name. 'Mashongwe' was already writ in great black type upon the wall *in petto*. But he would confirm his knowledge by a public consultation with the infallible oracle.

Just then there chanced to be a famous necromancer, owner of a whistling spirit (*umLozikazana*), in residence at his kwa-Kábingwé kraal, of which, it happened, Mashongwe was in charge. She should be instantly summoned and divulge. She came. All the Zulu court and all its martial force were assembled in the arena to hear her divination. Then, in its wonted manner of self-evident ambiguity, the oracle, one after the other, disclosed the names of the evil-doers. "A thing that grows on trees, do you recognize it?" she shouted to the crowd. None dared reply, till Shaka guessed, "She means Ntlaka" (one of his most prominent courtiers, from *Z. inTlaka*, gum). Again she asked, "When a person is in want, what is it that is said of him?" Perfect silence reigned, till Shaka broke it—"She means Mdingumtóli"

* We think there is good reason to doubt the accuracy of Fynn's translation here of the appellation actually used.

(i.e. one who needs an adopter—a reference perhaps to his brother, Dingane, from *Z. dinga*, to be in want). Once more the pythoness questioned, "What is sometimes said of a person travelling? What is he called?" At which Shaka whispered, "She means Nqoboka" (his friend, the Sokúlu chief, from *Z. cóboka*, to get knocked up on a journey). Thus, from one to the other of the great ones of the land she passed, till Shaka, patience exhausted, called her to order. "Behold, ye Zulus," he cried, "she goes on like this, but does not name one single *umTákati*. Why does she cut out Mashongwe,* the villain whom I know?"

That was the last word this oracle ever uttered; the last day on which Mashongwe gazed. She was hustled off to Hades; he and his accomplices, with eyes scooped out with assegais, released. Sightless and shunned by his very friends and family, for nine sad days Mashongwe groped about the veld—along the lengthy Nkume ridge, as far at Hlokohloko, thence back again to Maqwákazi hill, then to the amaTéku stream, and finally, feeble and famished, into the jaws of the hyænas.†

Why not rid the land of the whole caboodle while about it? So Shaka cited all the Qwabe herd before him. Dividing them into groups, he ordered one to fall upon the other and wipe it out; and then another group to slay the victors, till all the local Qwabe folk had exterminated themselves, like so many Kilkenny cats. And what sublime exhilaration it was to Shaka to see them do it!

The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

—LLOYD.

References: Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, I., 61, 107, 232, 237-42, 247, 353; Shooter, *K.N.*, 242-8; Colenso, *I.Z.*, 115, 121; Stuart, *H.*, 22.

CHAPTER 61

SHAKA SENDS AN EMBASSY TO HIS BROTHER, KING GEORGE (1828)

LIEUTENANT KING, ex-R.N., had reached Natal on 1st October, 1825 (564), and left his brig, 'Mary,' stranded and shattered on the Bluff rocks. With timber and bolts and spars gathered from the

* Some say, of the Qwabe; others, of the eziBisini, clan.

† Mgóduka, Mhlangana (alias Ntlanganiso) and Mpézulu were later treated in a similar manner by Dingane for having failed to 'see' certain cattle they had been sent after, and which to him were very obvious.

débris, Hatton, the carpenter, after three years of hard labour, had built for him a brand-new schooner, which they christened the 'Chaka.' Ill-boding name, this was soon exchanged for one presaging more agreeable prospects to the tars, the 'Elizabeth and Susan.' On the 10th March, 1828, the natty little craft glided smoothly down the slip on to the placid bosom of the lagoon; and on the 30th April, amidst the howlings and tears of their faithful Natives left behind, sailed over the bar with Farewell and his lady, Isaacs, Jacob and King on board, bound for the Cape.

Amongst sundry other cargo was Sotobe, son of Mpangalala (of the Gâzu Sibiyas, and accompanied by a couple of wives), Mbôzambôza (of the emaNgwâneni) and Pîkwane, son of Bizwayo (of the Kwêla Makânyas), Shaka's trusty body-servant. Such was the ambassadorial party to King George.

The Zulus and Sibiyas, as distant relatives and immediate neighbours, had always been mutually partial, and Sotobe, as a Sibiya aristocrat, had become with Shaka especially *persona grata*. He is described as a sturdy, strapping fellow and a redoubtable trencher-knight. Behind him, as he strolled abroad, a spacious trencher ever followed, piled with chunks of meat and accompanied by a copious basket of beer—the Zulus made such liquor-proof baskets. Indeed, his proudest feat was to consume alone the complete carcase of a goat, then swill it down with a five-gallon tankard of ale, and still want more.

It was on the 24th July, 1827, now a year ago, that Shaka had first broached this project of a mission to King George. Shaka's mental horizon was strictly limited, and 'King George' to him was posited no doubt somewhere in the Cape and was probably indistinguishable from the gentleman there posing as Governor.

Early in 1828, Shaka repeated his "great wish that Lieutenant King would take one or two of his chiefs with him to negotiate a friendly alliance with King George, whom, he said, 'he esteemed as a brother.'" This brotherly love for King George so touchingly insisted on about this time had at its base a lurking fear lest that cryptic potentate might perchance be in friendly league with those Native tribes down south, into whose dominions Shaka was yearning to extend his conquests. The projected mission was planned solely for the purpose of removing that hampering uncertainty—albeit, with true diplomatic insight, Shaka carefully refrained from saying so in the credentials with which he equipped his ambassadors.

At Chaka's principal residence, Umbololi,
February, 1828.

I, Chaka, king of the Zulus, do in presence of my principal chiefs now assembled, hereby appoint and direct my friend, James Saunders King, to take under his charge and protection Sotobi, one of my principal chiefs, whom I now create of the 'Tugusa' kraal, Kati [probably another name of Pkwane], my body-servant, Jacob, my interpreter, and suite. I desire him to convey them to H.M. King George's dominions, to represent that I send them on a friendly mission to King George; and after offering him assurances of my friendship and esteem, to negotiate with his Britannic Majesty on my behalf, with my chief, Sotobi, a treaty of friendly alliance between the two nations, having given the said J. S. King and Sotobi full instructions and invested them with full power to act for me in every way as circumstances may seem to them most beneficial and expedient. I require my friend, King, to pay every attention to the comforts of my people entrusted to his care, and solemnly enjoin him to return with them in safety to me, and to report to me faithfully such accounts as they may receive from King George.

I hereby grant him, my said friend, J. S. King, in consideration of the confidence I repose in him, of various services he has already rendered me, presents he has made, and above all the obligations I am under to him for his attention to my mother in her last illness, as well as having saved the lives of several of my principal people, the full and free possession of my country near the sea coast and Port Natal, from Natal head to the Stinkein River, including the extensive grazing flats and forests, with the islands in the Natal harbour, and the Matabana nations, together with the free and exclusive trade of all my dominions; and I hereby also confirm all my former grants to him.

his
(Signed) JOHN + JACOB.
mark.

Witness the above scrawl having been made by King Chaka, as his signature.

(Signed) N. J. ISAACS.

Sworn before H. Hudson, Esq., Resident Magistrate, Port Elizabeth, July 20, 1828, by Nathaniel Isaacs, and John Jacobs, the Interpreter, as a true document and signed in their presence.

Quod Attestor,
(Signed) JOHN ANTHONY CHABAUD, Notary Public.

With these paper powers in his pocket, King, and his merry crew, sailed off on to the African main to interview King George. Algoa Bay being the next port westwards, the schooner put in there on the 4th May, 1828, and the interview materialized sooner than they had expected—though King George himself remained a myth.

Lieutenant King upon arrival took immediate steps to acquaint the Governor in Capetown of his mission and approach, and received in reply instructions to entertain the Zulu emissaries at

Government expense, until an opportunity should offer for bringing them to Capetown. For three months the Zulu emissaries were accordingly entertained, largely imbibing grog; and the deeper they drank, the lower their spirits sank, till at length they grew so "exceedingly impatient and became so alarmed, that they made several attempts to run off, and find their way to their country by land"—a contingency which, had it happened, would have jeopardized very seriously the safety of their European guardians when returning to Natal.

Lieutenant King himself was no less restless with ennui, and, as an antidote, granted himself a little leave of absence. No sooner gone than, most inopportunately, 'King George' appeared!—in the person and gold lace of Major Cloete,* officer-commanding his Britannic Majesty's troops at Port Elizabeth. This gentleman had been deputed by his Excellency of Capetown to fathom the mystery of this extraordinary embassy. He belonged, it would seem, to that inept body of military officials, whose only qualification for their post was that they were sons of a lord or a squire. He was, in more ways than one, closely akin to that other namesake who later on so egregiously muddled matters in Natal (237). While it must be granted (as we shall later see, 620) that there was ample justification for suspecting the *bona fides* of the Zulu mission, all the same the ignorance and imbecility displayed in the following interview cannot fail to strike all such as are at all versed in Native customs and character:—

"Question by Major Cloete: 'Can Chaka write, or make any characters whereby to show that he sent the chiefs on their mission and to show his authority?' Answered by Sotobe. 'No. He cannot write or make characters.' 'How is Sotobe to be known as a chief, and how is he distinguished as such?' 'By the bunch of red feathers; and there is no one allowed to wear them but the king, and two or three of his principal chiefs.' 'Did you come by your own free will and consent?' 'We were sent by our king to show his friendly disposition towards the governor and the white people; also to ask for medicines, etc.' 'What authority have you from your king to show that you are sent by him?' 'We have nothing. We were sent with Lieutenant King.' 'Have you no sign, or token, or feather, or tiger's tail, or tooth, to show that you were sent by Chaka?' 'We generally send cattle, but as the vessel could not take them, Chaka has sent an ivory tusk.' 'Will Sotobe go to Cape Town with me?' 'No; we have been here so long, that we are quite tired, and we wish to go back to our king.' 'What was your motive for coming here, if you did not intend to see the governor?' 'We have heard that our king is near the colony, and we want to return, as we understand that the governor will protect the neighbouring tribes, and our king was not aware of it before our leaving Natal. We also hear that Lieutenant King is going to meet Chaka, and we cannot leave him; we were sent with him, and we know no

* Isaacs' book gives the name as 'Cloete', but we think, with Shooter (*K.N.*, 281), that that must be a misprint for 'Cloete.'

other person. We look upon him as our father and protector. Unbosom Boser ought to have returned long ago, and then I could have gone to see the governor, as my king wished me to do.' 'Provided Unbosom Boser returns from hence, will Sotobe go and see the governor?' 'As Lieutenant King is absent, we cannot say anything about it; we will not leave him, as he is sent with us, and he is one of our mission.' 'How is it possible that Lieutenant King can go to Cape Town with you, and back to Chaka with Unbosom Boser?' 'I do not care who goes back with Unbosom Boser, so long as Lieutenant King remains with me; I am particularly entrusted to his care.' 'Suppose there was no such person as Lieutenant King, what would you do then, or if Lieutenant King should not return with you?' Captain Evatt and Mr. Van der Reit here remarked 'you had better not put that question, it may probably hurt their feelings, they might suppose that Lieutenant King was to be put out of the way.' 'What did you consider Lieutenant King to be? did you consider him as a chief; a person authorised by government to act for them, or as agent for them?' 'We look upon Lieutenant King as a subject of King George's, and a chief, as he is our principal at Natal, and always had the command of the people.' 'If you were to return without seeing the governor, would you not be punished by Chaka?' 'No. We have been here so long without getting any intelligence from the governor, that we now wish to go away on our return, and inform the king that we have heard the white people will protect the neighbouring tribes.'"

At a subsequent interview, the catechism was continued:—

"Question by Major Cloete: 'You must now decide whether you will return with Unbosom Boser, when the vessel is ready, or go on with me to the governor. Mind, Jacob (addressing the interpreter), I mean you to go with me.' 'I have no objection to go with you, but I cannot leave Lieutenant King, he is sent with us on this mission; our king has put every confidence in him, and we consider ourselves under his particular care.' 'Ask him, if he expects that Lieutenant King will return with him to his country, after seeing the governor, and if he looks to Lieutenant King to send him back?' 'I cannot think of leaving Lieutenant King, but if you or any other person have a desire to accompany us, with him, we should not object to it, as our king would always be glad to see any white man in his country.' 'How is it that you differ so? yesterday you said you would all return; to-day you want to go on with Lieutenant King to the governor, and to return your wife with Unbosom Boser?' 'Yesterday I was very unhappy, and much depressed about my wife. She is very ill, I wish her to return with Unbosom Boser, but she will not. My reason for saying that we would all return was because you told us yesterday that you had been near Guika's [Gayika's], and saw we could not get back by land, and that the vessel we came in could not go back from this place without a written order from the governor; and your repeated questions made me unhappy.' 'If you like you can all go back from hence with Lieutenant King, as you have refused to go to the governor with me.' 'We do not refuse to go with you to the governor; we say that we cannot go without Lieutenant King, as our king has made him a chief, and he is our principal on this mission; he knows the road, we do not (meaning that Chaka, their king, had confided to Lieutenant King the whole charge of their mission), and cannot proceed without him.' 'Tell him, Jacob (the interpreter), that I know the road, and that I am sent expressly to take him away.' 'Your path is from the governor here, and our path

with Lieutenant King is from Chaka to the governor.' 'I am a chief under the governor, and when the governor heard that you were in his country, he sent me expressly to bring you to him; he knows nothing of Lieutenant King, he is not a chief, neither is he a person authorised by the governor to act for him; if you like to go to the governor with me alone, you can.' 'Lieutenant King is a chief in our country, and sent by Chaka to communicate with the governor, and we cannot go with any other but him; if we were to leave him, what would our king think?' 'What is it that makes you adhere so much to Lieutenant King, do you always expect him to be with you?' This question was put to them out of my [Isaacs'] hearing; I afterwards called on them to answer it. 'Because our king has sent us with him, he is kind to us and our king has given him every information respecting this mission, and trusts to him, as we are unacquainted with your ways.' 'If Sotobe will go on with me to the governor, I will find a large present to send on to his king by Unbosom Boser. If you will not go on with me, you can go back to your country when the vessel is ready, together with Unbosom Boser.' 'How is it that you are constantly asking us questions? we have told you all that we have to say, and that we wish to see the governor. You make us quite unhappy talking to us so repeatedly about one thing; and I now begin to think that you suspect us to be spies, and that we are a people come to steal your cattle, and will not allow us to go back again.' Here Major Cloete was going to reply, but at the instant Lieutenant King entered the room, when the major was quite silent; consequently the chiefs conceived him to be an intruder, and afraid to speak before Lieutenant King, when Sotobe spoke in an angry tone, which was not interrupted by the major, as he was engaged relating to my friend, King, the substance of the major's interrogations. 'Why do you come here alone,' said the indignant chief, when his coadjutor and leader had appeared, 'why do you come here in the absence of Lieutenant King, who is our principal on this mission; he knows all about Chaka, and he is a white man and knows your ways, and you know we do not; it is to him you ought to apply for information respecting the object of our visit here, and he is competent to satisfy you.'

"It was in this manner that the chiefs were subjected to annoyance, and by an insignificant display of paltry authority and petty power, which commanded no respect, but rather excited feelings of no ordinary indignation. A species of perplexing interrogation that might have been resorted to by an Old Bailey pleader, but little becoming the dignity of a British officer deputed by the governor of a high British dependency. What could have called for such an attempt to confound two or three unlettered people on an especial mission from their king . . . I know not, nor can I divine, but I have no hesitation in declaring unequivocally, that it rebounded but little to the credit of the officer who was the governor's organ."

Exactly! Isaacs 'knew not'—he knew not, nor did Sotobe, that even then the Zulu army was already devastating the territories adjacent to the Colony and threatening the very Colony itself (623).

To the unspeakable relief, as well as surprise, of the whole party, on the 2nd August H.M.S. 'Helicon' sailed into the bay for the purpose of returning the Zulu ambassadors to Natal. These latter refused to board the vessel, unless accompanied by their

protector, Lieut. King, who consenting to their request, the vessel sailed away amidst great rejoicings, bearing to Shaka a present from the Cape Government and reaching Port Natal on the 17th of the month aforesaid. Though the Zulu mission had proved abortive, it was at least enabled to carry home the weighty intelligence that any irruption into Native territories adjoining the Kafrarian frontier would be repelled by British arms. What happened when the mission returned with its doleful and disappointing story to the Zulu king we shall record at the proper chronological point.

References : Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, I., 143, 232, 256-74 ; Bird, *A.N.*, I., 94 ; Stuart, *B.*, 154-5 ; Shooter, *K.N.*, 281 ; Holden, *K.R.*, 30-32.

CHAPTER 62

SHAKA HOLDS HIS MOTHER'S MOURNING-HUNT IN PONDOLAND (1828)

" I AM like a wolf on a flat, that is at a loss for a place to hide his head in." That was Shaka's idea of himself in the month of September, 1827. The ' Zoolas ' had killed all his principal people and mother, and he felt very much like wanting to fight somebody. Anyway, he had soon to hold his mother's *iHlambô* (ceremonial mourning-hunt), and he might just as well hunt brother-man as brer wolf.

There was a whole sub-continent of people down south, at whom he had never yet had the pleasure of tilting a lance. The considerable amaMpondo tribe, for instance, ruled by Fâku, son of Ngqungqushu, of Nyanza, of Tahli (and father of Mqikela, father of Sigcawu), and occupying both sides of the lower Mzimvubu (or St. John's river), loomed especially challenging on his mental horizon. Accordingly " spies were at once (8th September, 1827) sent off to obtain a complete knowledge of the country, the passes to it, so as to arrive in its rear, and to find out the positions in which the enemy might be attacked with impunity."

Another detail in this well-planned scheme was the despatch (in May, 1828) of ambassador Sotobe (as related in the preceding chapter) to spy out conditions still farther south, in Whiteman's Land beyond Kafraria. But what now had become of this dilatory ambassador ? A month had already elapsed, and not a word from him. Shaka's patience was exhausted ; so he posted Sotobe as lost and cleared for action. As a matter of fact, Sotobe was hilariously quaffing rum away in Port Elizabeth, awaiting the appearance of the mysterious King George, who refused to

materialize. "Let there go forth," roared Shaka, "the *iHlambó* for my mother, and let not a single warrior dare be in default." And away they went, already in May, 1828, with Shaka and suite urging in the rear.

When Ngóza, the famous ebaTénjini chief, had, after his flight from Shaka, been slain by this selfsame Fáku of the amaMpondo (258), certain of his Tém bú clansmen had returned to Zululand and submitted themselves to Shaka. He had offered them a domicile in former Ndwandweland, under the watchful eye of Mapítá, son of Sojiyisa, who was headman there. Some of these individuals were now summoned to court to act as guides on the march. They led the army, not by the regular route along the coast, but by the path they knew, more inland.

Meanwhile Shaka had been thinking out a device by which he might increase both the dignity and the efficiency of his army by the presence therein of a rifle corps. He surmised, correctly, that the Europeans at the Port would be strongly averse to any employment of their arms against the British frontier tribes at the Cape. So he concocted a story that his half-brother, Ngwádi, had outrageously decamped with a number of the royal cattle, and he besought the Europeans to permit such of their Natives as understood the use of firearms to proceed at once to retake the beasts. Whereafter he immediately set forth on his way. The hastily mustered rifle corps meeting him on the march, "So-o!" he exclaimed, "well, now that you are here, you may as well come along with us this way;" and off went Ogle and Fynn, with their Hottentots and Natives, not in pursuit of Ngwádi, but of Fáku.

After crossing the iFáfa river, Shaka felt tired and called a halt. Under the esiHlutánkungu hill (between the upper iFáfa and umTwálume rivers) he built himself a half-way house, at which he rested a while both going and returning. From the esiHlutánkungu the army continued its march to its next head-quarter camp at Fynn's kraal near the Mzimkúlu (probably on its southern side). This was, personally, Shaka's farthest point south, and there, with Fynn, he rested for the remainder of the campaign.

The Zulu army was here divided into two divisions, whereof the one was to be commanded by the generalissimo, Mdlaka, son of Ncidi, and to tackle the Mpondos, in the coastal region; the other, by Manyundela, son of Mabuya (headman of the emKándlwini military-kraal), and to deal with the Tém bú s and Natal refugees more inland. The rifle brigade was likewise duly appor-tioned, the one section (with the Hottentots under Ogle) accompanying Mdlaka; the other, Manyundela.

Tidings of the approach of the dreaded Zulu army was flashed along the tribal line to the south with remarkable rapidity. Gathering force and volume as it went, the report reached Grahamstown (the British military headquarters) already in the same month of May, alarmingly exaggerated. An immense horde of savages was reported sweeping with murder and devastation through Kafraria, driving before them a host of Natives, panic-stricken and lawless, on to, and probably over, the very borders of the Colony. We have here the key to the hitherto enigmatical procedure of Major Cloete (618). General Bourke, officer-commanding at Grahamstown, immediately hustled into boisterous activity, and succeeded in rushing his police to the scene fully one month after the burglars had completed their coup and disappeared with the swag!

While General Bourke, during the months of May, June and July, had been leisurely considering what steps he might be entitled to take, Shaka, in his army, was energetically plundering, slaughtering and pushing his way to the south. His army, however, hardly met with the success it had expected. The Mpondos proved more discreet than had been anticipated, and ran away, vanishing with their herds into impenetrable jungles and forests, so that for the invaders little remained than to relieve their ire on the enemy's food and homes, all which were everywhere burned, pillaged or otherwise destroyed.

Rapid progress being thus unhampered, the Zulus, before the end of May, had already crossed both the Mzimvubu and the Mtátá rivers. Not far to the south of the lower Mtátá, lay the Cwanguba forest, clothing the summit of a conspicuous peak commanding an unobstructed view of much surrounding country. Therein the Zulu army erected temporary booths and made the place a centre for general raids around. Gambúshe, the ama-Bomvana chief (a branch of the Mpondos, dwelling between the Mpako and Mbáshe rivers), like his relative, Fáku, was too wise to court destruction and prudently retired with his people out of sight.

Back in Fáku's domain, a fortnight had now elapsed since the last of the Zulus had disappeared to the south. Timidly, the Mpondos ventured to emerge with their herds from the woods—the eagle-eyes of Shaka's scouts intently observant. In a trice, through the Cwanguba lines rang out the cry, "The Mpondos are out in the open!" The army forthwith struck camp, hurried back on its tracks and (now about the middle of June) swarmed down on Fáku's capital (close to the lower Mzimvubu, on its southern side). Pell-mell to their forests scampered the surprised Mpondos; but the Zulus went off to the Mzimkúlu with 10,000

of their and their neighbours' cattle, light yellowish-brown and drab predominating.

How sorrowful now was the plight of the Mpondos! Their whole year's harvest, so recently gathered from the fields, wholly captured or destroyed; their milk and meat supply entirely removed; their homes reduced to ashes! Men, women and children henceforth for many months, must subsist on wild roots and berries. Fâku and Gambûshe and their people had indeed been sadly beaten and impoverished. But they had retained their heads and their country!

A month had already passed since the Zulus had departed out of Mpondoland, when, wondrous to relate, Major Dundas, Civil Commissioner of Albany and Somerset, arrived, to drive them away! With an escort of thirty or forty British and Dutch youths, he had been despatched by General Bourke to reconnoitre. He had passed through the Xóza country with considerable labour and difficulty, and, reaching Mpondoland about the 20th July, found the house ransacked and the robbers gone. Poor Fâku, for the last ten years continuously harassed by invasions, "utterly destitute, laid prostrate on the ground, and in a state of mind bordering upon despair. Some time elapsed before the party were able to elicit from him any information whatever."

While still the disappointed major was listening to Fâku's tale of woe, messengers from Ngúbencuka, the Těmbú chieftain up the Mtátá, suddenly arrived with the cheering cry, "Here they are, up at the ĩBáziya mount!" Off rushed the Dundas patrol and, on the 24th July, unexpectedly alighted on Matiwane and his host of migrating emaNgwāneni, all equally amazed, and just come down from Sutúland. Seeking no further explanations, these Major Dundas immediately proceeded to pepper with such vigorous volleys of musketry, till ne'er a visible target was left. After which valiant feat, the gallant major strode off homewards to report his victory.

Upon reaching the Cape frontier, he was confronted by a mighty force of several hundred Colonists, led by Lieut.-Colonel Somerset, hurrying, as before, to drive the Zulus back! Well, having got so far, the mighty force considered that, rather than return with nothing to its credit, it might as well go forward and at least gather up the crumbs. So onward it hastened, and on the 26th August, peppered again poor Matiwane, till his emaNgwāneni horde became entirely extinct (I44).

While all this sanguinary activity and excitement was proceeding down south, Fynn at the Mzimkúlu, in total ignorance thereof, was impressing upon Shaka the necessity of refraining

from any act whatever that might disturb the peaceful slumbers of the British lion; to which Shaka dutifully responded by hastening orders to the Zulu generals "to sit on their shields, if they saw the white people; and if the latter commenced hostilities, to retreat." There is just a possibility that those generals may have already heard rumours of the approach of Major Dundas; at any rate they brought their operations to a close and got out of his way just in time. Back again at the Mzimkúlu, the Zulu warriors spent a merry hour feasting on Mpondo cattle and receiving from Shaka that highly-valued decoration—a promise of early permission to marry!

Then the upper army, fresh from operations farther inland, trooped in, and turned the merriment into horror. Their general, Manyundela, had been left on the field! For this outrage and disgrace, nothing less would mollify Shaka than the instant slaughter of numberless warriors, expediently arraigned for cowardice.

At length the call was given to break camp and march back home. And after that? Shaka, feverishly active himself, could not and would not tolerate an indolent and effeminate entourage; he would not degrade himself into a king of muffs. Already at the Mzimkúlu he had discussed the problem and decided that, without even one instant for idle breathing-time at home, his army, from the extreme south, shall now proceed direct to the extreme north. That arrant cur, Soshangane, now, they say, posing as a Tonga potentate, will furnish them with an eminently suitable objective. Arrived at the Mngéni, he promulgated the ukase—'Off with you, all and straightway, to Shanganeland!'

Infinite, we may surmise, had been Col. Somerset's chagrin when, after leading an army 300 miles, it transpired he had but led them on a wild-goose chase. The untutored savage had once again outwitted the British general. Confound it! thought he, if I can no longer hurl at him a missile, I can at least fire after him a parting shot—a sealed and red-taped missive, to be delivered, with all due ceremony and pomp by Mr. Shaw, and loaded with such blasting threats as will cause even the insensate heart of Shaka to subside in his boots. So the awesome missive was drafted, and faithfully transported to its destination—or at least as far as Port Natal—by Mr. Shaw; and, on or about the 8th October, was religiously (if metaphorically) deposited by him—on Shaka's grave!

References: Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, I., 277-9, 354; Moodie, *B.S.A.*, I., 241-7; Kay, *T.C.*, 329, 337, 344; Shooter, *K.N.*, 287; Stuart, *H.*, 19, 35; Grout, *Z.L.*, 75; Theal, *S.A.*, 166.

CHAPTER 63

SHAKA PLAYS HIS LAST MATCH AGAINST SOSHANGANE, AND
LOSES (1828)

It was at the Mngéni that Shaka at last overreached himself—and fell. His rule had latterly, and notably during the year 1827, become so recklessly brutal, that his Zulu subjects, most docile and long-suffering of peoples, for the first time commenced to kick. The sufferings of the Bálule expedition, immediately succeeded by the massacre at Nandi's burial, then by the distant Mpondo campaign, now by the general order at the Mngéni to depart once more, without rest or respite, into the famished and pestilential wilds of Soshanganeland—these incessant hardships had at length combined to goad his people to the verge of rebellion and his army to the verge of mutiny. "Eat?" he yelled; "why, as for food you shall live on locusts; and when locusts fail, you shall pluck the stink-plant (*umSuzwane* or *Lippia asperifolia*) and plug therewith your nostrils, for the stench of putrid corpses that will assail them."

Ominously murmuring, they marched away at the end of July, 1828. But yet not all of them. Large parties of the stronger-minded openly deserted, preferring vagabondage to such cruel bondage. Others, like Mhlangana and Dingane, made a semblance of submission; and concocted schemes of vengeance as they went.

The route they took was, not that along the fever-stricken coast, but that which offered better hopes of health and plenty, along the inland Swazi border. Yet hardly were they two days on the march, when the chafing hand of tyranny again overtook them—messengers arrived ordering that each and every one, officers and men, should henceforward carry his own baggage and all bearer-boys return to the Dukuza capital, the elder of them to be drafted into a new regiment to be named the *iziNyosi* (the Bees).

Having forded the White Mfolozi (in Zululand) and reached the iTáka stream, a minor task was executed as they passed.

The puny **emaNtshalini** clan, whose chief, Kóndlo, had been treacherously killed by Shaka, together with his heir, Magálela, some years before (180), and which was now in charge of Hlangabeza, the latter's son, had treated, 'twas said, with utter contempt, the Ngómane proclamation decreeing divers prohibitions during Nandi's year of mourning—

they had actually worn beadwork during that period of universal grief and, what was worse, indulged in amorous pranks with neighbouring maidens. Capital offences all, the clan was accordingly condemned to execution, judgment being duly carried out at the appointed hour—on all save the arch-criminal, Hlangabeza, who, with his brother, Kámbí, somehow evaded the warders' gory clutches and, taking to their heels, reached the emKóndo (Assegai river) in western Swaziland. There they were subsequently overtaken and summarily dealt with.

This little entremets duly disposed of, the army sat down and awaited the next course. "Now off and fetch Mawewe" was the order that reached them. This Mawewe, son of Malusi (of the Nxumalo clan) after having been captivated by the blandishments of certain old maids, who likewise chanced to be Shaka's aunts, had been urged by guilty conscience to decamp for healthier company down in Soshanganeland (214).

Skirting now the Swazi border, the army at length emerged in Pediland (Lydenburg district). Stores were there replenished from the larder of the local chief, Sikwatá, son of Túlwane, near the Steelpoort river (tributary of the Olifants or ūBálule). Thence they wended their way round the head waters of the uluSapá (southern Sabi river), and plunged into the lethal wilderness stretching for more than a hundred miles south-eastwards towards their goal, Soshangane, who at that time was dwelling in the hill-country north-west of Delagoa Bay, between the Matolo and Nkomazi (Komati) rivers.

Long before it reached him, the Zulu army had been assailed and thoroughly beaten by an enemy much more potent and murderous than he. Slices of hide-shield had been its meat and deadly miasmas its daily drink. To malignant dysentery and malaria, as well as hunger, vast numbers had succumbed, and it was a sorry host of skeletons that emerged on the coast. Some said Soshangane had poisoned the waters (presumably with deadly charms); others attributed the calamity to the deadly exhalations of the *umDlebe* tree—a species of *synadenium* having a milky sap and thick, dark-green pear-shaped leaves, which is the African equivalent of the upas of Malaysia.

Fortunately a portion of the force had remained in fighting fettle, and these now, two months after their departure from home, shouldered alone the burden of tackling Soshangane. Indeed, some of their roving bands penetrated as far as the cattle-owning *abaTshopi* (or *abaTshweki*) Tóngas between the Limpopo mouth and eNyembáne (Inhambane). But the main body remained in Madololand. They found Soshangane and his people well entrenched within the rocks and caverns of the hills, and

therefrom this *grande armée* of the Napoleon of the south never succeeded in completely dislodging them nor in extinguishing Soshangane. Fynn computed 300 as the measure of Soshangane's strength, against the 30,000 of the Zulus. But so small a figure does not fit in with Soshangane's record (451). Captain Owen, in his skirmish with Soshangane so long ago as 1822, had estimated his fighting force as already two or three hundred; but during the succeeding six years, by conquest and by flight, Soshangane's following had increased by leaps and bounds, and might rather now have been 3000.

The Zulus, says Isaacs, had encamped within view of the enemy's settlement and had laid their plans for a general attack all along the line upon the appearance at dawn of the morning-star (*Z. iKwézi*); whereafter they laid themselves comfortably down to sleep.

Now, whilst they had been so laboriously making a two months' tour round Swaziland, a certain Zulu headman, animated by friendly feelings towards Soshangane, had feigned serious illness away at home and so gulled Shaka into granting him a dispensation from the trip. Along by the coast route he stole to Soshangane and reached him in one-quarter the time. Such sudden and gratuitous love, thought Soshangane, smelt somewhat fishy, and he had the strange gentleman kept under strict police surveillance; but when his spies returned and confirmed the stranger's *bona fides*, Soshangane at once rewarded his gallantry with a colonelcy over one of his regiments.

Though they knew it not, Soshangane was therefore well prepared to receive the Zulus. And, just as cute as they and in infinitely better condition, he decided to take time by the forelock. He knew the hackneyed Zulu trick of coming at the break of dawn, and would anticipate. In the dead and depth of that very night, he swooped down on their vulnerable point, their extremist flank, and hacked to pieces the nearest unsuspecting regiment. Nothing being visible and everything possible in the pitchy darkness, panic naturally sped along the Zulu line, and off the whole army went at a gallop. But as daybreak shed more light upon the situation, the Zulus rallied, and still fulfilled their plan of making their assault at dawn. Before such preponderating numbers, the Soshanganes wisely withdrew in all directions—and gained a moral victory; for, while the Zulus held the field, they were not enriched by one atom of booty, and the enemy retained their country and their king. The Zulus, on their part, were too feeble and famished to follow up their success, and went off without delay to seek some breakfast.

They had to travel far before they got it. While foraging,

they thought they might as well be moving homewards; so they foraged down the coast, the route by which they proposed returning, and eventually found themselves in Mabúduland, with Makásana as its monarch (303). Roaming here, a party alighted on a kraal from which the inmates had precipitately fled. Rum-maging about for food, they encountered some large corn-baskets, and their hungry mouths slavered in anticipation of the feast. Eagerly removing a cover, a swarm of flying insects burst forth and assailed them. What manner of portent is this? they inquired with much alarm of one another; for this was a domestic animal entirely new to them. Nay! quoth the wise-man, these are but locusts, of which great Shaka spoke, already gathered in for breakfast. Meanwhile the people of the kraal had stood interested spectators—from a distance, whence they had maintained a vigorous fusilade of frightful menace and abuse. "Dare to eat them," they fulminated, "and they shall follow you as a curse." But the Zulus were too hungry at the moment to be morally or physically squeamish, and set to on the viands with rapacious gusto. Alas! they paid dearly for their folly; for the locusts did follow them all the way homewards, as predicted, and, there arrived, set to to devour the Zulu crops, constituting the first locust invasion of Zululand (1829-30) then known to living memory.

With repleted stomachs, the Zulus applied themselves resolutely to the path, to be liberally peppered by Sobúza's Swazis as they passed along their borders, mighty execution being wrought amongst such stray Zulu stragglers as chanced within their range.

But now they have waded the Mkúze river, then the Mfolozi, and are back again amidst their own kith and kin, with bodies safe from further peril and starvation. Then, as they passed kwaBáhú Hill in Sokúluland and turned wistfully to gaze on Love's Memorial there, memories of sweethearts and visions of romance ahead lent wings to weary feet and sated hungering hearts with ambrosial food for thought.

KwaBáhú,* we may tell you, is a cone-like hill of sand, bare at the crown, but girt below with bush, rising conspicuous and alone amidst the flat-lands of the coast. For thirty miles around, in early forenoon, it stands clearly visible; but, as the sun attains its zenith, slowly it fades from view,† and ere long vanishes in silent memory of the beloved dead there buried.

In olden times there dwelt hard by a Sokúlu man, Mala by

* A. R. R. Turnbull, *Tales from Natal*, 59.

† Due to the thickening haze, common about that hour, in such hot and humid atmospheres.

name, and father of a beauteous damsel called Nomlingo. Indeed, so rapturous were her charms, that even that arch- and antique magic-man, Mabódla (alias Mhámí), of the neighbouring Mbónambí clan (see pp. 103, 105), was proud to own himself bewitched. He even dared to offer her his wizened heart, and her father a herd of cattle. But neither felt the least intrigued—so weird a suitor both regarded with dismay, to say nothing of disdain. All which so poignantly distressed the hoary-headed swain, that, gathering forthwith his family and his herds, he stretched forth his rod over the waters of the ocean and exodused through on dry ground, and was never heard of more. But, prior to taking the fateful dive, he ventured to cast one longing look behind, when what should he see but a crowd of local child-folk jeering at him, those selfsame children for whom but recently he had brought forth summer fruit in winter. Such base ingratitude he would not condone; and, drawing forth his magic wand, he stretched it forth again over the jeering children, whereupon first-born and last-born, all alike, withered up and died. When the local mothers, looking on, beheld this wholesale slaughter, in one irate mass they charged down upon the trembling magician. To stave them off, he grabbed at once his magic rod and brought the children back to life again. Whereafter he disappeared himself, without delay.

And none more pleased thereat than was young Báhú. This was an Mpukunyoni youth and withal a mighty Nimrod (of a sort), killing elephants by means of poison-cakes and trapping giraffes in pits. At the moment, however, he was bent on fairer game, and Nomlingo was his quarry. Alas! he had no cows wherewith to pay the bride-price! Another youth, by name Mfisi, was likewise in the running; and had the cows; but not Nomlingo's graces. One hundred beasts, cash down, he had tendered her father as purchase-price, who clinched the proposition; the while Nomlingo wept.

Now, her father, though craving for the riches, was not stone-hearted to his children's tears. "Choose, then, thyself, my child," he kindly said. "But, mark thou, he whom thou chooseth must excel all rivals in wrestling, hurling, running, or never be my son-in-law."

A tourney was accordingly proclaimed, whereat all gallant knights ambitious of the prize did gather. Mustered on the lists outside the kraal, "Take this, my child," said her father to Nomlingo, handing her a necklace of charms sewn in tiny bags of crocodile shagreen, "and place it round the neck of him thou chooseth." Then, much to his chagrin, she passed Mfisi by and strung the necklet on an utter stranger, Báhú. And Báhú felt

now doubly strong and doubly determined to prove himself the champion.

The wrestling bout then started, and, with wondrous power, Báhú hurled each after the other to the ground. Then was the *inTsema* called for (a large, soft, spherical root of a certain plant) ; and, as it trundled swiftly down the slope, each poised his assegai to stab or fail, according to his skill. But, at that very moment, a duiker-buck dashes from its cover athwart the lines. Mfisi instantly hurls his weapon and grazes it on the withers. Then Báhú, with steadier aim, sends his blade into the leaping duiker's lungs.

"Now," said old Mala, "for the final test. See yonder peak. Who reaches the summit first, has won the prize." Turning their eyes towards the hill, there was Nomlingo standing with her mother on its summit. Off dashed the youths, like so many hounds unleashed, dodging the bushes, leaping the ditches, down into gullies, and then the last sprint up the hill. This was the crucial test, which only two survived, Mfisi, with his white cow-tails glistening from his elbows, Báhú, with his white ostrich-plume streaming in the breeze. Valiantly they staggered, panting, side by side, ever upward, till gradually Mfisi fell behind. With one supreme and final effort, Báhú raced for the prize. Grasping his dear one by the hand, with a tender, speechless smile, he fell in a heap before her. Blood flowed from his mouth and nostrils, the while Nomlingo wailed and ran for water. She bathed his chest and face in vain ; and he died there in her arms.

At home, the father and the crowd stood gazing at them from the distant kraal, uneasy now at their erratic movements. And as they gazed, behold ! a veil of haze rose softly round the hill and hid the scene from view.

Hastening to investigate, they found the lover's corpse enwrapt in his sweetheart's mantle, while she, frenzied with grief, grubbed in the sand, digging with her hands his grave. None would she permit to tread the sacred spot or touch the hallowed body. The grave scooped out, tenderly and alone she laid him there to rest. Then covering up the grave, she threw herself upon the mound, moaning and wailing far into the night. Then all was still.

Concealed in a bush near by, her mother kept an anxious vigil. Once in the night she crept noiselessly up and covered the chilled body of her child with a skin kaross. When morning dawned, she trod softly to the scene again, and gently called her daughter by her name. But Nomlingo's body lay there cold and lifeless, and she had followed her loved one into Spiritland. Soon the father came, and sorrowfully they laid the lovers side by side,

and left them there in peace. And every day since then a shimmering pall is drawn at noonday over the hill, *kwaBáhu*, veiling from profane gaze the sacred spot where Love lay bleeding, and where two loving souls, frustrated in life, sacrificed themselves each for the other and embraced in death.

At last, however, the Zulus reached home, where the glorious tidings greeted them that Shaka was in his grave and Dingane on the throne. Now was it obvious that Shaka had been illumined by a true glimmer of clairvoyance, when he predicted for his army locusts as a foodstuff; but he had seen no vision of their coming home with them. To deal with this new state problem was one of Dingane's most urgent duties. A doctor forthcame who professed to be another Moses in Egypt; but, having plied his charms, the plague continued unabated, and Dingane denounced the impostor as a pest himself and had him destroyed. Then he appealed to Makásana, as locust-king, who graciously despatched his prize magician to call the vermin home. The locusts, however, again refused to budge, and the magician deemed it prudent to go home post-haste himself, leaving the Zulus to attack the plague with the more rational measures of smoke and noise.

This ignominious home-coming, so unique to the otherwise everywhere victorious generalissimo, Mdlaka, son of Ncidi, of Ntopó, of Ntshwankeni, of Ndaba (of the emGázini clan), could not mean other than an evil portent. From Matiwane in 1821 to Mpondoland in 1828, all Shaka's grand campaigns had been entrusted to the master-hand of this superb commander. But now at last the double star of king and general was on the wane, while that of Soshangane, whom they would fain extinguish, shone henceforward more brilliantly than ever. Over-reliant on the prestige of a king and a reputation now defunct, Mdlaka grew over-venturesome—he dared to remonstrate with Dingane, the royal assassin, and to discountenance his usurpation of the throne, more favouring Mhlangana (or, as some assert, Mpande). This rashness brought his illustrious career to an inglorious close; for he was posted at once on Dingane's black-list and was numbered amongst his earliest victims—albeit Arbousset declares, we think inaccurately, that he escaped with thousands of Dingane's cattle and established himself below the Drakensberg, where he was, miraculously, permitted to survive in peace!

CHAPTER 64

SHAKA'S HOME-LIFE AT DUKUZA : ITS DREAMS AND ITS REALITIES
(1828)

IN or about August, 1828, from Bulawayo Shaka went south—for him, to the Land of the Setting Sun. His star was already in decline, and soon would sink to final extinction below the horizon. To Dukuza, then, we too will wend our way and spend in closer association with him these last few weeks of life, witnessing there some more grim deeds, spectators of some diverting incidents more typical of his usual home-life, the while augmenting our knowledge of his character.

Shaka was in no wise a normal Zulu, and the Zulu people are not to be measured by his standard. He was himself the supreme being, and responsible to none. Justice, sexual propriety, mercy and all the rest of the moral code were as he ordained, and apart from him were not. He feared none, obeyed none, considered none, respected none. Yet all the while he continued blissfully unconscious of all wrong-doing and never knew the sense of guilt, because forsooth his will was the one and only law, and he followed that will and kept that law with such Puritanic fervour, that, in his own esteem, he was a paragon of all the virtues and all the beauties, and all other men but vile and verminous sinners.

The common Zulu was entirely different from all this. Like every other normal human mind, his too intuitively recognized a certain quantity of goodness and badness in things and of rightness and wrongness in acts ; was innately aware of the elemental facts of truth and falsehood, of beauty and ugliness, and the rest. He too, like every other normal man, felt, by the sole promptings of his heart, and entirely apart from and prior to any social custom or tribal ordinance, that justice is in itself a good, the proper, thing ; that kindness, apart from any ulterior useful purpose, is the correct, the better, course ; that honesty is the straightforward way, deceit the crooked. And further, by a natural impulse he felt himself inwardly drawn, almost enjoined, to choose the just, the true, the right, and to avoid the unfair, the false, the wrong.

God? Well, they had their god—of a sort. When Isaacs explained to Shaka "that the religion of our nation taught us to believe in a Supreme Being, a First Cause, named God," who had "created all things," Shaka "paid marked attention," yet evinced no conception of any "idea of religion, no symbol of which

anything like a knowledge of a Supreme Being could be conveyed." Probably Shaka's 'marked attention' was really surprise at the striking resemblance between this Whiteman's 'Supreme Being' and his own *uKulukulwane*. Certainly he possessed a hazy acquaintance with Kulukulwane; for he was his own Great-Great-Ancessor (and, incidentally, the proud possessor of two fruitful wives). He it was who 'made' the first man, and then for man the world. Where Kulukulwane himself came from, they never asked; any more than we, Whence God? In him they had arrived at the 'beginning of things' and at the end of their range of thought. Having made man and set the world a-rolling, Kulukulwane graciously retired and was never heard of more—save on that one momentous occasion when he sent along a salamander (*inTulo*) to order man to die, then a chameleon (*ūNwabu*) to tell him not to; but the latter dilly-dallying on the way, the former got there first, and man accordingly died—died indeed, but not before having left behind another to carry on the procreative function and to venerate himself in turn as a minor Kulukulwane.

Shaka too knew his ancestral Kulukulwanes right enough, great and small; and if he feared no living man, he entertained a holy and wholesome dread of them. Though no longer in the flesh, he knew they were living still, for he often saw them in his dreams, received their counsel and suffered their rebuke. Of all of them, he most revered Mmbiya (son of Shangane, of Káyi)—Mmbiya, really no ancestor at all, but his adopted 'father,' who had cared for him, a little exile, during his childhood and youth in Mtétwáland. Now in 'heaven,' Mmbiya had constituted himself Shaka's guardian angel, and in that pious capacity had guided his ward into a vast amount of wickedness.

One night he appeared with a message that disturbed Shaka greatly; so much so that he rose precipitately and said his prayers—in other words, sacrificed to his ancestors there and then a multitude of propitiating and supplicating bullocks, black-and-white (his favourite colour). Then he commissioned his physician-in-ordinary to produce charms guaranteed to allay discontent amongst his people. His people meanwhile, curious and apprehensive as to what all this commotion might portend, had themselves become equally disturbed. Shaka thought to reassure them by commanding them to laugh, that is to say, to indulge in a general dance, at which he kept them occupied till it was time to sleep. Then at last he gave them the explanation of his strange conduct—Mmbiya had appeared to him the night before and given him a timely warning that his father, Senzangakóna, was very angry with the Zulus; that dry-rot was setting in

amongst the warriors ; that they were losing their fame and were no longer superior to their neighbours ; that the army was growing too large and needed practice (as well as combing out) ; that before they could hope to enjoy leisure and security at home, there were many nations still that needed to be conquered ; and that, as concerns Mmbiya himself, he had given his affidavit that he was living very comfortably indeed with the honoured dead, innocently feasting the live-long day, and night too, on unlimited supplies of beef and girls, with ne'er a foe to disturb the unruffled bliss.

Mmbiya and his revelations now became the talk of the land ; his remotest relatives were raised to the pinnacle of honour, and the universal joy found expression in the immolation (and consuming) of countless thank-offerings to the spirits in every royal kraal. Mmbiya, in Hades, was beyond himself with rapture, and despatched a messenger to let the upper-world know, to wit, an aged son of one Futindlu (*Z. Fuzindlu*), of the Cele clan, amongst whom Shaka was at that time living at Dukuza.

While the general celebrations were proceeding, this old man had suddenly disappeared, snapped up by a lion at night from beside his wife and carried away into the darkness. The spoor had been followed to the lion's den, but no trace of blood or man or lion there discovered. Months had elapsed and the incident been entirely forgotten. Then one day, in the midst of a crowd of warriors, in Shaka's very presence, an uncanny individual suddenly materialized, capped with a dangling mop of hair and with a hide buttock-covering fastened in front by a lengthy fringe of cords studded with numerous brass balls. The man stepped immediately to the front and, saluting the king, announced in stentorian tones that he was the son of Futindlu, who had been dragged from his bed by a lion, transported to its den, where he had sunk down deep, deep, deep, and been swallowed up in the bowels of the earth. The lion had accompanied him on his descent, treating him throughout as a mother would her child, and had finally abandoned him upon their reaching some red earth. Henceforward he wandered alone about the infernal regions, walking on soil that yielded alarmingly to every tread and finally gave way ! Down into a bottomless pit he sped like a stone, losing consciousness as he went, and awaking—in a fine country inhabited by spirits ; in other words, in heaven ! There he met again all the old folks who had been killed in war or had died at home, all now, with their cattle, remarkably diminished in size. But the girls ! oh, such enchanting houris ; and they disported themselves Koranically. The great chief there (as was to be anticipated) was Mmbiya himself. All day long he lived luxuriously

amidst all the amenities promised by the prophet, and anights he strolled abroad, none knew whither, though he always explained that he had been to see 'a friend.'

All this sounded a weird and exotic story to Shaka. He entertained serious doubts as to its credibility; indeed, he felt inclined to believe the man himself a prince of *umTákatis*; but, to be sure, he would consult the oracle. The oracle, in no ambiguous terms, declared the man to be indeed a messenger of Mmbiya, veracious in every word; that the latter had observed, telepathically, that of the Zulus there were some who actually refused credence to his majesty's dreams; that therefore he had sent forth the lion to summon a living witness who, having seen, might return and confirm them. This placed the old man's neck safely out of jeopardy, and he was no doubt richly rewarded for his ingenious romance. Sad to tell, the poor story-teller, so lovingly treated by the lion, was soon after gobbled up by an inconsiderate leopard, from the bottomless pit of whose internals he never more returned to tell the tale.

But this Mmbiya was a mischievous spook, who, like the cat, had the habit, after being duly laid, of constantly coming back to cause new nuisance. It would seem that Shaka held pronounced views regarding the institution of matrimony and love. He considered love should be the monopoly of girls and matrimony the prerogative of the aged male. He, on the other hand, was out to create a race of manly youths, trained to the practice of brutal passion only. No effeminating amours, no love-sick swains could ever be tolerated in his national school of Spartan culture. Save for the specially exempt (when far advanced in years), no wedding-bells rang out in Zululand, and to dare have a sweetheart prematurely was to put one's head right in the noose. One man alone was fit to love,—himself, whose adamantine heart could love indefinitely, yet never soften.

The quality and extent of Shaka's love may be gathered from the fact that he had no wife, and a thousand concubines—Farewell reckoned them about twelve hundred. Would a man purchase the royal favour, he presented royalty with a handsome daughter. Day after day these presentation lassies trooped up to court, and, as they came, were drafted off to one or other of the various seraglios attached to each royal kraal. To prevent all possible misunderstanding, Shaka called them (quite uselessly, we think) his 'sisters';* popularly they were termed the *umNdlunkulu*. There in each royal kraal twenty to a hundred of them resided, caged in numerous huts, out of profane sight and reach, behind

*The term actually employed by Shaka was probably *ôDade* or *ôDadeweti* (see Author's *Zulu-English Dictionary*).

the hedged enclosure (*isiGodlo*, the place of retirement) sacred to the king. Of those huts each, with the bevy of girls there quartered, had its own distinguishing appellation and specially appointed monitress (*inDuna*).

On one occasion Shaka inquired of Isaacs if King George was married, and how much. Isaacs replied that he had been once; but never again; and he was now leading the bachelor life. "Aha!" said Shaka, "I see it is the custom of all warriors to abstain from cohabiting with women." Most inopportunistly, fifty damsels then appeared, saluted the king and entered 'the Place of Retirement.' With a knowing wink to Isaacs, Shaka at once broke off the interview, followed the girls, and the gates were instantly closed.

Shaka knew his *umNdlunkulu* off by heart, and some still better. Among those unfortunates more especially favoured with the royal caresses were the daughter of Generalissimo Mdlaka (of the emGazini clan), Gijima (of the Sibiya), the daughter of Zikwézeni (of the emaNtshalini), who later, as a well-worn old-maid was presented by Dingane to Mlandela (of the Mtétwás), and Mbúzikazi (of the Cele clan) of whose fatal miscarriage of justice we have already told (607). But of all of them the sweetest was the last, Pámpatá, captainess of the *uNkisimane* (Englishman) troupe, the latest to be formed at Dukuza. Shaka's sudden death saved her, no doubt, from Mbúzikazi's fate.

Shaka, as you will have observed, was a man of strong principles, of which perhaps the strongest was, that he risked no heirs—they had such a way with them, to which Shaka decidedly objected, of hastening their advent to the throne. So it came about that, on principle, Shaka always—well, nearly always—piously abstained from propagating the species. But when, by some unconscionable inadvertence, he did chance to stumble, Gardiner has told us what inevitably followed. "On one occasion," he writes, "perhaps from some faint expectation of its being spared, an infant was presented to Shaka, the hyena-man instantly seized his own child by the heels and, with one blow, deprived it of that life which with such a father it could have been no privilege to enjoy. This horrid deed was only surpassed by the immediate murder of the agonized mother whose eyes closed with the vivid impressions of the scene she had beheld."

Shaka was a greedy and jealous god, feasting on ambrosia alone on Olympus, while the nether-world starved. To cross the threshold of his *isiGodlo*, to hold converse with females of his seraglio wherever met, involved, if seen, summary execution. The more timorous of men accordingly gave such persons and places a very wide berth; but not always so the more amorous.

Encountering the girls along the path or by the river, the former invariably described a broad detour to save their skins; the latter, on the contrary, would approach the very *isiGodlo* fence (by night) and risk their heads with pleasure. Gentle Nature brooked no frustration of her eternal plan and proved even than Shaka himself a more inexorable tyrant. With certitude of death glaring in their face, Adam and Eve could not be kept apart.

The fire of love, the more it is suppressed,
The more it glows and rages in the breast.

—OVID.

True, the harem was too well guarded by day by what Byron called the Mothers of the Maids (generally elderly female relatives of the king) and by night by watchmen (*ōGqayinyanga*, moon-gazers) to permit ingress to the swains or egress to their sweet-hearts. But whenever specially favoured males were granted entry, the girls played bravely up to their rare chances. Isaacs was occasionally such a favoured guest, and as often found himself in compromising situations. In a humorous way, the girls would gratify their curiosity by pulling up his shirt-sleeves to look at his arms, uncover his head to examine his hair, and—well, till finally he must needs fly. And even then they would pull him back by force, ask how many wives he had 'and other ridiculous questions.' One rainy morn he happened there, when the king's girls issued from the palace. "Their savage master was under the dominion of a more powerful chief than himself—Morpheus; at which time these nymphs usually, if it be a wet day, gambol like ducklings in the water and exhibit themselves in a variety of characters and attitudes. They gathered round me and began to examine me with no little scrutiny, without perceiving my diffidence or displeasure, and heedless of the king who, if he had seen them, would have instantly put them to death, and in all probability have done me the honour of removing me from this 'sublunary world,' without consultation or having my acquiescence. They, however, on these occasions are pretty wary, and know when they can take such liberties with impunity."

In such hazardous ways throughout the day the royal girls did their best to fulfil Nature's stern decrees, till the shades of evening fell and more considerate night dropped a curtain of darkness between their watchmen and themselves. Then, at the midnight hour, Pyramus would venture forth and serenade in mouse-like stillness beneath the harem fence. Ere long, on the other side, a pair of damsels would stealthily approach. Then—

— with fierce flames young Pyramus now burned,
And grateful Thisbe flames as fierce returned.

Of, as on different sides they stood, they cried,
'Malicious wall! thus lovers to divide.'

But—

Fate, though it conquers, shall no triumph gain,
Fate, that divides us, still divides in vain.

—OVID.

So, over the thorny fence she would fling her goat-skin blanket, then, with her girl-companion's aid, scramble over it—into her lover's arms!

It was pretty peccadilloes of this idyllic kind that so nettled envious Mmbiya in his grave, and brought him back to work new mischief. Shaka, as said, was waging a losing war against high nature. He had legislated against love-making and prohibited marriage. And the eternal fire burnt more fiercely than ever: and Shaka knew it. That knowledge was Nature's Nemesis, for it kept Shaka's mind perpetually haunted with suspicions and racked with fears. He had recently (November, 1826) been away at Dukuza, in Natal, arranging the matter of his new palace there (595); but he was now back in Bulawayo, where the evil sprite, Mmbiya, awaited him, with revelations. Mmbiya, declared Shaka, had visited him several times of late—those of shrewder wit will recognize in the name a euphemism for Shaka's last-night's tattling paramour, who, in the excess of her own delights, gave her 'sisters' away. Anyway, 'Mmbiya' had come to warn him against the wicked schemings of his people, who, taking a mean advantage of his absence, had dared to desecrate his *isiGodlo* and pollute his ladies.

So, on the 11th of the month (Nov., 1826), urged no doubt by Miss Mmbiya's tattling, he got up very early, marshalled the warriors then in garrison at Bulawayo and ordered them to take a stroll with him in search of a new kraal-site, hoping in this way to draw off the sheep from the goats. 'When the cat's away,' thought he, 'the mice will play'; and off he went with a following of headmen and braves. When sufficiently far, he sat down and confided to those there present his revelations and intention. He had had, he said, a hideous dream, that a number of his warriors had indulged in criminal intercourse with the girls of his palace, and that, while he was innocently teaching them songs last night, certain of them had been absent debauching his 'sisters.' Like the proverbial magistrate and the *layitá* gang, "he intended to put a stop to this" (loud applause. "Shame!" "Kill them!"). Encouraged by such touching sympathy, "Look at them now,"

he continued, with gathering warmth, "who ought to be here, but have remained behind to indulge in amours with the girls. Look at the Whiteman here [indicating Isaacs]; he is a man, and knows it were improper to stay at home in my absence." At this point two or three men most inopportunately rose and withdrew 'to the rear,' but haplessly in the direction of the kraal. "Just look at them," he shrieked, "there they go." And that lot was immediately hustled away for another of nature's purposes.

Having thus relieved himself, Shaka rose and his people followed him, keeping some twenty yards behind and, whenever he stopped, standing in a bended posture, as was their wont. "Now let me see," said he, "if there be a man among you. How are we to catch them in the kraal?" Some replied, "By surrounding it." To which he rejoined, "But how? that they may not see you coming, and the guilty ones escape." And he added the answer himself—that some should proceed ahead to clear out the huts and collect both boys and girls within the cattle-fold; meanwhile others should nonchalantly sheer round the one side of the fence, others round the other, while he would proceed directly ahead; then suddenly all should close in and hold the scoundrels in the trap.

And so it happened. One hundred and seventy boys and girls caught in the height of their merriment, were hurdled like sheep for the slaughter within the cattle-fold, tremblingly awaiting their doom. Nor needed they wait long. His majesty, the personification of death, appeared at the gateway like an awful spectre, picked out several fine lads, 'the worst,' ordered their necks to be wrenched by their own 'brothers,' then be dragged away and beaten by sticks till life became extinct. After this fiendish prelude, a general and indiscriminate butchery followed. Few of those innocent children cried or evinced any fear, but stepped forward manfully to their doom, as if inwardly conscious they were about to be transported to a better world. A happy spot on God's earth, a moment before sparkling with youthful vivacity, became at once transformed into a hell of moaning and pain; and with the golden sunshine as their pall, one hundred and seventy battered children, like withered wild-flowers from the veld, were cast away on the green.

Ah Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire?

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

Of those poor girls how many had been the monster's paramours of days before! Of the poor boys, how many the boon companions

of their murderers since childhood's years ! And now their task complete, the slaughterers return to salute their king and squat before him for further orders. " You see," he cries, " we have conquered all our enemies and killed a number of *abaTakatli*. I shall now consult Mmbiya and find out the rest. To-morrow I shall kill all those who have offended since I have reigned. There will then be nothing wanted to make you and me happy."

On one very rare occasion Shaka became—in a way—suddenly humane: he abrogated his law prohibiting courting—for one night only. Towards evening, being in a playful mood, he popped his head above the *isiGodlo* fence and bellowed out the general order, " Proclaim to the *izimPohlo* boys that they dress and be off to *soma* (have intercourse with girls) "; then as suddenly vanished. This was indeed an equivocal pronouncement. But none awaited further explanation; dressed or undressed, they were off in a jiffy. After a while Shaka affected great surprise. " Dear me ! " quoth he, " things seem very still in the barracks to-night. Where are they gone ? " " Insooth, sire," replied an attendant, " there is not a soul in the kraal. " " So, then, they heard that word of mine, and went ? I have given them an evening out; but do they then so really like the girls ? "—which, indeed, was what he wanted to discover. " Most obviously, *baba*; not one of them not gone. " " Well, call out the *umBelebele* brigade, and let them go and confiscate all *izimPohlo* cattle. " Thus was it that the *izimPohlo* boys got the girls for once, but lost their cattle for ever. They can't have their bread jammed on both sides, thought Shaka.

Of course, it was very wicked of Shaka to encourage vice in this wholesale fashion—if, indeed, vice there be in Nature's dictates. Anyway, he made ample amends for much vicious example by inculcating in his people many brilliant virtues. Strange, but true, this Shaka was as sublime a moral teacher as martial genius. Submission to authority, obedience to the law, respect for superiors, order and self-restraint, fearlessness and self-sacrifice, constant work and civic duty, in a word, all the noblest disciplines of life were the very foundation-stones upon which he built his nation. So rigorously enforced was the life-long practice of all these excellencies, that he left them all a spontaneous habit, a second nature, amongst his people.

The Zulu regimental system is often erroneously supposed to have been an invention of Shaka; by others, of Dingiswayo. In reality, military regiments were the universal Nguni custom before either of them was king. The Nguni habit of banding together youths of a like age started with the old circumcision

parties or guilds (*Z. amaButó*, sing. *ĩButó*, from *butá*, collect together). When, towards the end of the eighteenth century, circumcision fell into disuse, the practice of classifying the youth of the clan in separate groups according to age still continued, but now, not for circumcision, but for general state purposes. Each such band, still called by the old name of *ĩButó* (a collected body), had also its own distinguishing appellation and separate headquarters; and since its principal occupation henceforth, as the clans grew in size, power and aggressiveness, was of a military nature, it may quite appropriately be termed a 'regiment.'

When Shaka ascended the Zulu throne, he reorganized his father's people on the new lines. The eldest of Senzangakóna's fighting men (born *c.* 1775-85, and therefore then already 30-40 years of age) he drafted together into an *ĩButó* which he christened the *amaWombé* (sing. *ĩWombé*). These Wombes he attached, as a general-state-purposes corps, to his newly erected *umBelebele* (loc. *emBelebeleni*) kraal (on the right bank of the Nolele stream near its source), presided over by his maiden aunt, Mkabayi. Among them were Mapítá (father of Zibébú), Mvundlane and Ntlaka, and they included the last of the Zulus to observe the 'Mosaic' Law, as well as some of the first to transgress it. All alike, however, had already assumed the national head-ring and were consequently numbered amongst the benedicts; for with the Zulus the assumption of the head-ring was the sign of attainment to the full maturity and rights of manhood.

To Shaka this head-ring—which he never wore himself—suggested old age, and married life effeminacy. The thought of being king over an army of old and effeminated men was to him decidedly nauseous. So, while leaving the Wombes in undisturbed possession of both their rings and their wives, when he now proceeded to enrol the next younger class of men (born *c.* 1785-90) and found them already head-ringed, though not yet married, he peremptorily ordered them to shear themselves of the ring and become unmarriedable boys again. These shorn warriors he labelled the *uDubinlangu* (alias *inTontela*), but popularly they became referred to as the *uJubingqwanga* (They of the Head-ring Ukase). As their headquarters, they were attached to Senzangakóna's *isiKlebé* (loc. *esiKlebéni*) kraal, situated on an eminence overlooking the right bank of the middle Mkúmbáne and presided over by Senzangakóna's great wife, Mkabi, with her able adjutant, Langazana. There also was barracked the *umGamule* (or *ũDlambedlu*) troop—still younger Senzangakóna men (born *c.* 1790-95), who had not yet been promoted to the head-ring. The whole garrison together became known as the *izimPohlo* (the Bachelors' Brigade).

Although not absolutely certain, the probabilities are that all the preceding regimental names were not those of older circumcision guilds, but were specially created by Shaka to meet his new requirements.

Inasmuch as, in the process of continuous warfare, the original Senzangakóna-ites ever more and more fell out on the field, bodies of younger men were periodically drafted in to maintain the regimental strength. Thus to the Wombes were added, one after the other, the *uNomdayana* (*izinTenjane ezakál'òNgóye*), the *amaPéla*, the *iziKwěmbú*, the *amaKwěnkwe*, the *iziZimazane*—all collectively forming the *umBelebele* army division.

In a similar manner and for a like reason, with the *izimPohlo* were subsequently embodied the *uGibabanye*, the *uFójisá*, the *imFolozi*, the *inDabankulu*, the *ūBékenya* and others—all collectively forming the *isiKlebé* division. When, in later years (1824), Shaka removed his royal headquarters from the Mkúmbáne to the coast, the *isiKlebé* and other up-country military establishments were broken up and their component sections scattered here and there about the kingdom. Thus the Dubintlangus (Ntontelas) from the Mtónjaneni heights (where they had latterly been) removed to the òBanjeni ridge (between the Nyezane and Mlalazi), where they were placed under the maternal care of Mawa, Shaka's aunt; while the Ndabankulus crossed the Black Mfolozi and settled beyond the esiGúbudu stream.

The first private kraal or national capital built by Shaka after his accession was that of *kwaBulawayo*, on the right bank of the Mhódi stream near where it enters the Mkúmbáne. But it does not appear that there was ever a specific regiment called by that name, though the palace garrison was collectively sometimes referred to as such.

The *ūFásimbá*, Shaka's favourite regiment, was his first, that is, to be personally created by him after the Senzangakóna-ite survivals had been got into ship-shape and stowed away in the *emBelebeleni* and *esiKlebéni* barrack-kraals. We do not hear of any special Fásimbá barracks on the Mkúmbáne, and think they may have garrisoned the Bulawayo capital. Anyway, a year or so after their enrolment, Pákatwáyo, the Qwabe chief, was over-come, and we immediately hear of the Fásimbá boys being quartered in former Qwabeland, near where Eshowe now stands.

Subsequently followed the *umGúmanqa* (or *uKángela*), with barracks likewise in Qwabeland, on the hills to the right of the middle amaTéku stream (not far from Nandi's kraal). With these were later allied the *isiPézi* (with a separate barracks in the same vicinity), and perhaps also the *uNteke* and the *uMbónambi* (having its headquarters nearer the sea, in former Mbónambiland).

The *uDlangezwa* was likewise stationed near the sea between the Mhlatuze mouth and that of the Mlalazi.

The *umKändlu* was the name, not of a regiment, but of a military-kraal (loc. *emKändlwini*) situated on the heights to the left of the lower Mhlatuze (above where Dumezweni's kraal now is), and as such was often applied to the particular section of the army quartered there. The *ekuKétékéténi* was another such between Melmoth and kwaMagwáza; the *ekuWazi*, on the left of the upper White Mfolozi; the *emPangisweni*, the *kwaGúqu*, the *kwaZwela* and others, with names and addresses no longer remembered, scattered here and there about Zululand.

After the removal of the Zulu court into Natal, a further re-arrangement of the military-kraals took place. The *Gibabanye* regiment was brought down and placed on the coast a short distance to the south of the Mvoti; the *Békenyas*, above the royal Dukuza kraal; the *Mgúmanqa* (now jocularly referred to as the *uKángel'-amaNkengane*, or Keep-an-eye-on-the-vagabonds), on the flat near Port Natal, hence known to Europeans as 'Congella.'

Besides these military-barracks, there were numerous royal cattle-kraals on every side, and entirely in charge of parties of *iziYendane* (i.e. aboriginal Natal Natives, who wore their hair in a mop of plaited strings)—the *kwaShiyabantu* near Dukuza; the *enTlangwini* on the emuShane; the *kwaNdimimbili* near the Mhlali; the *kwaNjanduna* (formerly Magáye's kraal) on the south bank of the Mloti above Verulam; the *kwaGqikazi* (in which the young Mpande dwelt, and both Mbúyazi and Cetshwayo were conceived; some assert, even born) immediately opposite the last-named, on the northern side of the river; the *kwaMpfú* near the Bluff, and others as far away as the Mzimkúlu. But there was none, so far as we know, where the railway authorities 'found' one, at 'Chaka's Kraal.' What really was there was a British magistrate's court (prior to its removal to Stanger), which the local Native *inDuna* jocosely named *emDumezulu* (There where the Heavens thunder).

Here below we present a general list, as accurate and complete as we have been able to make it, of all Zulu regiments from the accession of Shaka to Salamoni (now living). The dates inserted are merely approximate; while, in regard to the earlier reigns, the order of succession is doubtful, and here and there a so-called regiment may have been but a section of one. For at this distance of time it has not been always possible to disentangle with any certainty, from amidst the mass of names that have come down to us, precisely which were those of regiments (*ĩButó*), which those of mere regimental companies (*isiGába*), which those of military-

kraals (*iKánda*) or army-division thereto attached—all three having had their separate distinguishing names.

As the members of any particular regiment matured in age (say, at about their thirty-fifth year—though, during the reigns of Shaka and Dingane, the marriageable age of men was considerably retarded), the fetters of compulsory celibacy were removed, and immediately snapped, as fetters to compulsory wedlock, round the necks—or should we say, the hearts—of a corresponding batch of females; that is to say, all marriageable girls accumulated in the land since the last preceding proclamation, were now, by royal decree nominally banded together under a common label (popularly termed their *iButó* or guild) and ordered out to form early matrimonial alliances with the released males. Such female marriage-guilds have also been inserted in our list.

| Male guilds or regiments. | Born. | Formed. | Female guilds. | Born. | |
|---|--|--|--------------------------|-----------------------------|------------|
| Men of Senzangakóna. | | | | | |
| iWombé (ama) (<i>umBelebele</i>) | 1775-85 | 1816 | inTshuku kaMada- ngo. | 1780 | |
| uDubintlangu (in Tontela, uJubingqwanga) | } <i>izimPohlo</i> (<i>isiKlebé</i>) | 1785-90 | 1816 | ūSiba lukaMtshel- kwana. | 1788 |
| umGamule (ūDlambédlu) | | 1790-95 | 1816 | umCékecéke. | 1793 |
| Of Shaka. | | | | | |
| ūFásimbá | 1795-98 | 1818 | umVutwámini. | 1796 | |
| uGíbabanye uFójisa imFolozi inDabankulu uNomdayana amaPéla amaKwénkwe iziKwémbú iziZimazana | } incorporated with <i>izimPohlo</i> | 1801-06 | 1821-26 | — | — |
| umGúmanqa (uKángela) isiPézi uNteke uMbónambi | | } incorporated with <i>umBelebele</i> | 1801-07 | 1821-27 | inTlabati. |
| umGúmanqa (uKángela) | 1798-99 | | 1819 | — | — |
| isiPézi uNteke uMbónambi | } incorporated with <i>umGúmanqa</i> | 1801-07 | 1821-27 | — | — |
| uDlangezwa | | 1802 | 1823 | iCényane (imBába- zane). | 1800 |
| iziNyosi | 1808 | 1828 | — | — | |
| Of Dingane. | | | | | |
| iziBawu (of old Shakan remnants) | — | ? | — | — | |
| uHlomendlini omhlopé and omnyama (emergency bodyguard of Natal nondescripts) | — | 1828 | — | — | |
| ūDlambédlu | 1809 | 1829 | inZawu. | 1804-10 | |
| umKúlutshane (inDlavini) | 1813 | 1833 | iKwáni. | 1810-13 | |
| isiGulutshane (inDaba- kade-ngi-zi-bone) | } <i>im- Vokwe</i> (unmar- ried) | 1815 | 1835 | — | — |
| imHáye | | 1816 | 1836 | — | — |
| iHlaba (ama) | | 1817 | 1837 | — | — |
| ūKókótl (amaWombé) | | 1818 | 1838 | — | — |

| Male guilds or regiments. | Born. | Formed. | Female guilds. | Born. |
|---|---------|---------|----------------|---------|
| Of Mpande. | | | | |
| inDaba-kaWombé (amaWombé, izi-Shozi) | 1821 | 1841 | isiHlabatl. | 1814-20 |
| ũDlambédlu (umDlenuvu, izinGwégwé) | 1823 | 1843 | — | — |
| inGúlube (izin) | 1824 | 1844 | — | — |
| inKone (izin) | 1825 | 1845 | — | — |
| amaPéla { umKúze (to inDaba-ka- Wombé) umZwángwénnya (to ũDlamb) umSikaba (umZinyatl) uNongámulana (to inDaba-kaW) | 1826-31 | 1846-51 | inKehlela. | 1821-27 |
| isaNgqu (amaShishi) | 1832 | 1852 | inGcosho. | 1828-33 |
| uTúlwana (amaMbóza) | 1834 | 1854 | — | — |
| isiBabule (izi) | 1835 | 1855 | — | — |
| inKonkoni (izin) | 1836 | 1856 | — | — |
| inDlondlo (izin; uShisizwe) | 1837 | 1857 | — | — |
| ũDloko (uGqikazi) | 1838 | 1858 | — | — |
| uDududu | 1839 | 1859 | — | — |
| iQwá | 1840 | 1860 | uGúdludonga. | 1834-42 |
| umXápo (uMpunga, uHlwayi) | 1841 | 1861 | — | — |
| umLambóngwénnya isiPikili (izi) inTsukamngéni | 1842 | 1862 | — | — |
| uMbónambi | 1843 | 1863 | — | — |
| uBéwula inDwali (inKonyan'ebomvu) iShudu (ama) | 1844 | 1864 | — | — |
| uNokénke | 1845 | 1865 | — | — |
| inDlu-yengwé (incorp. with uTúlwana) | 1846 | 1866 | isiTimane. | 1843-50 |
| inDlu-yengwé encane { iKwéntu (ama) imVu-emnyama (to umLa- mbóngwénnya) ũKándempemvu (umCijo, uNqakamatshe) umTwisazwe (to uKándem- pemvu) | 1847 | 1867 | — | — |
| | 1848 | 1868 | — | — |
| | 1849 | 1869 | — | — |
| Of Cetshwayo. | | | | |
| inGóbamakósi (izin; uNobóngo- wezulu) | 1850-53 | 1873 | inGcugce. | 1851-57 |
| ũVe (ũLandandlovu) | 1854-55 | 1875 | — | — |
| uFálaza I. (umSizi, inZekema) | 1856-58 | 1877 | ũTiyane. | 1858-64 |
| uFálaza II. | 1859-60 | 1878 | — | — |
| Of Dinuzulu. | | | | |
| (only nominally formed) | | | | |
| imBókod'ebomvu (izim; inTlantsi) | 1861-65 | 1886 | — | — |
| uFéla - pákatl (inGúbo - kaKúndlase, inDaba-kaNdonondo) | 1866-68 | 1888 | — | — |
| uDakw'ukusutá (ũHáyi-lwengwénnya) | 1869-78 | 1902 | — | — |
| uMavalana (uCijimpi, inTab'engena- liba) | 1879-86 | 1906 | — | — |
| uVuk'ayibambé | 1887-93 | 1912 | — | — |
| iNqab'ukucetshwa (or -casha) | 1894-99 | 1918 | — | — |
| uMagazini | 1900-05 | 1920 | — | — |

The history of a barbarous and unlettered people can hardly be completed without constant conjecture and deduction ; but our guess-work must be based upon and harmonize with other ascertained facts. Farewell has reckoned the strength of Shaka's army in 1824 as 14,000 combatants ; Isaacs, in 1826, as 30,000 ; Fynn, at the same period, as 50,000 ; while Captain Jervis gives the number slain by that army as " more than a million of men." For ourselves, we think the computation of Farewell the more reliable—let us say, an army maximum of 20,000 at the end of Shaka's reign (1828) ; and that of Captain Jervis a good tenfold exaggeration.

It is always difficult for a European to gauge accurately the workings of the primitive mind ; its equipment and plane of action is so different and foreign to our own. Concerning the fighting-worth of Shaka's army, Isaacs writes : " His soldiers, without any inherent courage, were ever and anon eager for battle, and shouted for war from the love of plunder ; they knew full well that their renown was enough to make their enemies crouch before them, and they gained more by the terror of their name than they achieved by the prowess of their arms. They have this alternative in the field, either to return triumphant and participate in the spoils, or be deemed cowards and suffer an immediate and cruel death. In the troops of Chaka there was no moral courage ; they fought to avoid being massacred, and triumphed more from the trepidation of their opponents than from the use of their spears." Farewell, on the contrary, says : " Among the Africans the Hollontontes [i.e. Zulus] are the bravest of warriors, being quite fearless of death, at least when inflicted by the assagaye ; but they have much dread of fire-arms. This, however, they soon conquer ; and after having seen their effect for some time, they will stand to be shot at with as much heroism as the best trained soldiers of Europe." Here again we prefer the judgment of Farewell, as more in accord with the larger experience covering a hundred years. Yet Isaacs was perfectly right when he said that Shaka's troops were no braver than those they fought, for the reason that Shaka's troops were themselves mainly composed of those selfsame conquered peoples. The nervous system of the Ngúni Bantu, whether Zulus, Mtétwás, Ndwandwes or Kúmalos, was notoriously obtuse, and, feeling less pain, they feared death the less. On the other hand, the instinct of self-preservation was exceptionally strong within them, and to evade the manifold perils of their environment, an unusual amount of caution and suspicion were needed, which made them chary, but not afraid, of possible dangers lurking behind the unknown.

The difference between the Zulu army and those of surrounding

clans was—the man behind it. The *magnum opus* of Shaka's genius was the creation, organization, training and application of an unconquerable army to the purpose of building up a supreme Zulu nation. Step by step, with intuitive wisdom and skill, the plan was conceived and carried out with amazing rapidity. First weaker, then more powerful clans were tackled; obsolete methods were replaced by innovations more effective; while personal inefficients were weeded out or drastically knocked into form. He proved himself on the field a past-master in the art of strategy and the science of tactics, a general who, whether leading an attack or conducting a retreat, invariably emerged triumphant.

But in accomplishing his 'glorious' work, he ruined himself—if, indeed, he was not ruined already; in gaining the world, he lost his own soul. For the brutal methods and vicious deeds necessarily and continuously practised in pursuance of his plan naturally involved an abnormal development of the baser qualities, and a gradual deadening and final extinction of those more noble. Whatever he may have been in childhood and youth—and we have an idea that with him the child was but father of the man—certainly, in adult life, every virtue seemed lacking and every vice was rampant. He was man reverted, not to the savage, but to the brutish stage, in which all altruistic sentiments are absent, and the animal instincts reign supreme.

Observing one day some boys of his kraal peeping into his hut, he came out and ordered them to be killed. But nobody else having seen them, and not knowing them himself, they naturally could not be found; so he nonchalantly ordered that all the boys of the kraal be slain without distinction.

On another occasion, a man in his presence chanced to have something about his features or dress that was disturbing to the royal gravity. "Take him away and kill him," he groaned; "he makes me laugh."

Perhaps it was some such sentimental squeamishness that gave rise also to the following incident during an otherwise peaceful assembly. "On a sudden," says Isaacs, "a profound silence ensued, when his majesty uttered one or two words, at which some of the warriors immediately rose and seized three of the people, one of whom sat near me. The poor fellows made no resistance, but were calm and resigned, waiting their fate with apparently stoical indifference. The sanguinary chief was silent; but from some sign he gave the executioners, they took the criminals, laying one hand on the crown and the other on the chin, and by a sudden wrench appeared to dislocate the head. The victims were then dragged away and beaten as they pro-

ceeded to the bush, about a mile from the kraal, where a stick was inhumanly forced up the fundament of each, and they were left as food for the wild beasts of the forest and those carnivorous birds that hover near the habitations of the natives."

During one of Shaka's several battles with Zwide, some aged women, says Fynn, were seized on the outskirts of Ndwandweland and brought before Shaka. "Aha!" thought the demon; "good stuff for fireworks this." So, having elicited from them all the information he desired, he had the helpless creatures well padded round with straw and matting; then, to this a light having been applied, he ordered them to run away home surrounded by the blazing flames and amidst shrieks of laughter from Shaka and his entourage.

Shaka's was a distinctly progressive type of mind, favouring every possible means for the acquirement of useful knowledge. As such he was a strong and early advocate of vivisection. In his study of human anatomy, he had the habit of having pregnant females opened alive, that he might learn 'how the foetus lay!' The mysteries of the heavens intrigued him, and the history of mankind and its doings outside the limits of his own little world, was a subject of constant interest. No opportunity was lost by him of gaining wisdom and enlightenment by the Socratic method of asking questions whenever his white friends chanced to be available. His one ambition was to make his own nation supreme, not only in the arena of arms, but also in such few of the arts of peace as he was acquainted with.

That he was a monster of iniquity has been already sufficiently proven; but everyone with a knowledge of ancient history, of Egypt, of Assyria, of China, of Europe, must concede that our own Caucasian race has produced tyrants and peoples equally brutal and brutish, if not indeed even more so (see *References* at end of chapter).

But, as Shakespeare hath it, we 'will give the devil his due.' Maybe in him too we may discover—

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Shakan traditions, 'tis true, would need a long distilling to produce many drops of this essence of goodness; perhaps because, as Shakespeare saith again—

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

True, it has been more than once recorded that Shaka shed tears. But when Shaka wept, one were apt to ask—

Then, oh ! what omen dark and high
When Douglas wets his manly eye !

—SCOTT.

A man, condemned by him to death, was asked, "Well, as you are about to die, what nice thing do you leave behind on earth?" "Sire," he replied, with seasonable tact, "I leave my king. And I leave as well my little child just beginning to smile and my calf beginning to frolic." Hearing which, the heart of Shaka is said to have been touched; how deeply we know not. But he ordered the man's release.

Remembering once the kindly habit of Natives, which he wished to foster, of obliging each other with a pinch of snuff whenever requested, Shaka supplied two men with a heifer, and charged them that they proceed therewith along the highways and byways, and to him who, when begged for snuff, should oblige without demur or word, they present the beast. So away they went with the heifer, begging a pinch of snuff of all they met; but though all obliged them after some apology for the small ration, it was not till sundown that a poor old woman was encountered, lonely hoeing in her field, who, when begged, without a word and without demur, pulled out her snuff-box and poured a liberal portion in their palms. "Take this your heifer, mother, in return," they said; and left her wondering.

Shaka, like all his race, had been taught that the dead live still in a spirit-world of their own, leading a wholly human life, but at its best—their 'better-land.' And between that better-land and this, his religion's founders had provided a means, which ours did not, of constant intercourse. Through the medium of the oracle the ancestral spirits could communicate with their living offspring and reveal to them all hidden truth. Shaka too placed credence in the dogma; but he was decidedly sceptical of the oracles. Indeed, with keener insight than his people, he was convinced that most of them were frauds. Howbeit, he would put them to the test.

One night he stole quietly from his hut and sprinkled everywhere blood about the kraal. Then he stole in again. In the morning, "Wo! what hideous sacrilege is this?" he cried. "Blood spilled everywhere! What can it mean? Call in at once the necromancers from the land, that they reveal the villain." They came; and each in turn 'revealed the villain'—to his or her own perfect satisfaction. But not to Shaka's; for all 'smelt out' an innocent individual, and each another one, and none the right. At length there stood up Songqoza, son of Ntsentse (of the Magwáza clan), cuter than the rest and blessed with just so much

clairvoyance as to see right through the trick, who boldly ventured, "Sire, I divine the heavens (*iZulu*) above. They did it"—insinuating, of course, that it was Shaka himself (whose clan-name was *uZulu*). Then, noting Shaka's approving smile, up jumped Nqiwane (of the Dlamini clan), and proclaimed himself in entire agreement with the wonderful discernment of the honourable member for Magwázaland. Which speech Shaka heartily seconded. "There, my men," he said (or words to that effect), "behold the genuine article! Only two just men in Israel; and all the rest dangerous quacks, who do not know an *umTákati* when they see one. Off with their heads!"

"But as for the *abaTákati*," he said another day, "I know them well; and, what is more, how best to deal with them." So he summoned before him a multitude of suspects, mostly women, the men being away with the army, and knowingly inquired, "Now, how about those cats (*izimPaka*, supposed among the Zulus to be owned for purposes of witchery)?" Cats? Never heard of such a beast; not one of them. But that made no difference; *he* knew. And during three days the dead bodies of women, numbering not less than three or four hundred, were carried away to the precipices, or killed and left for the hyenas.

Yes, Shaka professed a profound knowledge of *abaTákati*, but none about God. Albeit he was always eager to learn. He was, for his time and surroundings, a distinctly progressive monarch, already himself, in his own esteem, the greatest king on earth, and desirous of making his people equally such. The knowledge and cleverness of the English pioneers was a source of constant amazement and mystery to him.

"In the night," writes Isaacs, "his majesty sent for us; we entered the palace and saluted him; he came out and ordered a fire to be kindled with reeds. He asked us what the skies were composed of, and if they were not a mass of stone, or the smoke which had ascended, and from time to time collected in a compact body, as it appeared always to be borne upwards by the wind. As he could not comprehend the opinion we advanced, he turned it off and introduced the subject of religion. . . . We told him that we had not brought any doctors with us (missionaries) to instruct the ignorant in the ways of God; this he appeared to regret, and expressed a wish for them to come and teach his people, observing 'that he had discovered we were a superior race,' and that he would give the missionaries abundance of cattle to teach him to read and write." Fortunately (or unfortunately) he did not await their coming, or there might have been many more exciting episodes to record.

Isaacs, though usually bootless, was crowned at the other end by a home-made straw-hat. Attired in this elegant court-dress, he was invited by Shaka to view the evolutions of some five or six thousand of his troops. But Shaka, it appeared, was more impressed by the hat, and ultimately requested Isaacs to present it to one of his warriors, who might pose as manikin; for he had the idea that headgear of this kind might prove eminently suitable as a kind of helmet or busby for his troops. The effect, thought Shaka, was superb, and he there and then commissioned Isaacs to instruct his soldiers in the manufacture of the goods. The new-fangled contraption, however, so baffled their skill, that Isaacs resigned his appointment in despair.

The knick-knacks, trinkets and other oddities presented to Shaka by his European visitors were to him as treasures out of fairyland and a source of never-ending wonderment, delight and, sometimes, fear. But he was always very particular to conceal his emotions from his people. A main plank in his platform was to preserve unimpaired the—as he imagined—universally accepted fiction that he was superior to everyone and acquainted with everything; there was nothing new or surprising to him.

Among other presents ludicrous and quaint which the pioneers took him was the figure-head of the wrecked brig 'Mary'—probably the carven bust, all highly coloured, of some grotesque female. This priceless piece of statuary was the first of its kind Shaka and his people had ever beheld, and was regarded by them as a veritable Venus de Milo. Shaka was highly pleased at the astonishment thereat evinced by his 'ignorant' people, though himself always most careful to preserve an appearance of utmost indifference throughout, as though he knew all about it. "But no sooner had his warriors dispersed, and the goods had been removed, at his command, into his palace, . . . than he opened himself in admiration of our present, threw off all restraint, and evinced the pleasure which our few trifles gave him. His inquiries as to the use and quality of everything manifested a shrewdness which we little expected to find in an unlettered savage. Anything in the shape of an implement of war always irresistibly caught his attention, and he would attend to any explanatory description with the most intense anxiety."

A mirror, at once charming and uncanny, evoked an outburst of rather mixed feelings. Distrusting the look of the thing himself, he directed that it first be handled by his people. One may imagine their fright and amazement when each beheld himself encased within the weird object. They held their mouths in uttermost bewilderment and made frantic efforts to catch the ghost from behind. But all in vain; each time they looked

round the corner, there was the phantom staring them in the face, and all so like themselves ! " Some put their hands before their eyes, occasionally glancing from the corner, to take a peep to see if it were imitating them. Chaka, now perceiving that his warriors were in a consternation, wanted to assume the appearance of being bolder than his subjects ; he therefore ordered me to place the glass at a little distance in front of him, when he looked with one eye on the object, while he nearly stared me out of countenance with the other ; and with an expression of fear, he led me to understand, that he expected me not to play any tricks with him. I advanced it nearer to him gradually ; and at last impressed him with the knowledge that it merely reflected his own figure, that there was nothing in it alarming—nothing the work of enchantment, but that it was simply a production of art, and used in the Whiteman's country for the purposes of his dressing-room. The natives were now astounded at the boldness of the king, and not less so at the glass itself—observing, that they were assuredly much older than their forefathers, who had never seen such a charm ; and they seemed to assume no little importance for having overcome that trepidation which the effect of the glass had primarily occasioned."

The Zulu medical science had attained to a very advanced stage of perfection : it provided a remedy for every ill, not only ill men. Medicines for curing disease, sticking together broken bones, giving children to the barren, or changing the offspring's sex ; medicines for bringing rain, for driving away pests, for making crops abundant and herds prolific, or for making them wither and die away ; medicines for turning lawsuits in one's favour, for mollifying irate superiors, for bringing refractory girls to love ; medicines for ensuring the slow death of a distant enemy, or for directing the lightning down upon him ; medicines, in fine, to counteract every evil, bring every blessing, prosper every venture or desire—all found place in the marvellous pharmacopœia of the Zulu doctor.

Now came the Whiteman with other wonders ; and one of the chief annoyances of pioneer life among the Zulus was their constant pestering for medicaments and charms. King once sought hospitality in a royal kraal, where, of course, the ' queen ' in charge was ill and immediately begged him for medicine. Being a renowned ' doctor,' as all white men were, and generous withal, he at once got out his kitchen-kit and administered to the sable dowager a stunning dose of pepper. Imagination being uncommonly effective among primitive folk, the medicine worked like a charm ; she found it ' exceedingly good ' and that ' it warmed her beautifully.' Indeed, she came to the conclusion that Whiteman's physic was much more efficacious than sacrificing supplica-

tory bullocks to her ancestors, and forthwith handed over to King the bullock she had intended immolating.

One day Shaka got out his variegated medicine assortment, supplied by the Whitemen, to play with. He would be taught the use and properties of each of the drugs. His white friends having described their several qualities, "he called all his girls and began to distribute them (the drugs) by wholesale. On our cautioning him that they were not to be used that way, he asked if they were not good for the several diseases to which his people were liable; we answered in the affirmative. 'Well,' said he, 'you cannot give too much of a good thing, and if a small quantity will cure in a short time, a large quantity must cure in less time.' It was vain to argue with him, and we therefore adopted the Caffre custom by saying, 'Yes, father, you know best,' which elicited a momentary smile of approbation. After delivering a teaspoonful of calomel to one and half-a-dozen purgative pills to another, and so on, until he had supplied all the sick and expended all the medicines, he asked the chiefs if they did not consider him a good 'inyanger' or doctor, when they responded 'yabo, barber,' meaning 'yes, father.'"

Peterson once had the misfortune to appear in Shaka's presence bearing medicines about his person. Mbikwane, who was aware of it, immediately reported the interesting fact to Shaka. The latter demanded that they be produced, and Peterson had the ill-luck to produce a box of pills; and then proceeded to make matters worse by strongly recommending Shaka to try a couple as a panacea for every ailment. Shaka did better, and took four, and insisted that Peterson do likewise. The latter endeavoured to argue that four were enough for an elephant; but Shaka would brook no quibbling and Peterson was compelled to swallow the lot. Shaka, however, was careful to 'take' his four no further than the hand, and now began to distribute them, one apiece, to his attendants. "What do they taste like?" he inquired. "No taste at all, O king," they replied, after having gulped them down according to Peterson's directions. With more confidence, Shaka now administered a strictly normal dose to himself, in which risky venture he ordered Peterson to keep him company by partaking of another couple, six in all! The consequences of all this, "to a person of the age of 63 years," were that the very next day Peterson packed up and went back home, hurriedly.

But of all medicines uppermost in Shaka's mind was—Rowland's Macassar Oil, warranted to turn white hairs black, to restore youth to old age. Restlessly was he longing for the return of his ambassadors to 'King George,' who were to bring him this matchless marvel.

References : Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, I., 75, 112, 119, 120, 140, 156, 161, 234, 247, 326-7, 338 ; Bird, *A.N.*, 66-7, 79, 96, 192, 470 ; Gardiner, *J.Z.C.*, 99 ; Owen, *N.V.*, II., 389, 390 ; Fuze, *A.A.*, 140 ; Shooter, *K.N.*, 278 ; Stuart, *T.*, 116.

Regiments : Livingstone, *T.S.A.*, ch. vii. ; Casalis, *B.*, 262 ; Roscoe, *B.*, 227 ; *J.A.I.*, XXXV., 372 ; Lyall, *A.S.*, ch. vii. ; New, *L.E.A.*, 457 ; Fitzgerald, *B.E.A.*, 108 ; Edwards, *O.L.W.*, ch. vi. ; Shooter, *K.N.*, 338 ; Herodotus, I., 54 ; II., 149 ; Bird, *A.N.*, I., 63, 181 ; Breasted, *A.T.*, 121 ; Gardiner, *J.Z.C.*, 92.

Cruelty and Barbarism : Petrie, *H.E.*, II., 252 ; Gomme, *E.F.*, 135, 144, 146, 147, 148 ; Strabo, *G.*, IV., c. v., 4 ; Rhys, *C.H.*, 561 ; Moryson, *H.I.*, II., 372 ; Diodorus Siculus, V., 29 ; Carlyle, *F.R.*, V., 3 ; Herodotus, I., 128 ; II., 111 ; III., 118 ; V., 25 ; VI., 30 ; VII., 39, 114, 133 ; Jeremiah xxxix., 7 ; Breasted, *R.E.*, II., 313 ; Breasted, *A.T.*, 157 ; Pringle, *P.N.*, 423 ; Shu King (trans. Old), note Book IV., sec. 3 ; Edwards, *O.L.W.*, ch. iv., secs. 192-210.

CHAPTER 65

THE AMBASSADORS' RETURN, WITHOUT THE ELIXIR OF LIFE (1828)

ON the 17th August, 1828, King and Sotobe, Shaka's ambassadors to 'King George,' landed at Port Natal. Hardly home again, when King was stricken with a mortal ailment of the liver. The fell disease grew in mastery apace, despite the kindest efforts of his friends. But one was absent, the oldest friend of all, Farewell, through pecuniary disputes now bitterly estranged. In this last hour of life, reconciliation was King's fondest wish. Mutual friend, Isaacs, acted as willing intermediary. From King's bedside, he betook himself to Farewell to prevail on him to call on his now dying friend. "Nothing, however, could soften him into a compliance with the wishes of those who sought to alleviate the dying moments of a good and gallant young man. Disputes of a pecuniary nature, which redounded little to the credit of Mr. Farewell, had excited that gentleman's malignity ; and had created a division between two brother officers which no after-manifestations on the part of my young companion of his desire that all should be forgotten, could soften or remove. As it was the dying wish of Lieutenant King to shake Mr. Farewell by the hand in token of departing in peace with him, I again applied to the latter, who addressed a note to me explanatory of his not being able to come—a poor, frivolous, unnatural, and ungrateful excuse, such a one as made Mr. Fynn and myself blush that we had been his associate. This unfeeling note I received while sitting by the bedside of my young friend ; I read only part of it to him ; as he was anxious, however, to see the whole, he took it out of my hand and read it, let it fall carelessly, and, after a deep sigh, said, 'he wished he had not seen it.'" On the 7th

September King passed away and was lovingly laid beneath the sod at King's Rest (on the Bluff).

Even the otherwise pitiless Shaka had been deeply moved by the report which had reached him of his friend, King's illness. So much so that he hastened down two bullocks to be sacrificed to the ancestral spirits for Lieutenant King's speedy recovery and that his disease might be transferred to that wretch, Sotobe, still most aggravatingly loitering at the Port, tantalizing him to death, with the prize dangling almost in his grasp—Rowland's Elixir of Life. The ominous threat brought Sotobe to his feet forthwith, and he moved hurriedly on.

Owing to King's hopeless illness, his friends assumed temporary charge of his ambassadorial affairs. They opened the heavy case of presents from 'King George' (the Cape Government) to Shaka, in order to facilitate their transport. They found the only gift of value to be a piece of scarlet broad-cloth, together with some sheets of copper, some medicines, knives and other worthless gewgaws. To these King himself had added a handsome looking-glass, some beads and other trifles. With all duly apportioned in parcels on their Natives' heads, the caravan set forth from the Port and reached Dukuza, picking up Sotobe on the way, on the 26th of the month (August).

Sotobe's first endeavour was to assuage his sovereign's raving wrath by piling on the flattery—was there ever a king to equal Shaka, the lion, the tiger, the black one? He at any rate had found none. He had seen, indeed, a 'small town' and a mere 'officer of the government'; but what were they to Shaka's huge city and he resplendent within it? Who had ever achieved what his had done—crossed the great waters?

While this hymn of praise was being sung, the presents were being spread out at Shaka's feet. He affected not to see them, and demanded, "Where is the big case sent by the Governor?" True, but unsatisfactory, explanations having been given, "You see," he roared, indicating Sotobe and company, "these rascals have not attended to my interest; they have been deceiving me. It is all that fellow Fynn's fault, for putting Lieut. King up to opening the chest; he is like a monkey, he wants to peep into everything."

Sotobe and King had proved themselves a miserable wash-out. Shaka resolved to send somebody more dependable. He believed John Cane answered the description, and ordered him off to 'King George,' in company with Mbózambóza and Nomandlambí. Dismally surveying his old clothes, Cane requested permission to attach some of Shaka's ivory in Mpondoland for the purpose of purchasing more presentable apparel. Shaka thereupon snatched

from one of his attendants an old cloak ornamented with yellow ribands. Handing it to Cane, "There you are," he said; "you may make a decent enough appearance in that dress of your own making." Cane, however, had not made much of a progress with his new cloak, before he was recalled, and Isaacs and company were deputed to proceed in his stead. While man proposes, God disposes; and the party had not yet so much as set out, before their trip became too late—Shaka himself had gone, to see 'King George.'

While all these complex state-affairs were being arranged, Shaka spent many long hours inspecting his consignment of presents. And the more he saw of them, the more wrathfully disappointed he became. He regarded the whole collection as contemptible rubbish—at least so much of it as he had already seen. But, on that particular day, it was already growing dark, and Shaka was on tenterhooks to get to the life-restoring charm of Rowland, by which he hoped he might be enabled to live as long as his friend, King George, who, he understood, had already reached a patriarchal age. He therefore dismissed his warriors, and desired Isaacs to follow him into his palace, bringing the presents with him.

He directed his attention straightaway to the medicine-chest, "in which all his hopes and interest seemed to have centred; and the oil, the great attraction, the charm that was to promote longevity and turn white hairs black, or to grind him, when old, into the prime of his physical strength and the maturity of his passions." At Shaka's desire, Isaacs, with all due solemnity, raised the lid, "when he told me, with a sagacious look, and apprehensive of being seen or overheard, to observe if any one was coming. Finding all still and that we were not perceived, he dexterously took out a case of lancets from the chest, and began to examine the black case, which was neatly ornamented with gilt etching. This, I presume, he took to contain the miraculous or sacred medicine, for which he so anxiously sought; for he ingeniously conveyed it under his mat on which he reposed, and in his opinion quite unobserved by me. He afterwards desired me to hand him everything separately, and to explain to him the use of each article; he looking on with intense eagerness and anxiety. The first package was bark, which I told him was a specific in cases of fever, and of a strong and efficacious property in cases of debility; he replied in a sulky tone—'I am strong enough; do you think we are such weak things as you are?' I then handed to him some ointment, the properties of which were healing, and were applied to sores and wounds; when, on looking at it, he, with a savage grin, observed: 'Do you think we are

such scabby fellows as you are?' The next was spirits of lavender, which, when I explained to him, was to revive the spirits in cases of depression, he took it significantly; and asked, 'if I thought they ever wanted anything to exhilarate them, or that they were ever dull?' After having handed to him every article, and given to him a description of the application of each, he, in a kind and gentle mood, asked me for the 'medicine he wanted,' namely, the ointment for changing the colour of the hair; for, said he, 'these are of no use to my subjects: they are not troubled with the disorders you mention; the best medicine for them is beef—and when my people are not able to eat, they are of no use to me. The medicine I want is the stuff for the hair.'"

It was not there! Shaka's last and only hope lay shattered there before him, as impending doom drew near. Heaving a subdued but bitter sigh, he turned over on his mat—and went to sleep.

Yes! every tie that links me here is dead;
 Mysterious Fate, thy mandate I obey.
 Since hope and peace and joy for aye are fled,
 I come, terrific power, I come away.
 Then o'er this ruined soul let spirits of Hell,
 In triumph, laughing wildly, mock its pain;
 And though with direst pangs mine heart-strings swell,
 I'll echo back their deadly yells again,
 Cursing the power that ne'er made aught in vain.

—SHELLEY.

Reference: Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, I., 275, 280-1, 286, 290, 292, 293, 310, 354.

CHAPTER 66

CÆSAR FALLS, AND TYRANNY IS DEAD (1828)

COMMONERS and lords, old and young alike, every serviceable male through all the land, save cattle-guards and domestics, had been swept from their homes and driven into the distant north to drench the world anew in blood, inflict bitter pain and crushing loss on whole tribes of unoffending man. Such was Shaka's daily avocation and delight. O monster, beware! the springs of human patience are draining fast, and low. Then will the writhing reptile turn—and strike!

Opressors of mankind, to *you* we owe
 The baleful streams from whence these miseries flow ;
 For you how many a mother weeps her son,
 Snatched from life's course ere half his race was run !
 For you how many a widow drops a tear,
 In silent anguish, on her husband's bier !

See ! gory Ruin yokes his blood-stained car,
 He scents the battle's carnage from afar ;
 Hell and Destruction mark his mad career,
 He tracks the rapid step of hurrying Fear ;
 Whilst ruined towns and smoking cities tell
 That thy work, Monarch, is the work of Hell.
 " It is thy work ! " I hear a voice repeat,
 " Shakes the broad basis of thy blood-stained seat ;
 And at the orphan's sigh, the widow's moan,
 Totters the fabric of thy guilt-stained throne—
 It is thy work, O Monarch " : now the sound
 Fainter and fainter, yet is borne around,
 Yet to enthusiast ears the murmurs tell
 That Heaven, indignant at the work of Hell,
 Will soon the cause, the hated cause remove,
 Which tears from earth peace, innocence and love.

—SHELLEY.

The kraals of the land were peopled by women ; Dukuza mainly by girls. Like a solitary sun, with all its planets suddenly gone out, Shaka sat in splendid isolation there—alone and unprotected ! Shall this long-sought opportunity be missed ?

The great revulsion had come about since Nandi's death, fanned to a devouring conflagration by the wholesale endless butcheries succeeding it. Mkabayi and Mmama, twin full-sisters of Senzangakóna (Shaka's father), were the oldest members of the royal house then living ; and they were Nandi's friends. The first-named was a fierce virago, dominating her family with an iron will, responsible for many bloody actions and intrigues. Shaka had been her match, but now she was his venomous and insidious foe. She harboured the conviction that poor Nandi had been by him deliberately killed. Her one sharp weapon was her tongue ; and she knew how to wield it with subtle cogency. She repaired to her nephews, Mhlangana and Dingane (Shaka's brothers), and whispered rebellion into their hearts. " How long, how long shall your ' mother ' lie unavenged ? The country cries to you. Hasten ; or you will be the next." From them she passed to Mbópá, son of Sitayi (of the eGázini clan), Shaka's head-domestic, in constant personal contact with him, and without whose connivance no plot could prosper. As was to be expected, Shaka served to have no friend. Nearest relatives and most trusted servants hated him alike, and were now being quietly

banded together by Mkabayi in an unescapable cabal around him.

With all about him in this sinister frame of mind, the unsuspecting despot laid the last straw on his patient people's back—"Out of my sight, every one of you, great and small, to Shanganaland" (626). As the Great Army was plodding its way to the north, and Dingane and Mhlangana were limping along sullen and sore-footed behind, the devil of revolt entered within them, and they determined that now the end must come. Here was an opportunity that might never occur again—Shaka alone in an empty land peopled only by females; females on whom, in the absence of their men, he was now daily venting his blood-thirsty spleen (651).

The army had already reached the kwaCeza (upper iTáka river), where Sitayi (of the eGázini clan, and father of Mbópá) had his home. There Dingane and Mhlangana rested, talked things over and suddenly discovered that they were grievously indisposed and, very reluctantly, must return back home. This they at once did, accompanied by Nkunziyezindlovu (of the eGázini clan) and leaving Mpande (whom they regarded as too much of a 'soft' to be entrusted with their confidence) and Nzibe (still merely a lad) to continue on with the army.

Approaching Dukuza, they beckoned to a herd-boy and despatched him to inform Mbópá secretly that they desired an interview on the veld. After some manœuvring, the herd-boy managed to catch Mbópá's eye and to deliver his message. Betaking himself to the rendezvous, the royal brothers impressed upon him, as Mkabayi had long been doing, that he was the man to put the foul deed through and save the country. Untold wealth and honours were dangled before him as the bait; and Mbópá swallowed it—to his own undoing!

Mene, Tekel, Upharsin! Thy days are numbered; thou art weighed and found wanting; thy kingdom is broken up. This was the writing Shaka now beheld on the wall; "and the king's countenance was changed in him, and his thoughts troubled him; and the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another" (Dan. v. 6). Mhlangana, Dingane, Mbópá! treachery, retribution, death! What may thus suddenly have brought them home? What the purport of these secret conclaves? Terrible suspicions made Shaka tremble at last. The racking fears prolonged themselves into the night and reappeared as hideous dreams; the guilty conscience gave birth to premonitions. He dreamed that he was a dead man, and that Mbópá was serving another king! On waking, he confided the awful vision to his tattling 'sister' of the night, and she, within an hour, confided

it to Mbópá. The tocsin had sounded. Mbópá sharpened his weapons.

It was towards sundown on the 22nd September, 1828,* that some *iziYendane* (Natal men) arrived from Mpondoland and vicinity, whither they had been despatched to procure crane feathers and monkey, genet and otter skins for the royal wardrobe. Their arrival announced, the king said unto them that were with him—his aged 'uncle,' Nxazonke, son of Mbéngi (of the eLangeni clan), 'brother' of Shaka's mother, Nandi; a man, Bantwana (probably of the eLangeni clan and companion of Nxazonke), and some others—"Arise! let us hence." But that the traitors were at hand, he knew not. And yet—

Nay, then, farewell!
I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
And from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting. I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more.

—SHAKESPEARE.

And out from the seraglio of the great Dukuza kraal he passed, and led them to the small kraal called *kwaNyakamubi*, fifty yards away, where, it would seem, his private herds were kept. There at the top of the kraal he quietly seated himself, wrapped in his skin kaross, leisurely admired the lowing herds winding slowly from the veld, and listened to the story of his errand-boys. Unseen, dark Nemesis stalked behind.

Time at last sets all things even—
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

—BYRON.

The hour, indeed, had been well watched; and yet the plan went awry. Dingane and Mhlangana suddenly appeared to greet the king—and, incidentally, to survey the position. "Just back from a bit of a hunt," they said; but thought, 'Dear me! this is unfortunate. At the very moment we most needed him alone, he is surrounded by a bodyguard of men.' They at once withdrew and held a council of war with their trusty henchman, Mbópá. Mbópá proved equal to the emergency. Mhlangana and Dingane took up their position behind an adjacent fence, with weapons firmly grasped beneath their leathern cloaks; Mbópá went off

* This the date given by Isaacs' journal, written at the time.

to clear the field for instant action. While Shaka was angrily upbraiding his messengers for their delay, Mbópá burst upon the assembly, bearing an ugly *inGcula* assegai in the one hand, a heavy stick in the other. With feigned concern for his royal master's comfort, he rushed menacingly at the men and belaboured them with his cudgel, shouting, 'How dare they pester Majesty with their lying tales?'

The audience took to its heels instanter. The aged attendants rose to remonstrate with the over-zealous servant. Shaka held his mouth, dumbfounded—then, in that instant, uttered a piercing cry! His attendants disappeared into space! Mhlangana had, at the psychological moment, rushed forward from behind, planted his assegai, as he thought, deep into the king's left side, but, owing to the cloak, only through his arm. Dingane seconded with another thrust; when Shaka, sharply turning, was amazed to find himself face to face with the murderous glare of his brothers. "Ye children of my father," he imploringly wailed, "what is the wrong?"—and fled, without an answer, to the kraal-gate, shedding his cloak as he went. A few yards outside, he stumbled and fell at his pursuers' feet. Beseeching them to have pity, to spare his life, and he become their humble servant, Mbópá, unmoved, administered through the back the *coup de grace*. Whereupon the monster of a myriad crimes rolled over in the dust and gave up his ghost to Satan.*

Oh! wretch without a tear—without a thought,
 Save joy above the ruin thou hast wrought—
 The time shall come, nor long remote, when thou
 Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest now;
 Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,
 And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.
 May the strong curse of crush'd affections light
 Back on thy bosom with reflected blight!
 And make thee in thy leprosy of mind
 As loathsome to thyself as to mankind!
 Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,
 Black—as thy will for others would create:
 Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,
 And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.

* There was no European eye-witness of Shaka's death; our only information is from conflicting Native reports. Thirty or forty years ago, accounts were still plentiful among old Natives of Natal who had been young men and women in the neighbourhood at the time of the occurrence. All accounts differed in detail, as indeed do those written by the European pioneers. Some versions gave Mbópá as striking first and Mhlangana as administering the *coup de grace*. Some denied that Dingane took any hand in the actual assault; while others attributed to him the actual death-stab. Some placed Shaka inside the cattle-fold, others outside; some, standing, others, sitting—and other such divergent statements.

Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,
 The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast spread !
 Then, when thou fain wouldst weary Heaven with prayer,
 Look on thine earthly victims—and despair !
 Down to the dust !—and, as thou rott'st away,
 E'en worms shall perish on thy poisonous clay.

Thy name—thy human name—to every eye
 The climax of all scorn shall hang on high,
 Exalted o'er thy less abhorr'd compeers,
 And festering in the infamy of years.

—BYRON.

As Malcolm said¹ of the thane of Cawdor, so may we say of Shaka : “ Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it.” For which last act of grace, the initiated will join us in the following hymn of praise :—

UShaka ! Ngiyesaba ukuti nguShaka. UShaka kwakuyinkosi yasema-Shobeni.

Utêku lwabafazi bakwaNomgabi, ababetékula, behlezi emLovini, beti, 'uShaka kayikubusa, kayikuba 'nkosi.' Kanti kunyakana uShaka ezakunetézeka.

UDlungwana womBclebele, odlunge emanxulumeni ; kwaze kwasa amanxuluma esibikelana.

Ilembê el'eqa amanye amalembê.

UNodum'ehlezi kaMenzi ; uSishaya-kasishayeki.

Umlilo wôtâtê kaMjokwana ; umlilo wôtâtê, ubuhânguhângu, oshise izikôva zaseDlebo, kwaze kwasha nezasemaBedlane.

Inkomo ekála emTônjaneni ; izizwe zonke ziyizwile ukulila. Izwiwe nguDunjwa waseluYengweni ; yezwiwa nguMangcengeza wakwaKáli.

Okângele ezantsi namaDungele, izinkomo zawoSihâyo zamlandela, kwaze kwalandela nezawoMafongosi, ebezisengwa yindiki yakwaMavela.

Ungângencumbê yamabele engakadliwa ; ungangembiza yamasongololo. Upêkwe ngembiza ebipêka amakôsi akwaNtombâzi. Kavutwâ uShaka kaQengwa.

Wayilanda inkomo'nye, ilandwa kuMakédama, ekâya konina.

Izulu elidume emva kwomuzi ekuQobekeni, lazitâbatâ izihlangu zamaPêla.

Wamudla uNomhlanjana, ezalwa nguZwide ; wamudla uMpépâ, ezalwa nguZwide ; wamudla uDayingûbo, ezalwa nguZwide ; wamudla uNommbêngula, ezalwa nguZwide ; wamudla uMpond'opûmela-kwezinde, emaPêleni ; wamudla uMntimona, ezalwa nguGâqa, emaPêleni ; wamudla uMdandazi kaGâqa, noMakwêla kaGâqa ; wamudla uNozigâba kaTâtô ; wamudla uNkayishana, eCwecweni.

Ondande nga'nkalo, wabuya nga'nkalo, waya ngoBôyiya kwaMdakuda.

Wandânda ngokâlo olude, wadabula ematânjeni abanta-bakaTayi, ababegódola, beya kuMacingwane, eNgónyameni.

Inkonyana ekwêle pèzu kwendlu kwaNtombâzi. Bati, iyahlola ; kanti yibona behlodayo.

Indlovu etê imuka, babeyilandela abakwaLanga ; indlovu ebuyise intloko, yadla amadoda.

Inkomo ekâle emTônjaneni, ifikúbulo bayishiya i'zinqindi, imbêwu bayishiya isemanxiweni ; abafazi abanendeni banyekeza.

- Odabule kuBúzane ēsangweni, wakétélwa údwendwe lwamaza. Wadlula kuMcombó, zigoduka, waze wabuza izindlela kuDunjwa, ingani indlela ngayeyibuze kuMbózane. Yena apánga ukuya kuNomagágá, lafika iqúde, lamvimbéla.
- O'zulu-lizayo, kwezani abantwana; ngabadala bodwa abayakuzibalekela. UDunjwa yedwa limkándanisile, owayewaké amaxiba oTúkela, lapó kucushwa isilo ngomwowane. Weza noKúngwayo noNgóbizembé.
- Uvumavumane lokú kaPépé, uDlungwana wavuma na? Umvumeleni uGódozoi, etí ngowanganeno kwaNandi, kanti ekude kwaNtombázana? Ngasho ingóngóma; kwayingózi. Ilanga elipáhle elinye ngefūsebe, kaloku lipáhla elisemTándeni.
- OZihlandlo kaGcwabe ngibasolile, abasokoco; inkosi kabayitshelanga izibuko. Bamweza ngelisacontsa amaté, ebelisasuka ukupéla uNtube wakwaMajola.
- Ocaba ngefūkóntó, amakósi ecaba ngamazembé. Wamemeza uMenziwa impi, mayikwébe amabele. Ososa, akóké umntwana; ongenamntwana uyakukóká isikúba.
- Ugásane kade lwalugásela. Lwagásela uPúngashe wakwaButélezi; lwagásela uSondaba womTánda, womTánda-ehlezi-ebandla; lwagásela uNxaba kaMbékane; lwagásela uGámbúshe, emaMpondweni; lwagásela uFáku, emaMpondweni; lwagásela uMacingwane, eNgónyameni. Usineke-suduka lapá kuMacingwane. KuNtsukwana abantu ubabangela úxúxú, nabaseziténi nabasekáya.
- Udlondlwane luya, luhlezi; luya, ludlondlobele. Isidlukula-dlwedlwe siyadla, sidlondlobele, sibeke isihlangu emadolweni.
- Umxoshi womuntu; amxoshele fúti. Ukuma kwédala ngukwetúka omusha. Ngimtánde exosha okaLanga, emsingisa lapó lishona kóna, wabuye wamsingisa lapó lipúma kóna. Uzwide wampéqa amahlonjana omabili. Kwakungasakáli nkomo kwaNtombázana; inkomo yayis'ikála kiti kwaBulawayo. UMaswezisela wakiti kwaBulawayo, oswezisele uzwide ngamagqanqula. Usishaya-ndlondlo kaMjokwane. Ubusika néhlobo bahlukene, nobakwaNtombázi nobakwaLanga.
- Izulu elidume pézulu kuNomangci; ulusiba-gójela ngalapa-ya kweNkandla, lugójela njalo, ludla amadoda.
- Sixókolo esinga'matshe aseNkandla, apépéla izindlovu uba lipéndule.
- Ubuye-ze kuNomangci pézulu, eya kunqumela umbango wakwaNyuswa. Akukó nokwakubangwa ngabakwaNyuswa; kwakubangwa izintlatkuva emanxiweni, beti, Nteke! nteke! lindani amajuba.
- Usilwane-he-le-le, eǝzini yabantu. USilwane ube yinduna kwaDibandlela.
- Ubínca-kade, waze wafúnyaniswa. Ovunulele ezimfundeni zamanzi, izinto zaké ziyakumuka namanzi.
- Mgengi, péza izitá, kuséhlobo; útshani bude, buzokugibanisa.
- Uklebe engimbone ukwehla kwezikaMangcengeza; kwati kwezikaPúngashe wanyamalala.
- Ohámbe ebasa, eshiya amakloba; opéhlwe, weva, wanjengomlilo.
- Amazwi mabili engiwabongayo. Ngibonga elikaMpandaba noNdunge-nkomo, beti, úcu aluhlangani entanyeni. Ake nibuze kwabasénKondeni. Batí, uHilwayo bayakumhlaba kuHlokohloko. Kwafá amasi, kwáfa úqepé.
- Ugijima ngazo zonke izindlela, ungagijimanga eziya kuZiwedu. UZiwedu ngambona esangweni.
- Amazwi kaNgoboza noMkúpáli batí uNgwane azule ezintabeni.
- UMashongwe waseziBisini wamxóxa amehlo, wamhám-bisa ngókálo olukúlu lukaNkume, waze wambeka kwaHlokohloko; wambuyisa, wamzisa kwaMaqwákazi; wabuye wamdululisa, wamusa emaTéku.

Wamudla uNonjiya kaMtánda ; wadla uMtúsi kaMakédama ; wadla uPápá-njengengwé, kwelabaNtungwana ; wadla uGúbase enDlovini. Inyatf ejame ngomkónto pézu kwomZimvubu ; aze amaMpondo ayesaba nokuyehlela. Ningamhlabi, Gámúshe, nani bōFáku. Notf ningamhlaba, nibe nihlaba uPúnga noMagéba.

Well, so numerous were the 'praises' (*iziBongo*) of this eminently praise-worthy man, Shaka, that, 'if they should be written every one, even the world itself would not contain the books that should be written.' So we draw the line here.*

References : Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, I., 314 ; Bird (Fynn's account), *A.N.*, I., 96 ; Arbousset, *N.E.T.*, 151 ; Shooter, *K.N.*, 302 ; Kay, *T.C.*, 404 ; Stuart, *T.*, 77 ; Fuze, *A.A.*, 111.

¹ Shak., *Macbeth*, I., 4.

CHAPTER 67

THE AFTERCLAP

AN interregnum of two months ensued, awaiting the return of the national grandees and the *grande armée*, the doubtful and decisive factor. For the nonce, Dingane, Mhlangana, and Mbópá formed themselves into a self-appointed triumvirate and assumed direction of affairs.

After the startling climax reached in our last chapter, you may be surprised to hear that Shaka was still in the flesh ! But it was the flesh of a newer incarnation, to wit, that of a harmless green snake (*umHlwazi* or *iNyandezulu*). And that he was still upon earth ! Ere long we shall meet him again (fighting, as usual) in his new black-spotted green suit.

Meanwhile his discarded humanity lay where it fell, weltering at last in its own blood. The assassins, with dripping spears, glowered around for further victims of the Shakan clique. Needless to say, they glowered in vain—Ngómáne, the prime minister, had dived headlong into the Nonotf bush. But where was that old scoundrel, Nxazonke, so zealous in Shaka's bloody service that only a few weeks ago he had butchered all seven of his wives and all their children on the frivolous charge that they had transgressed the Ngómáne proclamation regarding Nandi's mourning ? His trail was soon discovered, and he despatched in search of his wives and family.

Of the great ones of the land, Sotobe only was at home, just

* For others, see Stuart, *K.*, 78.

back from his mission to the Cape. The loyal knight did not fail to seize his arms and valiantly face the regicides. But he had ever been opposed to Shaka's inhumanities; and, hearing now that to rid the land of such had been the sole purpose of his murder, he immediately laid down his arms and joined in the general thanksgiving.

As for the common herd, no sooner had the dreadful tidings spread abroad, than they followed their prime minister's lead and made themselves very scarce, vanishing into the surrounding bush, and remaining there.

It was already dark; so they let the carcase lie. The great ones removed themselves from the desecrated precincts. Then the more daring youths stole forth, curious to gaze on so wondrous a transmogrification—Jupiter dead in the dust! And not to gaze alone, but to gloat and dance in exultation round the fallen Olympian monster, whose thunders and death-dealing darts had so often terrified them.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there
And none so poor to do him reverence.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Sated with their railery, they too retired, confident that the hyænas would complete the burial in the night. The morning came, but no hyænas—the more superstitious declaring, they never touched a king. So mankind must needs clean up the mess. Since the hyænas would not bury the corpse, Mhlangana suggested it should be handed over to the crocodiles, in the emBózamo stream. Such treatment of his father's son savoured of sacrilege to Dingane, and he ordered a more respectable funeral. To dig a grave no one seemed disposed; but there were empty corn-pits abundant in the cattle-fold, of ample size, already dug. A black-coloured ox was fetched from the Nyakamubi herd and slaughtered as viaticum. Within the ox's supple hide the corpse was wrapped and bound with *umTwázi* cords by men impressed from the Nyakamubi gang, then trundled unceremoniously into a convenient corn-pit together with all the royal body-wear, food-vessels and weapons. The pit filled in, a heap of stones was raised above the grave and the whole covered by mimosa thorn-bush. The flesh of the slaughtered ox was laid within an adjacent pit, which might serve as ghostly dining-room. All surrounding empty pits were thereafter carefully bunged up, lest (we are told) the malevolent spirit might thereby find a channel of escape and return to take reprisals. To purify their persons, internally and externally, of all ill-omened

taint (*umMnyama*) which would otherwise adhere to them, all participating in the obsequies then mixed the ox's gall with the contents of its paunch and washed therein their hands and rinsed their mouths. This having been a decidedly hurried and informal interment, we meet with no sufficient evidence on this occasion of those other atrocities (of provision of a buried escort into Hades and so forth) usually accompanying the ceremonial burial of a Ngúni king.

The immunity from evil consequences supposedly conferred by the above-mentioned prophylactic seems to have been of a rather transitory nature, for no sooner had the burial been completed, than the Nyakamubi personnel found themselves suddenly transformed into virtual lepers and strictly quarantined within the Nyakamubi precincts, beyond which they were prohibited from moving and from having any intercourse whatsoever with brother man. Naturally this did not meet with their entire approval, and before many months had elapsed, their solitude had so palled upon them that they one and all, unbeknowns, dropped out of sight below the southern horizon and became lost amongst the vagrant waifs and strays of south Natal, much to the consternation of Dingane, who henceforth lived in constant dread of impending calamitous consequences.

A short time after the burial, Nomxamama returned home. Son of Soshaya (of the eziBisini clan), he had been a special favourite with Shaka, official understudy of Mbópá and court praise-crier (*imBongi*), formerly of Bulawayo, now of Dukuza. His peculiar foible had been to holloa out in Shaka's hearing that 'his vultures were hungry on the veld and needed feeding,' thus reminding the former of his remissness in not maintaining the supply of corpses. We may well imagine the torrents of 'language' an average Zulu *imBongi* suddenly faced with this exciting tragedy would have been capable of pouring forth. Taking full advantage of an *imBongi's* privilege of abusing with impunity even kings, Nomxamama rolled himself in frenzy about his sovereign's grave, calling down every malediction upon the royal fratricides. Beseeching them to deal with him as with his master, they had small reluctance to quell his importunity and throw him also out to feed the vultures.

Having effectively disposed of Shaka, Dingane's next concern was with himself, how best to serve his own interests and consolidate his own position. For this he felt he needed the support of an effective military force at his beck or call behind him. He accordingly swept together the several hundred *iziYendane* (mop-headers or Natal Natives) serving as menials and cattle-guards in the numerous royal kraals scattered about Natal and incorporated

them into a single regiment, the *uHlomendlini* (the Home Guards), coloneled by Sipingo, son of Hêngqwa, and divided according to age into two companies, called respectively the *uHlomendlini omhlopê* (consisting of the older men) with a separate barracks at the sources of the Nonotí (near where the Mapúmulo magistracy now stands), and the *uHlomendlini omnyama* (consisting of the youths) with headquarters about the sources of the Mhlali, where Sipingo generally resided. When, in later years, Dingane recalled all his people from Natal into Zululand (north of the Túkela), the *Hlomendlini omnyama* pitched its new camp on the flat betwixt the enDulinde hill and the Túkela, and the *Hlomendlini omhlopê* theirs betwixt the Mkúkúze and Mlalazi.

Squads of the new soldiery were at once despatched to round up and bring north all the royal cattle scattered about the southern parts of Natal as far as the Mzimkúlu, lest the Mpondos, Bâcas, and other southern tribes, upon hearing the report of Shaka's death, be tempted to indulge in raids on their own stolen property.

It was in regard to the disposal of these cattle that the first signs of disagreement between Mhlangana and Dingane became seriously apparent. Each had already established himself in an independent kraal, yet neither arrogated to himself the sovereignty, both alike recognizing that any step in that direction were at least precarious without the nation's sanction; and the army, with its grandees and power for evil, had not yet returned from the north. Meanwhile it had been mutually agreed to allow Mbópá to functionate as secretary for home affairs, pending the formal appointment of a royal successor.

On one point, however, the brothers were unanimous, namely, that no pretensions were to be tolerated on the part of Ngwádi, Shaka's maternal half-brother (by Nandi's marriage with Géndeyana), and that trouble would be best prevented by chopping off his head without delay. An executionary force was hastily marshalled, consisting partly of Hlomendlini men and partly of *iziNyosi* lads (who had been left by Shaka's premature demise not yet formally enrolled), and placed under the command of acting-general Mbópá.

During Shaka's lifetime, Ngwádi had been permitted to run a small German principality in the original Zulu country about the Mkúmbáne, with a semi-independent rule and a small army of his own. This little army had been exempt from the general mobilization for the Soshangane campaign, and was therefore in garrison at home. It was, moreover, of greater numerical strength than the force led by the revolutionary general. Mbópá consequently had to move warily and reach his objective before the enemy army could be mustered. He made a wide detour to a

spot farther inland, then, wheeling about, invaded the principality from the rear, whence no harm had been anticipated. Creeping cautiously along, Mbópá succeeded in investing Ngwádi's *kwa-Wambáza* kraal during the night, and with the break of day launched his attack with the Hlomendlini brigade. The few warriors found within the kraal defended it with such effect that the Hlomendlini were time and again repulsed. At length the reserve of youthful Bees (*iziNyosi*) were called upon to reinforce, who, with a great buzz and verve, swarmed over the stockade into the hive in one headlong rush and soon cleared the kraal. The inmates fought at bay around their prince with magnificent valour, till every one of them and he and all their women-folk had fallen. The Nyosi boys won the day, but at the cost of their own decimation, Ngwádi himself accounting for eight of them before struck down, a brave and loyal knight.

Weeks passed into months, and yet no army from the north. Had perchance Soshangane accomplished its annihilation? Mhlangana grew restless with the long suspense. "Why wait longer? I it was who rid the country of the tyrant and to me belong the spoils." Such was Mhlangana's vaunt whispered about the land by his satellites. Yet Dingane held the right of superior birth and the support of subtle-tongued Mkabayi.

Relationships between the rival claimants became speedily more strained. One day Dingane was informed that his brother had been seen whetting his assegai, and drew the shrewd conclusion that it could be for none other than his own hide. Off must the trusty Mbópá go to beat about the bush. Mbópá approached Mhlangana as his staunchest friend, pulling all the strings beneath the surface in his sole favour. These flattering protestations unlocked at once the most hidden secrets of Mhlangana's heart. Promising Mhlangana his life-long and whole-hearted allegiance, Mbópá went back to Dingane with the secrets in his pocket.

A disturbing incident now occurred which lent support to Mbópá's revelations. One evening, after dark, as Dingane left his hut, a well-sharpened assegai came hurtling through the void, none knew whence, and grazed the royal side. Dingane felt impelled to instant action. In league with the scheming Mkabayi, a plot was devised whereby Mhlangana should be invited on the morrow to a friendly confabulation with Dingane on state affairs, out of public sight and hearing, by the river. Mhlangana took the bait and proceeded unattended to the rendezvous; but hardly there, than four assassins burst out of hiding, seized him by the head, wrung his neck and hurled his corpse away below the precipice.

The confabulation was immediately postponed *sine die*, and

Dingane walked chucklingly back to his quarters, much relieved. Mhlangana gone, his mother appeared at the gate, wailing over the dastardly murder of her son, who had done no wrong, and demanding that she too be murdered, and for the same reason. Whether her prayer was heard, tradition tells us not ; but what it tells is that a Hlomendlini party was at once despatched to wipe out Mhlangana's kraal and followers. This, it is said, they strangely failed to do ; so that Mhlangana perforce must wend his way alone to spiritland.

Two weeks passed after Mhlangana's death when the *Grande Armée* appeared, or such moiety of it as still had strength to march (the remainder dribbling in during the two or three months following), all physically in woeful plight, but light of heart, for the good tidings of great joy had already reached them—all save Mpande (Shaka's younger half-brother) at their head and haunted with melancholy misgivings, following the news of Mhlangana's murder. His forebodings were by no means groundless ; for Dingane really had the same rod in pickle too for him, and would cheerfully have administered it, had not the headmen, Ndlela (son of Sompisi, of the Ntuli clan) and Nzobo (son of Sobadli, of Jama, of the Zulu clan), dissuaded him, on the ground that there was nought to fear from this guileless booby—an error each lived to rue, for it became the cause of death to all of them. Mpande's younger full-brother, Nzibe, had died of disease in the foreign land, been transported home and buried to the left of the umMona stream (tributary of the Black Mfolozi) near Qunwana's grave.

Mdlaka, the generalissimo, whose achievements in building up the Zulu fame and Zulu nation had been second only to those of Shaka himself, had now at the end of his career well deserved the local Order of Merit. But the courage that before had been his making, now proved his undoing. He was temerous enough to make known his disapprobation of Dingane's actions, especially in regard to the murder of Mhlangana (whom, of the pair, it is thought, he favoured). But a short space ensued before he too was sent after his king (632).

To the faithful servant, Mbópá, Dingane was no less beholden. Without his concurrence, his own ambition could not easily have been attained. The alluring promises held out to him were abundantly fulfilled. He was raised to the rank of lord of the emaNdawe manor, south of the Mhlatúze (near where the Melmoth bridge now stands). But it was merely for a period of grace ; the heavy bill must eventually be faced. He was a regicide ; and hands tainted with the blood of a king, no matter what the public service rendered, were never tolerated in Ngúni society—what they dared do once, they might dare again ! Mbópá's

days of grace came to a sanguinary termination about the year 1834.

Ngómáne, prime minister of Shaka, was more fortunate. He had not accompanied the Soshangane expedition, nor was he at Dukuza at the moment of the *coup d'état*. But the news soon reached him in his home by the Nonotí, and he hurriedly removed into the neighbouring woods. Therefrom Dingane subsequently enticed him, and took him with him when he left Natal for emGúngundlovu (on the Mkúmbáne). There Ngómáne died in peace.

Sotobe too found favour with Dingane, as one of the same mind with him regarding the brutalities of Shaka's rule. In the following year (1829), after the return to Zululand of Dingane, Sotobe was left behind as governor-general over the province of Natal (south of the Túkela). From its position in the Mlalazi district (in Zululand) he accordingly shifted his *kwaNobambá* kraal over to a spot near the upper eNadi river (tributary of the mid-Túkela), where he was still residing when the immigrant Boers intruded upon his preserves in the year 1838.

Dingane thus became unchallenged Zulu king at the early age of some 30 years, his half-brother, Mpande, being about 24. A few months more, and Dingane had cast the dust of Dukuza from his feet and erected his new capital (1829) at emGúngundlovu, in the original Zulu country, by the Mkúmbáne. The old Dukuza site and environs, sixteen years later (1844) were calmly annexed, with British sanction, by an immigrant Boer named T. Potgieter as his own particular preserve, 6030 acres in extent (240), and thereon the present village of Stanger was subsequently built. Already at that time there was probably not one of the original Native inhabitants still left dwelling in the neighbourhood (*vide* 239, 546). And if perchance there were, so intense was the dislike then mutually entertained between Natives and Boers (*vide* 239-241), that we may be pretty sure they took the earliest opportunity of parting company. In this way all knowledge of the exact position of Shaka's grave became entirely lost. The most one can longer say is that the grave is believed to be somewhere within Lots 3 and 5 (still unoccupied) of Couper St., Stanger (bordering on the present main road to Zululand).

In Hades.—The human personality, with all its appetites and passions, persisted unaltered in the Zulu 'heaven' or post-mortem land. And post-mortem land was to the Zulu identical with post-natal land or that of earth. Dingane (now himself in Hades) was unaware of this, or merely oblivious. He fondly imagined he had extinguished Shaka for all time. What, then,

his disillusionment when, later himself summarily pitched into the Stygian flood, he clambered out on the farther bank and came face to face with the old fiend again!—no more, 'tis true, in human shape; for each in his passage had somehow been reborn in ophidian form, yet in personality unchanged.

Lured by fond remembrance of happier times, each (dead Shaka and dead Dingane) one day, roaming aimlessly over the veld, in snake-like guise, conceived the like idea of visiting their reigning brother, Mpande, in his *kwaNodwengu* kraal (near the north bank of the White Mfolozi). Two spotted-green *umHlwazi* snakes—let us suggest, really of male and female sex—much to the consternation of the local inmates, suddenly appeared and confronted each other in the open courtyard. Recognizing each other at a glance, they became instantly intertwined (as the Native tradition hath it) in mortal embrace. They writhed and rolled about in the dust with such tremendous fury that even the rightful occupants were scared from their home. Then the Kándempemvu braves were summoned, with accoutrements complete, to eject the intruders, when it was discovered (from certain wound-scars on the body) that, Goodness gracious! it is Shaka and Dingane!

The matter being forthwith reported to king Mpande, he issued orders that Dingane (who was of a darker greenish tint) be at once re-killed and, to prevent all future risks, be burnt to ashes and the ashes cast into the river. Thereupon the valiant braves fell upon that which (from the scar on its thigh—the thigh, we are informed, of a legless snake is a spot above the tail!) was obviously Dingane, and smote it hip and thigh and slew it. Duly roasted to ashes, the proceeds were carried to the White Mfolozi and cast into a deep pool therein. But no sooner had the ashes touched the water than the whole pool set a-boiling, and from amidst the commotion, lo and behold! Dingane arose phoenix-like from the ashes and swam, with a brand-new body, to the opposite bank, where he disappeared in the sedge, bound, it was assumed, for his own *emGúngundlovu* kraal, some few miles across country. Reader, you smile; you do not credit it? Well, our informant—who was not an American—declares on oath that she was actually present at the event; and therefore, presumably, ought to know!

Immediately after this marvellous phenomenon, who should appear at Nodwengu but Dingane's prize court-witch (*isaNgóma*), drawn intuitively all the way from Natal by some inexplicable feeling that all was not well with Dingane. After spending some days at Nodwengu, entertaining the local population with exhibitions of witch-dance and magic—and getting nothing for it

—she left in a huff. Reaching one of the royal kraals not far southwards of the White Mfolozi, she promptly died. The sad news having been borne to king Mpande, he refused downright to credit the story and ordered the messengers to convey the corpse to him, that he might be convinced. The messengers accordingly departed from Nodwengu to fetch the corpse, and the corpse, at the other end, got up and walked to Nodwengu—it had come to life again! Well now, thought Mpande, when he beheld her marching up the kraal, such a prodigious feat really does deserve a cow; and he gave her one. This encouraged her to prolong her visit; but so strong an attraction had her hut become for snakes, that her presence became a positive nuisance, and the king was compelled to intimate his pleasure that she move on. Which she did, establishing herself, with a flourishing practice, in the immediate vicinity.

Poor Shaka! how he was persecuted when he got to Hades, and came face to face again, on equal terms, with all his old foes! It was not very long after the preceding encounter with Dingane that another wrathful spirit came up out of Sheol and persistently followed Shaka (ophidiously) about the veld, on vengeance bent. This was Sigwébana, another of Senzangakóna's sons, who, in days long by, had dared to quarrel with his formidable brother and, as a consequence, deemed it wiser to withdraw beyond the Túkela (into Natal), where in due course he died. Then, one day, in Hades, he learned that Shaka had suddenly arrived.

Shaka, on his part, after the Nodwengu affair and the unencouraging treatment of Dingane, came to the conclusion that further sojourn at that place was hardly safe. So he trekked away for some less conspicuous of the family kraals. He bethought himself of the emKóndo kraal (below the esiGwégwéni hill, near Nongóma) of Mpande's son, Ziwedu. No sooner there than Sigwébana, hard on his tracks, likewise arrived. The inmates of the kraal were much disturbed to behold two snakes (which, being green *umHlwazis*, they knew were family spirits) enter their courtyard simultaneously, and they hastened away to consult the local pythoness. This informed them that the visitors were none other than Shaka, with Sigwébana in murderous pursuit. Having more respect for Shaka than for his brother, they decided to ally themselves with the former and to ensure for him victory and peace by demolishing Sigwébana. Whether he too came to life again, and is still hunting his old enemy, we did not hear.

With this short visit to the nether-world concluded, we take our leave of all great Ngúni heroes of the past who, each in turn have graced—or disgraced—our pages; wish them all such

ukuBusa (lordly living) as is compatible with their present state, and bid them an affectionate *au revoir*.

The cursory glance here appended of the succeeding reigns and some of their more important incidents, will serve to show how political affairs subsequently developed.

Dingane.—Crowned with a halo of pious resolutions and promised benefactions, Dingane was already firmly established in state at his brand new capital of emGungundlovu, situate on a broad and gently sloping ridge embraced by the Nzololo and Mkúmbáne streams in the original Zulu fatherland.

There from his throne, won by the simple right of usurpation and firmly founded on the blood of relatives and friends, he proclaimed to the world that Shaka had been killed on account of his intolerable tyranny and atrocities; that the future government of the people would be directed to the end of making them happy and prosperous; that a brisk trade in ivory, hides, and horns would be inaugurated with the Whites at Port Natal, so to create and foster among his people a love of peace and of all the arts and industries of Arcady. And, to seal this pledge of his goodwill, he herewith graciously permitted his warriors to marry!

Having duly delivered himself of these sanctimonious professions, Dingane proceeded to put his noble purpose into practice. He, first of all, as we have seen, murdered his rival brother, Mhlangana (669); then he despatched Mbópá with a force to murder Shaka's half-brother, Ngwádi (669); upon the return of this successful mission, he murdered Mbópá himself, that trusty henchman to whose intrigues, more than all else, he was indebted for his throne; later he strangled his other brother, Gówujana. How much further slaughter this double-faced fiend was responsible for among the common herd, we can only imagine from the words of the Rev. Mr. Owen, who wrote: "There was nothing sanguinary in his appearance, and I could hardly believe that those hands had been so often imbrued in blood." By some insuperable mandate of fate, Dingane spared his younger brothers, Mpande, then some 24 years of age, whom he deemed a 'soft,' and Gququ, who was still a boy; and in so doing he unwittingly sowed the seed of his own destruction.

Dingane was gifted neither with the intellectual ability nor the physical activity of his brother, Shaka; but he was no whit less brutal. His disposition was neither bellicose nor ambitious; so he possessed no martial capabilities and made no conquests. Tall and obese of build, and indolent and luxurious by nature, he

rather preferred to while away his days at home in the genial company of a few selected courtiers and a host of pretty concubines. Yet, like Shaka, he never took a wife and left no child.

His only constant worry was the old one of finding 'something to do,' and preferably out of the country, for the turbulent thousands of bloodthirsty warriors trained and bequeathed to him by his predecessor. During the twelve years of his reign, however, he contrived to solve the problem by keeping them busy on several more or less harmless and more or less profitless diversions in other royalties' domains. A couple of minor expeditions down south, against Nqeto (392) and Ncapayi (398-9) in the Cape; a couple of others to the west, on a larger scale and prior to the advent of the Boers, against Mzilikazi in the northern Transvaal; and finally, subsequent to his defeat at the Blood river by the Dutch, a couple of raids to the north, the one against the *abakwa-Nkentshane* Sutús in the Lydenburg region, the other to the ūKúla river (beyond the ūSutú) against the Swazis (322) under Mswazi, their king—represent about the sum-total of the martial adventures of his reign; but in none of them he took care personally to participate.

Despite the, spiritually, hazardous circumstances in which they found themselves, the small batch of English settlers, a hundred miles away down south at Port Natal, were not oblivious of their God. They did not profess to be anything more than commercial men working solely in their own material interests. Yet it is on record that they sometimes said their prayers and kept the Sabbath holy. Nor were they altogether forgetful of their duty towards their lowly Black Brothers round about them. Says Isaacs, one of them: "The Natal settlers have sought strenuously to inculcate in the Zoolas a knowledge of a Maker; we have, however, found it advisable, in the first instance, to bring, or rather lead, them to some settled habits, from which, in time, when Missionary teachers shall settle amongst them, facilities may be afforded for moral and religious instruction."

The missionary duly arrived in January, 1835, in the person of Capt. Allen Gardiner, R.N., a self-appointed apostle, who, in his latter days, sacrificed himself in the service of his Lord and the love of his lowliest fellow-men.

He had travelled overland from the Cape and reached Port Natal on the 29th January of the aforesaid year. He proceeded at once to beard the lion in its den. Alas! "what was God, and God's word, were subjects he [Dingane] could not at all comprehend"; and from this first futile effort to evangelize the Zulus, Gardiner returned disconsolate to Natal. Reaching the Port on

the 14th March, he established himself as a preacher among the settlers at their spontaneous request. On the summit of the hill-range overlooking the bay they selected for him a site dominating their settlement (and nowadays indicated by the old cemetery on the Ridge Road, in which he later laid his daughter, Julia, to her eternal rest), and there he erected of wattle and daub a school-house, used also as a church, a couple of dwellings and several grass-huts for his Natives. This, the first Christian mission-station in Natal, he named "Berea"; for, as he writes, "notwithstanding my ill-success with Dingane, the word has here been gladly received."

But this intrepid soldier of Christ was not easily discouraged. Six weeks after his rebuff and return from Zululand, he was again on the war-path leading to Dingane. On this occasion he was more worldly-wise, and armed himself with a plenitude of fascinating presents, naval epaulettes, silken sword-belts, gilt bracelets, rolls of coloured ribands, small mirrors, and other such-like baubles. Dingane, whom he found at the kwaKângela military kraal (some eight miles from Eshowe on the Empangeni Road), immediately capitulated, and granted him permission to preach the Gospel in the Hlomodlini district (between the Matigulu and lower Tükela rivers). There he selected a spot near the Msunduze stream, which he christened "Kúlula" (or Redemption).

Now, at last, buoyant with hope and joy, Gardiner wended his way back to the Port. He arrived there on 23rd May, and the same day, in company with the assembled settlers, demarcated their proposed new township, which he named, after the then-ruling Governor at the Cape, "D'Urban."

Ten days later he was off again to Zululand; and on the 13th July, at his Mgúngundlovu capital, Dingane proclaimed him chief over all the country betwixt the Tükela and the Mzimkúlu and inland as far as the Drakensberg, a territory, therefore, contemporary with modern Natal. On the same day, Gardiner went back to Durban, whence, with Richard King, of future fame, as his wagon-driver, he departed for the Cape to report all recent political developments to the Governor, Sir Benjamin D'Urban.

He encountered the latter, on the 3rd December, at Algoa Bay (now Port Elizabeth), and, as a joyful surprise, also the Revs. Dr. Adams, Alden Grout, and G. Champion, American missionaries on the 'Dove,' then in the bay, destined to that very field of Christian endeavour among the Zulus which he himself had just so auspiciously opened. The missionaries, English and American, greeted each other heartily and then sped each on his respective way.

Gardiner hastened to England, reaching there on the 20th

February, 1836. A year elapsed, and he was back again in Capetown (2nd March, 1837), bringing with him a new recruit in the person of the Rev. Francis Owen, of the Church Missionary Society. The party travelled overland to Natal, Richard King again as driver. At Butterworth, in Kafraria, they picked up Richard Hulley, as interpreter.

Meanwhile, the band of American missionaries had arrived, on 20th December, 1835, at Durban, and a month later, on 18th January, 1836, they were already with the Zulu king. Probably assuming that Gardiner, owing to his rather protracted absence, had already abandoned his plans in Zululand, Dingane consented that the Americans replace him at the capital and, further, establish themselves on the Mhlatúze. For the present the party returned to Natal, where they were subsequently joined by their colleagues, the Revs. Dr. Wilson and Venables, who had till lately been in the Transvaal with Mzilikazi.

Before Alden Grout had initiated his work at the Zulu capital, Gardiner with Owen appeared at Durban, where, incidentally, the latter was joined by William Wood, an adventurous boy, some 11 or 12 years old. A compromise was immediately struck between the two missionary parties, whereby Mr. Owen should proceed with the work at Mgúngundlovu, and Mr. Grout with that at Kúlula, in the Hlomendlini district.

Having thus successfully brought his tireless efforts to so happy an issue, Gardiner humbly withdrew. After a sojourn in Durban, he eventually left the land to continue his pious labours in other fields. Dead of starvation, beside his companions, the Revs. Williams and Irwin, his spirit, purified by love and radiant with self-abnegation, was taken home by its Maker from the desolate shore of Tierra del Fuego—one of the noblest characters and most saintly souls that have ever graced South Africa with their presence.

And this is the legacy he left us, the last word penned in his book—

THE ZOOLU'S PRAYER

.

It is the blood-stained Zoolu's prayer,
The first that e'er was offered there
For mercy and for peace ;
It claims the Christian's fostering hand
To cheer a dark and ruined land,
And bid her thralldom cease.

.

ZULULAND AND NATAL

As you were once bereft of light,
 Oh, think upon our cheerless night,
 Without one star to guide !
 Heed not the land you leave behind—
 Another home with us you'll find,
 Your God will all provide !

And when your day of trial's o'er,
 And you shall join those gone before
 In realms of light above,
 You will not deem your labour lost,
 Nor wish that you had weighed the cost
 Of this your work of love.

Good pastor Owen now proceeded to repeat Capt. Gardiner's efforts to convert Dingane. He got him so far, not, indeed, as to believe the Word, but, at any rate, to take some lessons in reading it. Alas ! the king's pious intentions, being planted on a rock, as usual withered apace and ere long came to an abrupt finale in another ghastly slaughter.

Just prior to Owen's arrival at Mgungundlovu, a certain Pieter Retief, a leader of the Boer emigrants from the Cape Colony at that time streaming down over the Drakensberg mountains into the Zulu coast-lands, came on 5th November, 1837, to visit Dingane, in order to seek permission for his people to reside in what is now Natal. To this petition the king assented, provided Retief should recover for him certain cattle recently raided by Sigönyela, chief of the baTlokwa Sutús in the Harrismith region. This task satisfactorily accomplished, Retief returned to Dingane, reaching the Mgungundlovu kraal on the 3rd February, 1838, bringing with him the re-captured cattle and accompanied by sixty-nine other Boers, some boys and thirty Hottentot servants. Great hospitality was shown the party during their stay, the deed of concession was duly made out and signed, and on the third day, the 6th February, the farmers assembled unarmed in the kraal, preparatory to taking their farewell, when they were treacherously fallen upon and slain, neither Boer nor servant escaping. Mr. Owen was within the vicinity of the kraal, 'reading his Testament,' while the massacre was being enacted ; but this terrible crime was a signal for his speedy exit from Zululand, along with that of all the American missionaries. Their generous sacrifices on behalf of the Zulus had been in vain. The missions were in every case abandoned and never reopened, and not a single Christian was left behind in the land.

The state of savage vendetta, accompanied by many further acts of mutual perfidy, butchery, and heroism, that hereafter



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SITE OF DINGANE'S EMGUNGUNDLOVU KRAAL

Retief Monument extreme left ; Mkumbane river in valley below ; kraal-site, all flat above farmer's house (middle) ; Zulu's grave, bush at end of curving roadway (right), to left of two euphorbia trees



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COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE

ensued between Zulus and Whites, has been so frequently described as to need no further repetition.

Immediately after his crippling defeat, on the 16th December, 1838, by the Boers at eNcome (Blood river), Dingane came to realize that, with the recent formidable increase of strength among the White settlers in Natal, his sovereignty was virtually ended in that direction. So he turned his back on the south, fired his great kraal at Mgúngundlovu and shifted his capital to the upper Ivuna river (below the Ngóme forest) in the north. There he conceived the inspiring project of extending his kingdom northwards into the Swazi domain ; but while it was still in the incipient stage, something happened—Mpande's rebellious host, with a hideous array of Boer guns bristling in its rear, appeared on the horizon.

This brother, Mpande (42), whom he had always deemed a 'soft,' when sufficiently prodded had proved himself quite capable of kicking over the traces and careering, with half the Zulu state-coach at his heels, into the Boer camp over the Túkela—the people who followed him were referred to as the *ĩGoda likaMpande* (Mpande's rope). The Boers, somewhat agreeably surprised, received him with open arms and suggested an alliance of forces in their common interests. The sudden apparition of the invading host at the emaQonqo hills (beyond the upper Mkúze) was the result. Overcome in the onslaught, Dingane's troops were scattered, leaving himself to fly alone over the Póngolo into the arms of the Swazis he had contemplated demolishing, who swiftly demolished him (325). Of his dispersed following, a goodly number passed over into Natal, where they were contemptuously referred to as the *umDidi kaNdlela* (Ndlela's rectum).

Mpande.—On the 10th February, 1840, Pretorius, the Boer commander, proclaimed Mpande king of the Zulus, after having first, however, by formal proclamation, annexed their country. Mpande's reign, in accordance with his natural disposition, was mainly one of peace. Still, it had its turbulent and even sanguinary periods. In 1843 the king began to become tortured by the old canker of jealousy and suspicion that afflicts all who attain to power by the road of violence. He believed, with reason or without, that his only living brother, Gququ, was planning against him, and had him killed. This sent the usual thrill of consternation among that brother's adherents, and, about the middle of the year, a great number of them followed Mpande's aunt, Mawa, in her flight into Natal, where they were dubbed the *ũFá lukaMawa* (or Mawa's pudenda).

Mpande's natural weakness of character soon manifested itself

in his utter inability to maintain discipline in his own household. His sons, Cetshwayo and Mbúlazi, quarrelled over the succession even during his lifetime and in his very presence. The former was his eldest son, born of Ngqumbázi, daughter of Mbóndwe, of Tshana, of the Zungu clan, but the latter was born of his favourite wife, Monase, daughter of Mntungwa, of Mkátshwa, of the Nxumalo clan. The following of Cetshwayo, called the *ũSutú* party, occupied the upper half of the country; that of Mbúlazi, called the *iziGqoza*, that along the coast. The forces of the contending factions met, on the 2nd December, 1856, at a place called eNdonakusuka on the Zulu side of the lower Túkela drift. The army of Cetshwayo, being nearly three times in number that of his opponent, found little difficulty in utterly defeating the latter. Mbúlazi and five other sons of Mpande, including Mantantashiya and Madumba, full brothers of Mbúlazi, were killed.

After this extermination of all the sons of his beloved Monase, excepting only one boy named Mkúngo, whom he secretly got over the Túkela into the care of Bishop Colenso, Mpande began to show a marked favouritism towards a certain younger wife whom he had affiliated to the branch of the family ruled by Monase. The ire and jealousy of Cetshwayo now fell upon this woman and her offspring. Again, quite regardless of his father, he had the kraal in which she resided surrounded, and the mother with all her children ruthlessly slain. But as it happened, the chief sons of the kraal, Mtóngá and Mgidhlana, were fortuitously absent, and eventually escaped over the border into Boer territory.

This internecine warfare constantly carried on among Mpande's own people and within his own family, gave rise to a further emigration of Natives into Natal, a large portion of the adherents of Mbúlazi betaking themselves there.

After a reign of thirty-two years, Mpande died a natural death, in the year 1872.

Cetshwayo.—Cetshwayo now assumed the reins of government, and was fated to be the last of the independent Zulu kings. His policy was not so peaceful, nor so prudent in regard to his White neighbours, as was that of his father, and ultimately led him into conflict with the British. On the 11th January, 1879, the small British force crossed the Túkela, and on the 28th August, in the same year, Cetshwayo was captured near the Ngóme forest. On the 9th January, 1883, the 'Algerine' appeared in a small bight of the sea north of the mouth of the Mlalazi river in Zululand, and on the following day Cetshwayo was brought safely through the surf, and restored to at least a portion of his broken kingdom. On the 8th February, 1884, he died, of fatty degeneration

of the heart, in a temporary kraal in which he was staying, just outside Eshowe. Thence his remains were borne to the Nkandla forest (forty miles farther inland) and there buried.

Dinuzulu, the eldest son of Cetshwayo, by Nomvimbi, daughter of Msweli, and at the time a mere lad, now (as some state, according to his father's expressed desire) succeeded to the mere shadow of a throne. Even this he eventually lost, when, like his father, he came into conflict with the British Government. He was convicted in 1889 of certain state crimes and was banished for ten years to the island of St. Helena. He returned to Zululand in January, 1898, and was appointed local headman over a portion of the Nongóma district of Zululand. In 1906 he became involved in the Bámbáda rebellion against the Natal Government, and, after conviction, was again banished into the Transvaal province, where, on 18th October, 1913, he died.

David (*alias* Nyawana), born of the daughter of Qetuka, of the Magwáza clan, was Dinuzulu's eldest son; but Solomon (*alias* Mapúmuzana, *alias* Nkayishana), born of the daughter of Ntuzwa, of Ntlaka, of the Mdalose clan, became 'king,' that is to say, was proclaimed principal heir and appointed headman over his father's ward, where he still resides.

References: Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, I., 26, 315, 317, 353-5; II., 53, 122; Bird, *A.N.*, I., 97, 100; Fuze, *A.A.*, 112; Stuart, *B.*, 175, 186; *T.*, 77; Gardiner, *J.Z.C.*, 91, 99, 198; Grout, *Z.*, 76; Holden, *K.R.*, 42; Shooter, *K.N.*, 303; Colenso, *I.Z.*, 115.

A LIST OF MORE THAN 800 EAST-NGUNI CLANS AND SUB-CLANS
ORIGINALLY LOCATED IN OR ABOUT ZULULAND AND NATAL

N.B.—Should one fail to find a name under the *iziBongo*, it may perhaps be found under the *isiTákazelo*.

The orthography here adopted is not wholly that approved of by the writer.

| Clan-name (<i>isiBongo</i>). | Address-name (<i>isiTákazelo</i>). | Clan-group or Parent-clan. |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| kwaBafázini. | — | — |
| —Bala. | — | kwaDlambúlo. |
| —Baleni. | — | ? enTlangwini. |
| —Bane. | — | ? kwaCele. |
| —Batwá. | — | — |
| —Báyi. | Mahlobo. | kwaNtombéla. |
| —Béka. | Mngúni. | emaNzimeleni. |
| —Bekwa. | — | — |
| emaBéleni. | Mpémbá, Mbéle. | eMbó-Ngúni. |
| kwaBélesi. | — | kwaNgcobo. |

| Clan-name (<i>isiBongo</i>). | Address-name (<i>isiTukazelo</i>). | Clan-group or Parent-Clan. |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| kwaBengani. | _____ | _____ |
| emaBentseni. | Sindane (Ntsindane). | emaCúnwini. |
| kwaBikana. | _____ | emaBéleni. |
| —Bikisha. | _____ | emaZizini. |
| —Bimbi. | _____ | emaXasibeni. |
| —Binda. | _____ | _____ |
| eziBisini. | Mlotsha, Pákati. | Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| ” | Mahlase. | ? Sutú. |
| kwaBiyela. | Ntshangase. | emGázini. |
| —Bombó. | Shazi. | emaDungeni. |
| emaBomvini. | Ngúbane. | ? emaNgwáneni. |
| kwaBonga. | _____ | emaSelekwini. |
| emaBóngeleni. | _____ | kwaKúzwayo. |
| emaBonjeni = Jali. | _____ | _____ |
| kwaBopéla. | _____ | _____ |
| —Bukósini. | _____ | ? kwaButélezi. |
| —Búkudu. | _____ | ēLangeni. |
| emaBúleni. | _____ | kwaMtétwá. |
| kwaBúlose. | Ndelu. | emaSelekwini. |
| ” | _____ | emaQadini. |
| kwaButélezi. | Shenge, Ndabezitá. | ? Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| emButwéni. | _____ | kwaMbónambi. |
| ” | _____ | —Cele. |
| emBuyeni = kwaXulu. | _____ | _____ |
| kwaBuyiswayo. | Ngcobo. | kwaNgcobo. |
| ” | _____ | _____ |
| kwaCágwe. | Mtshengu, Nzima. | eMbó-Ngúni. |
| —Caluza. | Dlamini. | enTlangwini. |
| —Cámane. | _____ | kwaNyuswa. |
| emaCambini. | Matába. | Mtétwá-Ngúni. |
| kwaCebekúlu. | Linda, Mafú. | kwaLinda. |
| —Cele. | Ndosi, Kúmbúza. | Mtétwá-Ngúni. |
| amaCl. | _____ | amaMpondo. |
| kwaCibane. | _____ | ? kwaNgcobo. |
| —Cili. | Lushaba. | —Qwabe. |
| —Cíliza. | _____ | emaDungeni. |
| emaCindaneni. | _____ | ? Debe-Ngúni. |
| emaCinekeni. | _____ | kwaQwabe. |
| kwaCíya. | _____ | —Wushe. |
| —Conci. | _____ | ebaTénjini. |
| —Cóncò. | _____ | emaCúnwini. |
| emaCubeni. | Shezi. | ? eMbó or Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| kwaCúle. | _____ | kwaVilakazi. |
| ” | _____ | ? emaBéleni. |
| ” | _____ | ? emaXasibeni. |
| emaCúnwini. | Nyanda. | Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| —Cweza. | _____ | _____ |
| ” | _____ | _____ |
| kwaDani. | _____ | emaNqolweni. |
| —Danibe. | _____ | _____ |
| —Dasa. | _____ | _____ |
| emaDekeni. | Makáye. | emaQungebeni. |
| kwaDelwa. | _____ | kwaWushe. |
| —Didi. | _____ | —Shange. |
| emaDimeni. | _____ | _____ |
| kwaDinangwé. | _____ | ēLangeni. |
| —Dindi. | _____ | emaNzimeleni. |
| ” | _____ | _____ |

| Clan-name (<i>isiBongo</i>). | Address-name (<i>isiTukazelo</i>). | Clan-group or Parent-clan. |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| kwaDindi. | _____ | kwaNgóngóma. |
| —Dingila. | _____ | —Nyuswa. |
| —Dladla. | Dwala. | —Kuboni. |
| _____ | _____ | emaMbáténi. |
| —Dlalisa. | _____ | _____ |
| —Dlambúlo. | _____ | emaBéleni. |
| —Dlamini. | Dlamini. | eMbó-Ngúni. |
| _____ | _____ | kwaButélezi. |
| —Dlamfenze. | _____ | (Swazi). |
| —Dlangamandla. | _____ | emaTolweni. |
| _____ | _____ | kwaKúmalo. |
| emaDlanyaweni. | Majiya. | Debe-Ngúni. |
| emaDlanyokeni. | _____ | Debe-Ngúni. |
| kwaDlelanga. | Bóqo. | emaMfeneni. |
| —Dlepú. | _____ | emaZizini. |
| emDletsheni. | Caya, Mdletshe. | Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| kwaDlodlo. | _____ | kwaKúmalo. |
| —Dlokolo. | _____ | _____ |
| —Dlomo. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| _____ | _____ | kwaNgóngóma. |
| —Dludla. | Sebeni. | —Sikákáne. |
| —Dlungwana. | _____ | _____ |
| —Dobo. | _____ | _____ |
| —Dondo. | _____ | _____ |
| —Dongo. | _____ | _____ |
| —Dongwe. | _____ | emaBéleni. |
| —Dosi. | Sinqila. | kwaDlamini (eMbó) |
| —Duba. | _____ | ? —Nyuswa. |
| —Dubazane. | Mwelase. | emaZizini. |
| —Dube. | Bayise, Mbúyazi. | ? kwaMazibuko. |
| —Duma. | _____ | Mtétwá-Ngúni. |
| —Dumisa. | Duma, Mtóbeni. | emaSelekwini. |
| —Dunge. | _____ | (Swazi). " |
| emaDungeni. | Mkáténi. | Debe-Ngúni. |
| kwaDwaba. | _____ | kwaZungu. |
| —Dwadwa. | _____ | _____ |
| _____ | _____ | _____ |
| kwaFákazi. | _____ | kwaQwabe. |
| _____ | _____ | —Kúmalo. |
| —Fákude. | _____ | (Sutú-Swazi). |
| —Fihlela. | _____ | _____ |
| —Finca. | _____ | _____ |
| —Fóhla. | _____ | _____ |
| —Fúshane. | _____ | _____ |
| —Fúze. | Dlomo. | kwaNgcobo. |
| _____ | _____ | _____ |
| kwaGábela. | _____ | ? —Zulu. |
| —Gábuza. | _____ | —Qwabe. |
| —Gámbú. | _____ | —Memela. |
| —Gámede. | _____ | (Swazi). |
| ōGāngeni. | _____ | kwaNyuswa. |
| kwaGása. | _____ | —Ndwandwe. |
| —Gásela. | _____ | ? —Ngóngóma. |
| ēGázini. | Ndabezitá. | —Zulu. |
| emGázini. | Ntshangase. | _____ |
| kwaGázu. | _____ | —Sibiya. |
| —Gcaba. | _____ | ? —Qwabe. |
| —Gcabashie. | _____ | " |

| Clan-name (<i>isiBongo</i>). | Address-name (<i>isiTshazelo</i>). | Clan-group or Parent-clan. |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| emGcazini. | _____ | _____ |
| kwaGcwabaza. | _____ | emaMfeneni. |
| —Gcwale. | _____ | _____ |
| —Gcwele = Jali. | _____ | _____ |
| —Gcwentisa. | _____ | _____ |
| —Gébashe. | _____ | kwaMapúmulo. |
| —Gébúza. | _____ | emaNqondweni. |
| emaGéngeni. | Mlondo. | (Swazi). |
| kwaGéza. | _____ | kwaMtétwá. |
| —Gininda. | _____ | _____ |
| —Góba. | _____ | emaSelekwini. |
| “ | _____ | emaCúnwini. |
| “ | _____ | emaQadini. |
| emGóbózini. | _____ | emaSomini. |
| kwaGóqo. | Ndabezitá. | kwaQwabe. |
| —Góqolo. | _____ | Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| emaGozini (= ekuNene). | _____ | kwaMatóntsi. |
| kwaGqoli. | _____ | emaZizini. |
| —Gúbèla. | _____ | emaNgwáneni. |
| —Gúbèle. | _____ | _____ |
| —Gúle. | _____ | eMbó (Mkize). |
| emGúlweni. | _____ | emaNyandwini. |
| kwaGúma. | _____ | kwaKúmalo. |
| —Gúmbi. | Lufú, | _____ |
| “ | Jele. | èLangeni. |
| —Gúmede. | _____ | kwaQwabe. |
| —Gútshwa. | _____ | emaNcwangeni. |
| —Gwábalanda. | _____ | emaLangeni (eMbó). |
| emaGwábeni. | _____ | _____ |
| kwaGwábinini. | _____ | kwaMakánya. |
| —Gwáyi. | _____ | —Qwabe. |
| —Gwázi. | _____ | Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| _____ | _____ | Debe-Ngúni. |
| kwaHádasi. | _____ | _____ |
| emaHamuzeni ? = kwa- | _____ | emaTolweni. |
| Lamuzeni. | _____ | _____ |
| kwaHánkomo. | _____ | emaTolweni. |
| —Háwule. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Héledwane. | _____ | _____ |
| —Hlabe. | _____ | emaXasibeni. |
| —Hlabisa. | Bulawayo. | emaLangeni (Nyuswa). |
| —Hlanga. | _____ | _____ |
| enHlangwini = enTlangwini. | _____ | _____ |
| enHlanzini = enTlanzini. | _____ | _____ |
| kwaHlatshwako. | _____ | eMbó-Ngúni (Swazi). |
| emaHlavuleni. | _____ | emaNqondweni. |
| emaHlekwaneni. | Jingela. | kwaHlopé (Ngángá). |
| kwaHloko. | _____ | —Cele. |
| —Hlongwa. | Bijase. | Lala-Ngúni. |
| —Hlopé. | _____ | kwaKuboni. |
| “ | Samela. | emaNgángéni. |
| emaHlungeleni. | _____ | kwaZelemu. |
| emaHlungwini. | _____ | —Sibiya. |
| emaHlutshini. | Hádebe. | eMbó-Ngúni. |
| _____ | _____ | _____ |
| kwaJaca. | _____ | emaZizini. |
| —Jali. | _____ | kwaNgwáne (Ngcolosi). |

| Clan-name (<i>isiBongo</i>). | Address-name (<i>isiTákazele</i>). | Clan-group or Parent-clan. |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| kwa Jama. | — | emaZizini. |
| —Janqaza. | — | kwaNgóngóma. |
| —Jeza. | — | —Hlongwa. |
| —Jikishi. | — | emaKúzeni. |
| —Jili. | — | kwaDlamini (eMbó). |
| —Jivane. | — | —Vilakazi. |
| —Jiyako. | — | — |
| —Jiyane. | — | emaNtshalini. |
| emaJuqwini = ema- Mbotwéni. | — | — |
| kwa Juzazi. | — | — |
| —Jwahá. | — | kwaKuboni. |
| kwaKába. | — | — |
| emaKábeleni. | Dlomo. | ? eMbó-Ngúni. |
| kwaKákáza. | — | kwaJwahá. |
| —Kála. | — | — |
| —Kámbúle. | Mlotsha. | emaNcubeni. |
| —Kányile. | Ngwáne. | emaCúnwini. |
| —Kasibe. | — | emaHlutshini. |
| —Káti. | — | emaZizini. |
| —Káwa. | — | kwaLimako. |
| —Kazi. | — | — |
| —Kázibuko. | — | — |
| ebuKázini. | — | kwaQwabe. |
| kwaKenisa. | — | — |
| —Késwa. | — | emaHlutshini. |
| —Kómo. | — | emaNqondweni. |
| — | — | emaTúlini. |
| — | — | kwaCele. |
| — | — | —Ngóngóma. |
| iñKónongózi. | — | — |
| kwaKósa. | ? Shabango. | ? Butélezi. |
| ebuKósini. | Gúmede, Mkátini. | Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| kwaKóza. | — | (Swazi). |
| —Kubéka. | Nkomo. | kwaNcube. |
| —Kúbisa. | — | emaBéleni. |
| —Kuboni. | — | — |
| —Kúlu. | — | — |
| emaKúluseni. | Hlongwa. | ? kwaHlongwa. |
| kwaKúmalo. | Ndabezitá, Ndaba, Ntu- ngwa. | —Mabaso. |
| —Kunene = ekuNene (Ngwáne). | — | — |
| —Kúngeka. | — | —Wosiyana. |
| emKúngwini. | — | —Cele. |
| kwaKúshwayo. | — | emaHlutshini. |
| emaKúzeni. | Dlamini. | eMbó-Ngúni. |
| kwaKúzwayo. | Gúmede. | kwaQwabe. |
| —Kwéla. | Nduli. | —Makánya. |
| —Kwénene. | — | —Wosiyana. |
| —Kwéyama. | — | ? (Sutú). |
| kwaLamule. | — | — |
| —Lamuzeni. | — | emaZizini. |
| —Langa. | — | kwaCele. |
| — | — | emaHlutshini. |
| — | Sotóle. | kwaKányile. |
| — | — | — |

| Clan-name (<i>isiBongo</i>). | Address-name (<i>isiTskazelo</i>). | Clan-group or Parent-clan. |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| kwaLanga. | _____ | emaZizini. |
| ēLangeni. | Mhlongo. | ? eMbó-Ngúni. |
| emaLangeni. | Sishiyi. | kwaMtétwá. |
| " | Mlangeni, Gúmede. | eMbó-Ngúni. |
| " | _____ | kwaHlongwa. |
| " | Ngcobo. | —Nyuswa. |
| kwaLatá. | _____ | ? Ntungwa, eMbó or Lala Ngúni. |
| emaLebukeni. | Hlengwa. | eMbó (Mkíze). |
| kwaLembè. | _____ | kwaSikákáne. |
| —Lembété. | _____ | emaCúnwini. |
| —Limako. | Shweme. | emaZizini. |
| —Linda. | Mbékane. | emaNgwéni. |
| —Lubelo. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Lucu. | _____ | " |
| —Luleka. | _____ | kwaHlongwa. |
| —Lumbí. | _____ | ? kwaCele. |
| —Lusaseni. | _____ | emaZizini. |
| —Lushaba. | _____ | emaBéleni. |
| —Lushozi. | _____ | kwaDube. |
| " | _____ | —Mapúmulo. |
| —Lutúli. | Ngcolosi. | —Ngcolosi. |
| " | _____ | —Kúmalo. |
| —Luvuno. | _____ | _____ |
| kwaMabala. | _____ | emaBéleni. |
| —Mabandla. | _____ | kwaKuboni. |
| —Mabanga. | _____ | —Kúmalo. |
| —Mabaso (or Mabasa). | Ndabezitá, Ndaba. | Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| —Mabi. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Mabida. | _____ | eMbó (Mkíze). |
| —Mabika. | _____ | ? emaLangeni (eMbó). |
| —Mabiya. | _____ | emaBéleni. |
| —Mabóko or Mabókwe. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Macaba. | _____ | eMbó (Mkíze). |
| —Macinga. | _____ | kwaWushe. |
| —Macutwáne. | _____ | —Kámbúle. |
| —Made. | _____ | emaNgwápeni. |
| —Madela. | _____ | _____ |
| —Madi. | _____ | _____ |
| —Madiba. | _____ | emaBéleni. |
| " | _____ | kwaShinga. |
| —Madide. | _____ | emaNtshalini. |
| —Madisi. | _____ | kwaMsane. |
| —Madlala. | Mlipá, Ndlovu. | —Hlongwa. |
| " | _____ | ? (Sutú). |
| —Madolo. | _____ | (Swazi or Tonga). |
| —Madonda. | _____ | ? kwaMazibuko. |
| —Madontsela. | Bunene. | ? emaNtshalini. |
| " | _____ | kwaNgwáne (Swazi). |
| —Maduna. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Mafáyela. | _____ | kwaMtétwá. |
| —Magángane. | _____ | _____ |
| —Magáza. | _____ | _____ |
| —Magijima. | _____ | kwaMazibuko. |
| —Magónondo. | _____ | eMbó-Ngúni (Swazi). |
| —Magóso. | _____ | emaKúzeni. |
| —Magqiba = Madiba. | _____ | _____ |

| Clan-name (<i>isiBongo</i>). | Address-name (<i>isiTukazelo</i>). | Clan-group or Parent-clan. |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| kwaMagúbanc. | Tòle. | ? Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| —Magújwa. | Dlamini. | kwaDlamini. |
| —Magwáza. | Mabúlu. | eLangeni. |
| —Maháwu. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Maháye. | _____ | kwaNtombéla. |
| —Mahlanjeni. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mahloko. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mahwá. | _____ | _____ |
| —Majola. | Nqulunga. | emaCúnwini. |
| —Majozi. | _____ | emaCubeni. |
| —Makálima. | _____ | eNadi. |
| —Makánya. | Jwapá (or Japá). | kwaQwabe. |
| —Makásini. | _____ | _____ |
| —Makátini. | _____ | kwaMbánjwa. |
| —Makáza. | _____ | ? (Swazi). |
| —Makóba. | Sengwayo. | kwaNcwana. |
| —Makówa. | _____ | emaNgángéni. |
| —Makúnga. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Malevu. | _____ | emaCúnwini. |
| —Malinga. | _____ | (Swazi). |
| —Maluleka. | _____ | _____ |
| —Malunga. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Malwane. | _____ | (Sutú-Swazi). |
| eziMamaneni. | _____ | kwaKúzwayo. |
| kwaManana. | _____ | (Swazi). |
| —Mandlabomvu. | _____ | emaXasibeni. |
| —Maneyi. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mangázi. | Ndaba. | ? eMbó-Ngúni. |
| —Manqele. | Mtóngá. | kwaNdwandwe. |
| —Manyoni. | Madebe. | _____ |
| —Manzi. | _____ | ? Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| —Mapálala. | Túmbú. | (Sutú). |
| —Mapánga. | _____ | ? emaBomvini. |
| —Mapéla. | _____ | enTlangwini. |
| —Mapíkela. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Mapúmulo. | Masiyane, Zulu. | Lala-Ngúni. |
| —Masango. | _____ | emaZizini. |
| —Maséko. | _____ | emaNgwéni. |
| —Mashabana. | Gúmede. | Ntungwa-Ngúni (Swazi). |
| —Mashazi. | _____ | emaLangeni (eMbó). |
| —Mashiyana. | _____ | emaNtshalini. |
| —Mashiya. | _____ | ? kwaBiyela. |
| —Mashwabade. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Masimula. | _____ | _____ |
| —Masindane. | Mpémbá. | emaBéleni. |
| —Masinga. | _____ | eLangeni. |
| —Masizi. | _____ | kwaMtétwá. |
| —Masoka. | _____ | _____ |
| —Masondo. | Mtétwá. | emaHlutshini. |
| —Masuku. | Zisongo. | kwaMtétwá. |
| —Maté. | Ncanana. | emaQungebeni. |
| —Matébula ? = | _____ | Ntungwa-Ngúni (Swazi). |
| Matwébula. | _____ | _____ |
| —Matéku. | _____ | _____ |

| Clan-name (<i>isiBongo</i>). | Address-name (<i>isiTâkazelo</i>). | Clan-group or Parent-clan. |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| kwaMatênjwa = emaNyiseni. | _____ | _____ |
| —Matóbela. | _____ | (Swazi). |
| —Matódlana. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Matófa. | _____ | _____ |
| —Matomela. | _____ | kwaHéledwane. |
| —Matóntsi. | _____ | ? ebaTênjini or Mazibuko; |
| —Matshilitshili. | _____ | kwaSikósana. |
| —Matubi. | _____ | _____ |
| —Matúmbwá. | _____ | _____ |
| —Matúndu. | _____ | kwaXaba. |
| —Matwébula. | _____ | (Swazi). |
| —Mavimbéla. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mavundla. | Majola. | kwaMajola. |
| —Mavuso. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Maya. | _____ | eMbó-Ngúni (Swazi). |
| —Mayatúla. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Mayeza. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mayisela. | _____ | kwaNyuswa. |
| —Mazamane. | _____ | eMbó-Ngúni (Swazi). |
| —Mazibuko. | Mwelase, Nzima. | ? Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| —Mbámali. | _____ | emaNyiseni. |
| —Mbámbó. | Téneza, Kúmbúza. | kwaCele. |
| —Mbánda. | ? Bayise, Mabeka. | —Sokúlu. |
| —Mbándlwa. | _____ | emaPépéténi. |
| —Mbánjwa. | Dlamini. | kwaDlamini. |
| —Mbántsele. | _____ | emaKúzeni. |
| —Mbántshi. | _____ | emaNgwáneni. |
| —Mbánzi. | _____ | kwaCele. |
| emaMbáténi. | Ndabezitá, Shandu. | —Shuku. |
| kwaMbátú. | _____ | Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| —Mbáva. | _____ | kwaFúze. |
| emaMbáyini. | Mngúni. | —Cele. |
| —Mbédwini. | Mpunzi. | Xóza-Ngúni. |
| kwaMbéje. | Shandu. | kwaKúzwayo. |
| —Mbékambékane. | _____ | emaMbáténi. |
| —Mbélu. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mbibi. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mbídamkóno. | Ndokweni. | ? kwaNgóngóma, or kwa- |
| emaMblilini. | _____ | Búlose (Seleku). |
| eMbó. | Gwácela. | kwaNyuswa. |
| kwaMbókazi. | Mkíze. | eMbó-Ngúni. |
| —Mbómbéla. | Hlamuka, Mbúyazi. | Mtétwá-Ngúni. |
| —Mbóna. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mbónambi. | Dlamini. | kwaDlamini. |
| —Mbóngwe. | Mbúyazi, Tékeyi. | Mtétwá-Ngúni. |
| emaMbótswéni. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| emaMbóvaneni. | _____ | Debe-Ngúni. |
| emaMbúdaneni. | Péwa. | _____ |
| kwaMbúdu. | Mzizi. | emaQadini. |
| emaMbúlwini. | _____ | kwaTembé. |
| kwaMbútú. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mbúyisa. | Mlotshwa. | emaNgwáneni. |
| —Mbúzane. | _____ | _____ |

| Clan-name (<i>isiBongo</i>). | Address-name (<i>isiTshazelo</i>). | Clan-group or Parent-clan. |
|---|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| kwaMcananya. | _____ | kwaNyuswa. |
| —Mcosa. | _____ | ? emaNgwāneni. |
| —Mcumane. | Mngūni. | emaCūnwini. |
| —Mcutāma. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mdabe. | _____ | kwaCele. |
| —Mdadane. | _____ | ? emaNgāngēni. |
| —Mdala. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Mdanda. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mdlalose. | Jomela. | kwaZulu. |
| —Mdlangati. | _____ | emaZizini. |
| —Mdlopāne. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mdluli. | _____ | (Swazi). |
| —Mdolombā. | _____ | kwaMyeni. |
| —Melwase. | _____ | _____ |
| —Memela. | Sutū. | (Sutū). |
| —Mesabanaye. | _____ | emaXasibeni. |
| —Meyiwa (or ? eMeyiwa). | _____ | emaSomini. |
| kwaMfeka ? = Mfekane. | _____ | _____ |
| — Mfekane or Mfekaye = emaNcwangeni. | _____ | _____ |
| — Mfene. | _____ | emaZizini. |
| emaMfeneni. | Tūsi. | ? eMbó-Ngūni. |
| kwaMfungeli. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mfusi. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mgābadeli. | _____ | kwaXulu. |
| —Mgābi. | Ntungwa. | —Kūmaló. |
| —Mgāgā. | _____ | (Swazi). |
| —Mgidlana. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Mgwāba. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mgwébu. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mhāyi. | Mbēje. | kwaMbēje. |
| —Mhila. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Mhlanga. | _____ | kwaDube. |
| —Mhlanzi. | _____ | emaCūnwini. |
| —Mhlelane. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mhlungu. | _____ | emaNgwāneni. |
| —Mhlwane. | _____ | emaZizini. |
| —Miya. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mjwaza. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mkāndantsimbi. | _____ | kwaWosiyana. |
| —Mkómazi. | _____ | —Memela. |
| —Mkónjisa. | _____ | emaZizini. |
| —Mkónto. | _____ | emaNgwāneni. |
| —Mkúlisa. | Mtēmbú. | ebaTēnjini. |
| —Mkūmaló. | Mtómóbó. | eMbó-Ngūni (Swazi). |
| —Mkúzangwé. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Mkwálo. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mkwānazi. | Ndonga. | kwaMpukunyoni. |
| —Mkwāne. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Mlambó. | _____ | Ntungwa-Ngūni. |
| _____ | _____ | ? Swazi. |
| —Mlamlilo. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mlanda. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Mlandelalanga. | _____ | kwaNcube. |
| —Mlanduli. | _____ | —Qwabe. |
| —Mlangeni = emaLangeni (eMbó). | _____ | _____ |
| —Mlawu. | _____ | _____ |

| Clan-name (<i>isiBongo</i>). | Address-name (<i>isiTshazelo</i>). | Clan-group or Parent-clan. |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| kwaMtwá. | _____ | emaTolweni. |
| —Mtwázi. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mude. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mukabelala. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mungwe. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mutl. | _____ | ēLangeni. |
| —Mutwá. | _____ | emaQadini. |
| —Mvambó. | _____ | emaTolweni. |
| —Mvelase. | _____ | ebaTénjini. |
| —Mvemve. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Mvewe. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mvubu. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Mvuyana. | _____ | kwaMakánya. |
| —Mwangase. | _____ | —Kúmaló. |
| —Mweli. | _____ | _____ |
| —Myeki. | Mngúni. | emaCúnwini. |
| —Myeni. | Mngúni. | kwaMyeki. |
| —Mveza. | _____ | _____ |
| —Myisa. | _____ | kwaNtlangubela. |
| —Myweba. | _____ | ? emaTúlini. |
| —Mzimbá. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Mzondeki. | _____ | _____ |
| —Mzozoyana. | _____ | emaZizini. |
| —Mzwilini. | _____ | kwaMapúmulo. |
| eNadi. | Zondi. | (Sutú). |
| kwaNala. | _____ | kwaNyuswa. |
| —Naya. | _____ | —Mbónambi. |
| emaNcadini. | _____ | ebaTénjini. |
| kwaNcala. | _____ | _____ |
| —Ncamanc. | _____ | kwaMabaso (Ntu.). |
| —Ncamu. | _____ | ? eMbó-Ngúni. |
| —Ncengo. | _____ | ēLangeni. |
| emaNcobeni. | _____ | _____ |
| kwaNcolosi = Ngcolosi. | _____ | _____ |
| —Ncongo. | _____ | _____ |
| —Ncube. | Mlotsha. | emaNcubeni. |
| emaNcubeni. | Mlotsha. | Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| emaNcwabeni. | Makátini, Nzima. | eMbó-Ngúni. |
| kwaNcwana. | Gwámamanda. | ? kwaGwábini. |
| _____ | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Ncwane. | _____ | emaNgángéni. |
| —Ncwangaba. | _____ | ? Debe-Ngúni. |
| emaNcwangéni. | Pákati, Ndaba. | kwaNdwandwe. |
| kwaNcwecwe. | _____ | emaNgángéni. |
| —Ndaba. | _____ | kwaSibiya. |
| _____ | _____ | emaBomvini. |
| _____ | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Ndabandaba. | _____ | kwaVilakazi. |
| —Ndaleka. | _____ | _____ |
| —Ndamane. | _____ | emaNgwáneni. |
| —Ndawonde. | _____ | emaCúnwini. |
| —Ndawu. | _____ | kwaHlongwa. |
| —Ndebele. | _____ | emaPiseni. |
| —Ndelu = Shinga. | _____ | _____ |
| —Ndimande. | _____ | kwaGcwentsa. |
| —Ndlalisa. | _____ | _____ |
| —Ndlangisa. | _____ | emaZizini. |

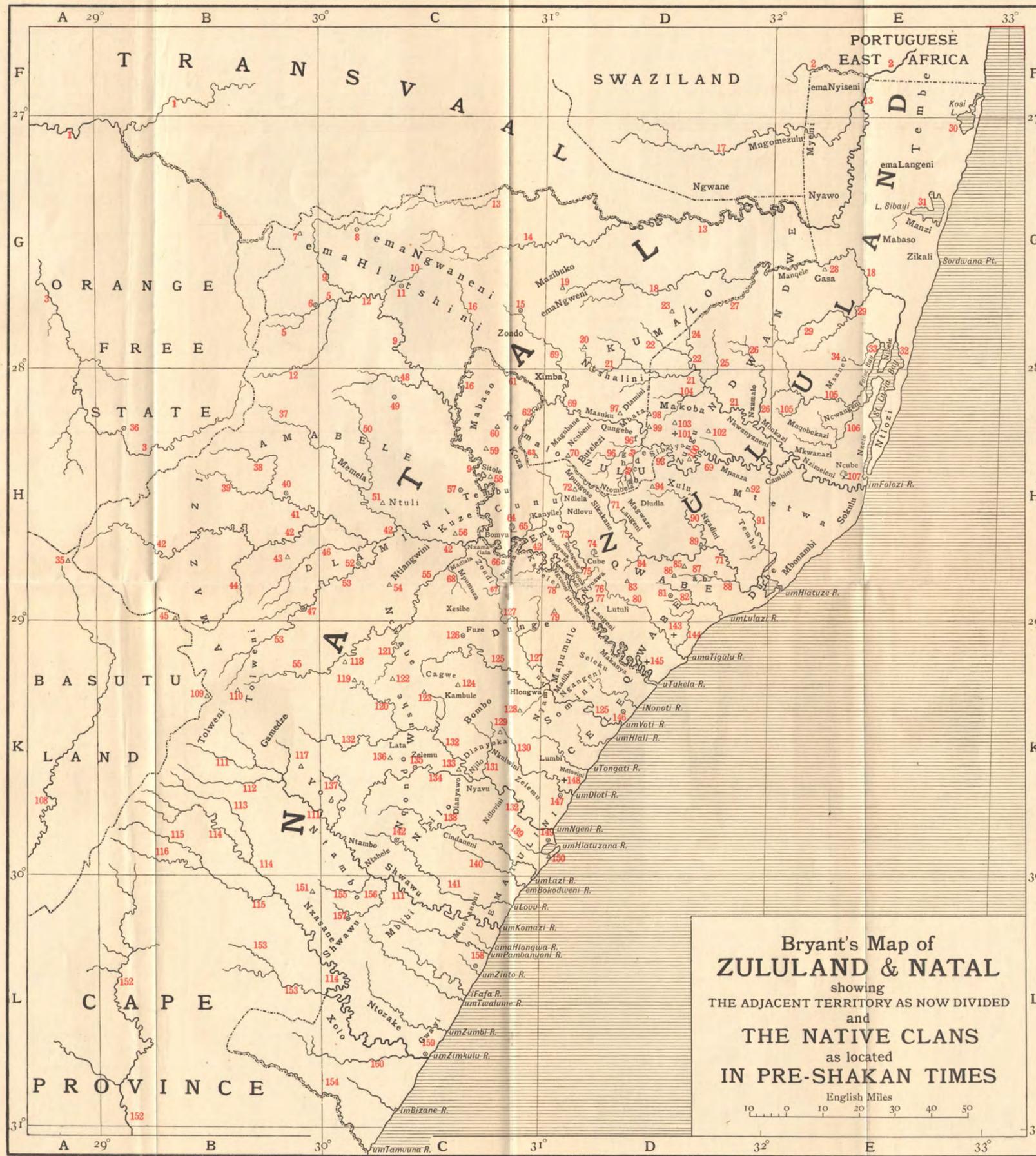
| Clan-name (<i>isiBongo</i>), | Address-name (<i>isiTjdzakelo</i>). | Clan-group or Parent-clan. |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| kwaNdlazi. | Hádebe. | emaHlutshini. |
| emaNdlazini. | _____ | _____ |
| kwaNdleja. | _____ | emaCùnwini. |
| " | _____ | (Swazi). |
| —Ndlovu. | Gátsheni. | emaCùnwini. |
| " | Mwelase. | kwaMazibuko. |
| " | Dlamini. | emaZizini. |
| " | _____ | kwaMpungose. |
| —Ndonyela. | _____ | _____ |
| —Nduli. | _____ | emaSelekwini. |
| —Ndumo. | _____ | _____ |
| —Nduna. | _____ | _____ |
| —Ndunakazi. | _____ | kwaMbônambi. |
| —Ndwalana. | _____ | —Cele. |
| " | Dlamini. | —Dlamini. |
| —Ndwandwe. | Mkátshwa, Dlamini. | eMbó-Ngúni. |
| emaNembéni. | _____ | emaMbáténi. |
| kwaNembí. | _____ | _____ |
| —Nene. | _____ | emaCùnwini. |
| " | _____ | emaNgádini. |
| ekuNéne. | _____ | kwaNgwáne (eMbó). |
| " | _____ | emaNgwáne. |
| " | Dlamini. | kwaDlamini. |
| " | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| " = kwaJeza. | _____ | _____ |
| emaNgádini. | Ngéma, Gúmede. | Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| emaNgángéni. | Lushozi. | Mtétwá-Ngúni. |
| emaNgatíni. | Káti. | kwaShangase. |
| kwaNgcobo. | Ngcobo. | Lala-Ngúni. |
| —Ngcolosi. | Béngu. | " |
| —Ngcoya. | _____ | _____ |
| —Ngiba. | Mpunzana. | kwaMashabana. |
| —Ngídi. | Hlumuka. | —Nyuswa. |
| —Ngóbe. | _____ | —Qwabe. |
| —Ngóbende. | _____ | emaBomvini. |
| —Ngóloyi. | _____ | (Swazi). |
| —Ngómane. | _____ | kwaMashabana. |
| —Ngóngóma. | Ngcobo. | —Ngcobo. |
| —Ngquma. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Ngúbakazi. | _____ | emaKúzeni. |
| —Ngúbo. | Buhlalu. | " |
| —Ngwáne. | Dlamini. | emaLangeni (Swazi). |
| " | _____ | emaNqondweni. |
| " | _____ | kwaKányile. |
| " | _____ | —Ngcolosi. |
| emaNgwáne. | Luhlongane, Mntungwa. | Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| kwaNgwékazi. | _____ | kwaCele. |
| " | _____ | —Ncube. |
| emaNgwéni. | _____ | —Ntsele (eMbó). |
| kwaNgwénya. | _____ | —Myeni. |
| " | _____ | emaMfeñeni. |
| " | _____ | emaNgángéni. |
| —Ngxanga. | _____ | kwaNyoka. |
| —Ngxongo. | _____ | eBaTénjini. |
| —Nibe. | Mdluli. | Tóngá-Ngúni (? Debe). |
| —Njakazi. | _____ | emaSelekwini. |
| —Njali. | _____ | ? kwaCele. |
| —Njapá ? = Makánya. | _____ | _____ |

| Clan-name (<i>isiBongo</i>). | Address-name (<i>isiTjhalozo</i>). | Clan-group or Parent-clan. |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| kwaNjeke. | _____ | kwaSokulu. |
| —Njele. | _____ | _____ |
| —Njilo. | _____ | Debe-Nguni. |
| —Njokwe. | _____ | ? ebaTenjini. |
| —Nkabane. | _____ | emaNqondweni. |
| —Nkabinde. | _____ | ? emaNgwanieni. |
| —Nkabini. | Mlotsha. | ? Ntungwa-Nguni. |
| —Nkala. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Nkalane. | _____ | ? Debe-Nguni. |
| —Nkehli. | _____ | ? (Swazi). |
| —Nkomo. | _____ | (Swazi). |
| —Nkomonde. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Nkonyana. | _____ | kwaMemela. |
| emaNkonyaneni. | _____ | eMbó (Mklize). |
| kwaNkosi. | _____ | eMbó-Nguni (Swazi). |
| _____ | _____ | kwaKumalo. |
| _____ | _____ | ? Lala or Debe-Nguni. |
| emNkulwini. | _____ | _____ |
| kwaNkumbá. | _____ | _____ |
| iziNkumbi (Fynn's Natives). | _____ | _____ |
| eNkundosi. | _____ | _____ |
| emaNkwanyaneni. | Myiko. | kwaNxumalo. |
| kwaNobeta. | _____ | eGázini. |
| —Nomagcino. | _____ | _____ |
| —Nomandla. | _____ | ? emaShwawini. |
| —Nomatiti. | _____ | kwaMemela. |
| —Nqibilika. | _____ | —Mtétwá. |
| —Nqibuka. | _____ | _____ |
| esiNqileni. | _____ | kwaMtétwá. |
| emaNqayini. | Mwandla, Ndubane. | ? emaHlutshini. |
| —Nqolweni. | _____ | kwaWushe. |
| emaNqondweni. | _____ | Debe-Nguni. |
| kwaNtaka. | _____ | _____ |
| —Ntane. | _____ | kwaMtétwá. |
| emaNtanjeni. | _____ | Debe-Nguni. |
| kwaNtanzi. | _____ | emaNgwéni. |
| —Ntenga. | _____ | kwaMtétwá. |
| —Ntenza. | _____ | emaZizini. |
| —Ntetá. | _____ | kwaMsane. |
| —Nteté. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Ntinga ? = Ntingana. | Mdlakama. | _____ |
| —Ntingana. | _____ | kwaNtshangase (Béle). |
| —Ntini. | _____ | _____ |
| —Ntlamvu. | _____ | _____ |
| —Ntlangotl. | _____ | _____ |
| —Ntlangubela. | Dlamini. | kwaDlamini. |
| —Ntlanthla. | _____ | _____ |
| —Ntlanzini. | _____ | _____ |
| —Ntlapó. | _____ | _____ |
| —Ntlebela. | _____ | _____ |
| —Ntleko. | _____ | (Swazi). |
| —Ntloko. | _____ | kwaMadiba (Béle). |
| —Ntlozi. | Ndlovu. | —Seme. |
| —Ntobela. | _____ | kwaCele. |
| —Ntombéla. | Mahlobo, Mpangazitá. | —Zulu. |
| —Ntonga. | _____ | _____ |
| —Ntozabantu. | _____ | emaXasibeni. |
| —Ntozaké. | _____ | _____ |

| Clan-name (<i>isiBongo</i>). | Address-name (<i>isiTákazelo</i>). | Clan-group or Parent-clan. |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| kwaNtsele. | — | ? eMbó-Ngúni. |
| emaNtsele. | — | ? Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| emaNtshalini. | — | kwaKúmaló. |
| kwaNtshangase. | Hlabangana, Ndaba. | eMbó-Ngúni. |
| —Ntshéle. | — | emaBéleni. |
| —Ntshetshe. | — | eMbó-Ngúni (Swazi). |
| —Ntshide. | — | Debe-Ngúni. |
| —Ntshingila. | — | emaBéleni. |
| —Ntshiza. | — | kwaDludla. |
| —Ntshoko. | — | ? (Swazi). |
| kwaNtсібанде. | — | emaTolweni. |
| —Ntсібаныони. | — | kwaNtshangase (Béle). |
| —Ntsiko. | — | — |
| —Ntsinde. | — | kwaDongo. |
| —Ntсіpó. | — | kwaMyeni. |
| —Ntswéleба. | — | — |
| —Ntuli. | Mpémба, Mbéle. | emaZizini. |
| —Ntuluzele = Nxasane. | — | emaBéleni. |
| —Nxaba. | — | — |
| —Nxamalala. | Zuma. | (Sutú). |
| —Nxasane. | Dlomo. | ? ebaTénjini. |
| —Nxele. | Mbúyazi. | kwaMtétwá. |
| —Nxumalo. | Mkátshwa. | —Ndwandwe. |
| emaNyamandeni. | Twála. | (Swazi). |
| ōNyamvini (or Nyavini). | — | Debe-Ngúni. |
| kwaNyamvu (or Nyavu). | Mdluli. | — |
| —Nyandeni. | — | emaCubeni. |
| emaNyandwini. | Mngúnyana. | kwaQwabe. |
| kwaNyanzi. | — | ebaTénjini. |
| —Nyatéla. | — | — |
| —Nyatl. | — | emaBéleni. |
| ōNyavini = Nyamvini. | — | — |
| kwaNyavu = Nyamvu. | — | ? Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| —Nyawo. | — | ebaTénjini. |
| —Nyawose. | — | emaNyamandeni. |
| —Nyembé. | — | — |
| —Nyembézi. | — | Dlamini. |
| —Nyide. | — | (Sutú). |
| emaNyiseni. | Maténjwa. | emaNgwéni. |
| kwaNyoka. | — | — |
| —Nyongo. | — | kwaNyuswa. |
| —Nyongwana. | — | emaZizini. |
| —Nyovane. | — | kwaNgcobo. |
| —Nyuswa. | Ngcobo. | emaZizini. |
| —Nzaba. | — | (Swazi). |
| —Nzima. | — | — |
| —Nzimagwé. | — | emaPépéténi. |
| —Nzimande. | — | kwaNcube. |
| emaNzimeleni. | Mngúni. | —Ndwandwe. |
| kwaNzimubomvu. | — | —Nyamvu. |
| emaNzobeni. | Káti. | ? emaQadini. |
| kwaNzuza. | Mahlobo, Mpangazitá. | ? kwaMabókwe. |
| kwaPáhla. | — | —Mtétwá. |
| —Páhlane. | — | —Xaba. |
| esiPáhleni. | Dlamini. | —Dlamini. |

| Clan-name (<i>isiBongo</i>). | Address-name (<i>isiTàkazelo</i>). | Clan-group or Parent-clan. |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| kwaPákati. | — | emaHlutshini. |
| —Pámila. | — | — |
| —Paza. | — | — |
| —Pele. | — | — |
| emaPépeténi. | Gwála. | ? Lala or eMbó-Ngúni. |
| kwaPétá. | — | kwaNgcolosi. |
| emaPiseni. | Mkátshwa, Sishanga. | —Nxumalo. |
| kwaPóndla. | — | emaPépeténi. |
| —Póswa. | — | emaKúzeni. |
| —Púngula. | Dlamini. | kwaDlamini. |
| emaQadini. | Ngcobo. | kwaNgcobo. |
| —Qanyini. | — | —Majozi. |
| —Qungebeni. | Ngóbese. | Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| kwaQwabe. | Gúmede, Mngúni. | — |
| —Qwadini. | — | — |
| —Qwana. | — | — |
| emaSabeleni. | — | kwaQwabe. |
| emaSamini. | — | —Mbánjwa (Kúze). |
| kwaSangweni. | — | emaNgwáneni. |
| emaSanini. | — | kwaQwabe. |
| — | Jiji, Mtála. | —Ngcolosi. |
| emaSebeni. | — | — |
| emaSelekwini. | Duma. | Lala-Ngúni. |
| kwaSeme. | Mbúyazi, Nxele. | kwaNxele. |
| —Sengali. | — | emaZizini. |
| —Sengqela. | — | — |
| —Sengwayo. | — | ? kwaGwábini. |
| —Senzela. | — | — |
| —Shabalali. | Mshengu. | eMbó-Ngúni (Swazi). |
| —Shabane. | Sitúba. | emaBéleni. |
| —Shabangu. | — | ? kwaTembé. |
| ōShabeni. | Lutúli. | —Lutúli. |
| kwaShangase. | — | Lala-Ngúni. |
| —Shange. | — | kwaCele. |
| —Shebi. | — | — |
| —Shelembé. | — | kwaNcamu. |
| —Sheshelengwana. | — | emaZizini. |
| —Shinga. | — | —Selekwini. |
| —Shoba. | — | ? kwaMazibuko. |
| —Shobeda. | Sitátú. | —Qwabe. |
| emaShobeni. | — | emaNgángeni. |
| kwaShongwe. | — | eMbó-Ngúni (Swazi). |
| —Shuku. | — | kwaShangase. |
| emaShwawini. | — | Debe-Ngúni. |
| kwaSibankulu. | — | — |
| —Sibaya. | — | emaNgwèni. |
| —Sibeko. | — | (Swazi). |
| emaSibini. | — | ? (Swazi). |
| kwaSibiya. | Gúmede, Ndaba. | Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| — | — | emaTolweni. |
| —Sidinane. | — | emaHlutshini. |
| — | Ngcobo. | kwaNgcobo. |
| —Sidú. | — | — |
| —Sidumo. | — | —Jwáhá. |
| —Sigúdo. | — | — |
| —Sigwáza. | — | eMbó (Mkíze). |
| —Sikákáne. | Mbóma. | kwaXulu. |
| —Sikálo. | — | emaZizini. |

| Clan-name (<i>isiBongo</i>). | Address-name (<i>isiTshazelo</i>). | Clan-group or Parent-clan. |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| kwaSikaza. | _____ | _____ |
| —Sikonde. | _____ | (Swazi). |
| —Sikósana. | _____ | (Swazi). |
| —Sililo. | _____ | _____ |
| —Simbi. | _____ | _____ |
| —Simelane. | _____ | emaKúzeni. |
| —Sipáfila ? = Páfila. | _____ | Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| —Sishi. | Mtúli, Ncwaba. | emaHlutshini. |
| —Sitébe. | _____ | kwaQwabe. |
| —Sitóle. | _____ | (Swazi). |
| ” | Ngqikazi. | Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| ” | _____ | emaSelekwini. |
| ” | Nquma. | kwaSibiya. |
| ” | Mtlyane. | _____ |
| ” | Mwelase. | ? kwaMazibuko. |
| —Sive. | _____ | _____ |
| —Siveshe. | _____ | _____ |
| —Sivuli. | _____ | ? kwaTembé. |
| —Siwela. | _____ | —Qwabe. |
| —Siwimbó. | _____ | _____ |
| —Sokála. | _____ | _____ |
| —Sokani. | _____ | Tónqa-Ngúni. |
| —Sokéla. | Nodada. | ebaTénjini. |
| —Sokúlu. | Mtlyane, Gúmede. | ? kwaKúmaló. |
| emaSomini. | Hlombé. | —Qwabe. |
| kwaSondezi. | _____ | _____ |
| —Soni. | _____ | emaKúzeni. |
| —Soshenge. | Dlamini. | kwaDlamini (eMbó). |
| —Sosibo. | Tábede | enTlangwini. |
| emaSutshweni. | _____ | ? kwaCele. |
| kwaTábeté. | _____ | Ntungwa-Ngúni (Swazi). |
| —Tála. | _____ | _____ |
| —Tàngo. | _____ | _____ |
| ebaTénjini. | Lugógó ; Mvelase. | Ntungwa-Ngúni. |
| kwaTembé. | Mbúdu, Mwayi. | (Tónqa). |
| —Tinga. | _____ | ? emaNgángéni. |
| enTlangwini. | Dlamini. | Mbó-Ngúni. |
| enTlanzini. | _____ | _____ |
| —Tóbela. | _____ | ? (Sutú). |
| —Tóle. | _____ | _____ |
| emaTolweni (or aba-kwa-Tclo). | _____ | emaZizini. |
| kwaToto. | _____ | ” |
| —Tseka. | _____ | _____ |
| —Tsengiwe. | _____ | kwaDlambúlo. |
| —Tshibi. | _____ | —Ngcólosi. |
| —Tshinga. See Shinga. | _____ | _____ |
| emaTúlini. | Zuba. | —Lutúli. |
| kwaTúsi = emaMfeneni. | _____ | _____ |
| ēTúsini. | _____ | _____ |
| ? abaTwá. | _____ | _____ |
| kwaTwáhla. | _____ | _____ |
| kwaTwála. See emaNyamandeni. | _____ | _____ |
| kwaVezi. | _____ | emaHlutshini. |
| —Vilakazi. | Hwánqa. | eMbó-Ngúni (Swazi). |
| ” | _____ | ? kwaQwabe. |
| emVuleni. | _____ | —Kúzwayo. |
| kwaVuma. | _____ | _____ |



**Bryant's Map of
ZULULAND & NATAL**
showing
THE ADJACENT TERRITORY AS NOW DIVIDED
and
THE NATIVE CLANS
as located
IN PRE-SHAKAN TIMES

English Miles
10 0 10 20 30 40 50

RIVERS, MOUNTAINS AND TOWNS

K = Kraal, M = Mountain, R = River, T = Town.

| Map Sect. | No. | Map Sect. | No. |
|-----------|-----|-----------|--|
| BF | 1 | 88 | umHlatuzana R. |
| EF | 2 | 89 | eNkwenkwe Hill. |
| AG | 3 | 90 | iMfule R. |
| BG | 4 | 91 | eNtseleni R. |
| | 5 | 92 | eNtsangoyana M. |
| | 6 | 93 | iPate R. |
| | 7 | 94 | emTonjaneni Heights. |
| CG | 8 | 95 | umKumbane R. |
| | 9 | (a) | emGungundlovu Kraal |
| | 10 | (b) | Retief's Grave (kwaMatiwane). |
| | 11 | (c) | kwaBulawayo K. |
| | 12 | (d) | esiKlebani K. |
| | 13 | (e) | emBelebeleni K. |
| | 14 | (f) | eNtuzuma Hill. |
| | 15 | (g) | kwaNobamba (present) K. |
| DG | 16 | (h) | kwaNobamba (old) (Senzangakona's Grave). |
| | 17 | (i) | iNzololo R. |
| | 18 | 96 | emPembeni R. |
| | 19 | 97 | iNtlazatshe M. |
| | 20 | 98 | isiHlalo M. |
| | 21 | 99 | amaBedlane Hills. |
| | 22 | 100 | kwaHlopékulu H. |
| | 23 | 101 | oNdimi K. |
| | 24 | 102 | kwaNtabankulu H. |
| | 25 | 103 | emaYivane Neck. |
| EG | 26 | 104 | imBekamuzi. |
| | 27 | EH | iHluhluwe R. |
| | 28 | 105 | iNyalazi R. |
| | 29 | 106 | iDukuduku Forest. |
| | 30 | 107 | isaNgqu (Orange) R. |
| | 31 | AK | Giant's Castle M. |
| | 32 | BK | Mt. Erskine. |
| | 33 | 110 | umKomazi R. |
| | 34 | 111 | umKamazana R. |
| AH | 35 | 112 | iPolela R. |
| BH | 36 | 113 | umZimkulu R. |
| | 37 | 114 | iNgwanyane (Sand) R. |
| | 38 | 115 | iNgwangwane R. |
| | 39 | 116 | iNdwane R. (Klip) R. |
| | 40 | 117 | iMpendle Hills. |
| | 41 | CK | kwaNtoningi (Mt. Arrochar). |
| | 42 | 118 | emHlweni (Mt. West). |
| | 43 | 119 | umLambongwenya (Karkloof) R. |
| | 44 | 120 | iNyamvubu R. |
| | 45 | 121 | Karkloof Hills. |
| CH | 46 | 122 | imPumulonja (Mt. Gilboa). |
| | 47 | 123 | kwaNtabakayikönjwa (Blinkwater). |
| | 48 | 124 | umVoti R. |
| | 49 | 125 | umHlumba M. |
| | 50 | 126 | imPofana (Mooi) R. |
| | 51 | 127 | umSinga M. |
| | 52 | 128 | oZwatini (Great Noodsberg) Hill. |
| | 53 | 129 | iNtiangakazi (Mt. Sargeant). |
| | 54 | 130 | umDloti R. |
| | 55 | 131 | umQeku R. |
| | 56 | 132 | umNgeni R. |
| | 57 | 133 | emKambatini (Table Mt.). |
| | 58 | 134 | umSunduze R. |
| | 59 | 135 | Maritzburg T. |
| | 60 | 136 | iMbubu (Zwartkop) M. |
| | 61 | 137 | iNcadi R. |
| | 62 | 138 | umLazi R. |
| | 63 | 139 | umHlatuzana R. |
| DH | 64 | 140 | emBokodweni R. |
| | 65 | 141 | uLovu R. |
| | 66 | 142 | Richmond T. |
| | 67 | DK | kwaGingindlovu K. |
| | 68 | 143 | iNyezane R. |
| | 69 | 144 | eNdondakusuka. |
| | 70 | 145 | kwaDukuzaKraal (Stanger T.). |
| | 71 | 146 | Verulam T. |
| | 72 | 147 | kwaNjanduna K. |
| | 73 | 148 | Durban T. (Port Natal). |
| | 74 | 149 | Bluff Range and Bush. |
| | 75 | 150 | amaBedlane Hills. |
| | 76 | BL | umZimvubu (St. John's) R. |
| | 77 | 151 | iBisi R. |
| | 78 | 152 | umTmvuna R. |
| | 79 | 153 | uFafa (Lufafa) R. |
| | 80 | 154 | iXobo R. |
| | 81 | 155 | ixopo T. |
| | 82 | 156 | umZinto T. |
| | 83 | 157 | Port Shepstone T. |
| | 84 | 158 | umZimkulwana R. |
| | 85 | 159 | |
| | 86 | 160 | |
| | 87 | | |
| | 88 | | |
| | 89 | | |
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| | 91 | | |
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| | 94 | | |
| | 95 | | |
| | (a) | | |
| | (b) | | |
| | (c) | | |