

A VISIT TO KING KETSHWAYO.

SUCH exaggerated accounts have been sent to England of the state of things in Zululand, and particularly of the "atrocities" which are said to have been committed by orders of the king, in respect of numerous native converts, and to have caused a sudden flight of many of the missionaries from the district, that your readers may be interested in a narrative of a visit which has just been made to the Zulu king, by a Natal native, written down by himself in Zulu, and literally translated into English.

The writer is the manager of my printing-office, which is wholly carried on by natives. I have had him with me from a boy for more than twenty years, and I am sure that his statements are thoroughly to be relied on, as accurate reports of what he has seen and heard in Zululand, and of what he believes with reference to the condition of that country, and the intentions and wishes of its present rulers. I have added a few notes of my own, explanatory of native words, &c.

J. W. NATAL.

BISHOPSTOWE, NATAL,
Oct. 29, 1877.

June 10.—I left Ekukanyeni [Bishopstowe] accompanied by my brother Ndokweni, Mboza, and Mbungumbu. I went to Mr. John (Shepstone),¹ and asked for a pass, telling him that I wished to visit some friends of mine living in Zululand, and also to see the King Ketshwayo. Mr. John wrote a pass for me, and I went and slept at Sikimyana's, and the next day I slept at Edendale, as I wished to see Mazwi, son of Langalibalele, who was ill. The next day I went on and slept at my brother Sifile's, and the next I went to Hemuhemu, our chief by birth. He

had a goat killed for me, and on the morrow I returned to Sifile. Hemuhemu was very glad to hear that I was going to Zululand; he encouraged me too by his words, though many of my friends said that I should be killed in Zululand, since Ketshwayo was killing right and left. I went on from Sifile's and slept at my brother Ntun-gunono's, and stayed with him about three days, and then started and made straight for my father's kraal at the Umzinyati² I slept at Ngcazi's, and next day I slept at one of Pakade's kraals, where I found a great dearth of food, and the chief's wives, who were there, complaining bitterly about it; so we lay down without eating, and rose early in the morning, and went to sleep at William Ngidi's across the Tugela. We slept there two nights, and I went to Gwalagwala³ to ask for a pass to cross at the drift. He gave me a pass, and I went on and reached my father's kraal, where I stayed three days.

Well! on the day when we left my father's kraal, we went and crossed the Buffalo into Zululand, and went on to Njuba's, which we reached at mid-day, and we got to Esigedhleni, a kraal of Matshana's, in the evening. I sent a man to report me to Matshana, and was given a hut for myself and party; and shortly there arrived a leg of beef uncooked, which we grilled and ate, and slept. In the morning Matshana sent for me, and I went to him, into a hut of his isigodhlo.⁴ I asked him about the killing of people, saying "I am very much surprised to hear the stories about killing in Zululand.

² Buffalo River.

³ Resident Magistrate at Umsinga on the Zulu Border.

⁴ Private apartment.

¹ Acting Secretary for Native Affairs.

But I should very much wish to hear clearly from you, sir, if it is really true that I too shall be likely to be killed; since then I will go back at once. All my friends are afraid that I shall be killed in Zululand." Said Matshana, "I know nothing about any such matter here in Zululand. No one is killed, if he has not done wrong." Said I, "I hear what you say, sir; but can all that which is spoken be false, then?" He said "Yes."

Well! we passed on towards the king, and slept at Pakatwayo's, who, however, was not at home, but his sons treated us well, and procured food for us, while their sister cooked. We arose very early in the morning, and passed through a beautiful [burial] grove of a former chief of the ama-Cunu, uLembede, son of Ndimba, where he was buried; there the soil of the valley is red.

As to that Chief Lembede, the people of that place still take great care of that grove, as those of the Zulu kings are always guarded so that no fire may touch the grass of those places. There is Senzangakona's grove, and Mageba's and Jama's; but Tshaka's is farther south, on the Natal side of the river [Tugela]. Those people of Lembede, though they are now under Zulu rule, reverence always that grove of their former chief; they never burn wood from that grove, because they would be burning a man of their own tribe. It is said that once upon a time some of their people went and chopped some of Lembede's wood, and he found fault with them in the form of a snake, according to that belief of theirs. uLembede, then, was very angry and went to the kraal which had chopped that wood, until a number of cattle were turned out and eaten to make atonement, and then that snake returned to his grove. It is said also that when those people at Lembede's thank their *idhlo-é* (ancestral spirit) they go first to that grove and thank Lembede, and slaughter an ox, and then slaughter others at their kraal.

I have seen his kraals and passed through them. That grove, it is said, was there before the time of Tshaka; and Tshaka himself is reported to have gone there once to look at it, because it was so beautiful.

We went on to the kraal of Nkisi-mane; but he was not there, but at another kraal of his lower down at the Ungoye hills. Well! when we got to Nkisi-mane's, his son was glad to see us, though he did not know us before, and sent his sister to cook for us, for we were exceedingly hungry. When we had eaten, he told me that I had better go to Mfunzi's, where I should find plenty of hospitality.¹ In the afternoon we went on and slept at the kraal of Nxaba, son of Mbeswa. Well! we arose in the morning and went on, and about 10 A.M. we saw Mfunzi's kraal. Ah! and Mfunzi saw me a long way off, and I saw him a long way off, and he ran and came, and I too got down from my horse and went to him, and we greeted each other. He took us into a hut, and said, "O! and I was actually dreaming of you! Look you, I have just been sitting talking with my people, and telling them how I dreamt I was speaking with the young lady [Miss Colenso] and the Inkas' Sobantu [the Bishop]. Now I see that these dreams of mine will make me run away another day if I should dream of being killed." He procured food for us, and took a fine calf, and slew it, and we ate. On the morrow food of all kinds was brought from his kraals, for he is an *umnumzana* [head-man] with kraals under him.

The next day I and my brother went up to visit the missionary, Mzimela [Rev. R. Robertson]. When we got there, he was glad to see me, and, it being Saturday, he wished me to stay till Monday.

I asked Mr. Robertson for writing-paper, that I might write letters home [to Bishopstowe]; he gave me some

¹ Mfunzi and Nkisi-mane were Magema's friends, Zulu Indunas, who had been repeatedly at Bishopstowe.

note-paper and envelopes, and I wrote two letters. He gave me snuff, and he gave my brother a pair of trousers, and he gave us beer to drink, and beans.

He then took me and my brother, and showed us a very pretty chapel and its beautiful decorations; he opened the harmonium and played it, and I too played it.¹ He took us also to see his school, and then we went again into his house. I asked him, saying, "All this beautiful labour of yours, which cost a deal of money—will you abandon it?" Said he, "Oh yes, but I don't care so much about the house and other things; I care most about these papers of mine. But I intend to put them in my hole, and go. For truly now I shall be left behind alone, and my people will go away. However, I shall not go away immediately; I shall wait till the proper time has come for it." I was much grieved to see such beautiful work, which would be left behind upon the ground and be destroyed. We then said good-bye to him and returned to Mfunzi.

In a few days we started, Muenzi accompanying us, and made straight for the king's kraal, Mfunzi having sent a messenger to Nkisimane to say that I had arrived. We left Mfunzi's, and slept at a small kraal of the king, called Ekudumeni. There we had a little difficulty; for a young man of that kraal, Nondhla by name, wanted to turn us out of his hut, and at last we went and slept at another kraal (Tshukû's) hard by. But the next day he atoned for his act with a [present of a] goat. Well! we went on, and slept at a kraal (Nomkwayimba) on this side of the White Imfolozi (river). We took a calf from some cattle of the king's which were there, which Mfunzi told us to slay and eat, and not go hungry.

In the morning we arose and went to the Inhlungwanzi (river), where the king was living. We arrived early,

¹ Magema can play the chants, &c., for service.

while it was yet morning. And when we had entered within the kraal Ezinhlendhleni, Mfunzi took us, myself and Mboza, to the hut of the Chief Induna [Prime Minister], and we went and saluted him. He was glad to see us, having already heard that we should arrive by the messenger who had been sent by Mfunzi while we were at his kraal. He asked for what purpose I had come, and I told him that I desired to see the king and speak with him. He asked if Sobantu was well; I said "Yes." And presently we left the hut and went outside.

When we had gone outside the hut I saw two converts, young men.

Well! we two sat down with those two converts under the shade of a tree outside the kraal, and I began to ask about the evil things I had heard as to the killing of converts. They told me that two converts had been killed, and this is the account which they gave me:—

"There was a man of Gaozi's who had been a convert for two years. When Gaozi first heard that his man wished to become a convert he tried to prevent it, and collected his council to inquire closely about the conversion of that man. But as the man would not abandon his conversion, the Induna Gaozi let him alone, to be a convert if he pleased; but he ordered that the king should not be told about that matter. So things remained until a whole year had passed. But afterwards, when the second year was nearly at an end, the missionary Mondî (Mr. Oftebro) went and told the king about that man's conversion, Gaozi not having told him what he should say to the king, and being moreover absent from home at the time. When the missionary told that matter to the king, he was astonished to hear that it had been hidden from him by Gaozi, and sent a man to hear the truth about it from Gaozi. When Gaozi heard that, he was alarmed, thinking that the missionary had gone to inform against him to the king,

because he had concealed that matter from him; and he sent an impi¹ to kill the man at once, before Ketswayo had sent a word of reply to him. So the impi went to kill him; and when it came to him, the convert, whose name was Maqamsela, asked them where they were going. They said that they had come to kill him. Whereupon Maqamsela bravely told them that he would not run away, but he begged that they would allow him time to say a few words of prayer. They consented, and he knelt down and prayed, and, when he rose up, he told them that he was ready now to die. Those who were sent, however, were all afraid to kill a man who was guilty of no fault at all, and they just stood and looked at him. Then some young fellow came forward and fired at him with a gun, and so died Maqamsela."

Such were the words spoken by those two converts to me and my brother. I particularly inquired of them if it was Ketswayo who had sent to order that man to be killed. The converts denied that utterly, and insisted that Ketswayo was not at all to blame for that shedding of blood. Ketswayo, in fact, is grieved to see the missionaries leaving him, when he had done nothing to them. However, before I went to Zululand I heard that certain converts from Zululand had come to report to Mr. John [Shepstone] that Ketswayo was killing the converts, and that he had killed an *inncku*² of his, because he did not come to the king at his order, now that he was become a convert. Perhaps that *inncku* was Maqamsela. Besides, of the two converts with whom I spoke at Ezinhlendhleni, one was a Zulu, and they had been sent by the missionary Mondi to inquire of the king why the missionaries and their converts were obliged to run away from Zululand. And Ketswayo, who knew nothing about their going away, replied to those converts that

Mondi might go away if he liked, or might stay if he did not wish to go.

Those converts also told me the story of the death of another convert who was killed by Sintwangu's people down below. They said: "That convert came upon an ox which had died of disease, and sat down with the people, and all of them ate the flesh of it. After a while the convert went away to his own kraal. When he had gone away, there came other people of the neighbouring kraals to ask for some flesh of that dead beast, and, after eating it, many of the people became ill. Thereupon Sintwangu's people said that this was caused by that convert's having put poison in the meat, and they went to his kraal in a body and killed him. That matter was just like the case of Sigatiya, Matshana's man, who was said to have killed Ntwetive with poison, whereupon Ntwetive's people arose and bound Sigatiya with cords and kicked him with their feet, laying their grief to his account [a well-known case in Natal some years ago]. Evidently that convert was killed, though perfectly innocent of any fault, just like Maqamsela, who died through the error of Gaozi and Mondi, though I don't know why those two agreed to conceal that matter from the king. And so with that convert who was killed by Sintwangu's people, his death happened through a matter which was not clearly apparent to the people. But the Zulus affirm that the poison which killed those people was like that which is placed in meat to kill hyenas and leopards [strychnine, or ? arsenic]. It is said that all who were saved were made to drink milk, or vomited, and so were saved.

Well, we arrived in the morning to the king, at his kraal Ezinhlendhleni, near his grand kraal of Maizekanye,³ which name was given to it by way of threatening the Boers, meaning that if they came they would find him ready to fight with them. But at that particular time the king could

¹ Force of armed men.

² *Servant*, here *officer of the household*.

³ *Lit.*, "Let the whole force come on!"

not show himself even to his own people, in accordance with certain customs of the Zulus, as he had just been under treatment with a view to having progeny. For in Zululand the king has certain times of abstinence, and the people too in like manner. The chief time of abstinence is that of the new moon, on which day no person does any work. Another is on a day when hail falls, or when a great wind blows, or when lightning strikes anything, or when a neighbour dies, on which day they go not out of the kraal, nor do any work.

Well! when we had been sitting some little time inside the kraal, lo! there was Nkisimane coming with his attendant. Mfunzi sent an *innceku*, Siwunguza, to go and tell the king that I had arrived. And I told Siwunguza that I desired to see the king, and that I wished to tell him about Langalibalele, and about other matters. The *innceku* returned and asked, "Where is Langalibalele?" I said, "He is at Capetown, he is well in health." He carried off those words to the king, and came back bringing meat, and we went to sleep at Maizekanye.

Now I will copy the words which I wrote while we were staying at Maizekanye.

July 23.—Since I have reached this kraal, I have not seen the king till this day. This morning at 8 A.M. we¹ went in to the Chief Induna Mnyamana, I and Mfunzi, and Nkisimane, and Mboza, and he gave us some beer. As we came out from the Chief Induna, we saw the king standing at the top of the kraal speaking with his people, who were seated in great numbers;² he was standing at the entrance of the cattle kraal.³ On seeing him we went up to pay our respects. Ketswago is a black *ikehla* [head-ringed man], resembling his father

[the late Mpande or Panda], and firm in flesh. He is large, but his body is firm, not flabby, like the bodies of other large men among the Zulus. His face does not look so well as it did formerly.⁴ He had on to-day a spotted blanket. After paying our respects, we went down to the bottom of the kraal. When the people went away from before him, the king sent to call us, he still standing at the same place. We came to him and sat down, and I spoke with him as follows:—

Magema. Ndabezita,⁵ I have come here with the desire to see you. I wish also to tell you that a [hole for lamentation] door of intercession for Langalibalele has been opened to-day by the Governor (of Natal). Mr. John (Shepstone) says that it would be well that all who lament for him should come forward. I left the black chiefs in Natal going there to the governor, together with the amalubi from Basutoland. Also I wish to know about that which is said by people, *viz.* that you are killing people continually, without having tried their cause, and although the man may not be worthy of death. For you see, sir, those reports last year very much grieved Sobantu, till at last he sent to you, and wrote letters to go to the chiefs over the sea on the words which were spoken in your name by Mfunzi and Nkisimane. Those words plainly showed that these reports were false, and so they were silenced who spread those evil reports about you. And now it will be a joyful thing for me to hear from my lord, the King Gumede,⁶ that truly such is the case; then I shall know from whom Mfunzi and Nkisimane received those words of denial. Further, I would inform you, Ngumede, that the son of Sobantu has arrived, by name Gebuza, who has come here to take in hand (in

¹ Magema carries a watch.

² The Zulu etiquette being that no one may stand upright in the presence of his superior.

³ Which is in the centre of the whole kraal.

⁴ *I.e.*, when Magema saw him seventeen years ago.

⁵ A title of high respect, probably meaning "breaker-in-pieces of enemies."

⁶ Title of respect.

the law-courts) all matters concerning natives.

The king was glad to hear that matter of Gebuza's arrival.

Ketswayo. Well! I am glad to hear what you say. You see Sobantu there is a father to me, he is not like other white men; his words are different from theirs, they are pleasant. And yet I do not know why he cares for me; he has not seen me from the time when he saw me quite a boy, on his way to the king (Mpande), when he was given the land Kwa'Magwaza. I hope that Sobantu will always have a care for me, for those white men are talking—talking—talking, and they want to come down with might upon me. But for my part, as I have done no wrong, I will not run away. And yet through that I know the ruin of the land will come. For this land and these people whom I rule are Senzangakona's, I have not *konza'd*¹ for them to any one whatsoever; it is only myself in person that have *konza'd* to the English; I have not *konza'd* for these people of ours. As for me, look you, I don't approve of killing a man. But the Zulu people are bad; it is they who wish to kill one another, whereas I do not allow it. Here, you see, are Mfunzi and Nkisimane still alive, whom people have been after continually, seeking that they should be killed. Well! how is it that they are still alive? And in the time to come you will find them still here.

Magema. Ndabezita, I should wish much to hear also about those stories of converts whom it is said you are killing. For, when I was there at home, it was reported that three converts had come to inform Mr. John (Shepstone) about them. And, moreover, this very day, I find the missionaries and converts already gone, running away from you. I wish to know the meaning of this.

Ketswayo. Au! they are liars! Do you hear what he says? I too don't understand the meaning of that;

¹ Done homage.

I only see that all the missionaries have gone away, without my knowing why they are gone away, without their having said a word to me, whereas I had treated them very kindly. Therefore, since they *have* gone away secretly from me, they had better go away for good, and not come back any more. For truly I don't know any good at all that they have ever done for me; all they did was to say that all the people ought to be converted, together with all my soldiers, and Mzimela (Mr. Robertson) himself is continually saying so to me. But I had him there, for I answered him that we don't know anything about that; he had better go and make converts of the soldiers of his own people first, and after that these people of ours may be converted. On my word I don't know what wrong I have done to those white men who have gone away from me.

Magema. King of kings! That is good. Gumede! And I too say, sir, that the soldiers of the king and the whole Zulu people should be converted. For what means that being converted? Is it not a good thing to be converted? To be converted, sir, it is to practise what is right and good before men and in one's own heart, to carry a white heart through reverencing Him who made all men. That is not being converted, Gumede, when people cast off the power which is appointed to rule over them, and despise their king, and go and live with the missionaries.

Ketswayo. A! Well then, if that were the case, it would be all right, since that is quite proper.

Magema. Ndabezita, that's true conversion, and that is what Sobantu wishes, that people should be converted, respecting their chiefs, and living in their own kraals.

Ketswayo. O! well then? Is Sobantu a white man, eh? Why Sobantu is quite an *umcentu* (native) like myself; he desires what is right and good.

Magema. Ndabezita, it ought to be known by all men that Unkulunkulu (the Great-Great-One) does not

live in the houses of the missionaries, that He is in all places. It is right that the people, being converted, should live in their own kraals, and pay respect to their king, and keep a clean heart, and worship Unkulunkulu.

Ketshtwayo. Those words which you speak are good; they are quite a different thing; the missionaries don't do that. And, now that they have quite gone away, I don't know what they ever did for me; for, when I was in trouble about Langalibalele, they refused to help me; I was helped by Sobantu alone; they had better go away, and not come back any more. They ought at all events to have bid me good-bye, if they went away of their own accord, and then, when they wished to return, they might have done so; I should not have said anything to that.

Magama. Thou of the Great House! I should like to know who it is that takes from here all the stories concerning Zululand, and carries them to the white people?

Ketshtwayo. It is the Zulus here, themselves, and the white men here, and travellers.

Magama. Gumede! Nkosi (Sire)! I don't at all understand that going away of the missionaries without your knowledge, when you had not harmed them. And for my part I commend that word of the king's that they had better not come back, since they have made a fool of the king; for he had given them land out of kindness, without their paying anything for it. And now they have gone away without saying good-bye to their king. I say the king had better stick to that.

Ketshtwayo. Down there at Sintwangu's, a convert chanced to get hold of some meat of a diseased ox, and handled it, and some people became ill [?died] from eating it; thereupon those who mourned laid their mourning to the charge of that convert, and killed him. That matter was reported to me after the convert had been killed. I was startled at that

when I heard it, and blamed Sintwangu's people very much for killing a man without my orders. But they assured me positively that he did that. I said that they ought to have brought him bound to me that I might hear the charge against him. But that convert did, no doubt, a very bad deed.

The other convert [who was ill-used] did not belong to the missionaries. He was a man of ours, who, having become a convert, was killed by our people without my orders. For this is the sort of thing the converts do. There was one of Mondi's converts who took a girl of the (*isigodhlo*) royal harem, whom I meant to give to another man, her (intended) bridegroom having died. When that girl had been married to that convert, there went an *impi* without my orders, set on by the induna, and ate up that convert's cattle. When I heard of that, I sent a messenger with an order that they should restore all the property. But, for all that, I see that I am now in disfavour with the missionaries, though I don't know what harm I have done to them.

Magama. Baba, I for my part am rejoiced to speak with the king to-day. For I wish to hear all those words which are brought to us from time to time by these two men, fathers to me [Mfunzi and Nkisimane], your dogs, your feet, whom in particular I desired to bring me here into your presence, without whom I could not have come into your presence this day, whom I have brought in order to produce their words before you, that I might hear plainly whether they were speaking out of their own hearts or not. And there are many words of mine which I spoke to them when far away there at home, and I wish to hear whether they brought them to the king.

Ketshtwayo. Quite right! But, look you, we are talking standing; and I shall like (some other day) to talk indoors, sitting down at our ease. Now, go down for a while below.

Thereupon we saluted respectfully

¹ *I.e.*, was not living with.

and went away, and the king entered a hut in the *isigodhlo*.

Well! those are the words of my talk with the king of the Zulus on the day when we began to see one another. There is the sad story of the death of that convert, who died without the king's knowledge. One who knows the story of the ruin of Matshana will see plainly how matters stand with black people, and how the black chiefs are attacked with accusations. Moreover, one who knows well the story of the ruin of Langalibalele and the charge brought against him by Mtshitshizelwa, and how he was blamed for the guns which were brought for his young men by their white masters at the Diamond Fields, will see plainly that the death of that convert did not occur by the order of Ketswayo, but through silly practices¹ that convert was killed. The king's word availed not, his silly people did according to their silliness, just as that man of Matshana's was killed, who was said by the *izanusis* (wizards) to have killed Ntwetwe by evil practices. Well, and the end of Sigatiya's affair, what was it? Why, Matshana was completely ruined through it; it was said that it was he who sent his people to kill that Sigatiya; and that talk, in fact, drove Matshana away from Natal, and he fled away to Zululand. After many years the truth was brought to light through the trial of Langalibalele, that Matshana never sent men to kill Sigatiya; and so Matshana was ruined for nothing at all, and his people were killed for nothing at all. Will it be the same, I wonder, in the case of Ketswayo? It ought to be thoroughly known that Ketswayo is wholly blameless in respect of the death of the convert.

As for the other sad story of the death of a convert in Zululand, which I was told by Ketswayo. I was told it also by the two converts of Mondis. Ketswayo's words confirm those of the two converts, and their words confirm those of Ketswayo.

¹ "Smelling out."

It is right that all people should know that Ketswayo loves his people; he does not at all wish that they should kill one another, or that he himself should kill them. He has altogether abandoned the policy of Tshaka and Dingane, and carries on that of the English in earnest. He does not wish to hear with one ear only. If one man has gone to inform against another he summons him who has been informed against, that he may hear and decide the case properly. If a man has committed a great crime he makes him pay a fine with cattle. During all the time I stayed in Zululand I saw Ketswayo sitting in his seat, judging the causes of his people, and his judgment was excellent and satisfactory.

July 27.—The king called me, desiring to speak with me words of farewell. I went into the *isigodhlo*, together with Mfunzi and Nkिसimane and Mboza. When we had entered we sat down and saluted respectfully. We said—"Bayete!"² Whereupon the king said—"Au! why do you sit so far away, Nkिसimane? Come near, and then we shall hear one another." And so we went near, for in fact it was I who was in front of the others, and I was afraid to approach very near. But the king called me and bade me approach close to him, until at last we were so near that one of us might have stretched out his arm and touched the other. I pulled out my papers from the pocket of my jacket and began to write a few words, watching, too, for the king's reply that I might write it down also. I then uttered my words about the rule in Zululand, as follows:—

"Gumede! thou of the source of the Great House! I am rejoiced to speak with you to-day. Moreover, I am astonished that you, being so great a king of the whole country, should have the heart to speak with me, who am a mere nothing, a mere boy, a dog of a dog, the merest dust here upon the ground. But I know that the king is exceedingly wise above

² The royal salutation.

many people. And now there is one point which I especially admire in the government of the Zulus this day. For I see nothing whatever of what I was told of before I came hither, viz., that here in Zululand people are killed for nothing at all, innocent people, and that the king has no concern for his people. On that account, Silo [Leopard], all my friends warned me not to come here, till at last I went and inquired of the Inkos' Mr. John [Shepstone], who said that there was nothing of the kind.

Ketswayo. O! Mr. John spoke the truth; he is not a baby.

Magema. Well, but—Nkos'—ever since I arrive here I have not heard of anything evil, I have not seen any man killed; all I have seen is the king judging the cause of the people, just as they do at home in Maritzburg. But, Gumede, there is one matter which I do not like, and which I wish to lay before you. When Tshaka and Dingane forbade that there should be wizards (*izanusi*), they came to an end, whereas I find the land governed by witchcraft.¹ But I know that you are wiser than other men; I thought also that wisdom advances continually day by day, so that we of the generation of to-day are wiser than the generations that are past. I do not approve of that matter of the *izanusi*, it is bad, they are madmen; the rule of the king will not come clearly into the light, if he allows his people to be governed by such processes. Why in Zululand then the king is—the *izanusi*! and the Indunas are—the *izanusi* too! for there is not a case that is heard in which a person has not been smelt out to begin with by *izanusi*. To my mind, Gumede, this seems utterly bad, and I do not wish to conceal from the king an evil practice.

Ketswayo. Yes, indeed, you have spoken truly. We know that Tshaka put a stop to that; he killed the *izanusi* because they told lies about people; he chose out *izanusi* who could

be depended on for truth. But nowadays everybody says that he is an *izanusi*, though they are only seeking to deceive with evil practices. At this time, for instance, there is a great deal of sickness among women who have been doctored [with philtres] by [black] doctors, fetched by the young men from among the white folk in Natal. And the one thing is connected with the other. So I, too, complain very much about the *izanusi*.

Magema. Ndabezita, I wish to hear about that girl of the *isigodhlo* (royal harem), who was taken to wife by the convert; what became of her?

Ketswayo. That girl, the daughter of Mlomowedhlozi—that's her father's name—is among the white people (in Natal), and that convert ran away with her to the white people. When they ran away I let them alone, and the cattle too, which that convert had to pay as fine.² I returned them to the missionary (Mondi).

Magema. Yes, sir, that was very right.

During all this time while we were sitting with the king the girls of the royal house were wondering very much at seeing me write all the words that were spoken by the king, and expressed their astonishment loudly.

Ketswayo. Ah! I for my part am greatly pleased with Sobantu for the pains he has taken about Langalibalele. Why! it seemed as if he were actually fighting for myself on behalf of Langalibalele. I was hoping that, if he was allowed by the authorities, he would place him here in my hands, and I would take him and place him in his old land at Engcuba.

Here the king, while speaking thus, stretched out both his hands.

Magema. Baba, when I set out from home, I went to take leave of Mr. John, and he said that I was to salute very much for him the king and Matshana. For, sir, we are living pleasantly, and all is quiet, and the business of bringing back Langalibalele is being considered.

¹ Ukubula, "divination."

² For carrying her off.

Ketshwayo. And do you too hear the story about Somtseu (Sir T. S.), that he is coming here to make us pay hut-taxes?

Magema. No, Ndabezita, I have not heard it.

Ketshwayo. Do you say that you hear nothing—not a word—to the effect that we are to be made to pay taxes?

Magema. No, Gumede, I know nothing about that; I can't repeat the talk of people which is like mere wind.

Ketshwayo. We don't know truly what to make of it. But if Somtseu should come here to us, we shall just inquire of him, begging him to restrain his arms a little while at first, until he has told us, and we perhaps let him alone, and agree to what he says; for truly we will not run away, since we have done no wrong whatever towards the government; we shall just stand, and see what he will do to us.

Magema. Ndabezita, it would be very good that you should allow that black men who have been taught should settle in your land, and carry on the work of teaching, and enlighten thoroughly your land.

Ketshwayo. I too should like that exceedingly. But as to the missionaries, I don't want them any more, since they have broken off (*hlubuka*¹) from me without saying a word of farewell to me.

Magema. And I too, Ndabezita, would not say anything about white men (settling here); I speak only about black men.

Ketshwayo. You see, this killing of people, we know nothing of it here; it is news to us. But on the day when Somtseu was here we told him that we should kill an *umtagati*,² and also any one who should defile the royal harem. And Somtseu agreed to that, and said that

among his own people too a man who does those things is killed.

Magema. Yes, Gumede, that is right, provided that you have heard the cause of such an one, and have seen certainly that he has done the evil. The white people are not speaking of this sort of thing when they say that you are killing people.

Ketshwayo. Look you,—you will go with Mfunzi and Nkisi mane, who go to make my lament for Langalibalele to Mr. John, and will then go on to my father Sobantu. By which road will you go?

Nkisi mane. Baba, we shall go by the lower road, and cross the drift at Emakabeleni.

Magema. But I shall go on to Matshana, and cross the drift at my father's place.

Ketshwayo. Not so; it's not good that you should separate from one another. Won't Magema be in want of food? You must go with him, and go on to Etaleni, and go there to Makelekehiana, and get from him for Magema a calf [yearling] from among those black ones of mine; and then go to Gwadi, and get for him two good fat wethers. And tell Makelekehiana that he must not do as he is continually doing to me;² tell him that this man is my mouth, who speaks for me even when I am not there in person; so that every man at whose kraal you sleep shall give you out of the king's cattle, that he may not want food.

We all thanked the king. Afterwards the king bade us go into the great house into the *isigodhlo* and have some beer given to us. We thanked the king, and bade farewell, and went out. We were admitted into the *isigodhlo*, and were given beer, and drank, and went out, and went to bid farewell to the Indunas in the hut of Mnyamana (Chief Induna), where were the Indunas Mnyamana and Vumandaba.

¹ Thus the missionaries *hlubuka'd*, that is, they separated from Ketshwayo. This is the word which in Langalibalele's case was always translated in official documents "rebelled."

² Evil-doer, murderer.

² Play me his usual trick (saying that he has not got the animal which the king orders).

Magama. Gentlemen, I have now come to bid you farewell.

Mnyamana. I should like Ntshingwayo to be called, and to come here.

So Ntshingwayo was called, and entered the hut, and a large *isikamba* [pot] of beer was brought that we might wet our lips.

Mnyamana. Be so good as to tell us, and let us hear, what you have said to the king.

Magama. Well, then, Buteleri,¹ I for my part have enjoyed myself with the king. But I wish to tell you that the *izanusis* are doing what is not right; and whereas Tshaka and Dingane condemned them, you, the king's Indunas, allow them to be here. That seems to me bad—very bad. I wish to tell you that all the Zulus across the Tugela (refugees in Natal) wish to return here to-day, being oppressed with trouble coming from the white men, through having to pay much money to the government and to the white landowners. But I assure you that there is not one who will come back to be killed, for truly you are people ruled by *izanusis*, who tell you that this or that person is an evil-doer. I don't believe for a moment that those persons are evil-doers, and I blame very much your doings in this respect. Why, don't you know that you have now joined yourselves entirely with the laws of the Queen? I don't see what good you are doing by allowing these *izanusis*. Further I wish to tell you that it would be good that all the children of Zululand should be instructed, and get power to be wise like white men. Your sons ought to speak with the white chiefs, and to go across the sea, and speak with the great Queen of the English, who is kind and gracious in all she does; you ought to know that. Now I can venture to speak with you thus freely, for I admire—I admire the government of Zululand as it is carried on by you. I should say confidently that among the Zulus the

¹ The name of an ancient ancestor here used as surname for Mnyamana.

country is quiet, and life is pleasant here; nay, I find here what is most excellent, the king judging the causes of his people. I had been told that many people were being killed; and you know that Sobantu and all good white men are grieved to hear that, and it grieves all native people too like myself. Now I bid you farewell. But I wish to tell you that to my mind Ketswayo's doings which I have seen are excellent. There ought to be here some instructed black men to instruct your children. Also I ought to tell you that I have spoken with Sobantu, and told him that I wish to go to Capetown some time or other, and see the living and ruling and doing of the white men.

All this they agreed to, saying that my words were excellent. All three also gladly assented to the teaching of the children. They parted pleasantly from us, and begged to be very much remembered to the Inkos' Sobantu. We went off, and went to sleep at Ensindeni.

Now let me give some account of the peaceful state of Zululand. Well, in Zululand there is no war; there is no mustering of people for evil work; there is no calling together an *impi*. A little while ago Somtseu (Sir T. S.), son of Sonzica, sent a messenger to Ketswayo to say that he was going to set the Boers to rights, and Ketswayo must collect an armed force to assist him, in case anything should happen from the Boers fighting with him. So Ketswayo mustered the whole tribe of the aba Qulusi, which lives to the north, and said that they were to stay assembled at Somtseu's word, and to attend to Somtseu's word, and, in case the Boers should fight with him, then the aba Qulusi were to render help, and go at once to assist Somtseu. Ketswayo did all that, wishing to obey the commands of the Queen, though he did not want to do it, since no occasion had yet arisen for his fighting with the Boers, as they had not attacked him; but, from what

I saw at Maizekauye, he is well prepared with ammunition, &c., in case any one should attack him. Well, so the aba Qulusi stayed on in full force until Kaitshana came, sent by Somtseu, to say that all was right, there was no fighting among the Boers, and then the aba Qulusi dispersed to their homes.

The next day we arose at Ensindeni, and said farewell to Gaozi, and went on our way. . . .

When we reached Ekukanyeni (Bishopstowe), all our own people rejoiced, and all our friends, to see that we were not killed. The two Indunas went with me to Mr. John; we waited several days while the Inkos' was occupied with his duties, and at last we saw him.

Well! on another day Mr. John called us. And when I entered there with Mfunzi and Nkisimane, there were in the room Manyonyo and Mqundane, and Manyosi, Indunas, to listen to the matter that was to be talked about by the Indunas of Ketswayo. Mr. John asked the names of the Indunas and wrote them down, and then bade them speak. They spoke all the words of their message, and Ketswayo's lament for Langalibalele, who was kept a prisoner, and his prayer that the governor would, it may be, allow him to be brought back to Natal. The Inkos' was much

pleased, and told the Zulus that on the morrow he was about to start on a journey with the governor, and they must come back again on his return, when he would reply to those words, and would tell the authorities here that the Zulus had brought that message. Afterwards I produced my words before the Inkos' about the government in Zululand, and told him that not a man is killed by the king's orders in Zululand nowadays without his cause being heard, and that I only found fault with one thing, *viz.* that Ketswayo allowed *izanusis* to be there. The Inkos' was very glad to hear my words, and agreed with me about that matter of the *izanusis*, and said that they ought not to be there. I told the Inkos' also about the killing of the converts, that it was not Ketswayo who killed them. The Inkos' was glad to hear that, and said that he too did not understand "*ukukolwa*" (conversion) to be merely wearing white men's clothes; he said that "*ukukolwa*" was uprightness, doing what is good, and respecting also the authorities of the land.

The Inkos' gave Mfunzi and Nkisimane beautiful spotted blankets and their supplies of meat daily. And he told them to come back when he should have returned from his journey, at which we rejoiced.

MAGEMA MAGWAZA.

EKUKANYENI, Oct. 29, 1877.

NOTE.

WITH reference to the remarks on translations of foreign military books, in the paper by a "Staff Officer," in *Macmillan* for February (page 325), we are informed that for the last year and a half the Council of the Royal United Service Institution have been endeavouring to fill up the hiatus in military literature referred to by our contributor. A portion of each number of the *Journal of the Institution* is devoted either to translations of foreign professional works or to original articles on the mode in which foreign nations deal with naval and military matters, such as tactics, organisation, &c.

EDITOR.