

## BAZLEY, WILLIAM

25.6.1907

File 65, item 4, pp. 74-6.

- 74 I met Fynn in 1853 in Richmond. He was not living there and may have come from Pietermaritzburg. I was living in Richmond then. I have seen his ordinary diary, covered with the skin of an elephant's ear. It is large quarto size, short foolscap size, over 300 pages, and about two and a half inches thick. He carried it in a sack or flat skin bag. The paper was not all alike. Narrower sheets were inside. All was in his own writing. He told me it was from memory; he said the original was buried with his brother Pobana.<sup>1</sup>
- Fynn gave me a neck ring - I now have it - taken from a woman who was cut open by Tshaka to see if her child lay as in a cow. After she was cut open and Tshaka satisfied, he ordered her to be  
75 killed. She had this thick ring round her neck. Her head had to be cut off. Fynn told me this story and gave me the ring - of copper - about two inches wide. I still have this ring. It weighs over a pound.
- Fynn had to use a white flower which, if bruised, turns blue-black, as ink. He told me he had to use this.
- When I came to Ifafa, my father went to fetch the rest of the family from Richmond. I was left to thatch some houses. I was alone with a kaffir boy. This was at Nil Desperandum. Fynn arrived from Umzinto, where he was magistrate, on his way to the Inyangwini (just south of the Mtwalume). He had a big round hut there. He went to see Dr Struthers who also lived at the Inyangwini. Fynn was looking after a cotton plantation. This was in 1860.
- 76 Fynn said, '*Hullo, my child. Where do you come from?*' He nearly always spoke to me in Kaffir. He spoke more freely when he spoke in Zulu.
- Fynn told me of three cannibal kraals in the vicinity of Nil Desperandum. I said I could shoot, but Fynn said the cannibals would not give me a chance of shooting. He said they would eat me. He described how they got their victims without risking anything themselves. He told me of Sosingata, a noted cannibal, who lived near the bank of the Umzinkulu, about two and a half miles above the present ferry drift, now covered with cane.

&lt;25.6.1907&gt;

File 65, item 4, pp. 78-117.

- 78 Sosingata, Fynn said, had a long stick, about 10 feet long, of light wattle. It had a loop of *gonoti* (creeper), at the end about

14 inches in diameter and tied to the stick firmly. Round the loop was a noose of *uzi* fibre. Sosingata would take up a position along-  
 79 side the path about eight feet from the edge thereof, in a thickish  
 place, among the *jikijolo* (brambles), so as not to be seen. The  
 stick would be kept upright as if growing, and when the last of any  
 party passed he would slip the noose over the head, pull the string,  
 choke the victim, and draw him or her into the wood and then eat  
 them.

Sosingata lived at this place for over 18 years on the south  
 bank of the Umzimkulu, opposite Brudewold's estate Eidswold, and  
 about 600 yards from the river. He used to watch his victims cross  
 the river. It used to be thought that wolves or hyenas took the  
 victims off, whereas it was Sosingata.

Fynn told me this in 1860. In 1881 I was at the Umzimkulu,  
 80 resident there. I sought out the site where Sosingata used to break  
 open his victims' skulls to get the brain, and bones to extract the  
 marrow. I saw a patch of stone or rock about 20 feet in diameter.  
 This stone is still to be seen there. All round this stone, wherever  
 one cared to dig, one would find, as I found, bone mould and pieces  
 of skull, leg and other bones. The bones had been broken so as to  
 extract the marrow. So extensive were these remains that one can  
 only conclude that hundreds of human beings had fallen victims to  
 this man. He brought up his family on them. His granddaughter is my  
 washerwoman, and has washed for us for years. She is a Christian.  
 She is now about 40, married. She knows of these incidents.

I sent a paper to Mr. Woodhead of the Mercury before the rebel-  
 lion.<sup>2</sup> This he still has and it contains many references to Fynn.

81 Sosingata was killed about 1863 or 1864 for eating boys and  
 girls. He was brought up as a cannibal. He was killed by the in-  
 mates of several kraals near the Mtwalume. They watched for him to  
 come back to the pots where he had a fat little boy cooked, and  
 caught him. They smashed his head into a pulp. He had lived at the  
 Mzimkulu till about 1850; he then moved to the Mtwalume near the  
 mission station - north of it (Rev. H.A. Wilder's station).

I went with Dr Struthers to interpret. Struthers was a retired  
 doctor (for many years a hunter); he had been sent to look into the  
 killing of Sosingata and report on the injuries received. I was at  
 82 Wilder's when this affair took place. Dr Struthers wanted Wilder to  
 go and interpret for him. Wilder asked me to go in his place. I saw  
 Sosingata. He was not headringed and was bald-headed. I do not know  
 his *clan name*. I am sure this man is the one Fynn told me about.

I have found scores of places where cannibals have occupied the  
 caves or overhanging rocks. I noticed a place at the Umzumbe where  
 Vangeni used to eat people, on the Ngawanguba range of hills, south  
 of and on the bank of the Mzumbe, about five or six miles above the  
 railway.

The first time Fynn came to my father's place, Nil Desperandum,  
 he was on his way to the Nyangwini. He stayed the night with me. I  
 had just come back from putting in some beacons. He asked me if I  
 was not frightened of the cannibals. I said no, I had a gun and  
 83 could shoot, and would blow their insides out. He said that was all  
 right if they gave me the chance. He said, 'My child, you don't know

the risk that you are running.' He said that after we had had something to eat he would tell me how cannibals caught their victims and how impossible it was for the victim decided upon to escape. He then gave me the account given above re the long wattle. I then first realized the danger. Though I had been amongst the kaffirs for years - from childhood - and had heard them talking about their experiences with cannibals, I had always looked on it as an *insu-*  
*mansumane* or fairy tale - *old women's* stories. We talked over the matter. He then sent off a messenger - I did not know at the time  
 84 why he did - to a headman, Tayiza, of the Nyamvini tribe that lived about four miles away. Next morning the messenger returned with *izinsizwa*, two of them, strong, named Mnyaiza and Soplayisi (Surprise). Fynn gave instructions that one or other of them was to keep me in sight until father returned; they would be paid their wages of 7s 6d a month each. He said they were to stay and work on the place, and he would hold them responsible for my life. They would not let me stir 10 yards without following me. I was alone at that time for months. The boys stayed with me until my father returned. Fynn visited us also when my father was there.

Fynn's character. He was as kind-hearted a man as I have ever  
 85 known. I could not have fraternized with him as I did, because I would have been frightened of him. If he had been stern and hard-faced I would have feared him, but he was kindly. In proof of this he was respected and loved by every native in the country. They used to call him their father who took them out of the bushes and hiding-places, and fed and protected them. And when rumours of his death got about in 1861 they came in hundreds to my father's place to inquire if it was really the truth that their father, Mbuyazi, the father of the people, had really passed away. Without exception every one was deeply affected and showed the sorrow on their faces,  
 86 and for months they mourned for him on their own accord. When the famine of 1862-1863 came on, and the natives were dying all round, they used to say, 'Mbuyazi our father, Mbuyazi our father is dead. It doesn't matter what becomes of us.' In fact, never in my experience, and I have had a good deal among the natives, have I seen more sincere sorrow expressed and shown. The boys used to be thrashed when they made a noise, and girls stopped singing at the offerings of the first fruits when they went to throw the *young plants* in the river, for Mbuyazi was dead, Mbuyazi was dead.

Further away in distant Pondoland, both eastern and western, the name of *Mbuyazi we Teku*<sup>3</sup> is held in reverence today. Any native of  
 87 Pondoland, when I happened to be in the country (as I have been many times, even as late as last January), would smile and come forward if I mentioned his name, and tell me that he was their father, who protected and sheltered them against Tshaka so that a residue of the people were left. 'Tshaka was great,' they said, 'but Mbuyazi was greater, because Tshaka listened to him. Faku was a wise chief and Mbuyazi was his father,' meaning that Faku listened to Fynn.

This was before the days of Thomas Jenkins, who has been a factor for good in Pondoland. Jenkins and his wife took up Fynn's mantle and became the protectors of the people. In proof of this,

88 let anyone today visit Emfundisweni mission station, and see as I have seen how Jenkins and his wife, Mrs Jenkins, in their last resting place, are surrounded by over 700 graves of Pondo people. Anyone knowing the native character must be struck with the affection shown by the people in allowing their dead to be buried away from their old homesteads and the bosom of their tribe, around the graves of the missionary and his wife. This speaks more eloquently than words can. Jenkins's native name was Marwanqana.<sup>4</sup> His wife was commonly known by the whites as the Queen of Pondoland. She survived her husband by many years. This seed of affection was sown by Mbuyazi, for it was owing to Fynn's influence and the affection the natives all bore him that Faku and the Pondo people so quickly  
89 recognised the value of having a white adviser amongst them.

Fynn, I know for a fact, saved thousands of the homeless wretches who were wandering about the country, a prey to wild animals and, worse, wild animals of their own species - cannibals.

I have always felt the injustice that has been done this man in the Government not giving him a large, free grant of land in the country in which he had done so much, contributing so much in making Natal what it is today. Fynn carried his life in his hand. If justice cannot be done to him then it ought to be done to his children.

90 Get 4th February 1907 and 4th March 1907 issues of Natal Witness - giving letters by me correcting misconceptions regarding the fate of the Grosvenor survivors.<sup>5</sup>

He was a fearless man. He took his life in his hand as a religious, God-fearing man. I cannot give his height; he was strongly built. [His height was six feet in his socks - H.F.F. jr.,<sup>6</sup> 7.6.1908.] I am one month younger than H.F. Fynn junior.

Fynn lived with natives for 18 months when he first came, so as to learn their language and customs, i.e. when he went to Pondoland etc.

I was secret agent for Sir T. S.<sup>7</sup> in regard to native affairs.

91 Fynn used to write his accounts of adventures himself. His one trouble was that his second diary was written from memory. The first diary was put in Pobana's grave. (I put the stone up myself years after.) The diary was buried by the natives with the deceased in accordance with the native custom.

My native name is Gwembeshe.<sup>8</sup>

I do not know what became of diary no. 2, written up from memory. It was bound up in the skin of an elephant's ear. I saw this at the Ifafa. He left it with me for months, as I was so interested in all these things. He took a fancy to me. If I had been wise I would have taken extracts.

92 Death of Nandi. Fynn, Mopo, Vuwana, Vuwana's eldest son Mphlo (living), Mantaza (an old *widow* living at North Shepstone about

200 yards from where I lived) - all these testify to the fact that Nandi's death was due to Tshaka.

The story goes: He, Tshaka, questioned her about a son that one of the women had had. He supposed that Nandi was hiding this son away. Some say she denied it and turned round to get some straws or wood to feed the fire with, the hut being dark, and he in his rage, stabbed her up the fundament with a sharp stick, through her  
 93 leather skirt. This penetrated some inches up the anus. He told her if she divulged it he would have her torn limb from limb and eaten by the dogs of the kraal. So it was always supposed she died of enteric fever or typhoid, which natives call *intsheko*. Natives, however, say, 'How could that be when she was supposed to be well when Tshaka left?', i.e. how could she contract the disease and die in that time? After stabbing her he went off next day to hunt. This hunt had been organized before he stabbed her. A messenger was sent to say Nandi was dead. As a matter of fact she was dying. As soon  
 94 as he received the news Tshaka cried, and natives said, '*The evil-doer cried like a little girl.*' I heard this part from Fynn but chiefly from the old natives.

Tshaka was called Mpisintshonga because he had prominent front teeth - the two front teeth.

Fynn, when he gave evidence before the commission of 1852, suppressed the fact that Nandi was killed (given her death wound) by Tshaka, for fear of what people would say in England.

The sharp stick he used must have been the shank of an assegai. They were often about 14 inches in length.

Mopo was engaged somewhere as a servant in Pietermaritzburg. He told me all about the first battle of Ndondakusuka.

95 I handed the diary Fynn lent me back to him; he took it when he passed.

Ndongeni rode with Dick King; he told me he went. Dick King also told me this. Ndongeni did not cross the bay. King picked him up at a kraal at Wentworth. King came across the boy at this kraal, having previously left him on the farm at Isipingo. When the fighting began Ndongeni moved to the kraal at Wentworth.

Mrs Jones (formerly Miss Calverly), recently living at Amanzimtoti on the old wagon road, knows all about Dick King's ride. She heard all about it from her people.

96 I landed in Natal with my father in 1850. After landing, we walked a mile or so when we came to a man standing alongside the road with a flour-sack apron on. My mother said, 'Can you tell me, sir, how far it is to the town of Durban?' He replied, 'God bless you, mum, you're in the middle of Durban now.' This spot is near where Hunt, Leuchars and Hepburn's place is now; it may be on the Durban side of it.

I went to see Callaway in or about 1868. He was then writing up Nursery Tales.<sup>9</sup> I interpreted for him for some days. Blair did the printing at Springvale.

97 The killing of Lukilimba. Pobana then had a big kraal at the

farm at Mzinto (now belonging to Sidney Abrams), called Mzinto Lodge. It is all under cane now. I fancy H.F. Fynn then lived at Mahlongwa. Henry F. Fynn's, i.e. Mbuyazi's, father and mother were buried near Ezimbokodweni at the back of Qusted's. I do not know when they came or died. Mbuyazi told me he would have been a rich man, and would not have required to be in this part of Africa, had it not been for certain specie that ought to have been shipped at Cape Town but wasn't. There was something wrong about it. The things that interested me most were what he told me of Tshaka.

98 After the death of Tshaka Fynn knew that Dingana would destroy all Tshaka's European friends, '*the swallows*'. He and others then decided to move into Pondoland and get under Faku's protection. They started. Now it so happened that among Fynn's followers was a man called Lukilimba. [He was one of my father's servants but turned traitor - H.F.F. jr., 7.6.1908.] This man was one of Dingana's spies. Fynn had been warned this man was not true, so he ordered Vuwana (or Kofiyana) to shoot him. Kofiyana was one of Wohlo's (Ogle's) men, and father of Mbotshwa. (I have been to the spot where Farewell was killed at Tafamasi in Pondoland, but I could not find the site of the grave.) Kofiyana was a good shot. Joyce (Bob) and Kofiyana were in the first Ndongakusuka battle and  
99 and escaped by getting into a clump of bush with *palms* in it and keeping up a fire. The Zulus abandoned them owing to the risk involved.

Fynn ordered Vuwana (or Kofiyana) to shoot Lukilimba in the back as he walked on in the path in front of him, for all were on the move, trying to escape from Dingana. Fynn said, 'Shoot him'; he did not say, 'in the back'. The man went up behind, pulled the trigger, and the gun did not go off. Fynn, seeing this, called Lukilimba, saying he wanted to speak to him. Fynn was riding on horseback at  
100 the time. He told him to put his head close to him as he did not want the others to hear what he wanted to say to him, as it referred to how many cattle he was to have. Lukilimba was on the left side of the horse. He put up his right ear; Fynn began whispering and in the same instant pulled out his pistol and fired at him, shooting him through the head, remarking, 'Such should be the death of all dogs.'

(This man's skeleton and skull with a bullet hole through it were seen by Charles and George Sinclair many years afterwards, between 1860 and 1870. I heard first from them that the skull lay not far from the path or old track. Feeling interested and knowing  
101 Lukilimba's history, (I outspanned our waggon) on the flat north side of the Ilovu river under the shade of a big strangler banyan or *untombe* tree under which Fynn used to hold his court. This was known as Fynn's tree. I went to look for *umsimbiti*<sup>10</sup> trees for spokes. I looked for Lukilimba's skull. I found it and several leg bones. This was between 1860 and 1870. When I found the bones I did not know they were Lukilimba's until I found the skull C. and G. Sinclair had told me about. I left the skull there. I noticed a bullet hole through the upper part and top of the ear.)

102 Fynn and his party then moved along the coast until they reached the Mbilanhlola. They could not travel fast because of the women and children, cattle, impedimenta etc. They camped between the big and little Mbilanhlolas. These two streams are t'ere about 800 or

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so yards apart, i.e. on the beach. They camped in an open glade behind two high sand dunes, something like the Nsandhlundhlu or North Sand Bluff. The two sand dunes were on the south side of the larger Mbilanhlola, within sight of the lagoon and sand bar. One of the boys had a wet dream and went down to *wash* in the early morning, 103 just before daylight. When he stooped down on the south side of the lagoon and on its edge, he saw the sand bar that ought to have been white covered with a black moving mass. He ran back and gave the alarm but too late. The Zulus were on them and had closed in. The fight and massacre then commenced.

Fynn's party could not do much. They got scattered by the sudden attack, and a running fight followed. Fynn himself escaped round the end of the south sand dune out onto a point of rocks on the sea beach where he took to the water, swimming round and landing on the 104 sand bar on the mouth of the Mbilanhlola behind the enemy, who by that time had passed on in pursuit of the party. The mouth of all these little rivers is blocked up with a high dry sandbank. It was on this bank that the enemy had crossed. Fynn got into a bush on the north side of the Mbilanhlola. He stayed there till the enemy went back with the cattle and loot they had captured. He then crossed to the site of his old camp, finding four of his children on the edge of the northern sand dune. They were dead and covered over with a blanket. His eldest daughter Nomanga was found hung up by the neck and stuck in a bush. She was alive and crying. The woman who was 105 carrying her had thrown her away into the bush in her fright.

When they were camping, Kofiyana or someone else came to Fynn and told him there was a man amongst them who was a spy and had been trying to loiter behind to bring the enemy on. This made Kofiyana suspicious. Fynn said, 'Kill the dog,' but one of Fynn's wives - possibly Nomanga's mother - said, 'But why kill him; what harm has he done?' Fynn got angry, turned round and picked up a dry stick from a bundle of wood that had been gathered as firewood, and hit 106 her with it, saying, 'This is not time for women to talk.' (This was a black woman - Fynn had four or five black wives.) 'Women have no business to mix in men's affairs.' He hit her again with the stick. At the same time the man (the alleged spy) jumped up and ran for the lagoon. He got across the water and along the sandbank into the bush, the same bush Fynn had escaped in, and got away. This was about 5 p.m. and not long before sundown.

Fynn then felt uneasy. He called his principal followers together and told them he thought they ought to move on - what I am saying now was told me by actual actors in the affair - and move out of the course along the coast inland for about a quarter of a mile, and 107 there hide so that the enemy on coming along would pass them. Fynn had no means of knowing the strength of Dingana's army. His force was not organized enough to set up a staunch resistance. The women and some of the men objected, saying, 'We are tired and the children are crying for food, and we cannot go any further.' Fynn himself was too astute to be caught napping that way, but he was overruled by the bulk of the people, not knowing the enemy was so close at hand. He always regretted having allowed himself to be overruled by women and children and his people in spite of his own better judgment. I have seen Fynn with tears in his eyes when telling me of all this. 108 This explains how they came to be dawdling there whereas they should

have been further on.

In my essay to Woodhead of the Mercury, I gave him an account of the amaDunge (cannibals), amaKanywayo, and Izinkumbi tribes.

H.F. Fynn knew a good deal of medicines. My father once cut his leg very badly with an adze; it bled very much. I got very frightened. He got quite pale. I could not stop it. Fynn arrived. I told him my father was dying. Fynn jumped off his horse, went in, looked round, and saw no spiders' webs. He came out and said, 'Billy, run down to that boom tree and get some cobweb.' He had noticed the cobweb as he passed. I ran, clambered up, and got three or four  
 109 handfuls of web, and brought it. He took it, rolled it all into a roll or ball, and pulled the ends out a little - as long as the wound. He applied this to the wound and tied it up. In 10 minutes the bleeding was stopped. Father went to sleep from weakness. This was at 4 p.m.

Fynn was going on to sleep at Mr Wilder's at the Umtwalume (north side), and from there to Nyangwini next day. (Nyangwini is a range of hills near the sea where he had his cotton plantation. He had a big kraal there.) He told his boy to saddle up. When he looked at me he said, 'Why Billy, what are you frightened at?' I said, 'What shall I do if father dies in the night?' For as his breathing was so  
 110 light I was not sure what might happen. I felt downhearted. Fynn looked straight at me and said, 'Poor boy, I feel sorry for you, and I won't go away if I have to wait for a week.' He then called to the boy not to saddle up, saying he would sleep there. He then sent a boy away to go and get some herbs. The boy returned with them and Fynn had them pounded together. He told me that that was what was called 'kaffir medicines', some of which were very powerful, and that I would within the next two days see the effect of the medicine he was going to put on my father's leg. He put a poultice on the wound on top of the web, and said it was not to be touched for four days. He told me to keep it moist. On the fourth day poultice and web should come off together and leave a clean wound. He stayed the  
 111 night. My mother was not there then. Next morning he went on to the Nyangwini after breakfast and said he would call in three or four days.

In the meantime my father got up before he was strong enough or fit, and wanted to go on with his work. As he was working - we were flattening sticks for laths to thatch on - I noticed he sweated very much, due to weakness. After a while he sat down to smoke; in half an hour he talked hoarsely. He went and lay down. In half an hour I went to see him. He was bad, with a sore throat. I sent the next day at about 3 p.m. for Fynn, asking him to come as soon as he could. Fynn arrived at 9.30 p.m. the same night. It was pitch dark and I did not expect him till the next day, for the distance was  
 112 seven miles. He sent a native to a neighbouring kraal for a particular drug. He made a decoction and with a feather painted the part of the throat affected. After a while father got on the mend. Fynn remained a day or two and went on to Mzinto, my father then being able to sit up. This is why I have such an affection for Mr Fynn.

He spoke Zulu splendidly. He also spoke Pondo and Xosa, but he preferred Zulu.



When Fynn found his children and many of his party murdered, the bulk of them had gone, carrying on the wounded, including a son of his, wounded in the side. This son died and was buried on the Nsandhlundhlu ridge. Fynn then went on with his people into Pondoland. He located them there under Faku's protection, and then he felt, as he had felt all along, an intense desire to settle accounts with Dingana. He told me himself that he had made up his mind to go and beard the lion in his den and shoot him dead. Dingana, in the meantime, was told by his own *impi*, when it came back, that it had finished Sifile<sup>11</sup> and all his people. This was a lie, so that when Fynn turned up all at once, Dingana thought he had come back from the dead. Fynn could only account in that way for Dingana's fear.

Zabutshana of the Malanga tribe and Maduli, also the Malanga tribe, were old men who had escaped when Bebeni and Mzobotshi were killed by Fynn's orders by the Mahlongwa people. Zabutshana and Maduli were living close to our place at Ifafa in 1860. These are the men who told me what had happened and so corroborated the story I had heard from Fynn himself.

Fynn told me that when he came into Dingana's presence he drew his pistol and held it in his hand and asked, 'Why have you killed my people?' Dingana said, 'Oh Sifile, it was not me; it was Lukiimba, Mzobotshi and Bebeni.' They told lies about him to the effect that he was about to steal the king's cattle. Now there were cattle of the king missing but these had been taken by Bebeni and Mzobotshi from a *cattle post* on the Ngololo, a range of hills close to the Ifafa on the south side.

Dingana said, 'Sifile, you have already punished Lukilimba. I give you Bebeni and Mzobotshi. Kill the liars and don't spare them. I give you a present of cattle.' (These turned out to be nearly 200 in number.) 'These are to heal your sore heart for the loss of your children. *Go well, Sifile; finish them off so that nothing remains, not even a dog,*' said Dingana.

Dingana watched Fynn driving the cattle; he looked over the fence at him. After Fynn had gone out of sight he ordered a regiment to follow him to see that he did not come back and that there was no treachery in the thing, and that Fynn went straight. These men followed him in a crescent formation behind, but not within sight. Fynn did not know he was being followed. He was followed as far as the Umgeni.

Fynn then came on to the Mahlongwa people at the Ilovu. He told what had happened, ordered the killing and eating of the cattle, and that the skins were to be cut into shields. This was done. They then *armed*, made assegais (those who had no assegais made *unsimbiti* assegais), and then moved forward to destroy Bebeni and Mzobotshi and capture their girls. Fynn went some way with them and told them to go on and kill these men off, which they did. Mzobotshi, however, escaped. Bebeni was killed. Zabutshana and Maduli were boys and also escaped. Fynn went on and joined his people at Sikisiki in eastern Pondoland.

Fynn was a very brave man and kind-hearted. The only thing that caused him fear, as he told me, was the snarl of a hyena at his rear in the dark. It used to make him feel cold down his spine.

Sir Theophilus Shepstone was always very down on Fynn.

BAZLEY

27.6.1907

File 65, item 4, pp. 117-8.

Mr Bazley (not Bazeley) is most anxious that anything he has said in regard to Mbuyazi's family or domestic affairs should (not)<sup>12</sup> do any of his name at present living any injury.

118 He is preparing a full account of the wrecks of the Bonnybrook and Grosvenor. He said the latter was wrecked in 1782 and the other, I think, 'eighty years before'. His trouble is in tracing the history of the descendants. He found a very old white woman living exactly as a native between Springvale and Highflats somewhere between 1860 and 1870 or so, she then being about 86 years of age and speaking only Zulu. He could not get her name, but thinks it must be Hosea. He got full accounts of her having been saved from drowning and then concealed by natives. The relief party that came failed to find any of the survivors in consequence of natives being loath to deliver up wives so cheaply secured.

[Have asked him for: 1) Diagram of massacre of Fynn's family etc.; 2) map of coast, Durban to Pondoland, giving native names of hills, notable kraals etc.; 3) any other recollections of Fynn and Tshaka; 4) paper he sent to Woodhead.]

Fynn was fearless and quick to go to anyone's assistance no matter what the risk - see p. 63, Isaacs's book, vol. 1.<sup>13</sup>

Mpohlo is living. He used to live at Sikisiki with Fynn. He is about 80 now or more. He lives on Brudewold's place, on the opposite side of the river to me.

Notes

<sup>1</sup> Frank or Francis Fynn, a younger brother of Henry Francis Fynn.

<sup>2</sup> Presumably the Natal disturbances of 1906.

<sup>3</sup> 'Mbuyazi of the Bay', one of Henry Francis Fynn's praise-names.

<sup>4</sup> Mahwanqana, i.e. the little man with whiskers.

<sup>5</sup> The letters were written by Bazley.

<sup>6</sup> Henry Francis Fynn, junior.

<sup>7</sup> Sir Theophilus Shepstone.

<sup>8</sup> i.e. the bow-legged one.

<sup>9</sup> The Rev. H. Callaway was the author of Nursery Tales, Traditions, and Histories of the Zulus (1868), and of The Religious System of the Amazulu (1869).

<sup>10</sup> A species of coastal tree with very hard wood.

<sup>11</sup> One of Henry Francis Fynn's praise-names.

<sup>12</sup> Omitted in the original.

<sup>13</sup> Nathaniel Isaacs, Travels and Adventures in Eastern Africa, London, 1836.