

## NDONGENI KA XOKI

&lt;August 1905&gt;

File 64, item 7, pp. 1-15.

<The evidence presented below is undated in the original. However, the following note appears in the upper right-hand margin of p. 1: 'Ndongeni leaves Friday 11.8.05 to return Saturday, 25.8.05.' This leaves little doubt that the testimony on pp. 1-15 was recorded in the early days of August 1905 - eds.>

Statement by Ndongeni ka Xoki ka Camela ka Mntoko ka Ndaba ka Punga ka Mageba - I cannot go further.<sup>1</sup>

Mafingo ka Mkakasane (chief Mtambo), and Ntshingwayo (young) ka Nomakebe (chief Ndunge) are witnesses. Mafingo is about my age. He was working at Durban for some European. He afterwards became *induna*, Court House.<sup>2</sup>

I am a descendant from the Zulu royal house. Kwa Zindela is the name of one of Punga's kraals - the one we came from. My father was killed by Dingana for siding with Mhlangana.<sup>3</sup> My father remonstrated with Dingana for killing the rightful heir to the Zulu throne.<sup>4</sup> Our house is one which Dingana wanted to intermarry with on the ground that it had become remote from his particular branch of the tribe. Senzangakona objected on the ground that we were too near descendants, and could not, according to custom, be intermarried with.

I came to Natal on the occasion of Mpande quarrelling with Dingana.<sup>5</sup> I crossed into Natal with Magiya (alias Cacanā) ka Njani ka Mntoko etc. just after Mpande. He went to live under Mbulazi (H.F. Fynn) at the Mtwalume river near the present railway.<sup>6</sup> We were really following Lukilimba ka Mbaza ka Nkwelo ka Jama ka Punga etc., who was living at Ntimbankulu hill, where Mabojana is now living with a Cele section, and near my chief, Mbotshwa.<sup>7</sup> We halted a short time at Isipingo. We were afraid to go straight on to Lukilimba because of the *outlaws* (*amankengana*) who lived about, so decided to turn aside to Dick King's kraal.<sup>8</sup> At that time, he had native wives and a native kraal. We saw that we should be safe under him as he was a white man.

2 Whilst at his place, he saw me and asked my mother if she would allow me to stay and work by herding cattle. My mother agreed. She had intended going on to join Magiya, but soon died at Isipingo. I afterwards joined Magiya, but soon returned to Dick King. He was a man who had a hot temper. All Dick K.'s boys used to leave him on account of his temper. I, however, stuck to him. The Xabashe people all know I was with King. I remained with him till I had *reached*

*puberty (tomba'd)*. I *tomba'd* on the occasion of Captain Smith's arrival at Port Natal.<sup>9</sup>

Fihlwase and Mdumayi were Dick King's wives, the principal one being Fihlwase.

Dick had a waggon, and I used to *lead the oxen*. I became acquainted with the Dutch language because there were Boers about Isipingo, and we used to go to Pietermaritzburg, also Ladysmith, with our waggons.<sup>10</sup> Dick could also speak Dutch.

He subsequently cast aside his native wives and married an English girl. Boer girls were fond of Dick. He used to *soma* (i.e. *hlobonga*) with them.

Dick King had three waggons. Hottentots drove two of these, whilst he drove the other. I acted as leader to his waggon.

Pretorius commandeered the English at Port Natal as well as natives under Fodo ka Nombeu, living *at the place of the Nhlanguwini people* on the upper Mkomazi (river).<sup>11</sup> Of the English at the Bay of Durban, Dick King and Wohlo (i.e. Ogle) went forth.<sup>12</sup> The object of the expedition was to attack Ncapayi ka Madikane, chief of the Bacas then living on the south side of the Mzimkulu near the sources of the Mzimvubu.<sup>13</sup> The cause of the quarrel was the stealing of two cows, a red and a black, each with a calf, from a Boer homestead. They had been left in the charge of a native.

Ncapayi was attacked; cattle were seized; the tribe was scattered; but Ncapayi escaped.<sup>14</sup>

On their return from this expedition, the Boers gave Fodo's people 10 goats and a *barren* cow.<sup>15</sup> They gave King, Ogle and their four followers, of whom I was one, an ox. We killed our ox.

The next thing I heard was that Fodo was accused of theft of goats because it was discovered he had concealed a number of skins in a stream nearby the fort.<sup>16</sup> Fodo's people were thereupon flogged, whilst he was placed under arrest. His hands were tied behind his back. He was put into Dick King's waggon. Dick asked the Boers why they acted thus towards a chief, and how it would be possible for Fodo to eat if his hands remained tied in this way. I used to sleep with Fodo under the waggon. He was there with his followers. Fodo was at our waggon for four days, and then escaped. I woke up during the night and found Fodo missing, as also the meat, which had been at the fire-place. I saw, too, that Fodo had gone off with one of his followers, two remaining behind. Seeing what had happened, I reported to my master. This report was made before daybreak. The two Europeans went off and reported to Pretorius. When I found him missing, I at first thought he had gone out to relieve nature.

I should say that, in consequence of Dick King's and Ogle's remonstrances, Fodo was allowed to have his hands handcuffed in front instead of behind, to enable him to eat. Dick and Ogle were accused of having unfastened the man and allowed him to go. The handcuffs were of iron and made by the Boers. Dick denied the accusation. The Boers persisted. I saw things were assuming a nasty aspect, especially when the Boers said, 'Long have we been harassed by these people' (the English). The Boers directed us not to proceed along the route they were taking. We accordingly left and travelled at the side. Dick King asked, 'Why do you commandeer us and then turn round and want to kill us in the veld?' The Boers were about to

5 shoot King, for, as I have said, he had a temper. Pretorius inter-  
vened, and said what King said was right, that it was an unheard of  
affair to shoot him in the veld away from home.

Dambuza ka Mpiki of the Nsomi people was given the oxen seized  
from Ncapayi, and sent back with them. He *crossed over* the Mkomazi.  
The rest of the stock came on afterwards.

After Fodo's people were flogged because of the goats they were  
alleged to have stolen, many deserted. Hence Fodo's also going.

The cattle were all driven to Pietermaritzburg. At Pietermaritz-  
burg, Dick King and Ogle were rewarded for their services. They  
were, however, given old cows and year-old and young calves. Dick  
got about ten or so; so also did Ogle. The Boers, however, chose  
what they liked - the heifers and young oxen and so on. Dick got  
extremely angry and said he would report that the Boers wanted to  
kill him, and how they had served him.

We then returned to Durban. Dick King and Ogle then reported what  
had happened, and a communication was sent to the Cape. It was in  
6 regard to the Ncapayi expedition that the conflict arose between the  
Boers and English. That was the true cause.<sup>17</sup>

The Boers seized cattle belonging to King, which King had bartered  
for with beads in Zululand. He had sent Nomakebe and Totongwana to  
buy these cattle. These cattle were seized from King from his farm  
at Isipingo. The Boers seized them on the ground that King had no  
right to go and purchase them in Zululand without their permission,  
seeing Natal now belonged to them. I saw the cattle seized by the  
Boers by force of arms in a most deliberate manner, and taken to the  
Boer settlement at Kwa Makala on the Mlazi, on the north side.

Dick King had a remarkably hot temper, and this affair aggravated  
him extremely. He could not report the incident to anyone in Natal,  
for there was no one who could rectify the wrong.

After the seizure, Dick did nothing for a time. There was no one  
here of his own nationality. Cato, Joe Cato, and Beningfield were at  
the Bay at this time.<sup>18</sup> Dick must have acquainted these of his mis-  
fortunes.

Dick King and I went together to meet Captain Smith just across  
[south of] the Mzimkulu at Port Shepstone.<sup>19</sup> Dick drove his waggon  
down, whilst I was his leader. He went to meet the English because  
7 of the strong feelings entertained by him against the Boers. Dick  
showed Captain Smith the way to Durban. On the journey the soldiers  
were often required to assist in pulling the waggons out of places  
they had got stuck fast in.<sup>20</sup> There were very many of these waggons.

Dick was a very brave man. Once, when hunting in Zululand, a  
leopard tore off part of his face on the right side of the nose. He  
was of medium height.

We came right to Durban with Smith's waggons. I took refuge in  
the Point-Mgeni bush with other boys when Smith attacked the Boers  
at night, but returned next morning.<sup>21</sup> Next day the bodies of those  
who had been killed on both sides were buried.

I believe there were four conflicts with the Boers before King  
and I left on our journey.<sup>22</sup>

<The terse, telegraphic form of many of Stuart's notes on pp. 8-27  
of item 7 suggests that they were a rough record intended for tran-  
scription. Our presentation of these notes below conforms as closely

as our editorial conventions allow to the style and format of the original - eds.>

- 8 *Burying* near Emhlaleni and near fort - passed *near the place of Mangeingei*.<sup>23</sup>  
 Built up fort with sods.  
 Buried bodies and fetched them.  
 I think there were three fights with Boers before we started off.  
 I was surprized at being asked to go as there were so many Europeans against whom the Boers were fighting and not us.  
 'You will not be in want again' - said by Smith.  
 Europeans arrested after us.<sup>24</sup>  
 C. Adams was on his way to Mazeppa.<sup>25</sup>  
 I do not know who was in the boat, what Europeans.<sup>26</sup>  
 I had learnt to ride by riding cattle at Isipingo - D. King knew of this.  
 He reported this to the authorities.  
 I went as a *secret emissary* to King to say that King has been killed.<sup>27</sup>  
 Boers would have killed me too for the drifts had been closed.  
 Boers were at all the drifts, Mhlatuzana, Mlazi, Ezimbokodweni, Amanzimtoti, Ilovu, Mkomazi.  
 I saw three at Mlazi - who had apparently relieved others and were returning to Makala. We saw four on Amanzimtoti road going to Ilovu.  
 We crossed *the reeds at the Ilovu. When dawn broke we went into the bush. We put the horses where there were ivuma plants.*  
 We went by *the track* to Mnini's kraal.<sup>28</sup>  
 There were three Europeans in the boat, one of these had the two horses.<sup>29</sup>
- 9 I left at first under the impression we were merely going to Isipingo.  
 Horses crossed in water already saddled up.  
 I was not trusted, not told King was going for help. Afraid of telling me lest I should refuse to go.  
 I asked for a saddle.  
 I did not know he was going to *raise the alarm. I would have told lies.*  
 It did not become known that D. King had gone off for help - natives afraid of Boers.  
 The Cele people under Xabashe know that I went with King.<sup>30</sup>  
 I took off my things with my horse, went out and *played at stabbing the gourd*, and watched, by direction, to see how many Boers there were - near Wohlo's place.  
 King said to me, 'I am going to Isipingo - *you won't want for anything*'. This made me suspect there was something up, for it was extraordinary to make such a statement in regard to a trip merely to Isipingo. On the way beyond Isipingo I asked where we were going. He then told me he was merely going to the Mzimkulu. It was only when I crossed the Mzimkulu that King told me that he was going *to his people to raise the alarm*. He then reminded me of the Ncapayi affair where we nearly died. 'I intend calling our own people as we were nearly killed.' My pluck then arose.  
 I was told by a boy across the Mkomazi when I was feeding the

10 horses that the Boers had seen our spoor. We whipped our horses up, hearing the Boers were in hot pursuit of us. This boy said this at Kwa Tolane, *the umuzi of Wohlo*. We got to the Mkomazi before people slept, having waited all day at the Ilovu. This boy used to work at Durban, I do not know who for.

Only one bag on each of our horses; only small blanket and other things, wearing apparel. King and I had biscuits. We went right through night, and day dawned just after we had crossed the Mzimkulu. After crossing there we went by day and night. No kraals in that part then, only Mbulazi *of the eziNkumbini people* at emHlunga between Mtwalume and Mzumbe.<sup>31</sup>

We got to British troops at Mgazi just south of Mzimvubu. My body was swollen. I was three days there, then they sent dispatches to Smith. I came back *by the place of Sirili and the place of Marwanqana* (a missionary), who afterwards moved to eZalo.<sup>32</sup> I do not know if I crossed Mteate.

There were alligators, and we crossed where the tide had risen. Even when tide up Dick crossed.

My horse remained at Mgazi. I came back on foot. I forget the despatch runner's name - so long ago.

Two Europeans rowed the boat. Only one boat, not two [as Russell says].<sup>33</sup> All five of us were in the one boat.

11 I deny absolutely that there were two boats.

I do not deny the Catos came over in the boat. It was a dark night so they may have escaped my notice even though I knew the Catos well.

[Who led the horses if only the two Catos and King crossed?]

I say four Europeans crossed, including King, and one of these led the horses.

I was not a child. I *hlobonga'd* at this time.

Dick did not do the rowing.

Two oars. Horses led at back of boat.

The horses were wild. Dick could not have led them. One must have broken away.

I have no motive for telling a falsehood.

I held on to the mane of the horse as we went along. I rode the red horse.

We passed eziNkumbini kraal. Duka Fynn knows of this. He was born then, so also Charlie F.<sup>34</sup>

We were in the act of passing Mazeppa when Charlie Adams was shot. (His son is at Harding.)

When hit he was swimming and jumped up like a fish on the bullet striking him.

Silevu (ka Aitken), deceased (his brother Mxakaza is living at Mzimkulu), is the one who brought forward this matter. Gwembeshe (Bazley) also knows something.<sup>35</sup> Somawala (an European) at Mzimkulu also knows this. Silevu said papers alleged that King was accompanied by a native. I asked name and then told him I was that person.

12 I said nothing of this matter until questioned by Aitken because my chief witness was dead. Gwembeshe (Bazley) said, 'They'll deny that you ever went with King.'

[Refer Aitken who has the idea that a native went with King.]

It was about bed-time that we crossed the Bay.

Koffiyana *provided* Smith's troops with a black cow.<sup>36</sup> The soldiers

prepared it like a pig - and so cut up. He sent this beast in secret - before King and I left.

I was afraid of coming forward because my chief (Dick K.) was dead. I was afraid I would be contradicted.

A Mr Madden [?] knows of this affair. Knows that a native accompanied King. He has a farm at Mzimkulu but lives in Pietermaritzburg. [See Holden p. 122.]<sup>37</sup>

Aitken told me he referred to Mrs King who said her husband was accompanied by me.

I did not obtrude myself in any way. I was claiming nothing. Aitken merely asked me what my age was.

Mpatwa ka Mpundulwana and Abuleni ka Mpundulwana worked for King's brother-in-law, but are dead now. Faku of the Qwabe people - forget his father - worked for King. These were with me in Durban when I left with King.

I pay taxes to Silevu (deceased). I cultivate James Aitken's land still. When Silevu asked me how old I was when the Boers and English fought, I had gone to pay taxes.

I would say push matter if Silevu etc. say King went alone. They assert that a native went with King. I am that native and everyone can testify to that fact.

King called me when I was at his place near Cato's.

King did not sleep on Mazeppa on the night of our going away (as Cato says).

Jozi (European) was at Cato's place - could speak Zulu well.<sup>38</sup>

Silevu's brother Mxakaza knows King went with a native.

I never used to speak about this. I did not start it after King died.

When I said to Aitken, on his mentioning that a native had accompanied King, that I was that native, I had no motive for telling a lie. There was nothing for me to gain.

I do not know where King was buried. Ntshingwayo may know. He died at Isipingo.

My witnesses are:

Silevu and Mxakaza Aitken - first dead - living at Mzimkulu.

Silevu opened up this affair in Gwembeshe's presence

(Bazley) - Gwembeshe ka Maralavu - just before I made my deposition before Beachcroft in 1897.<sup>39</sup>

I do not know if Mrs King, who went to Grahamstown, is dead or not.

Mafingo ka Mkakasane, chief Mtambo - about my age - Makanya people.

Ntshingwayo ka Nomakebe, chief Ndunge - lived at King's place at Isipingo.

Somawala (European) - lives Mzimkulu, near drift. Boat builder.

Duka Fynn - chief. Knows I went with King.

I was told by King to bring my *loin cover* along. I was afraid to be seen wearing trousers.

King did not go onto Mazeppa between the night of 23rd and our leaving on the ride. He slept in his own quarters.

Dick's waggon at this time was at his place. There were three waggons and three drivers. Jan Vari (Hottentot), Stuurman (Hottentot) and myself were the drivers. I do not know where these Hottentots went to.

I used to sleep in the stable in which was ample room. Dick King had no horses at first but got them afterwards. He had one hut. Cato had no native wives, but a European woman.

I did not report to any of those I used to sleep with that I was going. I was simply told to come and I came.

King woke me up when I was sleeping in the stable. There were others there with me. I do not recollect them now. I put my *loincloth* on. I brought my blanket and followed. As soon as I left the stable I went to Cato's. I there saw Europeans. They started off. I followed them to the Point. On getting to the Point I saw the two horses already there in charge of an European. I never thought of asking King any questions as I was much afraid of him. I got my trousers when I got into the boat. A slight moon was on - *there was faint light*.

I heard only one shot fired. I supposed it was Charlie Adams who was shot, as I heard afterwards he had been killed.

15 The two horses had their eyes covered when we mounted - 'Should you fall it will come back' - so stick on, keep a good seat.

If my master told me to do anything dangerous I did it without questioning.

'How big were you at the time of Smith's fighting?' I replied, 'Then did an European accompany King?' Silevu said, 'A native, whose name I do not know, is said to have gone with King.' 'Was not that Ndongeni?' Silevu then wrote to Mrs King mentioning my name. Mrs King replied, 'Yes, that is the man.'

Beachcroft reproved me for taking this matter to Aiken and not to him, seeing it was a big one.

I always asked myself what kind of a *warrior* I was that was never *rewarded* or *praised* - whose deeds never came to light.

5.8.1905

File 64, item 7, pp. 16-17.

16 Conversation with Ndongeni at his kraal.

The two horses were 'racers' given by Captain Smith. There was a slight moon. King had stirrups, I not. He rode white horse - both large ones. Crossed near where hospital now stands. Horses swam.

Three white men besides King and myself crossed. I do not know whom, though George Cato and Joe Cato may have been among them.

King was at his house near Cato's. I with him - *I had reached puberty*.

Horses being eaten by some.

Row with Boers for two reasons: (a) because English refused to go out on commando with Boers to attack Ncapayi whose people had raided or stolen two cows belonging to Boers, (b) because the oxen belonging to Smith's numerous waggons (driven by *Hottentots*) grazed *freely* at Congella. They were scattered all over Berea by Boers.<sup>40</sup> I on that occasion picked out King's cattle.

I can still speak Dutch fairly well. A knowledge of this stood me in good stead with Boers and saved me from getting the sjambok.

We went up to Mnini's - kraal we knew well - thence over Mhlatusana, Mbilo and Mlazi, seeing mounted Boers who were guarding the drifts. Mnini told by Europeans with us to obliterate our spoor. We

NDONGENI

crossed at very mouth of Mlazi. King swam. I remained on horseback, not being able to swim.

King lent me his stirrups occasionally. Horses powerful - could jump a long way.

We got to Ilovu near Ogle's house just before dawn.

The tide was in when we crossed. The Mazeppa was anchored inside. We rowed under cover of her.

The horses fortunately did not snort badly.

When we got as far as Mkomazi we heard from a boy whose name I do not know, but who worked in Durban and had just come from there, that  
17 the Boers had found our spoor and would come in pursuit. We went forward as hard as we could go. My legs nearly came from their sockets. It was then I learnt that there are muscles which hold legs after they have come from their sockets. My legs dangled to the side, giving me great pain.

I learnt to ride on cattle. King noticed this - this is why he asked me to go. Other boys, seeing the British attack on the Boers (by night) had failed - I saw the artillery officer struck - gave notice to go home.<sup>41</sup>

I was induced to go with King on his assurance and that of Captain Smith that my services would not be forgotten.

King and the other Europeans about bay did not go into laager, for the Boers were not fighting with them, only with the troops.

6.8.1905

File 64, item 7, pp. 17-18, 20.

Further talk with Ndongeni.

King had on a *light brown* hat. Much older than I. We carried food for horses. We had our coats, shirts etc. in front of saddle. I did not need spurs for my horse. King had spurs. I had no stirrups; King occasionally lent me his. Troops were at Mgazi. We got beyond Mzimvubu to a missionary called Marwanqana. I was worn out by the jolting I got, having no stirrups. It was on third day I saw the ship.<sup>42</sup> Started off with a man with dispatches for Smith. I was told to show him the way through. I left my horse and walked back. At Mgazi I was doctored by the soldiers. I walked all the way back, being anxious to see my mother again. When I got to Mlazi [?] I saw Boers trekking off. I asked young Hansman what was the matter. He said the English had arrived - that Dick King had given the alarm. I expressed surprise at this.

18 When I went to Durban I was taken to where King was. The sentries challenged me. I said, 'Friend,' and was called in. I said I wanted King. King was called and, on seeing me, shed some tears, wiped them away and said, 'Are you still alive?' I said, 'Yes.' 'Did not the Boers shoot you?' I said, 'No.' The soldiers thereupon gave me many presents of money, shillings, half-crowns, three shillings and five shillings. The government, many years after, gave me £12 with which I bought two oxen. I am in trouble with regard to land. I want a farm. I would like to have a gun too. I do not pay hut tax.<sup>43</sup>

Ndongeni ka Xoki ka --<sic> ka Ndaba ka Punga ka Mageba. My father was killed by Dingana for siding with Mhlangana. I have been nearly all my life in Natal, and so know but little of Zulu affairs.



Per Ndongeni.

- 20 King would not have gone alone. Would have been killed. Boers guarded the drifts. I do not know if he carried a letter conveying the momentous news. I was to wait for nothing. King and I were together so as to look for the drifts together - one assist the other. Had King been killed I would have gone back and reported fact - not gone on with any dispatch.

The grass baskets of the people of Piti - the Boers after their large hats - or *imiranga* of the people of Piti, i.e. lawless people, hooligans.<sup>44</sup>

15.9.1905

File 64, item 7, pp. 24-7.

- 24 (Boers riddled wagons through with bullets).<sup>45</sup>

King lived near the Catos (George and Joe).

King called me just after dusk.

I was in our native hut at the time. (Mpatambi ka Sozikili was a man of King's at Isipingo - not with me that night.)

There were others in the stable at the time. Dick himself called me.

After he called me we went on to Cato's where we found Smiti (commander of troops).<sup>46</sup> King told me to bring my things (when he called). I was given a revolver. I had on a torn pair of trousers.

I was not told to dress. They were afraid of my running away, suspicions being aroused.

I had a day or two previously assisted with our waggon to build a wall of sods round the fort.

'You will never want for anything. I want us to go to my home' - go to Isipingo, as Boers had set up guards everywhere. He spoke thus at the outset.

Mangcingci (Beningfield).

The officer in charge of the cannon was killed at Edekedekeni.

King went out to fight that night - told me to go back home.

I saw the artillery officer jump on being shot - slight moonlight. Next day, finding this officer dead, we concluded this must have been the one shot, as he was a tall man and he jumped just as Adams afterwards jumped.

I carried King's ammunition that night.

- 25 I saw no horses at Cato's, but later on near Mazeppa, on the north side of the Bay.

I went straight on from there. I was told that the Boers were approaching to capture the white men. We were at Cato's only some 15 to 20 minutes.

We started with three Europeans, also King. Found horses ahead, by boat - not in water. Water only 200 or 300 yards from Cato's. The horses had been supplied by Smith. King told me this when I had started on journey and noticed their behaviour. There were saddles on. One had stirrups, other not.

My horse's eyes were covered over when I got on. They were wild, brisk - see a long way off. Told if I was thrown the horse would return to its stable.

Two rowed, one held horses at back. Only one boat rowed across. I do not know if Cato was inside or not. He may have been in. No

splashing of water when rowing. There were five of us in the boat.

There was certainly no other boat behind.

The Boers came up, saw Charlie Adams swimming, and shot him. His son is now at Harding. C. Adams came after us, so if there was a boat behind us he would not have swum.

What I say I saw for myself.

I drew attention to there being no stirrups. 'Alright N. *We shall get them at the house. The trouble will soon be over.*'

26 I learnt to ride on pack-oxen. I could ride well. The horse startled several times. I *landed on my feet*, then got on again. This happened only once - near Mlazi where we saw three Boer horses - mounted by Boers. They had *blocked off the drifts*.

We crossed to Mnini who *obliterated our tracks*. I heard him told to *cover over our spoor*. King told him to do so. He was at his kraal. We passed his kraal that night by the gate. Two Europeans went with us to Mnini's. Mnini used to sell fish to the English residents. All the elderly members of Mnini's people know me, also Xabashe's people (under Ndunge) - the report that I went with King.

'*Now we are in need of money. It was Ndongeni who drew the whites in to these parts. Now we are in trouble.*' This is the way I am chaffed even nowadays.

One remained behind in the boat whilst the others went with us to Mnini's.

27 We arrived at Mnini's *in faint light; the moon was not shining brightly*. Some had already retired to rest, others not. The two Europeans returned to the boat and we went along *the ridge in the forests, through the ivuma creepers*, and on to Mlazi. Dick's horse was white, mine bay (*bomvu*). Both *geldings*. Sharp ears, good size (not small) - did not like the water and wanted to jump. This is what did for me - *loosened joints* - the jumping. They appeared to me to be 'racers' - *fleet-footed*.

The horses were saddled on the Bluff side by the European who was in charge of them - stable-man. Only bridles on when crossing - for they *swam*.

I had a saddle but no stirrups - we *took turns with the stirrups on the road*.

At Mlazi and other rivers we crossed with saddles on. *We unsaddled in the bushes after it had become light*, when resting. We crossed *all the tidal lagoons*. We crossed near sea so as not to be seen.

I carried food for horses on my saddle - on side - haversacks.

I was given trousers. I had a hat. (I always went with waggons - and so accustomed to wearing hat.)

Mahlangana ka Dhlokolo - *lived on this side of the Mbokodwe river - downstream*. We passed there. When we got to Amanzimtoti we saw horses going towards Ilovu.

16.9.1905

File 64, item 7, p. 27.

I do not know if Cato etc. were arrested by Boers.

I do not know if Europeans slept on the Mazeppa.

King crossed over with a revolver. I also was given one.

Two days elapsed between our collecting bodies and our leaving.

I do not recollect what took place in the day-time of day we left

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on our journey. I was at King's establishment. I do not know of King being on Mazeppa.

There was a cannon at the Point - near bar.  
[Had King a gun with him?]

<August/September, 1905?>

File 64, item 7, pp. 28-9.

<The information presented below is undated in the original. However, the context in which it occurs suggests that it was probably written in August or September 1905, and represents an uncompleted endeavour on Stuart's part to paraphrase the rough notes which he had made during his interviews with Ndongeni in the early part of August 1905 - eds.>

28 Statement of Ndongeni, a native (still living).

I am the son of Xoki. My chief is Mbotshwa, and I live between the Ntwentweni and Mzimkulu rivers, about 10 miles from the mouth of the latter.

I am a descendant of the Zulu royal house, though somewhat remote from its present representatives.

I came to Natal on the occasion of the memorable rupture between Dingana and Mpande in 1839. I came with my mother under the protection of a relative, Magiya, as my father had been put to death by Dingana. My age at this time was about 15 or 16. Our object was to go and live under Lukilimba, a well-known chief and relative of ours living on the north side of the Mzimkulu, not many miles from where I at present have my kraal. Owing, however, to the unsettled state of the country, my mother turned aside at Isipingo to Dick King's establishment, where she was permitted to live as a temporary measure. To live by or under a white man was in those days a guarantee of safety. Seeing me, Dick King asked my mother if she would permit me to become his herd boy. No objection being offered, I at once became his servant. Magiya went

29 on to live at Mtwalume. My mother intended following, but not long after died at Isipingo.

I found my master had a rather hot temper, and his servants used to leave. I stuck to him because I got to know him and his ways. I arrived at the age of puberty when Captain Smith arrived at Port Natal from Mgazi [May 1842]. Between the latter end of 1839 and May 1842, I acted as King's voorlooper,<sup>47</sup> and occasionally went on journeys with him to Pietermaritzburg and Ladysmith. When it was known Captain Smith was coming to Natal, my master and I - taking waggon and oxen - proceeded to meet the troops at the Mzimkulu.

<18.9.1905. Durban, Natal.>

File 20, pp. 78-85.

<The narrative presented below comes from a typescript made by Stuart. We have not found a manuscript version. The document is a paraphrase by Stuart of many of the rough notes recorded during his interviews with Ndongeni in August and September 1905 - eds.>

78 The story of Dick King's ride as told by Ndongeni.<sup>48</sup>

I am a Zulu by birth, and a descendant of the royal house of my

native country. I was born at Fort Yolland,<sup>49</sup> in Zululand, about the year 1826. I lost my father at an early age, he having been put to death by Dingana's order. My mother and uncle resolved to cross into Natal. They took me with them, and came over just after Mpande's memorable visit to this colony, in October 1839. My uncle proceeded to live under the late Henry Fynn, at Mtwalume, whilst my mother placed herself temporarily under Dick King's protection at Isipingo. In those days Natal was so unsettled that it was necessary for natives, especially refugees from Zululand, to seek protection of one of the Europeans living in the vicinity of Port Natal. King consented, and, as he required a herdboy, it was arranged between him and my mother that I should forthwith enter his service in that capacity.

I found it no easy thing to serve my new master as he had rather a hot temper. As time went on, he got to understand me, and I him, with the result that I became devoted to him and remained his dependant until I married and set up an establishment of my own.

Dick King kept waggons, so my duties as herd boy were not unfrequently changed to those of voorlooper. As voorlooper I, of course, saw a good deal of the country. It was in this connection, on one of our waggon trips, that the following incidents took place, which, as will presently be seen, threw no small light on the motives that impelled Dick King to undertake his very remarkable ride. The waggon trip I refer to took place probably in the early part of 1841.

The Baca chief, Ncapayi, driven by Tshaka from the vicinity of Pietermaritzburg across the Mzimkulu to the sources of the Mzimvubu, was regarded by the Boers as a cattle thief. I remember it being commonly reported that a young man of this tribe had stolen two cows, a red and a black, each with a calf, from some Boer homestead in Natal, at which he was employed as milkman. The Boer leader, Pretorius, thereupon commandeered the English residents at Durban to take part in a punitive expedition against the chief. I know of but two Englishmen who complied with the order, viz. my master and Henry Ogle. As Dick King was required to bring his waggon, he naturally wanted me to accompany it. I went. Ncapayi was attacked and defeated, some thousands of cattle and goats being seized.

79 Among those who assisted the Boers was a chief, Fodo, and his followers. This man was, after a time, presented with a few goats as rations. Because a number of goat skins was found in a stream near the temporary fort, Fodo and his people were accused of having made away with goats over and above those awarded. Fodo replied the skins were those of animals already presented to him and had been thrown away simply because, being on campaign, they could not be dried, and if dried would only be an encumbrance on the journey. Some of his men were thereupon seized and flogged, whilst he himself was placed under arrest. His hands were tied firmly behind his back, and he was, in that condition, placed in my master's waggon. We were accordingly made directly responsible for his safekeeping. Dick found fault with the Boers for tying a chief in the way they had done, asking how the man was to take his food. On hearing this, the Boers released Fodo's hands.

Now, I slept with Fodo under the waggon. Several of his followers were with him there. After staying four days at our waggon, he suddenly disappeared in the night. I woke during the night in question, and found him missing, also some cooked meat which had been left in

the pot at the fireplace. He had eloped with one of his men, leaving two still at the waggon. I reported to Mr King what I had seen before daybreak. King and Ogle went at once to Pretorius. No sooner did they make the announcement than they were charged with having either deliberately let the prisoner go or connived at his escape. King strongly repudiated the insinuation. The Boers persisted, and even threatened to shoot King for his supposed complicity in the affair. I, too, was severely rated by the Boers. 'Why commandeer us and then seek to shoot us like dogs away from our homes in the veld?' retorted my master. Had not Pretorius intervened, it is not improbable that King would have been shot.

The result of this contretemps, which caused King to entertain extremely bitter feelings towards the Boers, was that we were ordered to make our way to Pietermaritzburg by a different route to that taken by the commando. At Pietermaritzburg, King and Ogle were rewarded for their services. Each got but 10 head of small and indifferent cattle. Not only, therefore, did the Boers prove themselves distrustful, they were ungrateful as well. Dick King returned to Isipingo deeply resentful and thoroughly dissatisfied with the manner in which he, an Englishman, had been treated, in what was, or ought to be, an English and not a Boer settlement.

But this was not all. The Boers, who had congregated in large numbers on the north bank of the Mlazi, the settlement being known to the natives as Makala, got to hear King had been bartering clothes, beads, etc., for cattle in Zululand. Two cows and calves, wrongly supposed to have been so procured, were one day seized from his farm at Isipingo, on the ground that he had no right to trade without the Boers' permission - now that Natal had become their colony.

80 Wantonness of this kind merely deepened the feelings of vengeance already harboured by King against the arrogant invader. He was in despair. He smarted under a type of injustice which no one was able to redress. It is in such incidents as these that some, at any rate, of the motives which prompted and even drove King to embark on his hazardous mission, find their proper origin. This is why, when approached by Smith and Cato, they found him so ready an agent.

Captain Smith and his men left the fort at Mgazi in Pondoland for Natal in March 1842. I was with Dick King as voorlooper when he went to meet the British forces at the Mzimkulu. He showed them the way to Durban and assisted with his experience as a waggon driver, either in indicating the most suitable crossing places in the rivers or extricating waggons that, in the absence of roads, frequently stuck fast.

I come now to the principal part of my story. No sooner did the British troops get to Durban than they began to be harassed by the Boers. Quarrels presently arose in regard to pasture lands. The Boers objected to Captain Smith's and the other English residents' oxen trespassing on ground between Durban and Congella, which they regarded exclusively as their own. They, one day, deliberately caused these oxen to disperse and stray about at a distance, giving me and other herds the greatest difficulty in recovering them. For a time the contestants exchanged visits, leading however, to no improvement. Friction increased and went quickly from bad to worse, until actual hostilities occurred.

I helped in the construction of the fort, made chiefly of sods. I was present on the memorable night-attack on the Boers, on May 23rd,

when our forces were repulsed. I accompanied my master that night, carrying his ammunition. After going some distance I was told to go back. I and the other natives, who were with me, stopped and watched the fight. We saw a tall man shot, who afterwards turned out to be the officer in charge of the cannon. The Boers had taken up the position near some mangrove trees - away from the water's edge. The night was moonlight, but the moon, I should think, was in its last phase. There was no fighting next day, it having been mutually agreed that those shot on either side should be removed and buried. I took part in this work, waggons being used for the purpose. Open hostilities having broken out, some of the native servants gave notice and left. I remained.

The Boers advanced still closer to our lager. They patrolled the northern shore of the Bay, and posted a cannon at the Point, for use in case the Mazeppa, then anchored in the Bay, should attempt to escape. Matters now began to assume a very critical aspect.

I was wondering what would occur next when, on the night of the 25th, I heard my master's voice at the door of the stable, in which I and his other waggon boys used to sleep. My master's premises were quite close to those of Messrs George and Joseph Cato. 'Ndongeni!' 'Yes sir,' said I. 'Come here, and don't forget your things.' I went, snatching a few belongings, including my *mutsha*, not knowing what was required of me, and leaving my friends in the stable. Dick King, who was with two others, moved off to Mr Cato's house, where I found  
81 George Cato and others. I was here told by Dick King that he wanted me to go home with him to Isipingo. 'You will never stand in need of anything,' he added, impressively, in the presence of the others. Thinking it natural that my master should want to get away to his farm, where I knew he had property, I expressed no surprise. Little did I imagine that because of my being a native, I was being altogether deceived. The white men, no doubt on account of my nationality, preferred not to trust me with their secret, a secret on which, as I afterwards found, so much depended. Moreover, had I been told what was required of me, it was possible, in their view, that I might have refused to go.

In about ten minutes, it being still quite early in the night (say 9 o'clock), we set out to a part of the shore, 200 or 300 yards distant, and nearest the Mazeppa. This spot is not far from where Addington Hospital now stands. I here beheld two fine-looking horses, the one white, the other bay, being held by a European. I concluded at once these were troop horses and had been furnished by the Officer Commanding, Captain Smith, whom I had seen in the course of the afternoon. Four Europeans now entered the boat I now saw waiting. Who these Europeans were I know not. George and Joseph Cato may have been among them. My master was one. I was told to enter, and did so.

Two of the Europeans then rowed us over, the horses being led by the stern by the other man already referred to. The care taken not to make a sound, the silent dipping of the oars by practised hands, the very absence of snorting by our steeds, soon showed me, boy though I was, that the enterprise I had been so suddenly launched on, which even animals seemed to appreciate, was no ordinary affair. We were gliding by the Mazeppa when I heard the report of a gun ring out loud in the night, echoed back by the hills towards which we were making. The shot had been fired at some man, whom I had already noticed

swimming towards the Mazeppa, and who had apparently been too late to catch our boat. This unfortunate person was struck. He rose in the water on being hit, only to sink out of sight a moment later. I, on a subsequent date, was told this was Charles Adams, whose son is now living near Harding.

We presently gained the opposite shore. All got out. The dripping horses were saddled. Dick King mounted the white, I mounted the bay. As I got on, a cloth was placed over my horse's eyes to prevent it becoming restive. The same had been done in regard to the other. There were no stirrups to my saddle. I told King. 'All right,' he said, 'we've not far to go.' I noticed satchels had already been affixed, containing food for the horses and ourselves, also clothing for the journey. Dick handed me a pistol for use, in case of an attack. He, too, carried one, but no gun. King sat erect on his horse, a picture of a wild and intrepid spirit. He wore a large beard, had on coat, shirt, and long trousers, spurs, a somewhat broad-brimmed, sand-coloured hat, pistol on side, hold-all strapped to saddle in front; and held in his hand a double rein, no whip. As for his horse, it was strongly built, tail cut, but not short, and round its neck was a reim; <sup>50</sup> it stood about 14.2. In a few moments our valiant steeds, with clear-cut ears erect - they looked to me like racers - bounded forward, apparently even more anxious than we to be off. We ascended the Bluff by Mnini's kraal. Two Europeans came with us, the other being left with the boat. Mnini had long been friendly to the English, with whom he and his people had frequently bartered fish caught in the Bay. When we reached the gate of his kraal it was bed-time. He was directed to obliterate the spoor or hoof prints of our horses, an instruction which I believe was duly observed. Dick King and I now parted from our friends and went off along the Bluff, southwards.

82

Although young, I was by no means an inexperienced rider. I had frequently ridden cattle (pack-oxen) which fact, well known to my master, was no doubt one of the reasons why I was selected to go with him. Being moreover of a light weight may have been another reason. I had been warned, before mounting, that if, in the event of my being thrown, I allowed the horse to go, it would refuse to be caught and go straight back to its stable. Shortly after starting I was thrown, owing to the horse shying badly. I had, however, a knack of almost always coming on to my feet when thrown. I fortunately did so on this occasion, retained hold of the reins, and remounted.

We came to the Mlazi, not many yards from where it enters the sea. Dick dismounted, took off everything except his shirt, and handed the things to me to carry on my head. As we plunged into the water, high on account of the tide, it seemed in the dark as if we were crossing a river in flood. Dick, wholly regardless of crocodiles, swam in his shirt, leading my horse as well as his own. Being unable to swim, I remained mounted, clutching on to the mane. Dick King was a man absolutely brave and fearless. He feared neither lions on land nor crocodiles in water.

It was well known to me at the time, just as it was to King, that the Boers were guarding the drifts; it was for this reason we crossed close to the sea, where there were no drifts. There were Boers at the Mlazi, Ezimbokodweni, Amanzimtoti, Illovu and Mkomanzi. At the Mlazi I saw three of them mounted, returning to their camp at Makala after having apparently been relieved by others. My horse, which had

remarkably good eyesight, also perceived them. At the Amanzimtoti, I saw four more on the road leading to Illovu. We crossed the Illovu low down, passing through reeds as we did so. Here again my master swam across. It was near dawn when we crossed the Illovu. We entered the thick growth so common about that part, and there remained the whole day. Before reaching this spot, when I found my master did not, after crossing the Mlazi, make for the farm at Isipingo, as he had intended to do, I questioned him. He replied that he had deceived me, and wanted, as a matter of fact, to go on to the Mzinkulu, where, as he reminded me, he had been with me before. Still, I did not become unduly apprehensive, and, as I knew the Boers would not spare me any more than they would spare my master, should they fall in with us, I had no objection to urge.

83 At the Illovu I was directed to put on my ordinary native garb, and see if I could find any Boers about. I was, moreover, to go to Ogle's kraal, Kwa Talane, and report to the *induna* and principal wife that Ogle would probably be made a prisoner in Durban. In order to escape protection, I here joined other lads in the common game of *ukuhlab' insema* (i.e. to stick a large bulb when being rolled up an incline.) Whilst so engaged, four Boers rode up. One said, 'Is not that Ndongeni, Dick King's servant?' Another expressed doubt. Seeing one of them, Martinus, the son of Halimansi, was known to me, having accompanied us on some waggon trips, I admitted I was the person I was supposed to be. 'What do you want here?' asked the man who knew me. 'I have come on a visit to my relatives,' I replied. 'Your master has been shot,' the Boer replied. 'He tried to cross the Bay last night and was killed as he swam.' I expressed surprise on hearing this and added, 'Served the rascal right.' It was policy to speak thus, and I was wise enough to know it.

I ought to remark here that I had frequently come in contact with Boers during our waggon journeys, and so was familiar enough with their language to hold an ordinary conversation. This knowledge I still, to some extent, retain.

After the Boers had passed on, I went back to Dick, who, in the meantime had changed and laid his wet things out to dry. Owing to this intelligence, as well as his own experience, he decided to remain the whole day in hiding. Amongst other things, I took the horses to drink at the stream. No sooner did night fall than we again pushed ahead with the same extreme caution as before. We skirted along the edges of bushes, inclined this way and that, frequently being obliged to bend down to get out of the way of branches that hung over our haphazard route.

After crossing the Mkomanzi, rather high up, I went, by direction, to another of Ogle's kraals, it then being late at night, where I heard from the *induna*, Mtanyana, that a boy (I forget his name) who had been working in Durban, had heard that the Boers had discovered our spoor, and were already in hot pursuit of us. We now went forward at a swifter pace, no longer quite as concerned as we were about falling in with the enemy. The Mkomanzi at this time was the limit of immediate Boer influence, though they had occasionally travelled as far as the Mzinto. It was the feeling of being pursued that caused us to redouble our energies. We crossed the Mpambanyoni close to the sea. King swam this river too. The Mzinto, Ifafa, and Mtwalume were forded in quick succession, then the Mzombe. King, had, I think, to



swim six rivers in all. The Mzimkulu, at this time frequented by sea cow, was crossed not long after sunrise.

84 It was only when I reached this stage that I was made acquainted with the true object of our journey. Finding that we were once more moving beyond the point mentioned by Dick, I questioned him, whereupon he said, 'Ndongeni, I am on my way to Grahamstown, to report to our people about our having been attacked and besieged by the Boers. Can you be surprised? Have you already forgotten what took place on the Ncapayi expedition, where they wanted to shoot us like dogs, or the way in which they raided my stock at Isipingo?' Then I understood. My own feelings were aroused, and I resolved to continue the journey for succour, even though I was a black man, and this was a quarrel between whites; even though I seriously doubted if my master's optimism would meet with response sufficient to cope with multitudes of Boers who had posted themselves in every part of Natal. 'Never,' my master assured me, 'shall you stand in need of anything, Ndongeni; the service you have rendered this day will be remembered.'

By this time the effect of riding without stirrups was being severely felt by me, young and active though I was. The horse I rode was very frisky and inclined to leap where less powerful animals would only walk or wade. The sorry predicament I stood in did not escape my master's notice; he there and then lent me his stirrups to relieve my pain.

On and on we went. Country which, had it been nearer Durban, we would never have travelled over except at night, we now traversed with impunity in the broadest daylight. The object now was simply to cover the ground, to proceed along the easiest route, in order to reach our destination in the quickest possible time. The various kraals by which we passed were not unfriendly, and as they were beyond the influence of the Boers, there was nothing to fear from the inmates. To all intents and purposes, by the time we had crossed the Mtamvuma, Msikaba, and Mzimvubu (St. John's) the principal difficulties of our arduous undertaking had been successfully overcome. What remained was not as risky and dangerous as before, for the frontiers of a British Colony had been reached, with proffers of assistance on every side. We met two waggons near Mzimvubu, carrying provisions for the troops at Durban. We advised them to turn back and they did so.

I accompanied Mlamulankunzi (the peacemaker between contending bulls - one of Dick King's praises) to the British military camp on the south side of the Mgazi mouth, where stirrups and a fresh horse were procured for me, the one I was riding having proved too rough. King continued to ride his fine white charger. We crossed the Mgazana and yet another stream in the neighbourhood of a mission station at Buntingville, in charge of a European, known to the natives by the name of Marwanqana (Rev. Thomas Jenkins.) By this time, owing to having to ride over 200 miles without stirrups, my legs had well-nigh been jerked from their sockets. Both literally dangled on each side of the horse. I had lost all power over them, and stirrups had been got too late to afford me relief. But I had now played my part, done all that could be expected of a boy of sixteen, and succeeded in coming with my master from danger into safety. Seeing I was likely to become more an encumbrance than a help, Dick told me to return to the camp at Mgazi, and, after adding that I was to look out for a ship in four days, bound for Durban, he pushed forward on his journey

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85 alone. I was put in the hands of the doctor at the camp. On the fourth day I beheld with delight the ship I was told to look for, and I knew my master's efforts had been crowned with success. A native despatch runner was now ordered to leave for Durban, and I was directed to show him the way. The two of us set forth and travelled the whole way on foot. My horse remained at the camp.

After the arrival of the reinforcements, the Boers were repulsed and Natal became a British Colony.

Perhaps it may interest such as have followed me thus far, to add that after our troops had been victorious, I found my way back to the fort in Durban and was taken to my master, who had come back in the ship I had seen. On seeing me, tears came into his eyes. We exchanged our news since parting. The officers, soldiers and civilians then betrayed an interest in me, throwing me sixpences and shillings as a small token of the service I had rendered in the hour of need.

1.10.1905

File 64, item 7, p. 30.

<The terse, telegraphic form of Stuart's notes on p. 30 of item 7 suggests that they were a rough record intended for transcription. Our presentation of these notes below conforms as closely as our editorial conventions allow to the style and format of the original - eds.>

30 I ran away with other work boys (many) to the bushes near sea - because of fighting. *The place of Fulata - an elderly prostitute of the Qwabe people. Lived near the sea. She used to wash clothes - lived with amaruzu.*<sup>51</sup>

Heard a trumpet (British) near Mangcingci's.

Smith's commando (*inkumanda*) - *amaKipikoyi* (Cape boys).

Heard Boers had been defeated. We returned to our places.

'Now we are in need of money. It was Ndongeni who drew the whites into these parts. Now we are in trouble.'

Abuleni - I was with this man in King's employ.

At Cato's only five or ten minutes. No horses there.

Only one boat rowed across - may possibly have been another as it was dark. Two Europeans rowed us. Do not splash (i.e. the oars).

'Have horses not passed here?' They said, 'No,' (at Illovu).

The Boers knew of King's great ill-feeling on account of Ncapayi affair.

Amahendela - Boers (native name for).

I did not ask them how they heard my master had been killed.

'Where is your master?' 'I don't know, he may be at home.' 'You lie, he is dead.'

Aiken (Silevu; dead) and his brother Mxakaza Aiken (living), Gwembeshe (Bazley), Somawala (white man, boat builder at drift), Duka Fynn.

Question asked me by Aiken (Silevu) in 1897: 'How old were you when the Boers and English fought?' 'Who was it, then, who went with Dick King?' He said he thought a white man had gone. He referred to Mrs King. He told Maqaqa what Mrs King had affirmed, namely that a native had gone with D. King.<sup>52</sup> Maqaqa then called me and took my story.

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My witness is dead (i.e. King) - that is why I said nothing.  
King did not sleep on the Mazeppa as Cato says - similar to the statement that he led a horse.

2.10.1905

File 20, pp. 89-91.

<The material presented below comes from a typescript in the Stuart Collection. We have found no manuscript version - eds.>

89 Interview. Orlando Cato, Harry Richards, Ndongeni and myself present.

The object was to test Ndongeni's 'Dick King' story. Cato was purposely not introduced to Ndongeni to begin with. He began in Dutch to Ndongeni, but being unable to get on satisfactorily, I interpreted in Zulu.

C. asked which road the British troops went to Congella - night of attack on Boers. N. replied, saying they skirted the Bay between (Mangcingci's), and the Bay.

C. thought no civilians took part in this attack. N. maintained he took ammunition for his master who did take part, though he did not see other civilians there. He did not see Cato.

N., in answer to C.'s question, said the Boers opened fire first. N. did not see Smith (mounted on white? horse) during that attack. Nor, said Cato (who had spoken to Boers about this), did the Boers see him. He must have cleared out. Why, C. asked N., was not King shot, the night being a bright one?

N. was shaky on the point of the revolver. He said it was short, then rather long, similar to an oldish revolver (1865 said C.) which Cato produced. He, when I put the question about being loaded from the front, said it had to be so loaded. N., however, said King told him merely to carry it in case of K. being attacked, when he was to discharge it at the Boers and flee into the bush.

90 N. was also weak about one or two boats. Cato gave me even the names of the two - Sonny (Sannie?) and another - saying he had come on the scene six months after King started, i.e. about November or December 1842. C. thought it unlikely two horses could have been attached to one boat. He thinks G.C. Cato was in one boat with another European, and Joe Cato in another with one other European. Each of the Europeans did the rowing. He could not say who the Europeans were.

C. here spoke to N. in Dutch. N. spoke fairly fluently sometimes, but gave evasive answers when pressed. He said in Dutch three or four times, 'I forget. I am stupid. I am a stupid Kafir.' I thought he meant he had forgotten how to speak Dutch, or that he meant to say or imply, in the little Dutch he knew, that he had no clear recollection of the incident he was being questioned about.

Richards thought N. ought to know if G.C. Cato and J. Cato were in the boat or boats or not, as he knew them. N. said he does not remember seeing them.

C. thought it unlikely a native in those days was allowed to ride. I urged his saying he had to ride all the way without stirrups - this is at variance with what one might expect - as well as that cloth was put over the horses eyes at the Bluff when mounting. C. thought the

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horses must have been knocked up when swimming nearly a mile of water. N. says they were wild. N. stoutly maintains his horse was wild.

R. observed to me privately that King had dysentery on the road and was delayed two days. On putting the question guardedly to N., he said K. was quite well the whole time he was with him.

C. was surprised at K. having to swim so often, as rivers at that season were not in flood. It is nothing unusual to swim two horses across himself without assistance. C. thought it remarkable that a Boer should recognise N., but N. replied the Boer had been on a wagon trip with him, and so knew him.

91 C. thought it odd the Boer should say at Ilovu that K. had been shot the night before whilst swimming the Bay. N. replied that he must have guessed that King had been shot.

C. did not know before that K. rode a white horse. That was a dangerous thing - so easily distinguished. Moreover, K. on such an expedition, would not take an after-rider to tire the second horse, which he certainly needed for himself for so lengthy a journey. N. replied that, as K. went through bushes, someone was necessary to drive on the second horse if led, as it would lag behind. Natives, C. said, could not ride. Reply: N. knew how to ride, having ridden oxen before, which King also knew.

N. said C. Adams, or someone he heard was Adams, was shot whilst swimming. Cato said Adams was only killed the following morning when he broke away from the Boers. This I had also found in Theal's History, so there seemed to me certainly a flaw here in N.'s account. But then, I added, history says King was fired on and pursued, so N. may be mistaking the shot fired as being one which struck Adams. In any case, N. fails when he says he saw a man shot, for no man reports such shooting then.

On the whole, Cato doubted N.'s story; he doubted his having gone with King. R. thought he might have been a dispatch runner. This, I said, was impossible. I remarked that natives are known to exaggerate, and discrepancies may exist consistently with the truth of the main fact that N. did accompany K. Cato said K. never told him of anyone having gone. I stated how I came to go into the affair, mentioning Aiken, Beachcroft, Jackson, Fynn and Mrs King.

We went on to talk of other historical matters. Cato recounted some experiences of the early days, and I left him at 10.30 p.m.

4.10.1905, evening.

File 64, item 7, p. 31.

31 I (Ndongeni) spoke to my chief Mbotshwa about my going with King on 25 May 1842 before Silevu (Aiken) spoke to me as to my size when King did his ride.

There was no motive in Ndongeni's mind when Aiken spoke to him. He had to pay taxes in the ordinary way, having done so for over 50 years. There was, therefore, nothing to make him feel there was anything to be gained by posing as an impostor.

As regards my saying I saw a man swimming in the water shot, it may be due to my imagination, or it may be due to a fish rising in the water. I saw the Boers then, but could not see how many. They did not see us.

More than four days may have elapsed whilst waiting at Mgazi. King

told me it would be four days. Possibly it turned out to be longer.

I did not examine the pistol given me, so cannot speak as to its general mechanism.

My witness, King, is dead, so even when Aiken brought the matter up, I did not see much use in his doing so.

I certainly did not see two boats - only one. I did not happen to notice if the Catos were in the boat.

Duka, Dambuza ka Mpiki (*of the emaSomini people*) - lives at Kwa Madhlala, an area (*isizwe*) - chief: Matomela<sup>53</sup> - taxes paid at Port Shepstone. These two are witnesses. I think he worked at Cato's. He is still living.

#### Notes

<sup>1</sup>Ndaba, Phunga and Mageba were ancestral Zulu chiefs. Ndongeni is thus indicating that his descent-line was collateral to that of the Zulu royal house. For photographs of Ndongeni see Twentieth Century Impressions of Natal, p. 25; Stuart, uHlangakula, p. 157; Eyre, Dick King, Saviour of Natal, p. 35; Lugg, Historic Natal and Zululand, p. 5.

<sup>2</sup>The information contained in this paragraph appears in the original as an insertion in the upper margin of the page. Mthambo and Ndunge were chiefs of the Makhanya and Cele peoples respectively in the Umlazi division.

<sup>3</sup>Dingane and his half-brother, Mhlangana, were two of the conspirators responsible for Shaka's assassination in 1828. After a short period of joint rule, Dingane had Mhlangana killed.

<sup>4</sup>Jantshi kaNongila, Stuart Archive, vol. 1, p. 196, also gives Mhlangana as the rightful heir.

<sup>5</sup>Mpande, accompanied by a section of the Zulu people, crossed the Thukela in a secession movement in 1839.

<sup>6</sup>The informant presumably means that Magiya went to live with Fynn's adherents, since Fynn himself had left Natal in 1834.

<sup>7</sup>Lukilimba (Lukulimba, Lukwilimba) rose to prominence as a warrior in Shaka's time. He later established himself with a following at eNtumbankulu to the north of the Mzimkhulu river. Mabhejana and Mboshwa were chiefs of the Cele and uluTshaba peoples respectively in the Umzimkulu division.

<sup>8</sup>Richard (Dick) King, 1813-71, came to South Africa from England under the 1820 Albany settler scheme. In the 1830s he joined the small community of white hunters and traders that had been based at Port Natal since 1824.

<sup>9</sup>Captain T.C. Smith, with a small British force, occupied Port Natal, then part of the Voortrekker republic of Natalia, in May 1842.

<sup>10</sup>Pietermaritzburg was established in 1838. The township of Ladysmith was not established until 1851. Ndongeni is presumably using Ladysmith as a synonym for the northern districts of Natal.

<sup>11</sup>A.W.J. Pretorius was one of the leaders of the Voortrekkers in Natal, and served on a number of occasions as their commandant-general. Fodo was chief of a section of the Nhlangwini people.

<sup>12</sup>H. Ogle (Hohlo, Wohlo), 1800-1860, emigrated to South Africa in 1820, and was one of the white traders and hunters who established a settlement at Port Natal in 1824.

## NDONGENI

- <sup>13</sup>The attack on Ngcaphayi by the Natal Voortrekkers took place in December 1840.
- <sup>14</sup>Some three thousand cattle are said to have been taken, as well as small stock.
- <sup>15</sup>Fodo and some of his men accompanied the expedition against Ngcaphayi.
- <sup>16</sup>By 'the fort' is presumably meant the encampment or laager formed by the commando.
- <sup>17</sup>In response to complaints made against the Natal Voortrekkers by Ngcaphayi and the Mpondo chief, Faku, a British force was sent from the Cape in 1841 to the Mngazi river in the Mpondo country. From this base, troops were despatched to occupy Port Natal in May 1842.
- <sup>18</sup>George Christopher Cato and his younger brother, Christopher Joseph Cato, settled at Port Natal as traders in 1839. Samuel Beningfield joined the trading settlement at Port Natal in 1840.
- <sup>19</sup>The development of the township of Port Shepstone took place in the 1870s. Ndongeni's reference to the village is thus anachronistic, and is simply a means of identifying where the meeting took place.
- <sup>20</sup>An account of the journey by a man of the 27th Regiment is published in Chase, The Natal Papers, part ii, pp. 207-12.
- <sup>21</sup>After the arrival of Smith's force at Port Natal, the Boers of the Republic of Natalia, under the command of A.W.J. Pretorius, established a camp at Khangela (Congella) on the shore of the bay, a few miles south-west of the English trading settlement. From this position they proceeded to harass the occupation force. Smith's attack on the Boers at Khangela took place on the night of 23 May 1842. It was unsuccessful, and Smith's men were thereafter besieged in an earthen fort which they had built after their arrival at the port.
- <sup>22</sup>With the object of bringing in a relief force from the Cape, Dick King set out c.25 May 1842, to ride to Grahamstown. Much of the testimony that follows relates to Ndongeni's claim (at first doubted, but now accepted as true) that he accompanied King as far as the Mngazi river.
- <sup>23</sup>Mangcingci was the Zulu name for Samuel Beningfield.
- <sup>24</sup>After King's departure had become known to the Boers, they arrested several of the British hunters and traders at Port Natal.
- <sup>25</sup>Charles Adams, one of the traders and hunters at the bay, was fatally shot by the Boers on 26 May 1842, while he was swimming away from either the Mazeppa or the Pilot, two vessels that were seized by the Boers.
- <sup>26</sup>Ndongeni may here be referring either to the Mazeppa or to the rowing boat in which he and King, under cover of night, crossed the bay before setting off on their ride.
- <sup>27</sup>A rumour circulated amongst the Boers that the man killed while swimming away from the ships in the bay was King. It is presumably this rumour that is here being referred to.
- <sup>28</sup>Mnini was chief of the Thuli people, who lived on the Bluff at Port Natal.
- <sup>29</sup>Two horses were taken in tow behind the boat when King and Ndongeni were rowed across the bay to begin their ride.
- <sup>30</sup>Xabashe was chief of a section of the Cele people who, in the early 1840s, lived on the lower reaches of the Mlazi river. He and his

- people subsequently moved to the vicinity of the Mzimkhulu river.
- <sup>31</sup>Mbulazi was the Zulu name for Henry Francis Fynn (see note 6 above). His African following, known as the iziNkumbi (Locusts), settled in the iFafa area under a chieftainess, Vundlase, whom Fynn's younger brother, Frank Fynn (Phobana), married.
- <sup>32</sup>We have not been able to identify Sihili (Sirili). Mahwanqana was the African name for Rev. T. Jenkins, a Wesleyan missionary who, at the time of King's ride in 1842, was stationed at Buntingville, south of the Mzimvubu, in the Mpondo country. Ezalo was the African name for a place north of the Mzimvubu, where Jenkins established a mission known as Palmerton in 1845. On 27.8.1905 Stuart recorded the following note (File 64, item 7, p. 23): 'Marwanqana, says Mahaya, lived at Ezalo when Ndongeni went with King, Ezalo (adds Norman N.) is the place known as Palmerton, *up the Msikaba stream*'. For further evidence given by Mahaya, see Stuart Archive, vol. 2. Norman N. was Norman Nembula.
- <sup>33</sup>The reference is to Robert Russell, Natal: the Land and its Story, which on p. 184 contains an account of Dick King's ride in which the following passage appears: 'In the dusk of the evening following the disaster at Congella, two boats, each towing a horse, were rowed across the Bluff Channel, Richard King and George Cato in one and Joseph Cato in the other.'
- <sup>34</sup>Duka Fynn was chief of the Nsimbi people in the Alfred division. Charlie Fynn was the son of Vundlase by Frank Fynn. He succeeded his mother as chief of the iziNkumbi.
- <sup>35</sup>W. Bazley, a prominent figure in nineteenth century Natal, was another of Stuart's informants. His evidence appears in vol. 1 of the Stuart Archive. Lugg, Historic Natal and Zululand, p. 6, mentions that Bazley was associated with D.C. and J.B. Aiken, and it is probable that these are the persons of that name to whom Ndongeni is referring. We have been unable to identify Somawaba.
- <sup>36</sup>Khofiyana kaMbengana was a refugee from Shaka. He took service with the white traders at Port Natal and acquired a number of adherents.
- <sup>37</sup>Holden, History of the Colony of Natal, p. 122, states that King made the whole of his journey alone.
- <sup>38</sup>The reference is probably to Robert Joyce.
- <sup>39</sup>The deposition was made before R.H. Beachcroft, magistrate of Lower Umzimkulu Division, on 25 March 1897. It was published as Sessional Paper no. 23 of the Natal Legislative Assembly in 1897, and also in Natal Government Gazette, no. 2872, 25 May 1897. An undated manuscript copy of portion of the deposition is to be found in the Stuart Collection, File 49, item 17, pp. 2-5. The deposition was republished in Eyre, Dick King, Saviour of Natal, pp. 44-6.
- <sup>40</sup>The Berea is the name of the ridge overlooking the bay at Port Natal.
- <sup>41</sup>Lieutenant Wyatt of the Royal Artillery was killed during the British sortie against the Boer encampment at Khangela on 23 May 1842.
- <sup>42</sup>Later in his testimony, Ndongeni makes it clear that he had returned to the British camp at the Mngazi, leaving King to proceed to the Cape alone, and that King had instructed him to keep watch for a ship from the Cape, since this would be a sign that the

mission had been successful.

<sup>43</sup> According to Lugg, Historic Natal and Zululand, p. 6, Ndongeni's services in 1842 were rewarded by the Natal government in 1898, when 'he was exempted from the payment of taxes and given a piece of land...on the north bank of the Umzimkulu'.

<sup>44</sup> Piti was the Zulu name for Piet Retief. Bryant, Dictionary, p. 223, gives *umhanga* (pl. *imihanga*) as 'native of a whitish complexion; freq. applied to a Dutchman as being of a similar light-yellowish complexion, not *umhlope* (white) as English people are'. On the same page he gives *isihanga* (pl. *isihanga*) as 'fierce-tempered, ferocious person...'. Dent and Nyembezi, Scholar's Zulu Dictionary, p. 366, give *umhanga* (pl. *imihanga*) as 'broad brimmed hat; Boer.'

<sup>45</sup> In the original this note appears as an insertion in the upper margin of the page.

<sup>46</sup> This sentence appears to have been scored out in the original. Smiti was the Zulu name for Capt. T.C. Smith.

<sup>47</sup> Voorloper, literally front-walker, is the Afrikaans for the person who leads a span of oxen.

<sup>48</sup> The account that follows was published, with minor emendations, in Stuart's The Story of Dick King's Ride..., Pietermaritzburg, n.d. Except for the first four paragraphs, it was republished in Eyre, Dick King, Saviour of Natal, pp. 46-52, where it appears along with Ndongeni's deposition before R.H. Beachcroft (see note 39 above), and a statement by Ndongeni recorded by J.J. Jackson in 1905 and first published in Twentieth Century Impressions of Natal, pp. 24-6. A Zulu rendition of Ndongeni's statement as made to Stuart was published in the latter's reader, uHlangakula, pp. 149-60.

<sup>49</sup> Fort Yolland was situated some twenty kilometres west-north-west of what is now Eshowe.

<sup>50</sup> Riem is the Afrikaans word for thong.

<sup>51</sup> Bryant, Dictionary, p. 272, gives *ihuzu* (pl. *amahuzu*) as "'Town-Kafir" of a low class, who has abandoned his home and leads a loose life among the White-people'.

<sup>52</sup> Maqaqa was R.H. Beachcroft.

<sup>53</sup> Mathomela was chief of the Dlala people in the Lower Umzimkulu division.