

Copyright, A. Hanon.

NIGRA SUM, SED FORMOSA
A Zulu Maiden

RWA-0001-0001-002

OLDEN TIMES

IN

ZULULAND AND NATAL

CONTAINING
EARLIER POLITICAL HISTORY OF THE
EASTERN-NGŪNI CLANS

BY
THE REV. A. T. BRYANT

WITH TWO MAPS AND THIRTY-ONE ILLUSTRATIONS

LONGMANS, GREEN AND CO.
LONDON ♦ NEW YORK ♦ TORONTO

1929

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

A. T. BRYANT

FACSIMILE REPRINT



C. STRUIK/CAPETOWN 1965



Copyright, A. Hanon.

HOW THE ELANGENI GIRLS BORE THE BEER TO ENTUZUMA HILL



Copyright, A. Hanon.

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THE BEER WAS DRUNK

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

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

Ndaba ozingela amahlati, ati gqigqi gqigqi gqigqi.

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

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

Besides the magic of his boyhood's days, Ndaba, when grown to man's estate, was guilty of the enormity of giving his daughter (or sister) in marriage to her 'brother,' i.e. clansman.

ēGázini She belonged to the part of his family domiciled in a kraal of his known as 'The Shambles'—*ēGázini* (In-the-Blood), because there royal cattle were usually slaughtered. Royalty and its daughter, however, were absolved from their sin by a convenient announcement that she had married, not into the Zulu, but into the brand-new '*ēGázini*' clan; and her offspring accordingly were called *aba-s-ēGázini*.

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

To his capital Ndaba gave the name of *emQekwini* (There-among-the-young-herd). But his kraal of second rank, presided over by his eldest son (*īSokanqangi*) and *īKóhlo*, *emGázini* Xóko, he named the *emGázini*. Now, of this kraal

Ndaba had a son, Ntshwankeni, who begat Ntopó, and Ntopó begat a daughter, Mehlana, whom Senzangakóna, her royal cousin, wedded; and, to make the crooked straight, proclaimed that she and hers were not of the Zulu clan, but of the *emGázini*! Thus it came about that Xóko, with his

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



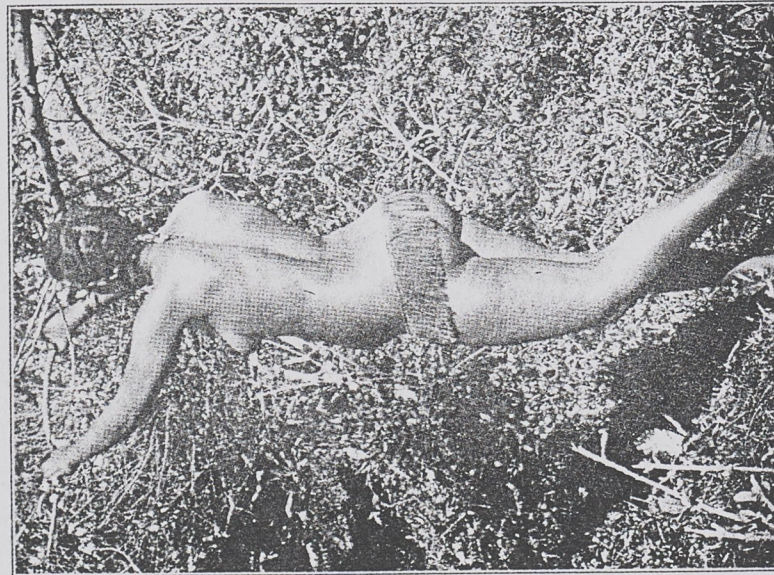
Copyright, Author.

ZULU TYPES—HAMITIC



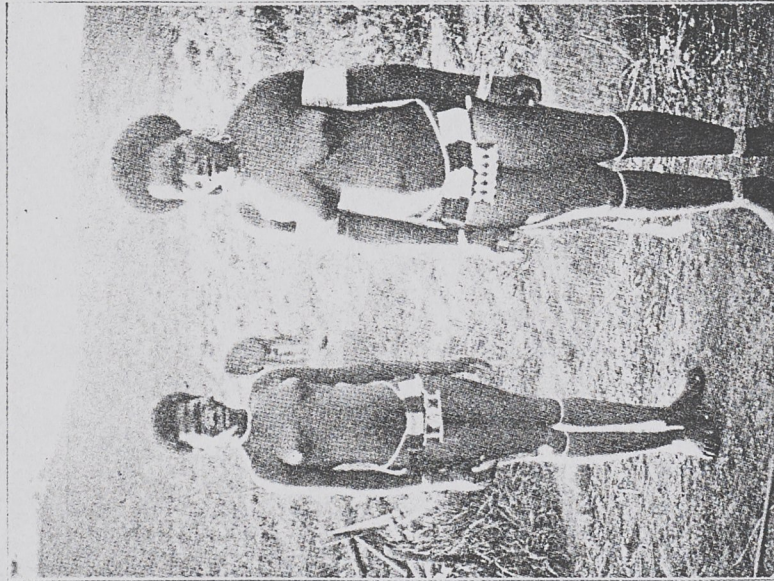
Copyright, Author.

ZULU TYPES—NEGROID



Copyright, Author.

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



Copyright, Author.

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

SENZANGAKONA ENLARGES THE FAMILY 55

be troubled ; for, when Shaka was killed by his brothers, she was left in charge of Dingane, and when Dingane died, she was protected by Mpande, and Mpande left her to Cetshwayo, and now Cetshwayo, without having done any wrong, is being killed by the white men !¹ Thereupon the Inkosikazi—Queen—took a knife and cut her throat and died.”

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

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

—R. L. STEVENSON.

¹ Bird, *A.N.*, I., 184.
² *T.E.A.*, I., 321.

² *T.E.A.*, I., 353.
³ *A.Z.*, 97.

³ *J.Z.C.*, 123.
⁴ *A.Z.*, 70.
⁵ Vijn, *C.D.*, 37.

CHAPTER 7

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

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

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

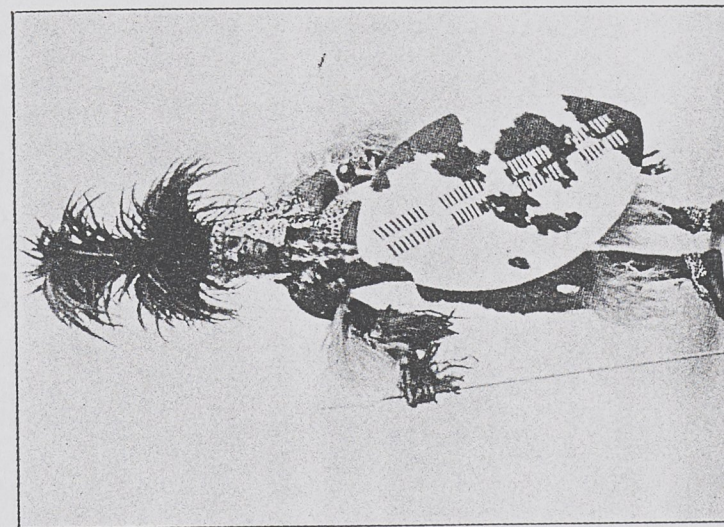
times, was that of the **aba-kwa-Nxumalo** (The People of Nxumalo) (p. 199). The heads of this branch of the family at the time of the rout of Zwide were Mawewe and Sotondose, sons of Malusi, son of Mkátshwa. This branch had already fallen into disfavour with Zwide, at the time of the latter's murder of Malusi. They were also intimately related by marriage to Dingiswayo, Malusi having married the latter's sister. When, then, Zwide followed up the murder of Malusi by that of Dingiswayo, the major portion of the Nxumalo family moved away, under Mawewe, and offered their allegiance to Shaka. Zwide, in turn, having been demolished by the latter, Mawewe returned to Ndwandweland and rebuilt his home a few miles eastward of the present Nongóma magistracy.

At this time Mawewe was already married to one of Jama's daughters, Mtëmbáze—who subsequently became the queen (*inKosikazi*) of Mpande's *kwaTilwana* kraal. Mawewe however wanted more, and fell in love, without Shaka's permission, with a further couple of the Jama girls, Silile and another. One day he was surprised to find the couple comfortably quartered in his kraal, truants from home come to enjoy a surreptitious visit to their sweetheart.

These gay ladies, of course, formed a portion of the heritable 'property' of the crown; and for any man to dare illicit intercourse with royal cattle—which was a natural corollary of a visit—was to incur the guilt of theft in its most heinous form: and the penalty of such was death. Their present innocent escapade, unluckily, had not succeeded in eluding Shaka's keen watch; of which Mawewe hearing, along with his brother, Sotondose, he forthwith packed up and went. He shook from his feet the dust of Zululand, the land where even love was manacled, and betook himself to his relative, Soshangane, near Delagoa Bay, presumably the 'land of the free.'

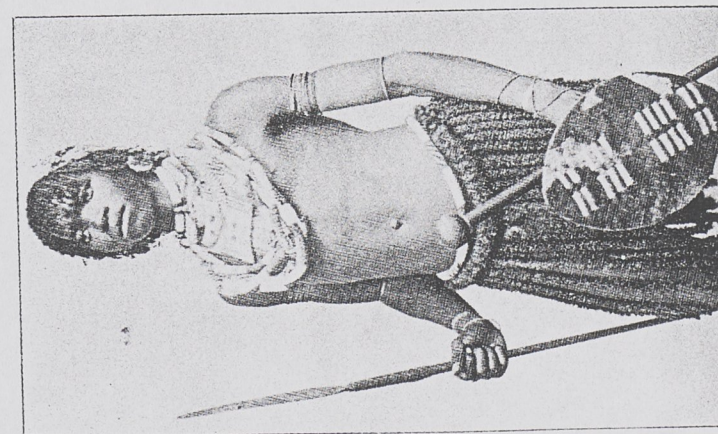
There he was well received, and spent several happy years raiding the Tõnga tribes and driving the Portuguese into the sea, in company with that horde of roaming savages led by the dreaded Manikoos (= Soshangane). But no glorious day but is followed by a night; and at the moment when, in far Zululand, Mpande's sun was rising, Mawewe's sun in distant Gasaland was setting. A friendly old woman crept into his hut one night and whispered into his ear, "A hunt is called for the morrow by Soshangane, and of that hunt thou art to be the 'big game.'" Up, then, once more. But where shall this harassed soul find cover now? The world so wide and gay, yet never a spot wherein to lie safe and at rest: wherever there's a man, there is woe.

Mawewe's gloomy cogitations were flashed telepathically to



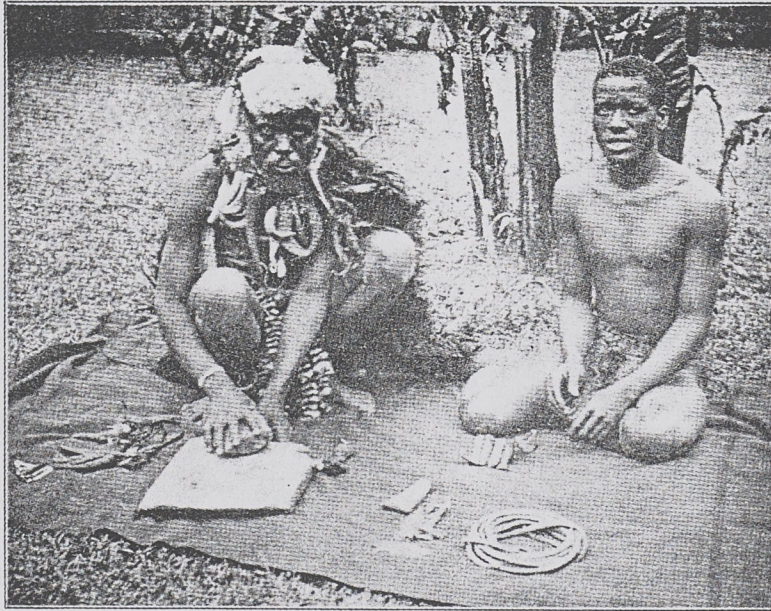
Copyright, C. Faye.

A ZULU BRAVE
In full dancing dress



Copyright, Marianhill.

A HLUBI YOUTH
With Hair-mop (*isiYendane*) complete



Copyright, C. Faye.

THE MEDICINE-MAN WHO MADE THE MAGIC



Copyright, Author.

THE SMITH WHO MADE THE SPEARS

king Shaka in distant Zululand. At that moment, when Mawewe is dreaming of Shaka, Shaka is dreaming of Mawewe. Indeed, the Soshangane campaign was launched partly for this very purpose of bringing Mawewe home. As we shall see (628), it failed to reach him. But he came home all the same, at his own convenience, and great was his delight to find the dreaded Shaka gone, and gone also Dingane. Mpande, now king of a united Zululand, received him graciously enough, and Mawewe rebuilt his old home on the old spot.

But Bantu life in those rude times, under its own unfettered system, was a cruel gauntlet, run, from birth till death, against the hardships of nature on the one side and the malice of pitiless man on the other. Hardly settled, as he had fondly imagined, in peace at last, Mawewe was dismayed to behold his home invaded by a hostile force sent up by Malanda on the coast to plunder cattle. Whether this was planned with Mpande's connivance is not known; but Mpande being an indolent and apathetic prince, and Malanda a child of Mpande's sister, more probably the latter felt it both safe and profitable to 'put on airs.' Mawewe, however, declined to submit to this African style of highway robbery, but was speedily brought to acquiescence by a spear-thrust in his thigh. And his fine herd, as well as that of Mapitá, Mpande's cousin, living not far away, went down coastwards, while Mawewe was left ineffectually striving to draw the barbed spear from his leg. Finally a skilful doctor, with a piece of reed as instrument, performed the operation successfully, and the patient recovered.

This was the last painful blow Mawewe was fated to receive. With it he had cleared the gauntlet and survived; and we hear of him no more.

Not so with the companion of his troubles, Sotóndose, hereditary head of the Nxumalo family. For him the ordeal was not yet complete. In their vicinity lived a local nabob, Mbôpá, son of Wolizibi, of the Hlabisa clan. Like Malanda, this gentleman too was a near relation of Mpande, begotten of his maternal uncle. This class of royal relation, presuming on the present king's mildness, had long been taking liberties they had never dared under Shaka or Dingane. They delighted in playing cock of the walk amongst humbler folk outside the family circle and in sinning with impunity against those who, a few years before, had been their kings.

Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Once over the Mfule river, out of the way of the outraged king, he settled down to the less contentious pursuit of multiplying the species, and so successfully that ere long the family became so multitudinous and unruly, that they even commenced to marry each other. This weakness proving both uncontrollable and unpreventable, it had to be legitimized, in the usual manner, by dividing the family into two intermarriageable sections with a barrier between them. So it came about that the senior house (that of *Sikáká*, Mr. Lady's-Kilt) moved away to the *ēTálaneni* hill (east of the Mpungoses) and gradually peopled with little *Sikákás*—whom they called the *aba-kwa-Sikákáne* (the People of Little-Lady's-Kilt)—all the broad acres between that hill and the Mhlatúze river. The inferior house (that of *Dludla*, Mr. Stuff-it-well-in) went the other way and scattered offspring—whom they named the *aba-kwa-Dludla* (the People of Stuff-it-well-in)—all over the veld from the right bank of the Mfule river away to the Magwáza folk, near emTinemide (near Melmoth).

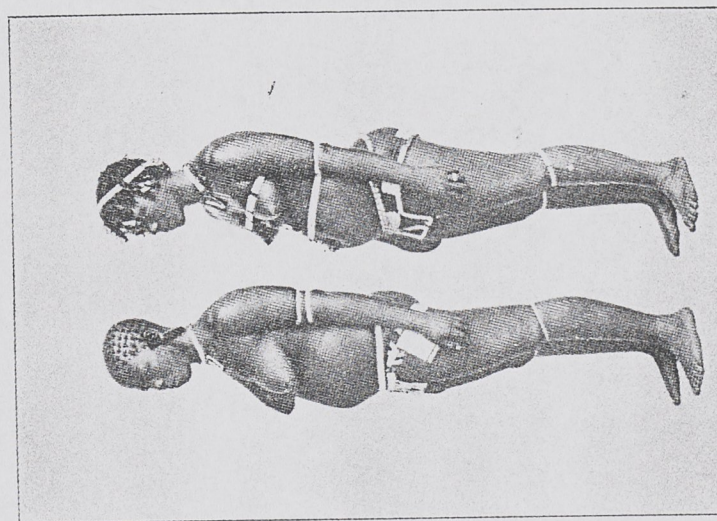
At the head of the *Dludlas*, in Shaka's time, was one Ntsukunganye, son of Mandondo wa-s-eNketéni. As among the *Mbátás*, so here too there were Black *Dludlas* and White *Dludlas*.

Over the *Sikákánes*, at the same period, ruled Mazwana, son of Masela, of Mbóma, of Mqéle, of Zimase (others, Mqéle, of Mashoni, of Nyezi; others, Mqéle, of Sicoco, of Zombé, of Qomisamaqéle). Beyond Mqéle all names are unreliable. Despite the claims of Mr. Lady's-Kilt to be the founder of the clan, Mr. Hippopotamus (alias Mbóma) seems to have been its most honoured ancestor; for to him alone did his people condescend to erect a monument, perennial, though hardly as brass, yet living still as a patch of bush (*isiHlahla si-ka-Mbóma*, Mboma's Bush) between the *ēTálaneni* hill and the Mhlatúze. Besides Masela, Mbóma left another son, Matúla, whose heir was Maháwuka.

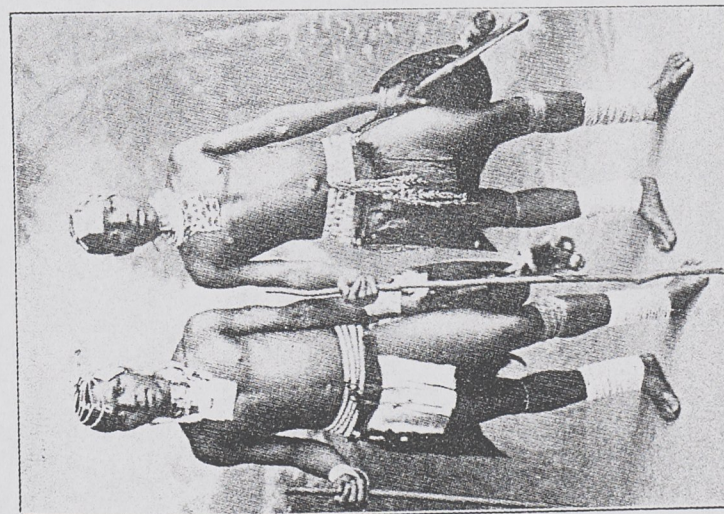
We said above that Mazwana was, at that time, at the head of affairs. As a matter of fact, having got a bad scare by Shaka's incessant depredations in his vicinity, he had left the affairs to pot-luck and looked after himself instead by running off to Zwile.

These *Sikákánes* had gained for themselves outstanding fame as medical-men, so much so that Shaka's private physician was Mbécwa, son of Mashoni, of their clan.

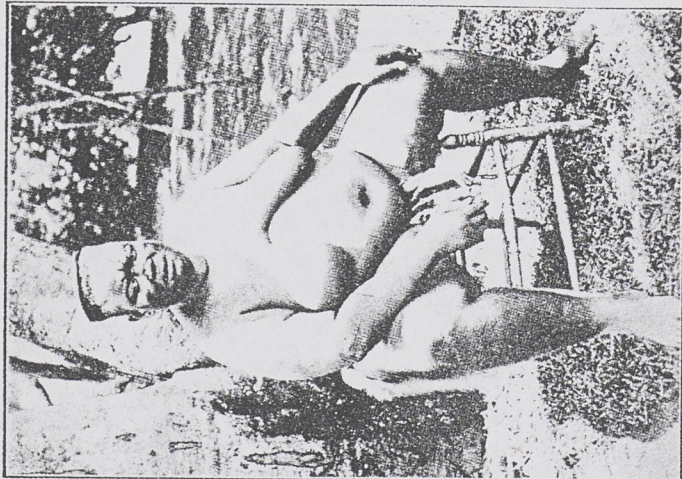
But the *Sikákáne* fabulists have discovered that they had a much more picturesque origin than that we have related above. Certain women one day went out to cut reeds by the river. While there said one, "What is this the path of?" No sooner asked, than up pops a head out of the water and replies, "It is ours." Then another head popped up, and asked, "You are inquiring about us, do you not then know us? We are living here in our



Copyright, C. Fawcett.
THE GIRLS THEY WOODED



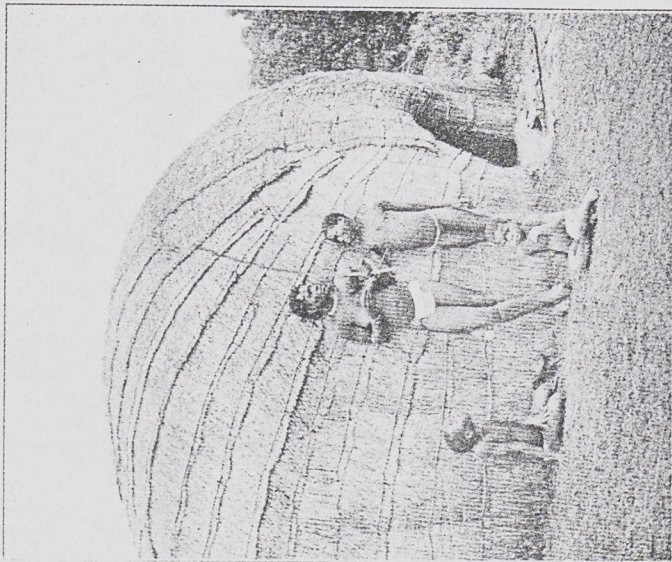
Copyright, Marianhill.
TWO ZULU YOUTHS GO OUT A-COURTING



Copyright, C. Feyer.

THE HEAD OF THE KRAAL

Ntshingwayo kaSikonyana of the Pendulous Breasts



Copyright, Author.

A HUT IN A ZULU KRAAL

Made of wattle framework thatched with grass

home." "And of what clan may *you* be?" asked a woman. "We are the People of Zimase." "And who is your king?" "King Whose-gate-is-down-below (*uSango-li-ngezantsi*)," they replied. "Come up, then," said the women; "and why on earth do you live down below, when all other people live up above?" "Oh!" they replied, "we live with our medicines." "And, pray, what do you do with them?" "We doctor the kings." Upon which the women wagged their heads and thought they had better go home to report.

So home they went and reported, saying, "Here are some people in the river calling themselves the People of Zimase. They say they are royal doctors; but if anybody wants to engage them, he must come with a nice fat cutlet, and broil it on the bank of the pool. For Zimase will never come up with his medicines, unless drawn by the savour of a broiling cutlet." "Indeed!" said the king. So he got along a beast, and had it slaughtered down by the pool, and a fat cutlet broiled. Then, lo and behold! up comes Zimase, bearing his medicines.

He went all about the country doctoring the kings. Whenever he went out on to the veld to dig up herbs, he always donned a leathern kilt, because, said he, "I am mighty afraid of letting ladies see what they shouldn't."

Well, when the first men came up out of the water, they said, "So the Little-Leathern-Kilt has arrived." To which those who lived up above replied, "And the Little-Hoes (*amaLembâna*) are awaiting up here." Thereupon those from up above and those from down below started a mutual fight for the medicines; and the former called the latter the *aba-kwa-Sikâkâne* (they of the Little-Lady's-Kilt), but themselves they called the *aba-kwa-Lembê* (they of the Hoe).¹

Fiction aside, the Lembê people were either a collateral branch of the family, along with the Sikâkânes, or were an offshoot of the latter. No doubt they invented the little story to prove to posterity that they are and ever have been the 'upper ten' of their society, and their rivals merely the 'great submerged.' But the Little-Kilt people, all the same, kept hold of the medicines!

¹ Callaway, *R.S.*, 36.

CHAPTER 40

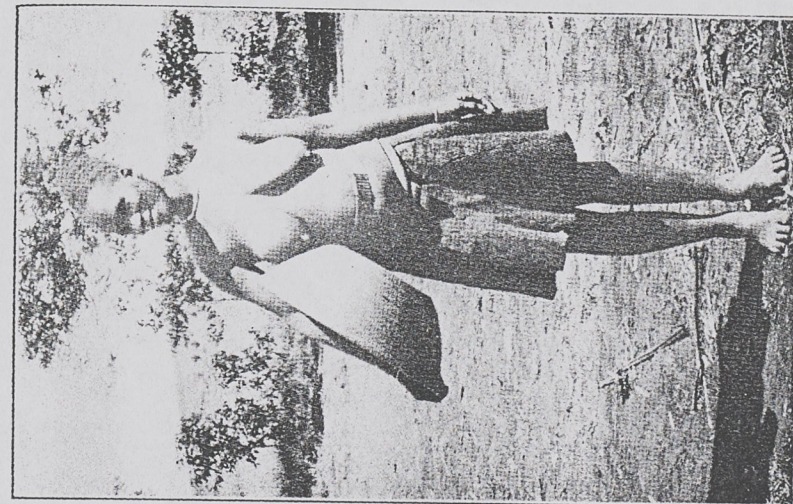
PANDEMONIUM IN NO-MAN'S-LAND CONTINUED

It seems strange that a country so overflowing with humanity, so desperately grappled for by a dozen different tribes, should have been named 'No-Man's-Land.' The territory between the Mzimkúlu and Mzimvubu was not, however, then so called while those conditions reigned; though it might well have been, for precisely those conditions would best have proven the truthfulness of the appellation. Neither Mpondos, Témúbú, Xózas, 'Sutús nor Natalians had ever permanently occupied or urged an exclusive claim to this patch of South Africa; hence the present general scramble for it. But there succeeded a time a few years later when those conditions had ceased, and the contending mass of humanity had either gone back home to Natal or migrated farther south, leaving the few still remaining owning allegiance to nobody in particular, save themselves. That is how the first Europeans found the place, and why they so named it, prior to its annexation by the Cape.

At the period of which we have been writing in the previous chapter, namely the years 1821 to 1828, not those tribes alone, of which we have already spoken, were there engaged in this savage pursuit of mutual extirpation. Shaka meanwhile had been completing the conquest of Natal, and the surviving remnants of practically every Native clan in that country had fled for refuge in the same direction, 'down south,' and were now stowed away somewhere within the four corners of this No-Man's-Land. Yet of these the majority had already allied themselves for their own protection with one or other of the major contesting parties, especially with that first led by Madikane, now by his son, Ncapáyí.

Ncapáyí was now, 1829, the hero of the hour. He had driven all his rivals, for the time being anyway, out of business, save Fákú, the Mpondo chieftain. With him also out of action—and that laudable endeavour would be the next item on the programme—Ncapáyí might reign the proud and universal conqueror of the south. But at that moment a most provocative fly crept into the ointment—Nqetó and his Qwabe mob arrived from Zululand.

The Zulu nation, as built up by Shaka, was merely an agglomeration of mutually hostile elements held together by nothing more stable than brute force. The strong hand which alone could hold these incoherent parts together having been now, by the assassination of Shaka in September, 1828, abruptly withdrawn, the whole structure threatened to



Copyright, Author.

HIS WIFE GOES TO THE FIELD FOR CORN
planted and reaped by herself



Copyright, Author.

A HUSBAND MAKES THE FIRE
By twirling one stick in a hole in another



Copyright, Mariannhill.



Copyright, Mariannhill.

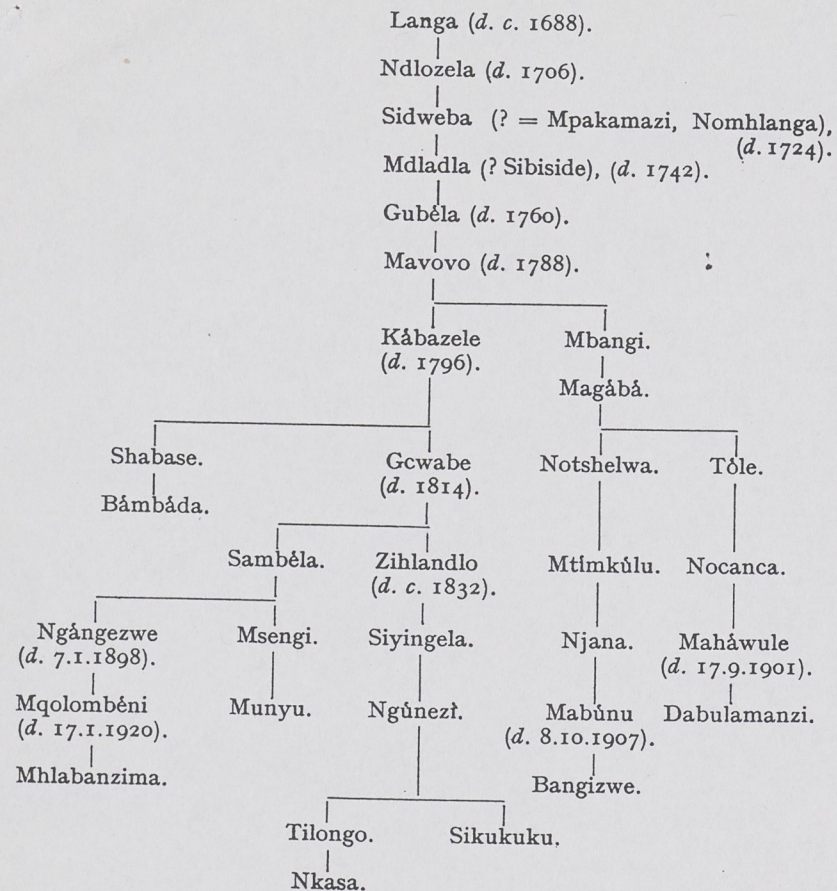
OLD ZULU MODES OF HAIRDRESSING NOW UNKNOWN

collapse. Those fiery steeds, so long chafing under the cruellest of lashes, now found their opportunity for kicking over their traces.

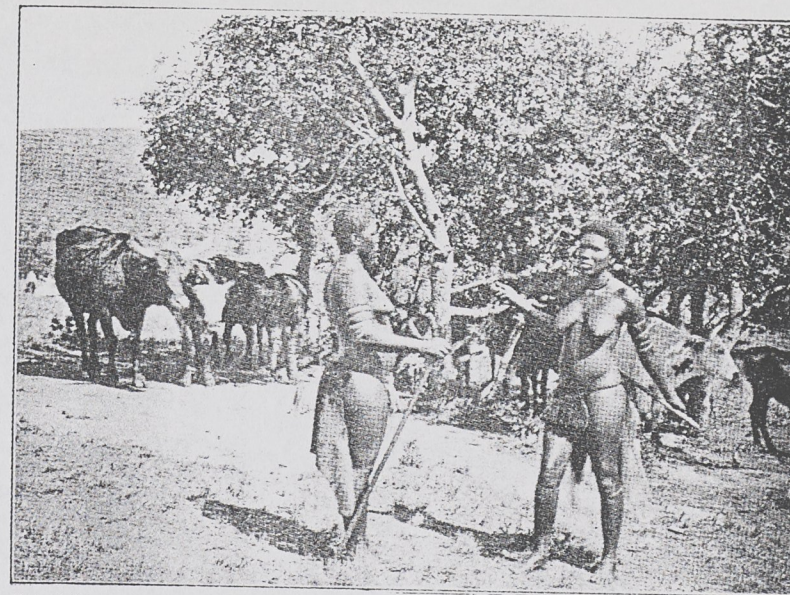
One of the very few clans that had still retained some small measure of cohesion and vitality within it, was that of the Qwabes, dwelling still, under their own chief, in their old land southward of the Mhlatúze. Scarcely a couple of months had elapsed since the assassination of Shaka, before Nqetó let it be known that, whatever may have been the position during Shaka's lifetime, he and his intended to own no allegiance to Dingane. Precisely what may have been this Nqetó's parentage is no longer absolutely clear. Some make him a son of Kóndlo, and therefore brother of the last-reigning and sonless Qwabe king, Pákatwáyo, whom Shaka 'caused to die.' Others declare him to have been son of Sanuse, son of Lufútá. At all events, he was at the time the most important personage among the Qwabe people, and on Shaka's assassination he immediately assumed tribal command and proclaimed his tribal independence. And, more than that, he issued forth into surrounding districts, publicly preaching a small crusade against the usurper, and urging other headmen to follow his example. A force was tardily sent down by Dingane to crush the insurrection and no doubt to extinguish Nqetó himself in the process. The force, however, was itself all but extinguished by the Qwabes at the kwaHlokohloko hill, near Eshowe, and within Qwabe territory.

Nqetó thereupon came to the conclusion that it were wiser to seek independence with peace by removing elsewhere; so practically with the whole Qwabe clan, in number, men, women and children, some five or six thousand souls, together with all their cattle, he trekked down to the Túkela and pitched his camp on the farther side in Celeland. The great Qwabe tribe, Malandela's own people and parent stock of the Zulus, thus passed away out of Zululand for aye.

This Celeland comprised the country south of the Túkela along the coast as far as the Mdloti river, and had formerly been the home of the large Cele tribe (538). Shaka's *Dukuza* headquarters, where he had recently been murdered, was situated within this district. The junior Cele chieftain, Mande, son of Dibandlela, had suffered much at Shaka's hands; yet by discreetly flying to the local bush had saved his head. Nqetó now approached him with the suggestion of an alliance. Nqetó's hungry army, however, spoilt the prospects by plundering Mande's crops. That for Mande decided the matter, and he broke off the 'conversations.' Not so for Nqetó, who decided to resume negotiations on the morrow morn at the point of the spear.



yellowish complexion, much lighter than the Natives." ² Isaacs afterwards made a pleasant journey with him to his home at the eNyakenye kraal on the northern side of the Túkela—although at this time the eMbó people were already in occupation of both banks. They passed through the beautiful, but now depopulated, wastes which, but a few years before, had been the happy fatherlands of the emaNgángéni, the Mapúmulo and the emaKábeleni clans, now all of them destroyed or dispersed. Like their chief, Isaacs found the eMbó people friendly, generous, hospitable and courteous, "a tall, stout, athletic and fine-looking people, much lighter in colour than their neighbours and approaching to something between a yellow and a copper complexion." And still to-day one meets, among the Mkize people, with very handsome Natives of a semi-Caucasic type and yellowish skins, and possess-



Copyright, Author.

ANCIENT CUSTOMS NOW EXTINCT
Nomkubulwana Girls herding in Men's attire



Copyright, Author.

ANCIENT CUSTOMS NOW EXTINCT
Girl dressed in Grass for the umShopi Mysteries

ing, especially among the females, quite delicately chiselled and handsome features. One wonders whether, in former centuries, while still sojourning near the north Zululand coast, there may not have been infused into their veins the blood of some light-skinned Caucasian strain, as that of Persians, northern Indians or Europeans wrecked upon the coast, who would naturally become the perquisite of the eMbô royal house.

As having an interesting bearing on this point, we may introduce a 'Nursery Tale,' which Callaway * collected from a Ndlovu man, whose clan was originally settled alongside the eMbôs, from whom the story may have been received:—

"A king of the east reigned over a large nation; he had many daughters; they had their own pool in the river where they bathed. At noon on a certain day they left their homes and joined company and went to the pool; they went to sport in the water. One little one started out from among them and went into the pool. So they all took off their dresses and went into the pool and sported. They sported and sported. The little one went out and shouted on the bank of the pool, saying, 'Come out and see what is the matter with me. Look, my breasts are swollen, as large as a woman's, as big as yours, too, ye maidens.'

"They all went out of the pool and said, 'Let us go back to our father, and show him what is the matter with this child of his.' So they came home to the king, their father, and said, 'Father, look at this; there is your child. We went to sport in the water; we observed, when she came out of the pool, that her breasts were as large as this.' The father said, 'Where are the men?'

"When the men came, he said, 'Consider this wonderful thing, and whether it is a disease or not. Consider, ye old men, if there ever was such a thing as this. Did you ever see it before? Since it is not proper that her breasts be so large, she being so young a child.'

"The council answered, 'No, we have never known of such a thing. It is a prodigy. Do you speak, you whose child she is.' The king said, 'No! let her depart from her home amongst us. For I do not know what the beast, with which the child is pregnant, will do when it is born. I say, there is a beast inside of the child. I say, let it go to a distance from this home of ours, even though she die, that she may die without my seeing her when the beast is born.'

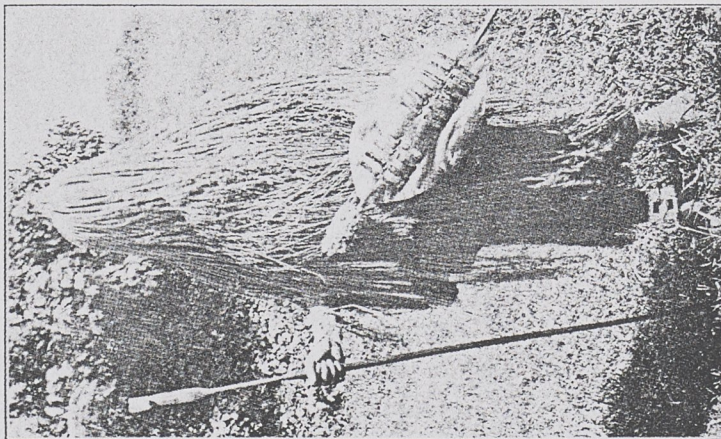
"The child wept. And all the maidens wept, when she left her home, saying, 'Alas! whither will the child of our father go?'

"So she went, leaving her home; she knew not where to go;

* N.T., 335.



Copyright, Author.



Copyright, Author.

OTHER ANCIENT CUSTOMS NOW EXTINCT—
Dresses worn at a Girl's First Menstruation Ceremony

she quitted her father's village. She wandered hither and thither without an aim. Her wandering in uncertainty was great while thus pregnant.

"At length she came to another village, not belonging to her father. She gave birth to a child; she gave birth to it among another people. She said, 'I thought I was pregnant with a beast; and forsooth I have given birth to a human being.' When she had given birth to the child, her friends came, who were seeking her; when they found her, they said, 'We are seeking you. Your father told us to go and seek for the place where you died, and find if it were but your bones. And in truth you are here.' She replied, 'I have become a mother. I have given birth to a human being, my own boy.' She said, 'Let us go home again. I am willing, for I have given birth to a human being. I knew not how he entered within me. For you know that I was not yet of sufficient age to become pregnant. And my sisters with whom I went, know that I never spoke with a man. I speak the truth. And I myself have taken care of my child, because I saw it was a human being; I would have forsaken him, if it had been an animal. I saw it was a real human being.'

"So they set out, and returned to go to the king of the east. They reached the king's home. The king was glad; he told the whole nation to assemble; he said, 'All of you give praise. Praise this child. Praise and rejoice, for he is the child of my child only, for he is not the child of a male; for she had not married; he is my child only.'

"So he grew up; he treated diseases, he was a doctor, he alleviated suffering and excelled other doctors. He was named, The wise son of the king. He was greater than all the king's children as regards being loved.

"The king's town was full of people who went there to be healed; he excelled all other doctors. People whom the doctors could not cure of their diseases, those he helped much throughout the whole nation over which his father reigned. He left his country and travelled among all nations, going about healing diseases, and merely staying in a place to heal diseases and to help the people.

"His mother, too, and others who went with him and his mother, also treated diseases. He was not given any reward. He said, 'I am a king's child; I have no other object than that of helping you. My father is a king and possesses all things. I help you from pure mercy.' The nations too said continually, 'We too are the children of your father, because you seek nothing of us as a reward; we are now the children of your father. He is king.'

"So he ceased to be known among the people of that maiden. He went about without ceasing. That is the end of the matter."

This story is obviously of non-Bantu origin, and we agree with Callaway that it suggests the story of the Virgin Birth. Was it derived, along with the fair colour, from shipwrecked Portuguese or Goanese Catholics?

While Zihlandlo, as a vassal prince, must needs conform to the rigorous custom of periodically appearing at Shaka's court, it was much more congenial to him to curry favour by that sincerer form of flattery, imitation. With Shaka's sanction and on his behalf, he often indulged in small campaigns of conquest.

Small roaming Zulu armies, commanded by Manjanja of Ntlambéla (of the Ntombéla clan), and other minor generals, and often without any definite objective, were at this time (1821) already busy ravaging and raiding the quiet and unwarlike Lala clans dwelling on the southern side of the Tükela. One such army presented itself one day in Kábelaland, opposite the eMbó country on the Tükela. Unfortunately for the Zulus, the Kábelas, who were very insignificant in numbers, saw them coming and completely vanished into the innermost recesses of the jungle, leaving the Zulus nonplussed outside. Yet not so altogether; for Shaka had already appointed as local deputy his 'younger brother,' Zihlandlo, just over the river, to carry out such minor local tasks as he himself lacked time or inclination to accomplish. Zihlandlo found huge delight in being commissioned with such congenial undertakings, and, crossing the river, instead of wasting time hunting for hidden Kábelas amongst the thorns, he simply pronounced judgment on them by default and distrained their country, proclaiming it, in Shaka's name, a new province of eMbóland, which it henceforth became.

It was during this or the following year that the Lala Confederacy (377), upon reaching the Mkómazi, fell to pieces, and most of its members returned to their former homelands. Among them was Mkálipi, son of Nombúya, chief of the ōNyamvini, south of the mid-Mvoti. This had hardly reached the dear old land and re-erected his home, when a Zulu raiding force appeared, led by Manjanja, and turned him out again. Knowing that Zihlandlo, the eMbó chief, was already Shaka's *alter ego*, Mkálipi felt he would be preserved from further molestation if he subjected himself to him. He took that step, and was not mistaken in his trust. He continued to live untouched in the old country, in peace indeed, though 'in very reduced circumstances,' until Zihlandlo himself was murdered by Dingane.

Bóyiya, son of Mdakuda, the emaDungeni chief, was another of the returned confederates. As destitute now and discouraged

they had not yet been conquered, supposed that they never should be. This was plain from the fact of their not having come forward to lament the death of the Great Mother of Earth and Corn.* And, as tears could not be forced from these distant nations, war should be made against them, and the cattle taken should be the tears shed upon her grave."

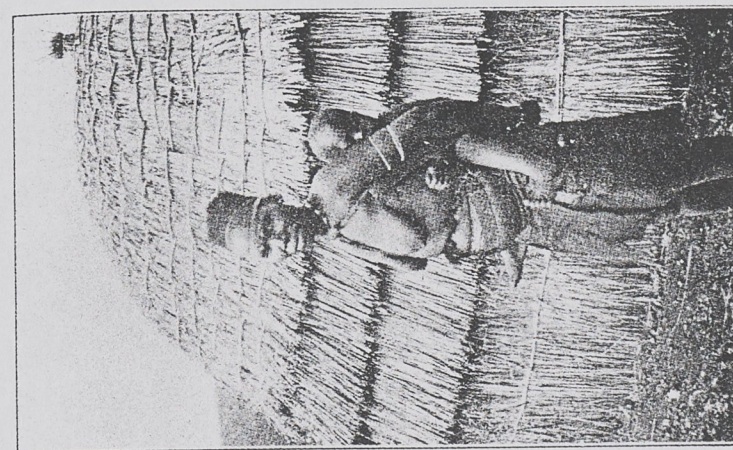
Thus, on the 7th September, 1828—only fifteen days prior to his own assassination—Shaka ceremoniously brought to a close that year of massacre, lamentation and distress, in the deliberate planning of which, says Fynn, "I cannot help suspecting that reasons of state-policy had as much to do as any feeling of regret for his dead mother; and that he wished his people to infer, if such a sacrifice was necessary upon the occasion of her departure, how frightfully terrific would be that required at his own." In this he reckoned without his host. Little knew he then that, only fifteen days later, he himself would be unceremoniously pitched into a grave more infamous than a pauper's.

All burial rites now magnificently discharged, Shaka turned about and sought the villain. Where was the fiend who had wrought this abomination on the king of kings?

The Qwabe clansmen had ever been on Shaka's black-list. Had not Pâkatwâyo himself, their chief, been guilty of the heinous crime of making love to Nandi, and lost his head in the process? Had not Nandi herself deliberately elected to place her kraal in the very midst of Qwabeland? He, however, would shatter their spell and bring their machinations to a final close. He knew the arch-villain—the unhallowed name. 'Mashongwe' was already writ in great black type upon the wall *in petto*. But he would confirm his knowledge by a public consultation with the infallible oracle.

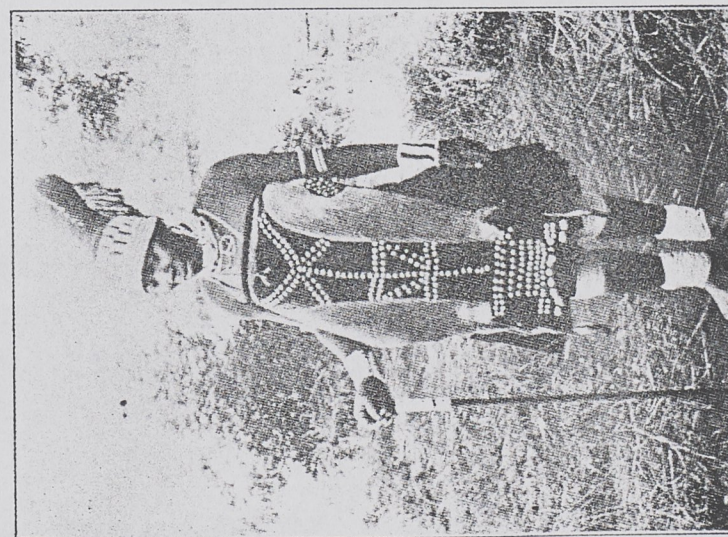
Just then there chanced to be a famous necromancer, owner of a whistling spirit (*umLozikazana*), in residence at his kwa-Kâbingwê kraal, of which, it happened, Mashongwe was in charge. She should be instantly summoned and divulge. She came. All the Zulu court and all its martial force were assembled in the arena to hear her divination. Then, in its wonted manner of self-evident ambiguity, the oracle, one after the other, disclosed the names of the evil-doers. "A thing that grows on trees, do you recognize it?" she shouted to the crowd. None dared reply, till Shaka guessed, "She means Ntlaka" (one of his most prominent courtiers, from *Z. inTlaka*, gum). Again she asked, "When a person is in want, what is it that is said of him?" Perfect silence reigned, till Shaka broke it—"She means Mdingumtôli"

* We think there is good reason to doubt the accuracy of Fynn's translation here of the appellation actually used.



Copyright, Author.

A YEAR LATER, IN COW-HIDE KILT



Copyright, A. Hanon.

A ZULU BRIDE WEARING BUCK-SKIN APRON (*isiDiya*)



Copyright, Author.

NANDI'S GRAVE
Marked by *umLahlankosi* tree on left



Copyright, C. Faye.

THE COUNTRY THEREABOUTS
Shewing herd-boys on the veld

(i.e. one who needs an adopter—a reference perhaps to his brother, Dingane, from *Z. dinga*, to be in want). Once more the pythoness questioned, "What is sometimes said of a person travelling? What is he called?" At which Shaka whispered, "She means Ngqoboka" (his friend, the Sokúlu chief, from *Z. còboka*, to get knocked up on a journey). Thus, from one to the other of the great ones of the land she passed, till Shaka, patience exhausted, called her to order. "Behold, ye Zulus," he cried, "she goes on like this, but does not name one single *umTàkati*. Why does she cut out Mashongwe,* the villain whom I know?"

That was the last word this oracle ever uttered; the last day on which Mashongwe gazed. She was hustled off to Hades; he and his accomplices, with eyes scooped out with assegais, released. Sightless and shunned by his very friends and family, for nine sad days Mashongwe groped about the veld—along the lengthy Nkume ridge, as far at Hloko-hloko, thence back again to Maqwá-kazi hill, then to the amaTéku stream, and finally, feeble and famished, into the jaws of the hyænas.†

Why not rid the land of the whole caboodle while about it? So Shaka cited all the Qwabe herd before him. Dividing them into groups, he ordered one to fall upon the other and wipe it out; and then another group to slay the victors, till all the local Qwabe folk had exterminated themselves, like so many Kilkenny cats. And what sublime exhilaration it was to Shaka to see them do it!

The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,
Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

—LLOYD.

References: Isaacs, *T.E.A.*, I., 61, 107, 232, 237-42, 247, 353; Shooter, *K.N.*, 242-8; Colenso, *I.Z.*, 115, 121; Stuart, *H.*, 22.

CHAPTER 61

SHAKA SENDS AN EMBASSY TO HIS BROTHER, KING GEORGE (1828)

LIEUTENANT KING, ex-R.N., had reached Natal on 1st October, 1825 (564), and left his brig, 'Mary,' stranded and shattered on the Bluff rocks. With timber and bolts and spars gathered from the

* Some say, of the Qwabe; others, of the eziBisini, clan.

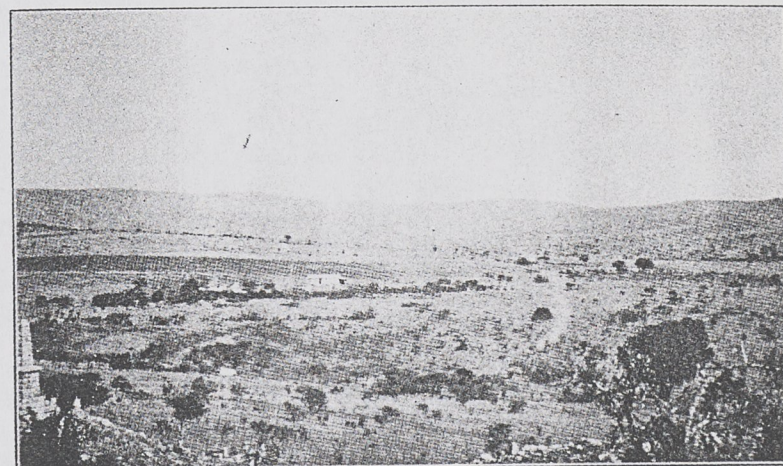
† Mgóduka, Mhlangana (alias Ntlanganiso) and Mpézulu were later treated in a similar manner by Dingane for having failed to 'see' certain cattle they had been sent after, and which to him were very obvious.

name, and father of a beauteous damsel called Nomlingo. Indeed, so rapturous were her charms, that even that arch- and antique magic-man, Mabódla (alias Mhámí), of the neighbouring Mbónambi clan (see pp. 103, 105), was proud to own himself bewitched. He even dared to offer her his wizened heart, and her father a herd of cattle. But neither felt the least intrigued—so weird a suitor both regarded with dismay, to say nothing of disdain. All which so poignantly distressed the hoary-headed swain, that, gathering forthwith his family and his herds, he stretched forth his rod over the waters of the ocean and exodused through on dry ground, and was never heard of more. But, prior to taking the fateful dive, he ventured to cast one longing look behind, when what should he see but a crowd of local child-folk jeering at him, those selfsame children for whom but recently he had brought forth summer fruit in winter. Such base ingratitude he would not condone; and, drawing forth his magic wand, he stretched it forth again over the jeering children, whereupon first-born and last-born, all alike, withered up and died. When the local mothers, looking on, beheld this wholesale slaughter, in one irate mass they charged down upon the trembling magician. To stave them off, he grabbed at once his magic rod and brought the children back to life again. Whereafter he disappeared himself, without delay.

And none more pleased thereat than was young Báhú. This was an Mpukunyoni youth and withal a mighty Nimrod (of a sort), killing elephants by means of poison-cakes and trapping giraffes in pits. At the moment, however, he was bent on fairer game, and Nomlingo was his quarry. Alas! he had no cows wherewith to pay the bride-price! Another youth, by name Mfisi, was likewise in the running; and had the cows; but not Nomlingo's graces. One hundred beasts, cash down, he had tendered her father as purchase-price, who clinched the proposition; the while Nomlingo wept.

Now, her father, though craving for the riches, was not stone-hearted to his children's tears. "Choose, then, thyself, my child," he kindly said. "But, mark thou, he whom thou chooseth must excel all rivals in wrestling, hurling, running, or never be my son-in-law."

A tourney was accordingly proclaimed, whereat all gallant knights ambitious of the prize did gather. Mustered on the lists outside the kraal, "Take this, my child," said her father to Nomlingo, handing her a necklace of charms sewn in tiny bags of crocodile shagreen, "and place it round the neck of him thou chooseth." Then, much to his chagrin, she passed Mfisi by and strung the necklet on an utter stranger, Báhú. And Báhú felt



Copyright, Author.

SITE OF DINGANE'S EMGUNGUNDLOVU KRAAL

Retief Monument extreme left; Mkumbane river in valley below; kraal-site, all flat above farmer's house (middle); Zulu's grave, bush at end of curving roadway (right), to left of two euphorbia trees



Copyright, Mariannhill.

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE