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(See Map.)

By Miss H. E. COLENSO.

Addressed to the Members in the Memorial Hall, Wednesday, October 1st, 1890.

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IT is just three years and a quarter since the territory now called Zululand was finally and formally annexed to the British Empire, on the 19th May, 1887. A twelvemonth later a "rebellion" was declared to have broken out there, and by the end of a second twelvemonth—by May, 1889—the principal Zulu chiefs and headmen were in gaol, condemned by so-called English law to terms of imprisonment varying from five years to fifteen, for high treason against the Queen of England.

Zulu names, I know, are a stumbling-block to English mouths, and I will only ask you to-night to make acquaintance with the two principal victims: Dinuzulu, now aged nearly 23, King Cetshwayo's son, and heir to all Cetshwayo's troubles, and Ndabuko, now 48-9, Cetshwayo's brother—uncle, therefore, and guardian of Dinuzulu, and head of the Zulu national party.

Their sentences are the heaviest, with that of another of Dinuzulu's uncles, and, since I left them in December last, have been altered to exile on the lonely island of St. Helena. It is claimed that this is a mitigation. The proposition is of value so far as it carries an admission of dissatisfaction with the original sentences; but while physically it may be more wholesome to be tethered on an island than locked into a cell, there are aspects from which this change is a heavy aggravation of punishment. Witness the proposal, lately renewed in South Africa, to make imprisonment over seas the punishment for stock-stealing, because likely to be "more deterrent to the native mind than hanging would be."

These chiefs—with their companions, still in gaol in Zululand—are the recognised heads and leaders of the Zulu people, respected by them not only because of birth, but for brain power and governing ability. Their influence with "many thousands" was urged as a sufficient reason for their being condemned to exile, before even they had been put through the mockery of a trial. Yet it is a fact—and one on which the hostile officials especially insist—that in spite of our wanton and ruthless invasion in 1879, the Zulu people generally have always been friendly and even dutiful towards the English, these imprisoned and exiled chiefs being their guides and leaders throughout.

That heavy wrong is being done, I and my fellow-colonists are now not the only witnesses; and public men of the weight of Mr. Charles Bradlaugh and Mr. R. W. Hanbury have pledged themselves (on August 12th) to the House of Commons to prove this wrong before it at its next session, and from official records.

I wish now, in accord, I believe, with the objects of this society, to give you some idea of the present geographical extent, as well as of the nature of this evil, to enable you to judge how seriously it must affect and thwart the advance of British influence in Africa.

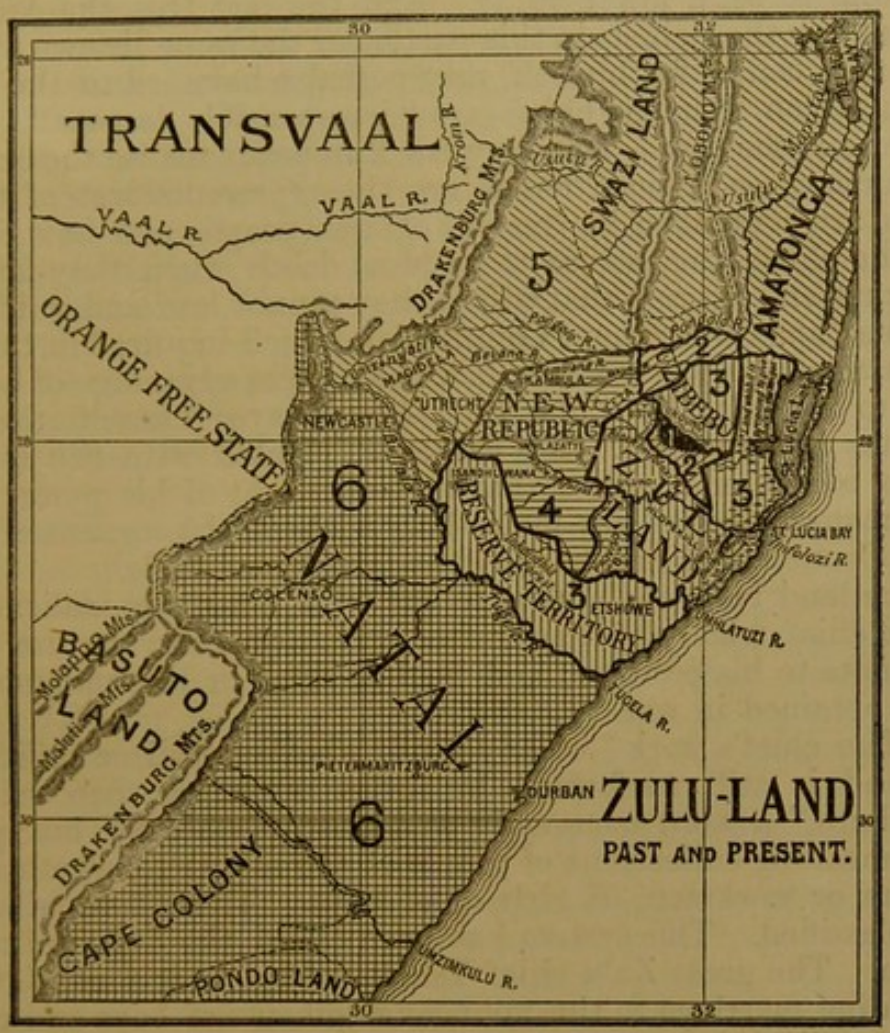
The Zulu is one of the many tribes of the same great African race of which the Amaxosa, the Basutu, the Swazi, Matabele, and Bechuana are members.

Their own belief that originally they came from the north is perhaps true, though vague, referring probably to a remote date. Some of their customs are to be found in ancient Jewish history. I have seen Zulus who, in appearance, might have been the originals of Assyrian figures on the bas-reliefs in the British Museum; and the photographed profile of a statue of one of the shepherd kings of Egypt reminded me promptly of a personal friend.

The study of language shows this race to be wide-spread. In the preface to his "Zulu Grammar" my father quotes the fact that "the same word Unkulunkulu (the Great-great One) is used under various forms as the name for the Creator all along the East Coast of Africa, from the Gallas country to Natal; on the West Coast to Damaraland, and probably even at Sierra Leone." Umlungu, one form of the same word, is that originally chosen and still used by some tribes to distinguish us white people from themselves. (Last year I heard the wretched Zulu women describe the only Englishmen whom they had met as "those wild beasts.") As far as I am aware, they have not now any common name for their own race. One set of tribes has indeed a quaint tradition of the journey south, telling how their original ancestor, finding his own strength failing, ordered his family to shut themselves into one of the huge globular baskets, like those still used for storing grain; how he fell back dead, after achieving one mighty kick which started the basket rolling, over hill and dale, river and forest, till at last it stopped and steadied; and how, when those within ventured to look out, "they found themselves in this country where we now live," say some of their descendants, who are still nicknamed "those belonging to the basket."

To come to somewhat more modern times, and to South-east Africa in particular, the Zulus can count their chiefs back through twelve generations. Mr. John Mackenzie, an authority on the Bechuana tribes, gives a table of one branch of their chiefs for seven generations, and of another (the Batlaping) for

SKETCH MAP.



NOTES.

No. 1.—Land allotted to both hostile parties, Cetshwayo's and Zibebu's, 1883.
No. 2 (lower).—Cut off from Zibebu because inhabitants hated him, 1883.
No. 2 (upper).—Placed under Zibebu in exchange for 2 (lower), 1883.
No. 3 (upper) with 1 and 2 (lower).—Placed under Zibebu, 1879-82.
No. 3 (middle).—Somkeli's portion of coast district.
No. 3 (lower).—Reserved from Cetshwayo in 1883.
No. 4 with 2 (upper).—New Republic, 1886.
No. 5.—Claimed 1861-78 by both Zulus and Boers.
No. 6.—Colony of Natal.

NOTE.—The shading on Cape Colony and Pondoland should be absent.

eleven, taking them back, as he computes, to about 1630, when in England the struggle between King and Parliament was just beginning.

Among uncivilised races the violent taking of human life is, doubtless, thought of relatively less importance than is the taking of European life among us now. On African life, alas! we seem to set a lower value. And the fact that the African tribes allow their chiefs in this particular the same licence which each man claims for himself, may perhaps have led to the mistaken notion that the chiefs are "irresponsible despots." The opposite is the case. But very few Europeans realise the extent to which these African chiefs are the representatives of their tribes, are controlled by the will of their people, and how liable are the chiefs themselves to sudden death when they fail to interpret and express that will, if they cannot lead and guide it.

The Cape Government Commission, which inquired in 1881-2 into native laws and customs, had the unique advantage of being able to consult the Zulu king (Cetshwayo) himself, then a prisoner at Capetown. His evidence, printed with the report of the commission, shows that at the height of his power the Zulu monarch could not make laws without the consent of his great Council, and had to obey the laws when made.

The land belonged always to the tribe, and was inalienable by the chief, who held it as trustee, with a share in the use proportionate to his position; and held in trust in like manner all cattle obtained in war.

"The chief's work" of any kind, whether civil or military, was and is still performed by levies of young men, called "amabuto," a word commonly translated "soldiers," but properly meaning collections of people of the same age, whether of soldiers or workmen, of girls or of boys. The whole tribe is thus classified. This system has been called the Zulu military system. The great Zulu chief Tshaka added to it a regulation forbidding marriage to the younger regiments of boys and girls alike, until the former were, by general consent, allowed to have won their spurs. But the system itself, says the Government Commission of 1881-2 on Natal native affairs, "is of very ancient, immemorial date. It exists among the neighbouring peoples as well, among Swazis, Tongas, and Pondos, and is strictly kept up to this day by chiefs in Natal," *i.e.*, through now 47 years of British rule. Under it the young men are called out by the chiefs in "regiments," for planting, weeding, building or shifting the huts, forming their towns or villages, or for police purposes, as well as for war.

The earlier Zulu chiefs appear to have led quiet lives, or, at any rate, to have died at home, for on any great national occasion the Zulus are wont to pay a solemn visit to the graves the first nine of them, sleeping each on his own hillside, on

the site of the home in which he lived, and all in the valley of the white Imfolozi river, which may thus be called the cradle of the Zulu power. For the tenth chief was the famous Tshaka, under whom that power culminated in the beginning of the present century.

Tshaka's dominion extended, before his death, from the Pondo border, south of Natal, right along the watershed of the Kahlamba or Drakensberg Mountains; and his conquering expeditions and tributaries reached "the St. John's river to the south and the King George's river to the north, at Delagoa Bay, and far inland beyond the mountains."* The Zulu nation has sometimes been described as a mushroom growth, springing suddenly from insignificance through Tshaka's ability. A very slight acquaintance with the facts shows that long before his time the Zulus had grown into a nation, composed of various tribes, all claiming and tracing their descent from one or other of the nine old Zulu kings, and acknowledging so close a relationship that the chiefs of some of them are still forbidden to intermarry.

Tshaka's individuality, however, undoubtedly counted for much in the development of the Zulu power. Two stronger neighbours quarrelling, he protected the beaten people whose chief had formerly befriended him, and thus drew on himself the wrath of the conquerors, the formidable Ndwandwe people, one branch of which is still dominant throughout Gazaland, reaching to the Zambesi. After three years' desperate struggle Tshaka worsted this tribe, and drove its chief to the north, while the bulk of the people remained and became Zulu subjects.

Various tribes had joined in this struggle on either side. All who joined him, and all whom he overcame, Tshaka at once incorporated in his own regiments according to age. Henceforth his career and theirs was one of triumph, and though, no doubt, among the half-conquered tribes on the fringes of his empire his name was as much a terror as in some parts the English name is now, those nearer home prospered exceedingly, and many of them came to share the Zulu pride in him and in "the grand old Zulu people," as I have heard it called by their half-civilised descendants.

Such was the Zulu power when contact with the white man —the Umlungu—began to dissipate the idea of his celestial character. First came a handful of English adventurers, in 1824, whom the Zulus gave honourable welcome, allowing them to settle on the spot where now stands the town of Durban, in Natal. Next, in 1837-8, came the long wagon trains of the Dutch Boers, perseveringly crawling over the mountains in

* Sir Theoph. Shepstone, in appendix to Report of Cape Government Commission, mentioned above.

search of independence, having left the Cape to avoid English rule. Mutual distrust and terrible slaughter ensued between them and the Zulus, now distracted by internal strife between Tshaka's two half-brothers, Dingana (who had assassinated him in 1828) and Mpande (who avenged him in 1840, and whose young son, Cetshwayo, had already been named by Tshaka his successor). The Boers meanwhile had settled on a large part of the district of Natal, claiming it as payment for having sided with Mpande.

In 1843 the English Government took Natal by force from the Boers, who moved north-west to found the Transvaal Republic, and the Zulus accepted the situation because—I quote from the official report of their words spoken in 1877—" on the arrival of the English people in the country, they (the Zulus) were satisfied that just people had come near them and there would be no trouble, and that therefore no claim had been made upon the English people to restore land which was the property of the Zulus."

Thirty-five years followed of absolute peace and security between Natal and Zululand, the Governor of Natal, at the end of 1877, testifying to " the peaceful and friendly relations that have existed for so many years between the English and the Zulus." The only barrier between them had been, in the words of Sir Bartle Frere, " a river easily fordable for the greater part of the year, and not too wide to talk across at any time." This boundary, along the Buffalo and Tugela rivers to the sea, had been fixed in 1843, with Zulu consent, after Natal had been proclaimed a British colony. Very different was the position between the Zulus and the Transvaal Boers, who, not content with the enormous regions which they had appropriated beyond the Drakensberg, gradually spread out into the rich country sloping east from these mountains, right and left, cutting off the north and west of Zululand, appropriating here and there a " farm " which pleased them, from which they drove the Zulu occupants, occasionally shooting one. By 1861 these encroachments, now known as the Transvaal districts of Utrecht and Wakkerstroom, reached far into North-western Zululand ; and in 1875 the Boer Government proclaimed this district part of the Transvaal, and made a futile attempt to levy taxes on the Zulus living in it.

The actual leader and guide of the Zulus since 1856 was Cetshwayo, though his father, Mpande, retained the title and dignity of king till his death at an advanced age in 1872, at which time Cetshwayo is described by Sir Theophilus Shepstone as " a man of considerable ability and much force of character, remarkably frank and straightforward," and in later, sadder days by his own brother, Ndabuko, as " a merciful prince, who shrank from shedding blood."

In 1861, and through the fifteen following years, the Zulu chiefs sent no less than eighteen separate messages asking advice of the English Government in dealing with the Boer aggressions. In 1876 the official report is that "messages from the Zulu king" on this subject "are becoming more frequent and more urgent." In that year the Governor of Natal wrote: "This Government has always impressed upon Cetshwayo the importance of preserving the peace on his part, and of settling all questions of dispute by calm representation; and this advice Cetshwayo has always received in the spirit in which it has been given, and assured us of his desire to act according to it. I have no reason to doubt that he has been and is really desirous of so acting."

Yet for nearly two years longer, the Zulus—from 30,000 to 40,000 fighting men—were left to pray in vain for our "friendly intervention," to prevent a war with the Boers, which, they said, "we wish to avoid."

Then at last, in December, 1877, English arbitration was offered. It was gladly accepted by the Zulus as a proof "that the English still wish for Cetshwayo to drink water and live;" and three English officials carefully examined the question of the western border, and decided that east of the Buffalo "there had been no cession of land at all by the Zulu kings, past or present, or by the nation," and that the land in dispute there "belonged of strict right to the Zulus."

Alas! in the previous April other English officials had annexed the Transvaal by fraud; and English minds, "for the sake of the shadow—confederation," as Mr. Froude has said, had compassed Cetshwayo's destruction and the Zulu war, which so many homes, English as well as Zulu, have such sorrowful cause to remember. And the Zulu delegates sent joyfully to hear the land award in their favour, received with it an ultimatum declaring war from England—a bolt out of the blue.

Even then the Zulus, at Cetshwayo's bidding, returned good for our evil; and, in Mr. Gladstone's words, "instead of meeting invasion with invasion, were content to wait within their own territory for the renewal of our wanton, unprovoked, mischievous, terrible attack."

At the close of the war (Sept.-Oct., 1879) Cetshwayo was a prisoner at Capetown, and the Zulu people were left stunned and bewildered without their head, rather than destroyed, great as had been the slaughter among the flower of their manhood.

The Zulu voice in the matter being thus extinguished, no more was heard of *that* boundary question. The whole of the disputed land, north and west, we added coolly to the now British Transvaal, without at all pacifying the justly angry Boers, to whom we finally returned the Transvaal, and gave them with it, quite gratuitously, this Zulu border also. In the

remainder, we neither gave the Zulus our form of government nor let them have their own; but we divided the country into thirteen portions regardless of tribal limits, and regardless of Zulu feeling we forced upon the people thirteen chiefs or kinglets, called independent, but most of them mere puppets, with no claim to their new position, and no hope of maintaining it, save by the favour and countenance of English official intriguers with private ends to gain. This arrangement is known in Natal as the "Kilkenny Cats Settlement."

Had Ndabuko now been ambitious and self-seeking the Zulu story had been different, for by his white enemies' admission he was "supported by thousands throughout the length and breadth of the country." He used his influence to restrain those thousands from bloodshed, avowedly lest they should displease the English and prejudice their appeal for Cetshwayo. And he did this at a time when he himself and many others were being punished for making that appeal, by one of the thirteen puppets, with confiscation of thousands of their cattle and expulsion from their homes by fire and sword, a state of things entailing infinite misery, especially on the common people driven to hide in the forests and swamps, where, as the very Blue Books show, hunger and fever played havoc with them. But no hardships and no persecutions could stop—though they did much to hinder—the persistent entreaty of the bulk of the Zulu people for Cetshwayo's return.

At last, after three years, Zulu belief in England seemed about to be justified: Cetshwayo was released and sent home at the beginning of 1883. But the fatal mistake was committed of leaving in power those officials who had been the very agents guilty of the mischief throughout. A change of policy would have stultified them, and to prevent this they dared to alter the conditions made for the Zulus' good with Cetshwayo in England; and having received permission from the Secretary of State to reserve from Cetshwayo's rule "a small piece of land," as a location under British protection for any Zulus who might now object to be under him, *they cut off a full half*—three-eighths to the south, the whole rich country to the Umhlatuze river, thickly peopled by Cetshwayo's ardent adherents, whom they proceeded to dragoon into submission with English troops, and one-eighth they cut off to the north-east. Here, too, the bulk of the inhabitants were Cetshwayo's adherents. Here were the homes from which his own family and his brother Ndabuko, and the tribes immediately connected with them, had let themselves be driven by the puppet kinglet, Zibebu. Two sections of Zibebu's own tribe were among these victims, their tribal lands and his own being in this district, and interspersed with those of Cetshwayo's other adherents in a "useless network" if separated, to quote from a recent official report.

This Zibebu had been recommended for promotion, Sir Garnet (now Lord) Wolseley tells us, as being of "a time-serving disposition." He had accordingly been appointed one of the thirteen Kilkenny cats, and was now, in significant approval of his conduct as such, forced again as "independent chief" on this unlucky district, to the consternation of the inhabitants, and at the very moment when they were hoping to be relieved of him. Between him and some of them official documents had admitted the existence of an animosity too lively to be quite ignored, and on this ground his southern boundary was theoretically curtailed. With curious inconsistency his north-west border was extended by an equal tract, to whose inhabitants the fiat was as repugnant as unexpected. Finally, the Government surveyor sent to mark off the southern boundary varied it again, after it had been proclaimed—to satisfy Zibebu, he explains, when questioned two months later, and the reply was accepted without comment by his superior.

With such preparations trouble was inevitable. In a twelvemonth the country was in wild disorder, given up to war and famine; Zibebu rampant, aided by a knot of white mercenaries, and declared even officially to be acting "unjustifiably" and "in face of the admonitions of the Government;" while the Colonial Office repeated impotently its wish that the Zulus should be allowed to "settle their own affairs," and Cetshwayo, forbidden to "interfere," or to raise any force save "a few policemen to keep order," died of a broken heart.

He died on February 8, 1884, and with him died the promises to England, his loyalty to which had thus brought a second ruin on himself and on his people. Ndabuko now gathered up the people and drove Zibebu to take refuge with his white friends in the Reserve, after which the Zulus had peace among themselves, to be broken only by English officials in 1888.

Meanwhile, however, another trouble had beset the Zulus, with which, unaided, they were not fit to cope. A band of European adventurers, chiefly Dutch Boers from the Free State and Transvaal, but some British subjects from Natal, swarmed into Zululand, and the old story was repeated. Under cover of assisting to restore order, they raised a claim to half the land yet left to the Zulus. We had made the Zulus helpless, yet for two years and a quarter we turned a deaf ear to their prayers for help; although, in 1886, one Secretary of State declared that "the right of intervening has been fully and continuously maintained." Another Secretary of State is reported to have described the transactions with the Zulus on which the Boers based their claim as "undoubtedly of a most fraudulent character." Yet on the 22nd October, 1886, to the amazement of all concerned, England was made a party to that fraudulent

transaction, and gave the adventurers the best remaining half of the Zulus and their land, on the ground that—not the Zulus, but that "*we* had allowed the case to go entirely by default" through those two years' delay.

Deputations from the principal Zulu tribes protested in every peaceful way possible against the "Zulu betrayal," as we Natal colonists call it; and in February, 1887, a British protectorate was declared over the Zulu remainder, developed five months later into full annexation to the British Empire. This was an act which soothed uneasy English consciences, while it created a new danger and pitfall for the Zulus, by converting them summarily and perforce into British subjects, and thus enabling the officials, anxious to justify by success their own fraudulent proceedings, to put the Zulus in the wrong, to denounce as treason, under the new order of things, against Her Majesty's Government the valid and dutiful and inevitable protests against dismemberment, made by the chiefs on behalf of their people handed over to the Boers.

To the rule of the Queen who had given them back Cetshwayo the Zulus made no objection. The Blue Book of February, 1887, contains the official report of the acknowledgment by Cetshwayo's brother and son of the announcement of British protectorate over them. "Ndabuko and Dinuzulu," said this message, "know that the Zulu chiefs and people and Zululand belong to the English from the time of Tshaka;" but it goes on to give notice that "they think it is their duty, by personal representation to superior authority, to make an effort to obtain restoration of the land awarded to the Boers." The opposition here was not to the Queen's authority over them, but to her casting half of them away.

This Zulu objection to being cut in two was not the only means at hand for putting them in the wrong. They had hitherto been governed by their chiefs under their own laws, unwritten but well known among them, the growth of many generations. Among official suggestions made a few months only before the annexation, we find the following from Mr. Osborn, who has been in Zululand from 1880, almost from the close of the Zulu war—at first as the only English official with the Zulus, now as the chief official in British Zululand, with the titles of resident commissioner and chief magistrate, with power of life and death, and no appeal therefrom:—

"I would point out," he says, in November, 1886, "that native law as administered in Natal is not, in many respects, the same as that prevailing in Zululand . . . It appears to me very doubtful whether it [the Natal law] . . . could be suddenly extended over the people in Zululand without considerable dissatisfaction to them, and without incurring the serious risks attaching to such conditions."

Yet, a few months later, with British rule, that very Natal native law *was* "suddenly extended" over the Zulus, with eight Blue Book pages of exceptions and additions into the bargain!

The official announcement of the annexation itself was made to a fraction only of the Zulus on the English side of the new boundary line. Bear in mind that the Zulus have no Press, cannot read nor write in any tongue, and that the jargon in which most Europeans address them—including many certified Government interpreters—they call "the white man's tongue." The new laws have never been promulgated to this day, and all this complicated machinery, with its endless possibilities for putting the Zulus in the wrong—with pass laws which forbade crossing the new boundary line, to visit a relative, or to court a sweetheart, without paying 1s. and publicly stating one's errand—with retrospective jurisdiction which enabled an official favourite to bring forward cattle claims dating from 1882, from the state of wild confusion preceding Cetshwayo's return, and to recover them with interest—all this machinery was entrusted to seven Europeans, whose best excuse is that they were ill-trained and uneducated, among whom the pass-laws were enforced by flogging without trial; the same means were used to endeavour to extort evidence in criminal cases; tribal jealousies were fomented instead of being soothed; and arbitrary cattle fines were levied by raiding parties threatening kraals, frightening the women, and knocking down the men as though the police had been a hostile force.

The Zulus on the British side of the line are now officially reported to number 137,000. Six of the seven exasperating officials were alone amidst them, save for the police, a few half-drilled natives—100 in all, with two or three white leaders; and it is nothing less than overwhelming proof of Zulu loyalty to England that through a whole twelvemonth of their experiments not one of these tyrants was even molested—that "all is quiet" are the words closing the report of a successful official raid in which 300 head of cattle had been swept off the country-side in general, by way of levying half the number from two individuals. The story of this raid was told in the witness-box by an officer of the English army who had been present unofficially.

One last outrageous experiment remained to be made. The Zulus had sent messengers, trudging for the most part on foot for over 200 miles, to complain to the distant governor of this cattle-raid, and of other violent and lawless official acts, not omitting their perennial protest against the fraudulent land agreement between the English and the Boers—for "I have never understood," the chief Ndabuko had said on a former occasion, "that I am forbidden to bring to the notice of Government acts oppressive against the people of the Government."

Alas! the very Governor to whom they appealed was himself responsible for the whole arrangement! He referred the Zulus and their grievances to the chief magistrate, the very official impeached, while he condemned their message to himself as "very foolish and disloyal," and emphasised the position by adding arbitrary cattle fines (100 head), without trial, to those already inflicted, and he became a party to an act which he had soon to admit was a blunder, and which in any case was a crime. Sir Arthur Havelock, with the advice of the local officials and the permission of the Secretary of State, authorised the return of Zibebu to Northern Zululand, for the reasons expressed, that "the Zulus appear to be far from satisfied with the recent settlement of their country, and will, in all probability, cause some trouble yet;" that Zibebu and his followers would form "a real effective coercive force" in the hands of the Government; but also—with quaint inconsistency—that this loyal and dutiful chief was otherwise likely to "go without leave, unless forcibly prevented," *i.e.*, that he was capable of shaking off "the restraining hand of the Government," the only thing, it was asserted, preventing his inflicting "frightful retaliation" for his former defeat on Dinuzulu's people. It is significant of Zibebu's real want of influence among the Zulus that he did not attempt this vengeance until secure of official support.

For the three and a half years elapsed since their defeat, Zibebu and his colleague Sokwetshata, with their followers, had lived on locations allotted to them under the wing of the then resident-commissioner, now chief-magistrate at Etshowe, in which they had not been molested. That Zibebu had represented the disturbing element was proved by the fact that after his expulsion the Northern Zulus had, at any rate, peace among themselves, immediate and unbroken, till the trouble which I have yet to relate. The expulsion was in 1884. Within six months it was admitted that the northern district was fast becoming thickly populated again by Dinuzulu's people; all the inhabitants who chose to remain, no matter which side they had fought for, having been encouraged by him and Ndabuko to settle down in peace.

In 1887 Dinuzulu and his people were annexed and officially declared subjects of the Queen, and in December of that very year Zibebu was sent up to have his revenge upon them.

The Governor called it "repatriation," and publicly, in person, told the Zulus that he returned the two chiefs to their own old tribal lands only, to interfere with no one. Those very tribal lands—a mere "network" in any case—that Governor had himself given just a year before to Dinuzulu's people. They were long since built over and planted by others; and the whole district was crowded with those who had left Boer rule

and settled where they were, with the Governor's express permission, to be under the Queen with Dinuzulu.

The chief-magistrate simplified the question of the network of tribal lands by varying the Governor's order, and sending Zibebu to take possession of the whole district from which he had been driven in 1884. Zibebu himself and the local resident magistrate took this to include even the district where, in 1882, reconciliation with Zibebu had been officially held to be impossible; and the inhabitants were not even given notice to quit.

The two returning chiefs and their men (Zibebu's 700, soon afterwards joined by 400 more), leaving their women and their stores of grain behind, were sent off together as an armed force, carrying guns and assegais, and no food—a fortnight after the first announcement that they were coming. After one day's journey, Sokwetshata's party reached their destination, and were at once used in a warlike attack, led by their magistrate, on the villages of two chiefs who had neglected to pay their respects to him, and who were now arrested and sentenced to some months' hard labour. As they had helped to drive out Sokwetshata in 1884 this looked like permitted revenge.

Zibebu's party had gone on with the white men sent to accompany them. He reported, after another day's march, that they had arrived (he dates from the "tribal land" of quite another tribe); that Zibebu had "not been met by a single friend," and was "now in the midst of thousands of enemies with about 700 men (soon raised to 1,100) and no food."

The thousands of enemies—especially their leaders—were supposed to be already "rebellious." Zibebu's "repatriation" had been urged on this very ground, to form a "real effective coercive force" against them. Yet the thousands made no resistance when 800 of their number were summarily turned out of house and home to accommodate Zibebu's men, who insolently trampled down their growing crops and took possession of their stores of grain; while delay on any of the victims' part was punished as "contempt of the magistrate's order," with flogging, with wholesale seizure of cattle, and imprisonment with hard labour. One such—the chief of an evicted tribe—I used to see daily in a gang with similar unfortunates, guarded by armed men, and working out his sentence by carting manure and hoeing crops in the private grounds of the magistrate who had condemned him.

Eight hundred people the officials admit that they "removed," and add that others removed "voluntarily" at Zibebu's approach; and that "people who would not acknowledge Zibebu as their chief were ordered to move out of the district"—their own district and their own tribal lands!

We can account for 3,800, and we can show that of these some 1,200 were driven across the border to Dutch rule; that some

1,100 sought shelter among the rocks and woods of their own district; and that some 1,500 more crowded in among friends in the corner left to Dinuzulu. Yet there was no collision, and for six months but one isolated act of violence; and the only possible explanation lies in the strong influence over their people, and absolute loyalty to England, of the chiefs for whom Her Majesty's Government has found no better use, and no higher reward than a twelvemonth's shameful imprisonment, and now—exile to St. Helena. The single act of violence occurred three months after Zibebu's arrival, when two of his men were killed by three of Dinuzulu's evicted people, one of whom has been hanged, while the other two are in gaol for life in consequence.

With this one exception no one for six long months could be seduced into treading on the tail of Zibebu's coat, in spite of his patrolling the country, till the very official reports themselves caused the distant Governor to remark that what was represented to be "the assembling by Ndabuko of armed forces with the intention of disturbing the peace" might be accounted for by "the sudden appearance of Zibebu's force of over 1,000 men within five miles of Ndabuko's kraal," and that it would be "difficult to persuade Dinuzulu and his friends that the Government is impartial with respect to them and to Zibebu and his followers," to "disarm Dinuzulu's suspicion that the Government is combining with Zibebu for his destruction."

Instead of retaliating, the chiefs sent in the fourth month to complain to the Governor that "the magistrate did not abide by the Governor's orders" as to Zibebu's tribal lands; that all Dinuzulu's people are in distress owing to Zibebu's lawless acts; Dinuzulu cannot think it possible that the Governor is aware of them."

It is not easy to see what right the Governor had to expect anything but mischief from his own arrangements; but his reply to this message promised the chiefs redress, acknowledging that they had been wronged, and in contravention of his orders. And this reply was entrusted to me as well as to the Zulu messengers. But the redress was left in the hands of the mischief-makers.

At last Zibebu patrolled once too often. He set out with some three hundred men in one direction, and turned up in quite another at daybreak, at the little group of five or six huts to which Umsutshwana, one of the few left alive of Cetshwayo's old councillors, had meekly retired on being evicted with a large part of his tribe from their own lands. He had taken a leading part in driving out Zibebu in 1884. An old grandmother shall tell the story, as she told it in court, sitting flat on the floor with a baby grandchild beside her.

"I know Umsutshwana," she began. "At the time of his

death I was at Ntshuku's kraal. I was there because we had run thither for protection, when we were running away from Zibebu. Umsutshwana belonged to the Government—that was the reason why we went to him. I slept outside the kraal fence. It is quite a small kraal. On the night before Umsutshwana's death my elder daughter and her three daughters were with me there. My younger daughter was there also with her three children, of whom this is one. Her elder child was not five years old. Early next morning an *impi* (war party) came and surrounded the kraal. It killed my eldest daughter and the child of five. It was stabbed in the thigh, and then it crawled, when it's mother fell, from off her back to the embers by which we had been. It came and sat beside us, and a young man came up and stabbed it to death. I heard the *impi* cry *watshetsha* (Zibebu's distinguishing cry). Beside my daughter another woman fell. As to Umsutshwana he was shot; the men who shot him were Zibebu's. When he was shot I heard him cry out, 'Oh! alas! I am dying, and I don't know for what sin.' I heard the men who were killing him cry 'Ji' (a sign of triumph at the death of anything hunted). Then Zibebu rode up fast on horseback, at the time 'Ji' was cried, and jumped over Umsutshwana and back again, being then on foot. Then the *impi* went off, driving the cattle with them. They took away also women and children. They said that I could remain. What was the good of taking one so old as I was?"

The old woman's story is fully confirmed, and Zibebu does not deny the fact. His *impi* swept on, seizing cattle, and killing ten men at other kraals in the course of this "patrol."

The chiefs had just received my assurance that I believed the Governor had spoken in good faith in sending them that friendly message, and this cannot but have strengthened their belief that their persecution was unauthorised. They determined to stop Zibebu's patrols on old men, women, and children. Gathering quickly some 4,000 men they routed him at a single blow, proving their loyal intention in the very act by respecting and avoiding the magistracy, not 1,000 yards from Zibebu's camp, with one of the flogging magistrates inside it, and sixty firearms in full play in support of Zibebu against them.

Although, too, that magistrate had, just three weeks before, led a party to attack themselves in the only refuge now left them in British Zululand, among the rocks and woods and sleet of the Ceza Mountain, and had killed some thirty of their followers without any excuse at all. The advance of this force had been observed from the mountain, and first sending out two peace messengers, who met it and were stabbed by the Government native contingent, the chiefs fled, driving the bulk of their followers before them up the narrow passes, and some miles over the Dutch border.

The magistrate's party had come nominally to serve six warrants of arrest—four on evicted headmen, for having objected verbally and delayed before turning out for Zibebu, and for other "contempt of the magistrate"; the two remaining on Dinuzulu and Ndabuko themselves, for cattle stealing—a ridiculous charge, since dropped, the meaning of which was that some of the starving people had begun at last to get out of hand and to seize cattle (often not without claim to them) from their neighbours; and Ndabuko had been sternly warned, soon after the annexation, not to interfere, but to leave such cases to the magistrate.

Finding their victims flown, the guardians of the law, the advance-guard of seventeen mounted police with a white leader, enforced its authority by firing right and left into what stragglers they could find, killing thirty out of 150 who were hiding—trying to escape—crying, "What have we done?" The official in charge stated, ten months after, in the witness-box, that he had not yet made up his mind whether on that occasion he had been acting in a civil or military capacity. And the stragglers, desperate, turned and fought in self-defence, till the news reached those above, who streamed down as they heard it, and joined in driving off the assailants, killing two, but only till Dinuzulu could get down and call his people off, out of respect for the Government which these assailants misrepresented. This is not only our Zulu version. It is the only version which fits all the facts as they were brought out at the trials, and it is the version to be gathered from the evidence of hostile witnesses, one of whom also put into our chiefs' mouth the words, "We are not fighting against the Queen."

The experiment of Zibebu's return had failed to make the Zulus rebels, but it had succeeded in creating a disturbance which might be visited on them. English troops were sent to "restore peace and order." They found that the chiefs, with the bulk of their men, had fled from British Zululand without striking another blow, and they "pacified" the hapless people left behind by means of a mixed column of troops and auxiliaries, of which Zibebu and his men formed a part, in a manner so shocking that to this day civil and military authorities throw each the disgrace of it upon the other. By burning of huts and corn, by the shooting down of unresisting men, and the wholesale violation of women. Three hundred wives and daughters of Dinuzulu's people were taken prisoners by British officials and handed over to Zibebu, who distributed them amongst his followers. Seven months after I paid ten shillings through a magistrate's office to recover one such, with her unborn child, for her own husband, after which a general order was made for their release.

Before they fled the chiefs had appealed again to the

governor, receiving now the reply that he could not consider the grave charges which they brought against the officials while they remained in arms. They had taken refuge among the thousands of their own people in Dutch territory, and they came back voluntarily, by my advice and Mr. Escombe's,* to impeach the persecuting officials for their people's sake, and to challenge them to the full inquiry which more than one utterance of the governor himself had given us the right to expect. The result was the shocking mockery of justice and of English law against which I am now appealing to the public conscience of England.

The so-called trials themselves lasted nearly five months, from November, 1888, to April, 1889. I was present throughout, as I had promised the Zulus. But in the first case (undefended) the Crown Prosecutor warned me that it was a mere figure of speech to call myself "the prisoner's friend." At any rate that prisoner had no other there, for his best friend, Mr. Escombe's representative, had withdrawn from the defence, as the strongest —the only sufficient—protest open to him against the court's indecent refusal to allow us time even to collect our witnesses.

The prisoner, a chief named Somhlolo, was condemned to five years' imprisonment with hard labour, for high treason, on a mass of unsifted hearsay statements. The sentence on him found him guilty because, in so many words, he had joined the other chiefs whose cases had not yet been tried.

This sentence, delivered in November, 1888, on the first case tried, vitiates the whole subsequent proceedings of the court, which could only defend its own judgment by finding the other prisoners guilty of the same offence.

Much remains to tell of these trials, of which, with all their curiosities of injustice, we have full records.

Much also of disturbances in other parts of Zululand, each referable to a set of circumstances totally inconsistent with treason, and perfectly consistent with another cause—the fear of Zibebu backed by the officials—and each contributing to the band of victims, some of them grey-headed old men, now in Etshowe gaol. Then there is the present condition of Zululand, where it is conclusively apparent that the local officials can do no wrong, and that no one who takes exception to their doings can be right. They are therefore having things their own way, and are preparing fresh mischief by rewarding native parasites for services during the disturbances by giving them the cattle of the victimised Usutu†—by forcing in among the Zulus just those Natal natives who have been recently used against them, *e.g.*, as native levies, in the revenge I have mentioned—forcing these men in as chiefs and officials, conquerors, instead of taking

* A leading Natal lawyer and politician.
† Usutu was Cetshwayo's distinguishing cry; now his son, Dinuzulu's.

care that the incomers should be chosen from among the many free from such drawbacks, and that they should appear as friends asking the consent of the tribe whose land they are to occupy.

They boast of the money in their treasury, but omit to say how much of it is hut-tax paid for last year by starving Usutu for the sites of their huts burnt by the Government forces, and for their crops burnt and trampled where not carried off by these licensed robbers; or how much of this money has been procured by forced labour, by forcing out the Usutu in gangs to work on Government railways outside of Zululand, as was the case whilst I was there. The boast at any rate disposes of the pitiful excuse which has met me more than once, that we cannot afford to pay better men to govern the Zulus. But it is entirely beside the mark as an answer to our impeachment, because, if our story is true, any appearance of prosperity and contentment must in the nature of things be deceptive. It is not in human nature to be or to become content with conditions permitting such atrocities, and the charges that we bring do not rest on my assertions, they are already proved out of the mouths of the officials themselves, and from records officially prepared.

The Zulus' hope has been that their story may yet reach the ears of those who once, in 1883, by giving them back Cetshwayo, gave them ground for believing that England recognised their loyalty and regretted the wrong done them in her name. But under present circumstances even that hope must soon vanish, and the longer the Zulus are left to brood over their wrongs the deeper and more bitter will grow their sense of unmerited suffering and disgrace. And the feeling will not be confined to the little corner of the map which we now call Zululand, nor even to those wide portions of the Transvaal and Natal still peopled by thousands of Zulus. In the words of the then British Commissioner for South-east Africa, writing of the Zulu question in 1882, "We must not leave out of account the native populations and races of South Africa outside the Zulu country. They are not indifferent to what is passing. They will be affected some of them directly, others but remotely, by our action in this matter, whatever that action may be. They will pass their judgment on it, and their judgment, and the effect that our action will have upon them, we cannot afford to disregard. Whatever we do in this matter it will be discussed through the length and breadth of the country, in every native kraal from the Kei river to the Zambesi." (C. 3,466, p. 147.)

Two examples I can give from my own experience; for in 1881-2 messages came to my father from the Amampondo, to the south of Natal, to ask his help in representing their difficulties with the Cape Government. This was simply because he was known to have spoken for the Zulus, to have appreciated their

position, and at a time when there seemed little chance of his obtaining for them attention, much less redress. Again, in 1882, an embassy reached Natal from Umzila, chief of Gazaland, a territory with six hundred miles of coast line, and running along the Zambesi for some two hundred miles. The party had taken many months on the road, and carried several heavy ivory tusks. Two of these were brought to my father to thank him for speaking for the Zulus in their trouble, and to ask him to be Umzila's friend too. He was not in trouble at present, he said, but he knew that his time for trouble with the white people would come some day, and he hoped that Sobantu (my father) would speak for him then. My father sent him the value of the tusks in shawls, and some two years later another tusk was brought to my mother and to me, to ask us to continue to Umzila's son the friendship which my father had promised to his.

Elephants' tusks as pledges of friendship were also accepted from these people by the English Government in Natal. Yet the Anglo-Portuguese Convention, just published, forbids our interfering between them and Portugal, and the Zulu story for them will only confirm their own experience, "Put not your trust in the English.'

And what, then, do we claim for the Zulus now? To hang the wretched Zibebu as a murderer would hardly improve matters. But it is at least equally monstrous that he should be in receipt of a good-conduct pension, and that the accessaries to his crimes should still hold Her Majesty's commission.

The imprisonment of some, and especially the banishment to St. Helena of the three leading chiefs, are the outward and visible sign to the people of their own general disgrace. But merely to release these victims under the present *regime* would be of no avail, especially in the face of the official threat already uttered, that in this event their "prompt and severe punishment" would be bound sooner or later to follow. Though not acquainted with the fable of the wolf and the lamb, the chiefs once expressed the same idea in saying to me during the trials, "If we are ever acquitted you must stay in Zululand to keep an eye on us, or Mr. Osborn (the chief magistrate) will have us back in gaol here in a week or two"—the idea that my presence or advice might in any way avert the muddying of the water, however ludicrous, hardly indicating an intention to offend.

Wholesale removal of the present officials is not urged. The late Governor has been removed—promoted to Ceylon. The special court is dissolved, and its members hold no appointments in Zululand. The removal is claimed of certain men only, on two grounds:—

1. That a change of policy is necessary for the safe government of the Zulus, and to restore confidence in England's intentions among surrounding native races; and that no change of

policy is possible without the removal of those responsible for the old policy, and most prominently identified with it.

2. That the removal is claimed of such officials only as shall be proved before any disinterested tribunal to have been personally guilty of deliberate maladministration, of acts of bad faith and cruelty, and unlawful violence, unfitting them to hold responsible positions in any of Her Majesty's dominions.

The Secretary of the Aborigines' Protection Society, in a letter to the Secretary of State, dated March 28th, 1890, and appearing in the last Blue Book, urges that such inquiry "is scarcely less necessary in order to afford to the present administrators an opportunity of clearing themselves from the discredit now attaching to them than as a means towards advancing the prosperity of Zululand."

In the reply it is suggested that the impeached officials would court such inquiry, but are content to waive their right, lest if held in Zululand it should disturb the native mind!

The anxiety is superfluous, as ample materials for opening an inquiry exist at present in England, in the Imperial Blue Books and the Notes of Evidence (over 1,000 printed pages), taken during the late trials by the president of the special court, who has himself brought his papers to England.

I claim the help of all of you to obtain redress for chiefs and people for the sake of all concerned; and I have spoken to little purpose if you do not feel that we are all of us concerned. This is a scientific society, but it is also an English society, and our rights as English subjects carry each of them a duty; while neither of our great political parties can cast the first stone in this Zulu matter, in which both have been guilty as our agents. I ask your help as English men and women for our fellow-subjects in Zululand.

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Cetshwayo ka Mpande.

"Cetshwayo desired us to urge upon the Governor of Natal to interfere to save the destruction of perhaps both countries, Zululand and the Transvaal. He requests us to state that he cannot and will not submit to be turned out of his own homes. It may be that he will be vanquished; *but as he is not the aggressor death will not be so hard to meet.*"—Official Zulu message in 1875, the 13th since 1861, about the Disputed Territory and Boer aggressions (*Parl. Papers*, C. 1748, *p.* 14).

"No! we do not understand it. For there has never been known one like him among us Zulus before, so good, so kind, so merciful. He never killed except for grave offences; the whole country swarms with people who owe their lives to him, and who fled to him as the merciful Prince who did not kill."—Statement of Zulu Chiefs at Bishopstowe, May 1880.