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25 FEB 1954



*George French Angas*



THE  
**KAFIRS ILLUSTRATED**

Z.D.

IN A  
**Series of Drawings**

TAKEN AMONG  
**THE AMAZULU, AMAPONDA, AND AMAKOSA TRIBES ;**

ALSO,  
**Portraits**

OF THE  
**HOTTENTOT, MALAY, FINGO, AND OTHER RACES INHABITING SOUTHERN AFRICA :**

TOGETHER WITH  
SKETCHES OF LANDSCAPE SCENERY IN THE ZULU COUNTRY, NATAL, AND THE CAPE COLONY.

BY  
**GEORGE FRENCH ANGAS,**

EDITOR OF "SOUTH AUSTRALIA ILLUSTRATED," "THE NEW ZEALANDERS ILLUSTRATED," "SAVAGE LIFE AND SCENES," "POMAU, A TALE OF REAL LIFE,"  
"A RAMBLE IN MALTA AND SICILY," ETC.



Lo! where he crouches by the Kloof's dark side,  
Eying the farmer's lowing herds afar;  
Impatient watching till the evening star  
Leads forth the twilight dim, that he may glide  
Like panther to the prey — With free born pride  
He scorns the herdsman, nor regards the spear  
Of recent wound; but burnishes for war  
His assagai and targe of buffalo hide." PLINGEE

LONDON:  
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TO

HIS EXCELLENCY

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR HARRY SMITH, BART. G.C.B.

THE ADMINISTRATOR OF THE GOVERNMENT

AND

HER MAJESTY'S HIGH-COMMISSIONER

AT

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

This Work,

ILLUSTRATING THE NATIVE TRIBES OF SOUTH AFRICA

(AMONG WHOM, BY HIS EXCELLENCY'S WISE, HUMANE, AND JUST MEASURES, THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE HAVE BEEN RESTORED),

Is respectfully Dedicated,

AS A TRIBUTE OF ADMIRATION AND RESPECT,

BY HIS EXCELLENCY'S OBLIGED SERVANT.

THE AUTHOR.



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## INTRODUCTION.

IN presenting to the Public these Illustrations of the Tribes of Southern Africa, I have nothing to say by way of apology: my aim has been to add something towards the history of the human race,—that grand science of Ethnology which teaches us more and more, as we dive into the startling and instructive facts it daily unfolds to us, that “the noblest study of mankind is man.” My desire is to contribute my mite towards the information of my countrymen: and if, as in the present instance, by laying down, in the great storehouse of British literature, the sheaves which I have gathered, this object is accomplished, then I am repaid for my toil. The field is new, and few there are who would seek the distant wilds of Africa for such a purpose; but my heart is in the work,—it is what I love,—it is my destiny.

When a child, I dreamed of Africa: in my sleep I looked upon its huge grey mountains, and saw the mists clinging to their sides, as I have seen it since in all its bold reality. My soul burned for something,—it was to travel far and wide over this beautiful world in which we exist, and of which we comparatively know so little. It is now seven years since I broke loose from the trammels that bound me to the artificial world: I was but one amongst the two millions of mighty London,—a mere cipher, inhabiting but one speck on the wide, free globe. I felt that I was not born to sacrifice every high thought and feeling at the shrine of Mammon: I longed for the natural world; and with a glad and thrilling heart, I shook off, as it were, from my feet the dust of the city, and went forth alone to the uttermost ends of the earth.

Seven years of travel, and I am not satisfied. I look upon the world’s chart, and feel my own insignificance when I see how few and how tiny are the spots that I have visited when compared with the many unknown realms that are traced upon its vast surface. Yet have I stored my memory with glorious reminiscences that must not, that can not fade; to these I long to add others: still I would that you, gentle reader, should know something of the many scenes there are in distant parts of the world, and for this do I toil on with pen and pencil, instead of rambling through the summer fields, when I revisit my own native England.

I have stood amidst the lonely marble columns of Grecian cities—cities that once were,—and I the only living thing save the lizard and the bat. From the fiery summit of Etna I have looked down upon Sicily as upon a map. I can tell you of the deep blue sky, and the clear, dancing waters of the classic Mediterranean, and of the many gay cities that smile upon its shores. I have trod the forbidden threshold of Moslem palaces, and beneath the gilded dome of St. Sophia have seen the worshippers of the Prophet triumph where Constantine first raised the Cross within the walls of Byzantium; Stamboul, with its mosques and minarets, its gay bazaars and turbaned cemeteries, its veiled beauties thronging beneath the cool shade of the plane-trees at the “Valley of the Sweet Waters;” the Golden Horn, and the ever-lovely Bosphorus, where the flag of the Crescent floats proudly between Europe and Asia; these are food for dreamy musings over the red embers of one’s winter fireside. I have gazed upon the glowing sunset, and watched the ruddy moon, like a burnished shield, rise from the black horizon and gild the tropic seas. In the surf-girt islands of the Atlantic, I know many a green valley where the sun shines brightly above groves of orange and myrtle: and amidst those of the Pacific can tell of glens where the palm and the banana flourish beneath a clime of endless spring. In the dewy silence of an autumn night I have looked upon the plains of old Troy, bathed in the glory of Eastern moonlight, and a strange, solemn mystery seemed to hover over the dark tumuli of the heroes whose deeds were sung by Homer. I have roamed with delight amongst the blue mountains of South America, and been charmed with the loveliness of the humming-birds and gorgeous

insects that flutter up and down over the blossoms in those windless dells; and have paused amid the solemn stillness of a New Zealand forest to listen in vain for some sound of life. I have tracked Australian wildernesses, and regions fair to look upon, fresh from the hand of Nature, where white man's foot had never trod before. Craters, and caverns, and catacombs, I have explored; climbed many a rugged mountain, and crossed many a nameless river. From the high peaks of St. Helena, and the volcanic slopes of Ascension, I have watched the golden sun go down in a blaze of glory; and gazed upon the dark ships as they speeded homewards with their precious freight, till they looked as specks on the boundless Atlantic. There, too, have I lingered by the willow-bordered grave of the great Napoleon, and marked the end of human ambition. I can tell you of the cold, grey wastes of ocean, that in melancholy tumult are eternally howling round the ice-bound regions of the Antarctic; where the storm-wind drifts its burden of snow, as a white mantle, over the precipices of Cape Horn; and the harrowing shriek of the albatross is alone heard over the moaning of the waters; and of the tempest-driven billows, that lash, in their giant magnificence, Africa's "Cape of Storms;" there I have been amidst scenes of shipwreck, of danger, and of death. Each spot, each varied region, possesses an interest of its own,—an individual charm or terror altogether separate from the rest; thus it is with Africa. Had I wandered the whole world over besides, I should have known but little more of the "impressions" a personal acquaintance with that region stamps upon the mind, than if I had never strayed from the home of my fathers.

Africa is vast and grand; every feature of its savage scenery is based on a scale of magnificence. To me it has always been a country of peculiar interest; and I have in some slight degree been enabled to gratify my early desire of visiting its shores, and looking upon its mountains, rough and steep.

"Heaving to the clear blue sky  
Their ribs of granite, bare and dry."

My readers may think me an enthusiast, but that enthusiasm arises from an ardent admiration of whatever is beautiful throughout nature, combined with a love of novelty that leads me to seek "fresh fields and pastures new." There is a charm, a freedom about such a life, which those who live and die surrounded by all the artificial refinements of an over-civilised country can never know. My readers may set me down as a savage, when I remark, that I have had more real enjoyment of existence, more of nature, and less of care, during the many months I have passed amongst Kafirs and New Zealanders, than I ever had amid the anxieties and conventionalities of more refined life:—

"Then, couched a night in hunter's wattled shieling,  
How wildly beautiful it was to hear  
The elephant his shrill *révolle* pealing,  
Like some far signal-trumpet on the ear!  
While the broad midnight moon was shining clear,  
How fearful to look forth upon the woods,  
And see those stately forest-kings appear,  
Emerging from their shadowy solitudes,  
As if that tramp had woke Earth's old gigantic broods!"

But I must conclude. In the ensuing pages I have endeavoured to give, in as concise a form as possible, some remarks on the history, character, and customs of the various African tribes that have afforded material for my pencil; and I sincerely trust that, by the united aid of the descriptions and illustrations, my indulgent readers who do not feel inclined themselves to penetrate the wilds of Kafirland, may be enabled to form a more correct knowledge of its singular inhabitants than they have hitherto possessed.

G. F. A



## GENERAL REMARKS

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### RACES INHABITING SOUTHERN AFRICA.

THROUGHOUT the various districts and regions of Africa, southward of the Tropic of Capricorn, we find to exist, after careful investigation, but two distinct aboriginal races of men, designated as the Hottentots and the Kafirs. The former, as far as we can judge from analogy of colour and physical peculiarities, appear to belong to the Mongolian race, and were, undoubtedly, the most ancient inhabitants of the land. After the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope by the Portuguese navigator, Bartholomew Diaz, the Dutch, in 1652, made settlements on the south-western angle of the African Continent. At that period all the vast extent of territory now distinguished as the Cape Colony and belonging to the British crown, was then inhabited by Hottentots, whose origin and history are involved in much doubt and obscurity. The whole race is totally distinct from all other African tribes of which we have any knowledge; and, from the yellow colour of their skin, their peculiar physiognomy, and the distinct character of their language, it is evident that they have arisen from a race differing widely from that of their dark-skinned neighbours. The Hottentots include the aboriginal inhabitants of the Cape Colony, south of the Gariep or Orange River, extending eastward formerly as far as the Fish River and the Keiskamma, where they were met by the Kafirs: the Namaquas, occupying Great Namaqua Land, beyond the Orange River, extending along the western coast up to Walwich Bay and the Damara country, and inland towards the Great Kalahari Desert; the Korannas, who are scattered along the banks of the Orange River, and are to be met with, stretching in a north-easterly direction, as far as the kingdom of the Amazulu Kafirs; and, lastly, the Bushmen, who are the most remarkable portion of the Hottentot race; they lead a nomadic life, and are to be found scattered thinly among all the Bechuana tribes of the interior, as far north as the Mampoor Lake, eight hundred miles beyond Latakoo. In the fastnesses of the Quathlamba mountains (a snowy range dividing the country of the Zulus and eastern Kafirs from the Basuto and Bechuana territory), are still to be found the *Baroa*, or "men of the bushes." The desert wastes and barren rocky glens of the mountains are the refuge of the Bushmen, who are the most degraded and the weakest portion of the Hottentot family. At the present time, nowhere but in Great Namaqua Land does the race enjoy full freedom, and its dispersion over the arid plains and along the banks of the desert-flowing rivers of the interior, would lead us to suppose that it was once the sole possessor of all the southern portion of the African continent, and that the Kafirs have taken from them, by superiority of force, the territory they now inhabit. Formerly the Hottentots were powerful, rich, and comparatively happy, living in pastoral ease and abundance on the produce of their herds and flocks; they did not, like the Kafirs, cultivate the ground, their only care being devoted to the management of their cattle. They were then divided into many tribes and subdivisions, each under a patriarchal government or rule; but the settlement of the Cape of Good Hope by Europeans was the commencement of their disorganisation and subsequent slavery and ruin. The Gonaquas were a tribe (now extinct, though formerly numerous and powerful) consisting of a people of mixed Hottentot and Kafir descent; and the dialect now spoken by the frontier Kafirs partakes, in a certain degree, of the Hottentot "click," a peculiarity probably derived from their intermixture with the latter race.

We meet with Hottentot and Bushmen drawings in all the caves of South Africa, generally consisting of rude representations of elephants, ostriches, antelopes, and the human figure, coloured with clay or ochre; these the Kafir tribes ascribe to the *Boroang*, or people of the south, while they say, as for themselves, they have come from the north and the north-east. In speaking of the different tribes they thus express themselves: "First appeared the Hottentots, then the Kafirs, and lastly the Bechuanas (who also belong to the Zingian family equally with the Kafirs). The Hottentots adopted

as their weapon the arrow: the Kafir and the Bechuana, their masters, took the *assagai*\* for theirs." Thus we conclude that the Hottentots, or pale-coloured race, were the original possessors of the soil, until scattered, broken up, and extinguished, by the gradual pressing on of two superior nations.

" And thus they fade and wither,  
Like to the autumn leaves driven by the wind,  
Until, ere long, the memory of their race  
Will be an idle tale."

The other great division, or family, inhabiting Africa south of the tropic, comprises, under the general term of Kafirs, all the people occupying the rich and fertile country between the mountains and the Indian Ocean, known as Kaffraria, stretching from the Fish River to Natal, and divided into the various tribes of Amakasa, Amatembu, and Amaponda Kafirs: the Fingoes,† who originally possessed the districts about Port Natal, until driven out by the conquering hosts of Chaka, after which they placed themselves under the protection of the Colonial Government; the Amazulu, inhabiting the country between Natal and Delagoa Bay, who, under their kings, Chaka and Dingaan, rose to be the most powerful and warlike people of South Africa; and the Bechuana‡ tribes of the interior, which include the Basutos, Baralongs, Mantatees, and the people as far up as the Baquaine country, where a tribe has lately been discovered who use the distaff and spindle, and manufacture a beautiful cotton cloth; they are also skilled in the art of working gold and brass. The term "Kafir" in Arabic signifies *an infidel*, and it was probably applied by their Mahomedan neighbours on the coast to the most northern tribes, and afterwards extended to their more southern kindred. How far the Kafirs really extend northward, coastwise, is unknown; old Portuguese writers apply that name to the tribes on the Zambezi in latitude eighteen degrees south, and even still further north.

The Kafirs are a tall, athletic, handsome race of men, approaching nearer to Europeans in the height of their stature, in the elegance of their form, in the shape of the skull, and in their general intelligence; but their dark skin and crisp woolly locks give them a strong resemblance to the Negroes. The rite of circumcision practised amongst some of the tribes, and several other traditional customs, such as purification, together with an indication in their manners of having sprung from a people of higher civilisation, would lead us to suppose something like an Eastern descent. They have a confused idea of a Supreme Being; but, of all their beliefs, that in sorcery or witchcraft is the most general, and appears to possess a powerful and almost unlimited influence over this people; its results being attended with constant acts of cruelty and bloodshed. There is a great affinity existing between the languages spoken by all the Kafir and Bechuana tribes; whereas the *Seroa*, or Hottentot language, presents too little resemblance to permit the supposition that it can have sprung from the same primitive as they. The disagreeable "click" of the tongue, so constant in the *Seroa*, is only to be met with in Kafir, where it is comparatively rare; and never in *Sesuto*, which is spoken by the Bechuana. It is questionable whether the "click" may not have been introduced into the language of the frontier Kafirs from the *Seroa*, as well as a number of words apparently the same in both languages.

Besides the two great aboriginal divisions, under one or the other of which the inhabitants of Southern Africa are comprised, the Cape Colony is peopled by the representatives of many other races, who have been transplanted to its shores, and who have, in many instances, so intermingled with each other as to produce a mixed race, varying in every gradation of colour and feature, from the European to the Negro of tropical Africa. From Asia an extensive immigration of the Malay and Malabar races took place during the Dutch government of the Cape of Good Hope. The descendants of these Asiatics (who still adhere to the Mahomedan faith) comprise, at least, one-third of the population of Cape Town and the surrounding villages. Negroes from both coasts, but more especially from Mozambique, as well as natives of Madagascar, have, from time to time, been imported into the colony; so that, as regards the population of the towns especially, perhaps few parts of the world present a greater variety of the different races of mankind, dwelling within a certain limit, than does the colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

\* *Assagai*, a long spear or javelin, with an iron head, and sharpened on both sides: it is, together with a short club, called *Kirri*, the chief weapon employed in Kafir warfare.

† *Fingo* means literally "a dog."

‡ The name *Bechuana* probably originated in the mistake of some former traveller, who, having asked the inhabitants respecting their neighbours, received the reply, *Ba chuana*—"They are all the same."



MALAY SCHOOL. BOYS LEARNING TO READ THE KORAN.

## ON THE MALAYS OF CAPE TOWN.

A CONSIDERABLE proportion of the population of Cape Town and the surrounding towns and villages is composed of Malays, or people of Malay extraction, who, although naturalised in the colony as British subjects, still adhere to the customs, costume, and Mahomedan faith of the countries from which they originally emanated. During the Dutch government of the Cape of Good Hope, a great number of Malays were brought over from Batavia, and other settlements of the Dutch East India Company, as slaves, from which the present Malay population is descended. Up to the period of the emancipation of the slaves throughout the British Colonies, a few years back, the greater portion of the Malays in Cape Town were in a state of bondage: now many of them are in easy, and a few in affluent, circumstances, whilst the mass constitute the artisans and labouring classes of the place. Most of the carpenters, masons, tailors, shoemakers, &c. are Malays; they also make excellent grooms and house-servants, from their sobriety and cleanliness. Almost all the fishermen and boatmen of Table Bay are likewise Malay; and the number of them one sees in the streets on landing, with their gay costumes, broad conical hats, and their heads tied round with handkerchiefs of the most brilliant colours, imparts a cheerful and foreign air to the scene, sparkling beneath a bright African sun.

As all the Malays are strict Mahomedans, they observe the feasts and fasts, the Ramazan, the Bairam, the Kalipha, and other ceremonies belonging to their Eastern faith, under the guidance of priests of their own religion. These priests differ upon sundry minor matters, and several sects have sprung up amongst them, each led by a rival priest, though I imagine the spirit of bigotry is not carried to such an extent by them as it unfortunately is amongst the Christians. The Malay burial-grounds are remarkably picturesque, planted with flowers, and bearing tokens of respect and affection for the departed. I like to see the care with which the Malays tend the graves of their dead: the snow-white turreted tombs, the rosemary and geraniums, and the monthly roses they plant round them, and the lily bulbs in the spring. On a bright summer's evening, the Malay burial-ground, on the brow of the hill overlooking the town, is often crowded with the living, who have come to pay visits to the resting-places of their friends. Some are trimming the flowers; the young girls anointing the tombstones with frankincense and myrrh, or placing nosegays upon the graves; and all this as though the silent tenants were only asleep, and would wake again by and bye, so gently, and yet with a calm cheerfulness, do they perform these beautiful and holy rites.

I will endeavour to describe the funeral of a young girl I witnessed there one Saturday evening. The sun was just setting, the ground planted with flowers that made the air fragrant, and palm and rosemary grew at the head of the graves. Little upright slabs marked every tomb, and rows of white pebbles were placed along the earth. Beside each headstone was a small chamber, with a little door, for holding lights; for at the Ramazan these burial-grounds are illuminated.

The funeral party came winding up the hill, and along the narrow paths amongst the flowers, till they halted at a newly-dug grave, not perpendicular, like ours, but hollowed out from the side of the pit. There was no coffin; the body, wrapped in white cloths, was borne upon a bier, covered with a canopy of rose-coloured cotton. Two men descended into the grave, and the corpse with great care was slipped gently down from the bier, hid from sight beneath a sheet held by four men, who thus conceal the grave, until the body is carefully laid in the niche or recess, and shut in with boards and stopped with grass, by the officiating priest. No women were present. During the whole time the body is being slipped down into the grave and arranged in its resting-place, a prayer is rapidly muttered by the men. As the clods of earth were shovelled in, a young Malay scattered bunches of lovely white flowers, roses and narcissus, into the grave at intervals, amongst the clods. When the grave was filled up, the head was marked by a small upright stone, and one bunch of flowers reserved to lay there, with a stone upon it to prevent its being blown away by the wind. The mourners were now picturesquely seated in groups around the grave, in the fading daylight; the priest in his robes, with his Arabic scroll, sitting at the top, and chanting in a loud voice some words, which were repeated by the company several hundred times in a singing chorus. A boy sat cross-legged with a brass tea-kettle, from which the priest poured water up and down upon the new-made grave. When the three words of prayer had died upon their lips from repetition, the old priest would commence again with renewed energy. The ceremony over, the group, with the empty bier, wound down the hill, amidst the beautiful mountain scenery, in the amber light of evening.

A Malay wedding-party may form a pleasing contrast to the funeral scene we have just described.

I was invited to witness a Malay wedding by one of the priests, whose daughters were amongst the bridesmaids. I went about four o'clock in the afternoon; the bride had been given away by the priest, and some prayers said, and the feasting had commenced in earnest; it was literally "a marriage-feast." The house, which was small, was crowded to excess; in an inner room, beneath an illuminated mirror, decorated with artificial flowers, sat the bride, surrounded by about thirty young girls as bridesmaids; they were all dressed in white, with satin handkerchiefs crossed over their shoulders, and their luxuriant black hair plastered with more than ordinary care in the Malay style with cocoa-nut oil and gum, and fastened behind with a gold bodkin. The bridesmaids occupied the seats on each side of the bride, round a table groaning beneath the weight of sweetmeats, fruits, and millet-cakes; lofty columns of oranges, placed one on the top of another, looked as though they would fall down the instant the table was touched; and pots of preserved ginger and nutmegs were handed about. Drinking tea and coffee, and feasting, went on till about eleven o'clock at night, varied by occasional singing. One man appeared to unite the character of a buffoon with that of master of the ceremonies, and used every effort to diffuse merriment and encourage the young girls to sing. They chanted some amorous ditties in a low, warbling voice, which was followed by a chorus from the men. As the party breaks up, the bridesmaids lead the bride to her chamber, where she awaits the arrival of the bridegroom. One old man then shuts the door, and keeps him out, the bridegroom remonstrating all the while, and endeavouring by every means to gain access. This joke is kept up for some time, till at last the bridegroom forces the door and joins the bride, when the party immediately separates.

I was favoured with a sight of the bedroom and marriage-bed prepared for the reception of the bride by her husband. The room was tastefully decorated with white muslin and artificial flowers; bunches of artificial flowers were placed on the curtains and toilet; everything was beautifully white and clean; and the carpet, bed, and the entire room, were scattered over with small shreds of gilt and variously-coloured paper; these were strewn thickest on the bed and by the bedside. An elderly matron, in a rich dress, performed the honour, which is a distinguished one, of shewing the marriage-chamber to the friends of the bride and bridegroom, who inspected it one at a time.





PLATE I.

CAPE TOWN, FROM THE CAMP'S BAY ROAD.

THE Colony of the Cape of Good Hope was originally founded by the Dutch in 1652. In the year 1795 it was captured by the British arms under Sir James Craig, who became the first English governor. In 1802 it was restored to the Dutch at the peace of Amiens, and again taken by the British in 1806. In 1815 it was finally ceded to Great Britain by the King of the Netherlands.

Cape Town, the metropolis of the colony, and now the City of Capetown, is most picturesquely situated on the shores of Table Bay, at the foot of the celebrated mountain of the same name, with the Lion's Head to the westward. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the scenery in the environs of Cape Town. The bold, abrupt, rugged mountains, the fertile plains and gardens, and the deep blue waters of the Bay, with the white houses and busy shipping, constantly present charming pictures to the eye. The view given on the accompanying plate is taken from above the town, looking over Table Bay; to the right, across the Cape Flats, are seen the Tygerberg; and beyond, in the distance, the ranges of Drakenstein and the Hottentot Holland Mountains.

The population of Cape Town is about 21,000, of which 15,000 are Christians, and the rest Mahommedans and other sects. The streets of the city are laid out at right angles, with great regularity, and the houses are mostly built in the old Dutch style, with trees planted here and there before them. Altogether, Cape Town may be considered as a thriving and flourishing place. It is the principal port of the western districts of the Colony, and, owing to the number of Indianen and other vessels constantly calling in Table Bay for refreshments, during ten months of the year, it presents a gay and cheerful aspect. The spirit of improvement is rapidly going on, and roads, bridges, and other public advantages, are progressing throughout this important and interesting colony.

PLATE II.

KAREL, A MALAY PRIEST, AT PRAYER: HIS WIFE NAZEA.

KAREL, the Hadji, is one of the leading priests of the Malays of Cape Town: he boasts the grand distinction of having performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, and styles himself the original and only genuine pilgrim amongst the followers of the Prophet there. Karel is an intelligent and interesting man, and has more liberal views and sentiments than any of his rival priests. He repeatedly sat to me for his portrait, and encouraged his people to do the same, although it is contrary to the law of rigid Mussulmen to represent the human countenance. Karel's intelligence combated with the prejudices of the more bigoted Malays in this instance, although sundry old women threw out suspicions that the new panes of plate-glass in the bookseller's shop-window in the Heerengracht were for the purpose of displaying their portraits; and it was with some difficulty I persuaded them that such indeed was not the case. Whenever I visited Karel, coffee and cakes were offered me, and I always found him extremely obliging and willing to afford me every information respecting the customs and ceremonies of his people. Nazea is the only surviving wife of Karel,—as, amongst all Mahommedans, it is customary for the Malays to be allowed a plurality of wives, but it is very seldom that we find them with more than two, whilst a large majority have only one. The costume of the Malay women is very neat: they wear a variety of gay colours; but in their dresses they invariably adhere to one rigid pattern, as do the men in the cut of their garments and the fashion of their hats. Nazea is portrayed in her walking dress. The priest, in his robes, officiating at prayers, before a white linen cloth. In the background of Nazea's portrait is a view of the Lion's Head Mountain adjoining Cape Town.





FIGURE 1. Dress of a woman in the Punjab, India.



FIGURE 2. Dress of a man in the Punjab, India.







### PLATE III.

#### WYNBERG.

THE Colony of the Cape of Good Hope is of very great extent, and contains every variety of soil, from the richest plain to the wildest and most inaccessible mountain-ranges, and vast tracts of Karroo, or desert land, which are totally unfit for cultivation, and, in many places, almost destitute of vegetation. The climate throughout the Colony is universally fine, and extremely salubrious and healthy; the only drawbacks being the prevalence of violent south-easterly gales during the summer months; which, however, are more felt on the coast than beyond the first range of mountains, where the climate is remarkably good. In consequence of this, the Cape has long been the celebrated resort of East Indian invalids, who come thither to recruit themselves after suffering the enervating effects of a tropical climate. The favourite abode of these Indian visitors is the village of Wynberg—the “sweet Auburn” of South Africa—a charming spot, about seven miles from Cape Town, with shady groves, rich gardens, and the most enchanting scenery on all sides. The neighbourhood is studded with handsome villas and cottages, half hid beneath avenues of oak and pine. The walks and rides about Wynberg are magnificent. The noble peaks and precipices of Table Mountain rise abruptly from its wealth of groves and gardens, and cast a broad shadow over them, so that they are cool and pleasant during the hottest afternoons of summer.

In the distance is Constantia Mountain, on the slope of which are the three celebrated farms which produce the Constantia wine, so greatly esteemed in all parts of the world. The Dutch Reformed Church and the English Church are pleasing objects in the landscape at Wynberg; and beyond, to the right, is the noble expanse of False Bay, with the hills of Muisenberg. A stream of cool sea air, often accompanied with masses of white vapour, sets in across False Bay towards Table Mountain during the summer months, which renders Wynberg much cooler than other portions of the Cape district. In leaving Cape Town, the difference of climate is felt almost instantaneously on rounding the angle of the mountain, when the rider suddenly exchanges the suffocating heat of the northern side of Table Mountain, beneath which Cape Town is situated, for the cool and invigorating air that meets him from the opposite Bay.

The adjoining view is taken from the top of the hill before entering the village, looking towards Constantia. The building on the right is the Schoolhouse, and beyond are seen the churches, above a belt of pines. It need hardly be said that Wynberg is the favourite resort for the equestrians and pic-nic parties from Cape Town, besides containing, together with the village of Rondebosch, the country residences of many of the principal inhabitants.

PLATE IV.

MALAY BOYS OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

ONE of the boys, whose portrait is given on the accompanying plate, is a pretty fair example of the mixed race which forms a considerable proportion of the population of Cape Town and the surrounding districts.

The boy depicted is a half-caste between the Malay and the Negro of Eastern Africa, from the Mozambique coast. He has his market-basket upon his shoulder. The costume is Malay. And in the background is a view of part of Hottentot Square, and the Keisergracht, in Cape Town.

The Malay children are often very pretty, and remarkable for the largeness and brilliancy of their dark eyes. It is amusing on a feast-day or holiday to see the little Malay boys and girls, not more than three or four years of age, and often scarcely able to walk, dressed exactly like their fathers and mothers, and led forth by their fond and exulting parents, looking like old people in miniature. The figure of the little boy wearing the wide conical hat is an example of this kind, and conveys an exact idea of a young Malay of some four or five years old. The girls look more odd than the boys: figures which, when viewed from behind, appear like extremely diminutive women, turn out to be girls, or mere infants, wearing the long plaited skirt, the quaint short waist, the full sleeves, and the hair anointed with cocoa-nut oil, and fastened behind with a huge gold bodkin, fashions which appertain alike to themselves and their grandmothers. All the Malays in Cape Town speak Dutch; but the better class understand and write the Arabic and Malay.











Illustration of a mountainous landscape with a horse-drawn wagon and a decorated tree.

## PLATE V.

### HOTTENTOT HOLLAND, WITH SIR LOWRY'S PASS, AND THE VILLAGE OF SOMERSET-WEST.

THE Field-cornetcy of Somerset includes all the farms of Hottentot Holland which are scattered at the foot of the mountains of the same name, together with the village of Somerset-West, which has a population of nearly two hundred persons. The situation of Somerset is remarkably picturesque: immediately at the foot of a range of magnificent and rugged mountains, over which is the highroad to the interior and the eastern frontier of the Colony, are scattered the white farm-houses, interspersed with groups of trees and enlivened by herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. On one side is the expanse of False Bay, with the bold precipice of Cape Hanglip; and, across the Bay, the eye rests upon the utmost verge of Africa, "the Cape of Storms." On the other side is an amphitheatre of mountains, embosoming in their warm and sheltered valleys some of the loveliest spots imaginable—substantial-looking Dutch mansions and farm-houses, built by the lordly burghers of former days, surrounded with long avenues of oak and pine. On one of these stately farms, once the residence of the Dutch governor Van der Stell, and now occupied by De Heer Jacobus Theunissen, there are magnificent camphor-trees, originally imported from Batavia, excelling in size the largest forest oaks. It is about two miles from the village to the beach of Hottentot Holland, and about thirty-five to Cape Town. The road, or pass, leading over the mountain was completed under the able superintendence of the late Surveyor-General, the talented and energetic Lieutenant-Colonel Michell; and when opened in 1830, it was called Sir Lowry's Pass, in honour of its projector, Sir Lowry Cole, who was Governor of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

## PLATE VI.

### THE PAARL.

IN a charming and fertile valley, through which the Klein Berg Riviere, or "little river of the mountains," winds its meandering course, surrounded on all sides by grand and glorious mountains, lies the picturesque village of the Paarl. Immediately above the village, which is scattered for some distance along the valley, rises the Paarl Mountain, the summit of which is well worth visiting: it consists of one enormous block of rounded stone, and commands a most extensive view on all sides. The village itself is inhabited almost entirely by Dutch; the houses are all in the old Dutch style, with their white gables shining out from amongst plantations of oak and Italian pine. The Paarl is celebrated for its wine, and the entire valley of Drakenstein, with Wagenmaker's Vallei beyond, is sprinkled over with vineyards, orange-groves, and peach-gardens. The ranges of mountains seen in the engraving to the left, are those of Great Drakenstein and Franche-hock, and on the right is Simon's-berg, above Stellenbosch. The Paarl is distant about forty-five miles from Cape Town, in a north-easterly direction, and has a population of upwards of 2000 individuals. During the winter season, the high ranges of mountains surrounding the valley of the Paarl are capped with snow; but in the summer the heat is very great. Corn and wine, vegetables and fruit, are the chief produce of this lovely and romantic spot, and are conveyed in bullock-waggons to the Cape Town market.

The flora of South Africa is replete with beauty, and her rugged and grey mountains are clothed with blossoms of every dye; each locality has its own flowers, and these are so influenced by situation and soil, that the botanist may search in vain for some peculiar plant on the hill-side, whilst a hundred yards above him it is flourishing luxuriantly. Each season, too, has its own gay garland; you may ride across the Karroo one week through a field of lilies and *gladiolus*, and, on passing the same spot on the following week, you may look long for a single blossom.

The months of August, September, October, and November, are the months of flowers in South Africa; but every month throughout the year has its flowering plants: in May and June, for instance, the country around Cape Town is carpeted with the white, yellow, and rose-coloured species of *oxalis*, all of which are exceedingly beautiful, and are the offspring of the autumnal rains of the previous month.

Perhaps the most characteristic family of plants in the dry and sandy districts of the Cape Colony are the *Proteas*, or *Suiker-bosches* (sugar-bushes), as they are termed by the Dutch colonists. For six months in the year their singular, yet beautiful blossoms enliven every glen, and rock, and valley of the Cape district. In Kafirland and on the frontier, in Albany and Uitenhage, the *protea* is supplied by the *Erythrina*, or coral-tree, and other gorgeous plants. The *protea* seems to be the type in Africa of the Australian *Banksia*, which it greatly resembles.











PLATE VII.

KARL JULIUS, A HOTTENTOT HERD-BOY.

THE peculiarity of the Hottentot features is strongly marked in the countenance of the boy who forms the subject of the present sketch. The high, broad cheek-bones, the flat nose, the narrow chin, and the small, sunken eyes, set wide apart, are all characteristic of the Baroan descent.\* Most of the Hottentot lads in the Cape Colony are either herd-boys or waggon-leaders. The South African bullock-waggons are usually drawn by a team of some twelve to twenty oxen, which the driver manages dexterously by means of a long and ponderous whip: the foremost ox has a leather thong or ream passed round the horns, by which the leader steers the whole team. It is astonishing how dexterously these little Hottentot boys manage the oxen; running and shouting, with outstretched arms, like mad dervishes, and never appearing to get tired. When the waggon stops, they lie down and roll in the sand, then off they start again, amid sun and dust, running, and shouting, and perspiring, from morning till night.

\* "Baroa," and "Khuai," signify Hottentot, in the Sesuto and Seroa languages.



HOTTENTOT WOMAN AND GIRL.

CHRISTIAN MATTHEI,

A HALF-CASTE HOTTENTOT.

THE Griqua and Bastaard are colonial terms for the mixed races of Dutch and African origin. The former is less mongrel than the latter, and numbers of them reside at a settlement of their own called Griqua-town or Klarwater, beyond the Orange River; they possess guns and horses, and lead a half-civilised existence. The Bastaards comprise every shade and variety of half-castes throughout the colony. They are very numerous; mild, and gentle, but indolent and dissipated: intoxicating liquors are too strong a temptation for them to resist, and they are proverbial for drunkenness, especially in the towns, where brandy and inferior wines are to be obtained at very low prices. The subject of our sketch is a young Griqua, dressed in the usual costume of leather jacket and "crackers," as these skin trousers are termed, with a Dutch felt hat, ornamented with black and white feathers of the ostrich (*struys vogel*). In his hand is a small "tschambok," or whip made of hippopotamus hide.

## PLATE VIII.

### LEVEREGT ARIS, AN OLD HOTTENTOT.

"Mild, melancholy, and sedate he stands,  
Tending another's flock upon the fields—  
His father's once—where now the white man builds  
His home, and issues forth his proud commands.  
His wan eye flashes not; his listless hands  
Lean on the shepherd's staff: no more he wields  
The Libyan bow—but to the oppressor yields  
Submissively his freedom and his lands."

THE annexed sketch is a portrait of an old man at Genadendal, Leveregt Aris, a pure Hottentot, about eighty years of age. There are now but few remaining within the Cape Colony of this enslaved and persecuted race that are without some admixture of European or Negro blood. Those commonly called Hottentots are mostly Creoles and half-castes, retaining in part only the characteristic features of the original Hottentot race. Nowhere within the limits of the Colony are these people now to be met with existing in a wild state. Beyond the Orange River, however, in Great Namaqua Land, the original light-coloured races of Southern Africa still enjoy their life of roving freedom; and amidst the recesses of the Quathlambas, and in the rocky fastnesses of the desert mountains beyond the Gariep, the wily Bushman

"Sleeps within his black-browed den  
In the lone wilderness."

At Gnadenthal, and several other missionary establishments, much has been done for the amelioration and benefit of this oppressed and timid race; and the old man before us, after a life of servitude and slavery, has found an asylum where he may lay his bones in peace in the soil once his own.

### AN OLD HOTTENTOT WOMAN, WITH HALF-CASTE GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN.

HERE is a sketch in the interior of one of the Hottentot huts at Genadendal—the oldest woman in the settlement—so old, that she can remember when the hippopotami tenanted the adjoining river of Zonder-einde, and the valley beyond was scattered over with flocks of ostrich and hartebeeste—sitting by her humble fireside, in peaceful security, surrounded by her children's children, even to the fourth generation. They say she numbers nearly one hundred summers; and despite her skeleton and bony frame, and the deep wrinkles that furrow her countenance, she has worn well through a life of Dutch slavery and thralldom; and has lasted out, a solitary, sapless trunk, to witness the flag of freedom hoisted over the once accursed land of the Hottentot and the slave. That little boy, with the dark bright eyes, has the white man's blood flowing in his veins: he is beautiful in his ragged blanket. His mother and his grandmother are dead, and there is only that dear old soul of a great-grandmother to hush his baby head to sleep upon her knee. Youth and age in strong contrast: a young and tender plant sheltering itself beneath the fostering min from whence it sprang.









## PLATE IX.

### GENADENDAL, A MORAVIAN MISSIONARY SETTLEMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

" In distant Europe oft I've longed to see  
This quiet Vale of Grace; to list the sound  
Of lulling brooks and mourning turtles round  
The apostle Schmidt's old consecrated tree  
To hear the hymns of solemn melody  
Rising from the sequestered burial-ground;  
To see the heathen taught, the lost sheep found,  
The blind restored, the long-oppressed set free  
All this I've witnessed now, and pleasantly  
Its memory shall in my heart remain;  
But yet more close familiar ties there be,  
That bind me to this spot with grateful chain."

PRESGUT.

ABOUT ninety miles from Cape Town, in the district of Zwellendam, and not far from the winding Zouder-einde River, embosomed amidst mountains, lies the sweet Valley of Genadendal, or Gnadenhal, which signifies "The Vale of Grace." In this secluded and peaceful valley is an extensive Hottentot village, established by the Moravians, whose labours amongst this despised and benighted people have been crowned with great success. About the middle of last century, George Schmidt, a Moravian missionary, first established a mission amongst the Hottentots, and obtained a grant from the Dutch Government to form a settlement in this valley. The site of the pear-tree, beneath the shade of which the venerable Schmidt was accustomed to preach to the Hottentots, is still pointed out; but another pear-tree has taken its place, and the spot is marked by a rustic seat.

The present number of Hottentot inhabitants at Genadendal is 2837. There were last year 54 deaths and 115 births; there are 864 communicants in the church of the United Brethren. The settlement contains 268 solid houses, and 266 huts and reed buildings, all the work of the Christian Hottentots, whose dwellings—many of them, at least—display great cleanliness and many personal comforts of civilised life. Most of the inhabitants support themselves by the produce of their gardens, and work for the neighbouring farmers. Not a few of them possess bullock-waggons, and in these they convey their produce to the Cape Town market. Peace and quietness, order and repose, seem to preside over this happy village, and the brethren, in attending to the spiritual wants of the people amongst whom they have established themselves, have not been forgetful, as is sometimes the case, of their temporal need and advancement, but have, in the true spirit of wisdom and charity, made Christianity and *civilisation* go hand in hand. There are, besides the superintendent and his wife, about ten brethren with their wives and families, who have each their own department to attend to. One, for instance, is a entler, another a cabinet-maker, another a tanner, and so on; and in their workshops the young people are instructed in these several trades. Then there are the schools for the children of both sexes, in which, besides reading the Scriptures and writing, the higher branches of education, such as drawing, history, the globes, geography, and grammar, are taught daily.

Some of the author's happiest days were spent at Genadendal, in company with a young friend who has since been lost at sea; and this, mingled with the kindness and hospitality of the excellent missionaries and their wives, the interesting Hottentot population, and the extreme loveliness of the surrounding scenery, has caused a feeling of attachment not to be overcome.

On a Sabbath morning the voice of sacred song ascends from the rustic chapel, in the midst of its venerable grove of oaks, harmonising finely with the quiet seclusion of this beautiful spot. But it is on Easter morn that Gnadenhal presents a solemn and imposing scene. As the first rays of the rising sun gild the slopes of the Groeteberg and the Thunderberg, the brethren and sisters, together with the converts—the women arrayed in white—assemble in the secluded burial-ground, beneath the shade of the autumnal trees that overshadow it. And there, as the decaying leaves fall upon the graves of the loved and departed ones, they all, with one voice, sing the Easter Hymn. The clear, rich melody of their voices, echoing amidst the surrounding mountains, has an indescribable effect, which one can never forget; and they go on singing till the sun's slant rays fall on the rose-garnished graves at their feet, telling of the resurrection from the dead, and shining with a bright and happy light upon the inscription above the wooden gateway; although as you enter you read the words "*sown in weakness,*" yet inside, where the sun shines, you mark legibly the words of hope, "*raised in power.*"

PLATE X.

BAVIAN'S KLOOF (THE GLEN OF BABOONS), GENADENDAL.

BEHIND the Moravian settlement of Genadendal, extending far up, like a tortuous fissure, between abrupt and savage mountains, is the Bavian's Kloof, or Glen. As the pedestrian pursues the winding path that, skirting the margin of a gurgling mountain torrent, leads him up the glen, the opening becomes narrower and the way more rugged and difficult. An angle in the Kloof displays scenery of the wildest and most romantic character: steep, broken cliffs, leading upwards to grey and jagged mountains, where the eagles are hovering, half hid by the driving mist; and then, far beyond, pearly patches of snow, shining above the wreaths of vapour that linger over the glen. Darkly the foaming torrent rushes along its pebbled bed, now hid by matted rushes and clustering vegetation, making a dull, hollow sound beneath them, and anon dancing and leaping in white restless foam from rock to rock, till it terminates in a black, still pool, with granite margin, looking yellow and transparent where it is shallow, as all mountain-born streams do. Heaths of every shade, crimson aloes, and the clustering passion-flowers, are amongst the many plants that adorn the Bavian's Kloof; and higher up, amid the grey rocks where the merry and mischievous baboons sport, there are the bright and starlike everlasting-flowers, curtaining the precipices with their red, and white, and amber drapery. It is up this beautiful glen that the peaceful inhabitants of Guadenthal are wont to ramble on a sultry summer's eve; the little children bathe in the dark granite pool; and the sisters of Herrnhault bring home garlands of heaths and everlastings to adorn their quiet, happy homes.





Watercolor illustration of a tropical landscape, showing a cactus, a stream, and mountains in the background.



## THE FRONTIER, OR AMAKOSA KAFIRS.

“Wake, Amakósa, wake!  
 And muster for the war!  
 The wizard wolves from Keisi's brake,  
 The vultures from afar,  
 Are gathering at Uldanga's call,  
 And following fast our westward way, —  
 For well they know, ere evening fall,  
 They shall have glorious prey!”

THE Amakósa, or Frontier Kafirs, as they are frequently called, are those tribes whose territory borders upon the Cape Colony from the Winterberg to the coast; and it is with them that European intercourse, both in peace



MACOMO AND HIS BROTHER POXILEKA

and war, has been far more usual than with the tribes farther north. It is with the Amakósa, that the long and sanguinary war called “the Kafir war,” has been waged by the British Government,—a war that originally arose from the marauding attacks of the Dutch freebooters upon the Tambookies, who plundered them of their cattle and sheep, and slaughtered many of the inhabitants. Retaliation on the part of the Kafirs was the consequence, and a deadly hatred against the colonists was implanted in every breast, from father to son,—a feeling of revenge, that every fresh outbreak only served to strengthen and confirm. From 1786, when the Boors, with the assistance of Islambi, cut to pieces the whole of the Gunuquebi clan, there has been a constant succession of wars between the Frontier Kafirs and the Cape colonists. The Kafirs, forming marauding expeditions and possessing themselves of the colonial cattle, are often the aggressors; but too frequently the injustice and cruelty of the whites have given them just cause for revenge. In 1811, the determination of the Colonial Government to drive the whole of the Kafirs beyond the Great Fish River, from a country they had inhabited for nearly a century, and at a period when their crops of maize and millet were all but ripe, was the commencement of a war of some thirty years standing—a series of campaigns, neither creditable to Britain nor beneficial to the colonists—plunging the settlers in misery and poverty, and costing the nation three millions of money. Indeed, up to the arrival of the present governor, Sir Harry Smith, in the Cape Colony, no prospect of

a cessation of hostilities between the whites and the original possessors of the soil was at all manifest: that able general has now established peace throughout Kaffraria, by employing a system of “moral conquest,” more effective than all the guns and bayonets for the last thirty years. Sir Harry Smith landed at Cape Town on the 1st December, 1847, and on the 1st March, 1848, returned in triumph to the seat of Government, having gone through the entire country from the Cape to Natal, and restored peace, justice, and good-will amongst all races, in the incredibly short period of three months.

The accompanying portrait is of Macomo, the son of Gaika, one of the leading Amakósa chiefs connected with the late war. He is a man of sound sense, and displays a fine, intellectual forehead. Many years ago he was driven from the Kat River, across the Chuni, when he was living peaceably on the neutral ground; his people died amongst the mountains from cold and hunger; his corn was left to perish, and his cattle lost their pasturage; yet

he did not retaliate as many other of the chiefs did: and during the last war he gave up himself and family as hostages to the British Government. I saw him, together with his wives and family, occupying a small hut at Port Elizabeth, the English settlement at Algoa Bay. It was a poor, mean hut, encircled by Fingo huts of larger size. It was an ignominious position, too, to be surrounded by the very people the Amakósa looked upon as dogs—the same Fingoes who had slain his chiefs in battle, and are now the white man's serfs. When I took his portrait, he appeared dejected and melancholy. Poor old man! in his tattered kaross, it was difficult to recognise the son of Gaika, who reigned over the whole land, from the Fish River to the Kei. His principal wife, Nox'lena, is the mother of Kawi, Macomo's eldest son: she is of the light-coloured Tambooki blood, of noble descent, mild in her manner, and, like all Kafir women, loves her pipe.

Sandilli, the Amagaika chief, was the principal leader of the Frontier tribes during the late Kafir war. The history of this remarkable man is too well known to all in any way connected with the events that have taken place on the Frontier during the war to require its repetition here. Sandilli is a young man, born of the royal Tambooki blood: he is of a lighter colour than many of the Kafirs, and may be called handsome from the regularity of his features and his commanding figure. His character is remarkable for cunning and adroitness; but when in the presence of Europeans he wears a stolid expression of countenance, as though he would defy scrutiny. His left leg is withered, which causes him to walk lame.

The Amakósa females are many of them women of noble bearing and graceful manners. Their costume differs greatly from that of the Amazulu and Amaponda, consisting of garments much more ample, formed of carefully-dressed skins, and curiously decorated with steel chains and brass bell-buttons. The leather cloak, worn by the Amakósa women on all festive occasions, has usually a broad belt of leather, about eight inches wide, extending all down the back, and separated from the dress over which it falls: this is thickly studded with brass buttons, and the shell of a small land-tortoise, containing a preparation of herbs, as a supposed charm against witchcraft, is suspended from it by a piece of coiled wire. I have only observed these tortoises amongst the women of this tribe and the Fingoes, who adopt the same style of dress and similar customs to their neighbours the Amakósa Kafirs.



NOPELETER, MACOMO'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW

## THE AMAPONDA KAFIRS.

THE Amaponda tribe of Kafirs occupies the country lying southward of Natal, from the river Umzimvelu to the boundary of the Amatembu and Amakósa. They differ in some respects from the Zulus in their customs and modes of life, and especially in the manner of wearing their hair, which, instead of being shaved off, as is usual amongst their more northern brethren, is cultivated to grow long, and worn in a well-dressed bushy mass, on the summit of which is fastened the "issikoko," or ring. The women, as may be seen by the accompanying portrait, twist their hair into ringlets, which are thickly smeared with red ochre and grease. The subject of our sketch is a woman of rank amongst the Amaponda people: in her hair she wears a porcupine's quill, and in the disposal of her beads and the arrangement of her dress differs considerably from the Zulu women.



NAMANTAZA A WOMAN OF THE AMAPONDA TRIBE.

If possible, the Amapondas are even more barbarous than the Zulus. It is customary on the accession of a ruling chief to put to death one of his near relations—generally a brother—and to wash him with the blood of the victim, using the skull as a receptacle to hold it. Unyaki, an independent Amaponda chief, defeated a party of Amatembu, and a son of one of the enemy's chiefs fell into his hands: he at once slew him with his own assagai, ordered his heart and liver to be boiled, with the broth of which, poured into the skull of his prisoner, he caused himself to be washed.

Witchcraft has its stronghold amongst the Amaponda Kafirs. To propitiate the departed spirits for success to Faku's army, just taking the field, the witch-doctors ordered the fore-leg of a living bull to be cut off at the shoulder, and the soldiers with their teeth to tear off the undressed flesh from the reeking limb. The mode of killing their cattle

is singular amongst the Amapondas. They throw the animal on its back, seizing the horns and legs, and after opening its breast with an assagai, they thrust in their arm and tear out the heart.





INTERIOR OF A ZULU HUT

## THE AMAZULU NATION.

From the great range of snowy mountains known as the Quathlambas or White Mountains, which run parallel to the south-east coast of Africa, from latitude twenty-nine degrees, almost as far north as Delagoa Bay, there extends a belt of country stretching away to the Indian Ocean and averaging a breadth of about two hundred miles; this country is rich and fertile in the extreme, abounding in pasturage and wood, well watered by meandering rivers, that have their rise among the mountains and flow into the Indian Ocean, and abounding in game of all sorts, as the elephant, the white rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the buffalo, the eland, the koodoo, and other large animals, as well as lions, leopards, and hyenas: the broad, sluggish rivers are infested with crocodiles, and enormous serpents (*python*) are concealed in the jungles near the sea-coast. The climate partakes of a tropical character, heavy rains occurring during the summer months,\* which cause the vegetation to be luxuriant throughout the year. Thunder and lightning are unusually violent; and although the climate in the lower districts is damp and sultry, where several kinds of fever prevail, and the *paarde ziekte*, or horse-sickness, is very severe after the rainy season, yet the upland country is temperate and healthy, and the climate remarkably delightful. This fine, wide, fertile country is studded thickly with lesser mountain chains, gradually rising until they reach the snowy ridges of Quathlamba, which may be termed the backbone of Southern Africa; and it is peopled almost exclusively by Zulus, amounting, as nearly as can be estimated, to three hundred thousand, who are subject to the despotic rule of Umpanda, brother of Dingaan and of Chaka surnamed the Bloody, who is the present monarch of the Amazulu† nation.

The Zulus are a fine race of Kafirs, superior in stature and physical strength to their neighbours the Bechuanas, who occupy the country on the western side of the Quathlamba ranges. In elegance of shape and beauty of figure, as well as in the style and variety of their savage costume, the Zulus are as superior to the other Kafir tribes as they are in their warlike character and the courage and bravery they exhibit in battle. Unlike the frontier Kafirs, who throw the assagai, and whose mode of warfare consists in lying in ambuscade and stealing unawares upon their foe at an unexpected moment, the Zulus fight boldly in the open field with the most determined bravery, and use a short stabbing assagai for personal combat. The Amazulu are a nation of warriors, and their motto is, "to conquer or to die."‡

\* Usually from November till April, though much rain often falls during the months of August and September.

† The word Amazulu means literally the "Celestials." The *a* at the beginning of the word is an adjunct, which serves to determine the word to which it is joined; the prefix *ma* combined with *zulu*, which signifies *heaven*, shews that this word is in the plural.

‡ The Basutos term them *Matibili*, those who disappear, from their being almost hid behind their immense shields.

The Zulus, under Chaka, became a very powerful nation; they subjugated all the Bechuana tribes who surrounded them, and carried their devastations over a great portion of South Africa; the dread of them was so universal they were styled *Lifakani*, or *those who hew down*, by the adjacent people, who describe their attacks as the rushing of lions upon them. There is not a more powerful Kafir nation known than that of the Amazulu, and they are the only one who possess a monarchy, the most absolute and despotic, perhaps, to be met with in any part of the globe.

Amongst the Amazulu, the boys tend the cattle, of which they have immense herds, and to obtain which they are constantly going to war with surrounding tribes. The men go to battle, and every male subject of the king, from the age of fourteen to forty, is enrolled as a soldier; on leaving the service, after the age of about forty, the men employ themselves in manufacturing weapons, pickaxes, spoons, and wooden jars for holding milk, and they constitute a species of veteran corps, never to be called out but in cases of necessity. The women make pottery, do all the field and garden work, and attend to the domestic duties of the "kraal."\* The troops are divided into distinct regiments, distinguished by the colour of their ox-hide shields; they are dispersed throughout the country and kept in military towns apart from the rest of the people, who dwell in smaller kraals, and are employed in tending the herds of cattle, cultivating their extensive gardens of maize and millet, and preparing beer and snuff for the king. The regiments consist of from eight hundred to one thousand men each; a certain number of cattle are allotted to them by the king, but these they dare not touch without his orders. The despot does with them as he pleases; when they are absent, and even when they are present, he sacrifices whom he will to his ambition. On returning from an expedition his soldiers are rewarded, if successful, by a share of the spoil; if, on the other hand, they have fled before their enemies—if they have returned without their assagais and shield, they must lay their account to certain death when they present themselves before their sovereign. From this reason numbers never do return to their homes, but take refuge in the countries around as the only means of saving their lives.†

The military force of the nation is composed of twenty-six regiments, each commanded by an *Induna*, or captain, a lieutenant, and two sub-lieutenants. These regiments live in the military kraals, or garrison towns, which, like all the other kraals, are of a circular form, and surrounded by high palisades. The king usually passes a few weeks at each of the great military towns in succession, but he does not lead his soldiers to battle in person. Although the king is a despot in every sense of the word, yet he has two great chamberlains, or *Indunas*, who are pretty aptly styled "the two wolves of the king." These two officers, though the highest in rank amongst his subjects, and frequently admitted into the confidence of the king on matters of importance, never move in the seraglio but on their knees, and with their eyes to the ground, in the presence of Umpanda.

I never have seen anything appear more truly savage than these Zulu soldiers, of athletic frame and warlike mien, when arrayed for battle; covered with the skins and hair of beasts, and the streaming tails of leopards and other animals, their heads adorned with the plumes of the crane and the ostrich, and their huge buckler of hide, above which protrude the bristling points of their well-sharpened assagais. The neighbouring tribes say, "they are not men, but eaters of men." In the morning they drink a kind of beer, made by fermenting millet, called *outchualla*, and said to be strengthening, which intoxicates them; and in the evening they eat plentifully of beef, without any vegetable food whatever. This diet renders them robust, ferocious, and capable, I am told, of continuing without food as long as the vultures. The war-dance constitutes the most important part of their military training, and in this those regiments who carry the white shields excel, they being the flower of the army, consisting only of picked men. If once disarmed by the enemy in battle they must inevitably perish; and in attack, the black shields, who are the youngest soldiers and least experienced, are always placed in the van, having white chiefs following near them, who have instructions to slay all fugitives without mercy. In military expeditions they sleep naked; they live on pillage and on oxen driven with them as provision by the way. There are other oxen which they take to serve as guides to the captured cattle on their return, and, if need be, to themselves, so instinctively do they return to their old pastures.

\* *Kraal* signifies a Kafir town or village, an enclosure, it is a word of colonial origin.

† The British colony of Natal, which lies to the south of the Zulu country and is divided from it by the Tugala River, is thickly peopled by these Zulu refugees and their families; it is estimated that there are at least one hundred thousand of them now dwelling under the protection of the British power. They have proved of great service to the colonists as servants and herdsmen, and many of them are employed in the cotton plantations, as they are willing to work for a very low rate of wages, and their diet is usually milk and Indian corn. In Port Natal they can be hired as low as four shillings per month, and a boy will bind himself for a year on promise of a cow at the expiration of the term. For my own part, I imagine the settlement in Natal of these refugees from King Panda's territory is not only advantageous to the settlers, but also a means of protection to the colony, should it be attacked by neighbouring Kafirs, or by the Amazulu themselves; these men are now living in peace and plenty on locations granted them by Government; and were they to be captured again by their former tyrant, a cruel death would be the only prospect for themselves, their wives, and their little ones. These refugees have also the benefit of Christian instruction; there are no less than five American mission stations amongst the Natal Kafirs, besides schools for teaching them to read and write. They are an interesting people, and if the European settlers will only act towards them in a consistent manner, regarding them as fellow-creatures, I have little doubt but that we shall see in Natal what we rarely can expect to see in our colonies—the aboriginal race flourishing and happy.



All the white shields are married, and when they go out to war their wives hang up upon the walls of the hut the nuptial couch, a simple mat of rushes, and also the wooden stool which has been her husband's pillow, and the spoon with which he ate his food. It is when she gets up in the morning that the Zulu woman looks at these objects of affection; as long as they cast a little shadow upon the wall she imagines her husband is safe; but should they cease to do so, she views it as an ill omen, and gives way to evil forebodings. The black shields are never permitted to marry, unless an imperial order is given, as remuneration for some important service in battle, family ties being considered as prejudicial to the profession of arms. When the soldiers leave for war, young virgins run before them naked, and promises are held out to them that one of these will be given as a reward on their return, should they in all respects acquit themselves valiantly. Everything amongst the Zulus is sacrificed to the demon of war, and this because their despot wishes to be a god, and that his people should be a nation of slaves and worshippers.

The Zulu monarch makes no account of men; human life is trifling in his esteem; at the tyrant's nod the crimson tide of life is poured out as from the slaughter-houses of a great city. There is no "to-morrow" for the unbappy Zulu. To a promise he replies with the proverb, "Give it to-day; to-morrow I may be killed."

In the month of January the Zulus hold annually the national feast of the first-fruits, or dance of the green corn. On this festival the people flock to the capital from all parts of the country; the crowd gather round the seraglio; the god comes out of his harem at the moment of sunrise; the people cry out, "*Ga ba a ente!*—Let him be magnified!" and at the same moment they fall prostrate before him, shouting "*Byate!*" This human idol then magnifies himself above the orb of day, spits at it three or four times by way of derision, and then goes in again to the recesses of his harem.

It was the custom of Chaka, the late king, to deny that he had any heirs. One of his favourite wives, on one occasion, presented to him a son, doubtless too confident in the transports of her joy. The monster took the child by the feet, and with one blow dashed its brains out upon the stones; the mother, at the same moment, was thrust through with an assagai, and died whilst gazing on her murdered child. The Zulus, like all the other Kafir tribes, are very superstitious; they have magicians, both men and women, who pretend they possess power to curse or bless, and to cure or promote disease; they are also the wicked denouncers of imaginary crimes; the chiefs have recourse to them when they wish to make away with some obnoxious person: for instance, if a young man has taken umbrage at his elder brother, and he does not like to sacrifice him without some plausible pretext, he gets him denounced as a traitor by the witch-doctor, and immediately an assagai is buried in his heart; or, more frequently, stones are heated red-hot, and, by a peculiar refinement of cruelty, the accused is compelled to sit upon them, and they are renewed from time to time, till the wretched victim is burned to a cinder. The witches and wizard-doctors may generally be known by their filthy and wild appearance; the gall-bladders of animals are attached to their thick matted hair, and around their necks are suspended charms, and frequently coils of entrails stuffed with fat. To cure sore eyes, the witch-doctors make a small puncture above the eyebrow, from whence they pretend to extract a pinch of snuff, placed there by an enemy, which is the cause of the disease.

In order to extort confession from the bewitchers (*umtagati*), they are pinioned to the ground with forked stakes, with the head resting on an ant-hill, whilst the whole body is strewn over with the *debris* of ants' nests from the surrounding trees; water is poured upon them to make the insects bite sharply: after being released from this horrible torture the body swells to a size that appears scarcely human. On fear of infection from any disease, one of the witch-doctors passes through the town, sprinkling the door and entrance of every hut with green boughs dipped in a calabash of water, which is borne by an attendant following him. Circumcision was practised by the Zulus up to the time of Chaka, who endeavoured to abolish it; it is still performed as a rite amongst most of the Kafir tribes: the strictest secrecy is observed during the ceremony; but there are dances and libations of millet-beer at the kraal, where the people, as on all festive occasions, become sadly inebriated.

The crimes punishable with death amongst the Zulus are sorcery, adultery, murder, and, especially, speaking evil of the king. This last offence is always found out, the despot having spies everywhere, who report to him even the most trifling remarks of his soldiers and subjects.\* Criminals are generally executed at the capital; they have their necks twisted, or they are strangled, impaled, or beaten to death with knobbed sticks (*hirris*). This people appear to have some faint glimmering of the immortality of the soul, from the fact of their offering propitiatory sacrifices to the spirits of the departed, as was the case with Dingaan, when he slew oxen on the spot where his brother Chaka was put to death.

The common mode of disposing of the dead is to bury them in circular holes, with the knees bent upwards towards the chin. A Zulu will not approach a corpse if he can possibly avoid it: frequently the dead bodies are dragged out from the kraal as soon as life is extinct, and cast aside to be devoured by beasts of prey. When a death occurs in

\* This system of *espionage* is so universal in the Zulu country, throughout King Panda's dominions, that everything I had said or done during my journey to the capital was known to the king himself long before my arrival there.

a village, no milk is drunk, nor are the cattle milked on that day; the immediate relatives of the deceased relinquish their usual food, and subsist upon wild roots till the next new moon.

Every Zulu pays the greatest reverence to a serpent, should he meet one, as he imagines that in it he beholds the spirit of one of his ancestors, who has appeared to him under that form; should the serpent be found in a hut, though of the most venomous species, it is either driven out with the greatest gentleness, or food is presented to it by way of an oblation.

The Zulus believe in an *Incosi pezūla*, or great *Induna*\* above, who influences the actions of men. They also believe in the transmigration of souls,—the body being annihilated by death, but the breath, or spirit, they conceive passes into a snake (*issitata*), or it animates a buffalo or hippopotamus. They also have the following tradition,—that a spirit called "*Villenangi*," or "first appearer," created another great power called "*Kulukulwana*," who once visited this earth to "publish the news," and to separate the colours and sexes of the human race. During the visit of *Kulukulwana* two messages were sent by *Villenangi*; the first by a chameleon, announcing that men were not to die; the second by a lizard, with a contrary decision. The sequel of the story is, that the lizard ran fastest, and the fatal message was delivered first: on the negligent and sluggish chameleon they heap all manner of odium.

At their marriage ceremonies there is a great deal of dancing and beer-drinking; an ox is slaughtered, and the inhabitants from the surrounding kraals hasten in their dancing dresses to partake of the festivity. Then comes the *ingaziso*, or washing with beads. The bride and bridegroom assemble with their friends around a calabash of water, and a basket of beads is set before them; the beads are then put into the calabash and presented to the bride, who pours a little of the water on the bridegroom's hand, and also on those of her friends around, who extend them for the purpose: when all the water is gone, a similar ceremony having been performed by the bridegroom, the bride throws the beads at the feet of her lord, and the party scramble for them. Then comes the payment in cattle, which averages from four to ten cows; the daughters of some of the great *indunas* will at times realise as many as fifty or one hundred head of cattle. Polygamy is constant amongst all the Kafir tribes, and the number of a man's wives generally depends upon the means he has of obtaining them. The monarch boasts of his three hundred wives, besides concubines and dancing-girls; whilst the poor herdsman toils long before he is able to purchase his partner for life. There is a custom among the frontier Kafirs of presenting a broom, a grinding-stone, and a wooden bowl to the bride-elect; and to the bridegroom some assagais and an axe, each significant of their calling: they are exhorted by the old people, when the presentation takes place, to habits of industry and good order.

\* *Induna* is the term for "a chief;" *incosi* means "king."





## PLATE XI.

### UMPANDA, THE KING OF THE AMAZULU.

On the accompanying plate is a portrait of the Zulu monarch, seated on his chair of state, in front of his *issigothlo*, or harem, in the great kraal of Nonduengu.

"Umpanda" signifies "a root;" but the king has many high-sounding and impious titles lavished upon him by his servile and degraded worshippers, such as the following:—"Thou who art for ever," "The elephant's calf," "The great black one," "The son of a cow," "The noble elephant," "Thou who begettest the men," "The bird that eateth other birds," "Thou who art as high as the mountains," "Thou who art as high as the heavens." Then some of his flatterers will say, "You might have been white if you would, but you chose to be black."

Umpanda is brother to the late kings Chaka and Dingaan, whose cruel and bloody deeds are still the theme of terror amongst the surrounding nations. Chaka, by his wonderful ability, raised the Zulu nation to become the most powerful kingdom of South Africa; he ruled with a rod of iron: his darling cry was war; and during his reign, and that of his brother Dingaan, despotism and bloodshed triumphed throughout the Amazulu empire. Since the assassination of Dingaan, the Zulus have decreased in power and numbers; many thousands have deserted from their allegiance to the present king, and taken refuge in the pleasant valleys of Natal, under the protection of the wise and humane government of the British.

Umpanda has had his power considerably shaken, and the confidence of his warriors lessened, by frequent collisions with the Dutch Boers, or Emigrant Farmers, who have fought their way through the Zulu country, and have established themselves to the north and west of Delagoa Bay.

This portrait of Umpanda was painted during a visit of three days, which I paid to the king, at one of his principal kraals. It was evening when I had my first interview with the despot: the sun was gilding the tops of the savage mountains that surround the capital of the Zulus, and before me, seated on a carved chair, or throne, was the great Umpanda, whom I had travelled so far to visit, surrounded by several thousands of his soldiers, with their shields and assagais, shouting "*Byate!*" in praise of the king. After I had explained the object of my visit, and replied to many shrewd questions regarding my Queen and country, put to me by Umpanda through my interpreter, there were large herds of cattle driven before the king, who pointed out those he intended to slaughter in honour of my arrival. A warrior, with the rapidity of lightning, rushed towards each of the doomed oxen with a short stabbing assagai, and struck them to the heart; as they fell bleeding before the king, whilst the others of the passing herd snuffed and snorted at the smell of blood, and dashed wildly away, Umpanda sat smiling complacently, just as he would have done had some half-dozen of his wives been dragged forth for execution.

The figure on the right is the shield-bearer of the king: his business is perpetually to keep the targe between his majesty and the sun; and should the unhappy courtier inadvertently permit the rays of the sun to fall on the king's person, disgrace, and often death, is the consequence of this neglect of duty. The lad seated near the king is his snuff-box bearer: the royal snuff is contained in a small gourd worked with beads, and placed in a basket, which the lad is represented holding in his hands. The costume of the king varies greatly on different occasions; he is here represented in his usual evening dress, when he receives his captains and inspects the herds. The ball on his forehead is composed of coloured worsted, and the feathers at the back of the ring are those of the spoonbill. His head-ornaments and monkey-skin kilts are of the richest kinds, and on his arms are rings and gauntlets of brass. At the side of the chair is a basket for holding beer, and a wooden pillow for resting the arm. Beyond are seen some of the basket-work huts, and one of the arched doorways of the royal harem.

It may not be uninteresting to mention, in conclusion, some facts I learnt relative to Mungkainyana, who was the first captain of King Umpanda, and held the highest rank among the Indians of the Zulu nation. Anxious to ascertain the real strength of the European settlers at Natal, the king sent Mungkainyana as a spy, to see if there was any prospect of success likely to result from an attack upon them by the Zulu army. The first captain, who was favourably inclined towards the whites, and desirous of preventing a scene of war and bloodshed, represented to the king on his return that the English were very strong, and that it was useless to attack them. This falsehood was afterwards discovered by

Umpanda, who condemned Mungkainyana to death. He, however, found an opportunity to escape across the boundary line, where he now dwells in a kraal of his own on the British side of the Tugala river.

When Dingaan, the late king, put his brother Goujuana to death, he sent an Induna with thirty men to destroy the entire population of ten kraals belonging to Goujuana, which lay near the Tugala. On reaching the first kraal, the Induna entered with only one man, to avoid suspicion: during the evening one or two more dropped in, till all had arrived. He then addressed the principal man, saying that he had brought a message from the king, and that all must assemble, as it was addressed to them all: he contrived that his men should mingle with the inmates and divert their attention by offering them snuff. Whilst thus apparently on the most friendly terms, a signal was given, when each of the Induna's party, rising, stabbed his victim with an assagai. The huts were then fired, and the women and children butchered without mercy. I myself passed the night on two occasions under the shelter of the remains of one of these very huts, which had escaped the general conflagration. One of my Kafirs told me I was reposing on the spot where the owner of the hut was murdered, and that his wife was run through with an assagai whilst lying on the opposite side near the door. It was a desolate, stormy night, but the only sound that intruded on our rest was the distant roar of the lion, mingled with the melancholy wail of the Indian Ocean dashing on the shore beyond.





PLATE 100



## PLATE XII.

### PANDA REVIEWING HIS SOLDIERS AT NONDUENGU.

This Plate represents a scene that took place on the second day of my visit at Nonduengu, when the king reviewed two of his regiments, the Black and the White Shields, and caused them to go through their evolutions and feats of agility and prowess in a most extraordinary manner. The troops formed a large circle in the open central space surrounded by the huts of the kraal, and the king stood, or rather trotted about, in the midst, closely followed by his shield-bearer; and not far from him were baskets containing copious libations of beer. The shouts and praises that rose from the assembled multitude were deafening; when the king, calling one or other of the more distinguished warriors by name, pointed towards him, every arm was extended and every finger pointed towards the man thus distinguished, who leapt from his place in the ranks, and commenced running, leaping, springing high into the air, kicking and flourishing his shield, and going through the most surprising and agile manœuvres imaginable; now brandishing his weapons, stabbing, parrying, and retreating; and again vaulting into the ranks, light of foot and rigid of muscle, so rapidly that the eye could scarcely follow his evolutions. Then came the "*imbongas*," or "praisers," recounting the deeds of the king in a string of unbroken sentences, in a loud voice, with every rule of punctuation totally disregarded. After the king was tired of moving about—for his extreme obesity of person renders this no easy matter—his chair was brought to him, and the soldiers passed in succession before him, each howing to the dust and lowering his shield as he passed the august presence. The White Shields are styled *Emctlopes*, and the Black, *Ememamas*. To the former alone is it permitted to shave the head and wear the *issikoko*, or ring, which they do with pride, notwithstanding the danger of adopting such a fashion under the burning sun. A crane feather is stuck into the ring on the head, which floats proudly from the brow, round which is frequently twisted a fillet of otter skin.

The scene lies in the kraal of Nonduengu, one of fourteen military capitals, all of which, in turn, form the residence of the king. At the upper part of the kraal is seen the *issigothlo*, or harem, where the king's women are kept. This portion of the establishment contains the finest houses, and all the valuables of the king; it is strictly guarded and surrounded with high fences. I believe I am the only Englishman who has been permitted to enter the harem of Nonduengu.

It may not be uninteresting here to give a few lines from my journal descriptive of my reception by King Panda at his great kraal at Nonduengu:—"Sept. 20th. Last night we slept at the new military kraal of Indabakambi, whither the king had sent word by my messengers that he would be waiting to receive us; the king, however, was not there, and we had to travel over an almost impassable mountain-district for thirty miles, to arrive at Nonduengu. The Inco-sikasi, or queen, of the kraal sent us a small quantity of thick milk and a jar of millet, and soon afterwards made her appearance, holding two of the king's children by the hand, for whom she requested a present of beads. The children were remarkably pretty, very clean, nicely oiled, and tastefully decorated with girdles of blue and scarlet beads. The old lady, on the contrary, was so alarmingly stout that it seemed almost impossible for her to walk; and that it required some considerable time for her to regain the harem at the upper end of the kraal was made manifest by about fifty of the king's girls effecting their escape from the recesses of the seraglio, and sallying down the slope to stare at us as we rode away from the kraal. The agility of the young ladies, as they sprang from rock to rock, convinced us that they would all be quietly sitting in the harem, as though nothing had happened, long before the Inco-sikasi regained her dwelling. At two o'clock p.m. we reached Nonduengu. Surrounded by a crowd of very troublesome Zulu soldiers, we were compelled, according to Zulu etiquette, to remain half-famished for a couple of hours in the burning sun, at the entrance of the kraal, before an Induna arrived with a message from the king to conduct us to the hut set aside for our reception. An Induna came to us with a paltry message from Umpanda, saying that the king was sorry he had not met us at Indabakambi, but that his majesty was indisposed, and that we were to be honoured by an audience at sunset. We could obtain no food till after we had seen the king, which was at six o'clock: he then sent an Induna with a live bullock, an enormous basket of beer (*outchualla*), borne by two men, and a jar of Dutch aniseed cordial! This latter article had been presented to the king by some of the Natal settlers; but his Zulu majesty, doubting the sincerity of their present, and having sundry misgivings that the pleasant liqueur contained poison, was fain to try its effects upon his European visitors, who, after emptying the jar, sent an Induna the next morning to request another bottle."

### PLATE XIII.

#### UTIMUNI, NEPHEW OF CHAKA, THE LATE ZULU KING.

THE present portrait is one of considerable interest, not only from its representing a man of splendid appearance, but also from its subject being one of the royal blood of the Zulus. Utimuni is a nephew to the present king Umpanda, as well as he was to Chaka, the two kings being brothers, but it was under Chaka he was most distinguished in the army. Perhaps few of the African races can boast a more wildly picturesque or striking costume than that of a Zulu in full dress. The rich colours of the beads, skins, and feathers, contrasting with the dark hue of their own limbs, and the degree of taste and savage carelessness with which they display their ornaments, combined with their noble and unrestrained deportment, render them extremely picturesque. The individual before us is a good specimen of the Zulu in his most imposing decorations. All eagerness to exhibit his own prowess, he is running and pointing out some soldier who distinguishes himself in athletic exercises. His dress is peculiarly rich: his kilts are of the finest skins; on his head are two globular tufts of the brilliant feathers of the blue and green roller, from the far interior; behind them is another, of eagles' plumes, with a snuff-spoon stuck into the ring that surmounts his hair. Then comes a broad necklace, with bandages of red and white beads over the shoulders; round his waist is a fillet of glossy black hair, and from the arms and knees depend long streamers of the hair of the Angora goat, that float in the wind when the wearer is in motion, as do the streamers of human hair worn by some tribes of North America. Beyond are several soldiers standing behind their shields, one of whom is in the act of leaping to shew his skill and dexterity. In the distance is seen a portion of the hilly mimosa country, which is characteristic of the Zulu territory.

At the present time Utimuni is residing on the banks of the Umvoti River, a few miles within the British colony of Natal, having fled from the anger of his uncle the king, whom he had offended by expostulating against the murder of his brother.









PLATE XIV.

MATHLAPI'S HUNTING DANCE, IN THE ZULU COUNTRY.

" We met in the midst of the *Zulu* ground,  
'Mong the hills where the buffaloes' haunts are found :  
By valleys remote, where the oribi plays,  
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartèbeest graze :  
Away—away from the dwellings of men,  
By the wild deers' haunt, and the buffaloes' glen :  
And we joined in the chase of the noble game,  
Nor asked each other of nation or name."

THERE is a large military kraal in the Zulu country, situated not far from the Engooi Mountains, which is occupied by Mathlapi, an old warrior and a great captain of Chaka, the late king: Mathlapi is very rich in cattle and flocks, and the numerous kraals surrounding him are mostly inhabited by his people, still he, in his turn, is tributary to Umpanda. I passed two days on a visit at Mathlapi's kraal, dwelling in a hut which he set apart for the use of myself, my young interpreter, and my three Kafir servants, who composed my party. To render our visit agreeable, Mathlapi gave a grand hunting party, composed of about two hundred people from the surrounding kraals, who all assembled at the residence of the Induna and held a dance previously to starting in search of the buffalo and the various species of antelopes which abound in the mimosa valleys, bordering on the Engooi hills. Mathlapi himself is an herculean man, with a bloated countenance, arising from an immoderate use of his favourite beer "outchnalla." After the important ceremony of drinking "beer" with the chief was over, the hunting party sallied forth, armed with their knob-kirris, shields, and hunting assagais, towards the low hills, scattered with mimosa bush, where the game was suspected to lie. It was not long before the antelopes bounded forth, and as the timid creatures rushed wildly about, not knowing in which direction to fly, they were surrounded by the huntsmen and quickly despatched with the assagai. Numberless dogs accompanied the party and assisted in driving in the game. Every animal, when killed, was sent off to Mathlapi, who did not follow the huntsmen, but took a nearer direction, so as to meet them at other kraals, at every one of which he rested, and regaled himself under the shade of a tree with his luxurious "beer" until he became sadly intoxicated. The hunters all met about every hour to perform the hunting dance, forming a double row, advancing and retreating with upraised kirris and shields, shouting and singing in chorus, with the wildest possible effect, the leader of the dance facing them and beating time. To the right of the Plate are a group of the most important of the visitors resting themselves along with Mathlapi, who has his beer-basket by his side. It is a custom amongst these people for boys to lie upon the dead game, to preserve them from the supposed influence of witchcraft: we observed the little naked lads, smeared and disfigured by the blood of the dead game, lying across them as snugly as though they had been reposing on couches of down. After crossing the river in search of eland and buffalo, and destroying as much game as was needed, Mathlapi and his guests returned to the kraal.

PLATE XV.

UMBAMBU AND UMPENGULU,

YOUNG ZULUS IN THEIR DANCING COSTUME.

THE plumed and kilted Zulu, in all the gay trappings of furs and beads with which he adorns himself on festive occasions, is perhaps as picturesque, if not more so, than any other race on the African Continent. The variety of costume adopted by these people, differing in the style of skins and feathers and the colour and arrangement of the beads with which they decorate their persons, is usually a matter of taste amongst the individual wearers, some displaying much more grace than others in the adjustment of their rude ornaments.

Umbambu, the figure on the left, is a young man belonging to a kraal near Umlazi, decorated, like his companion, for a marriage-dance: a noble plume of eagle-feathers surmounts his head, which is bound round by the tail of a tiger-cat. The skirts, composed of furs and the tails of various wild animals, remind us of the Highland kilts in their general appearance, if we except the nature of the material. The long appendages on each side of the kilt are formed of narrow strips of ox-hide, twisted in alternate angles. The knee and ankle tufts are the hair and tails of the Angora goat.

The other figure, Umpengulu, shews the back view of the dress, which is often handsomely worked with beads of various colours. In his hair is an ivory snuff-spoon, and a black ostrich plume depends from the back of his head. In the hands of both the young men are knob-kirris,\* which are used in beating time during the dance. The scene is in a kraal near Umlazi, shewing the entrance to the cattle-fold.

On one occasion, during my visit to the Zulu country, a certain Induna having heard that a "*tagoti* man," or witch-doctor,† was in the neighbourhood, "who could write him in a book and take him across the sea," set out on a journey of forty miles to search for me, in order that I might take his portrait. This is the only instance I have met with amongst these people of an anxiety to be represented. They almost invariably evinced a fear of an art they could not clearly comprehend, and many shrank back with dread at the idea of being painted, saying that they should die in consequence. One little girl actually went into hysterics through fear, and I was obliged to pacify her with beads. Another subject of my pencil, himself a witch-doctor, wearing a necklace of medicine berries with a selection of small bones and panther's whiskers, came to me on the morning following the magic operation, saying that he was very bad in the back, and insisted on it that I had bewitched him! I was sitting at my breakfast, under a mimosa-tree, at the time, partaking of alternate morsels of antelope and hippopotamus flesh, cooked on the ramrod of my gun, stuck crosswise over the fire: old Mathlapi, "the great black one," was sitting near us; we had only one fork, and by some accident it wounded him slightly in the foot: the burly savage immediately seized the miscreant fork, declaring that it was his prisoner, and became his property in consequence of having scratched his foot. Remonstrance was useless, and Mathlapi probably eats his beef with the fork at the present moment.

\* It is remarkable that similar instruments, used by the New Hollanders, are called by them *wirris*.

† The term applied by the Zulus to my power of representing the human countenance, which they ascribed to witchcraft, or dealings with evil spirits. When I took a sketch of Mathlapi, he said I was "making his shadow."











PLATE XVI.

ZULU KRAAL ON THE UMGANI, WITH CATTLE AND SHEEP.

This scene is taken in one of the smaller kraals on the banks of the Umgani River, in Natal. It shews the arrangement of the huts around the cattle-fold in the centre; the time of day is in the morning about ten o'clock, when



ZULU WOMAN RETURNING FROM WORK IN THE FIELDS.

the cattle are milked and driven out to pasture; a boy is seen on the left side of the picture, milking a cow into one of the long wooden milk-jars used for that purpose. At the time of milking, a cord with a stick is introduced through the nostrils of the animal to cause it to remain quiet. No sooner is the day's milking over, than the milk is poured from the wooden jars into calabashes, containing a small quantity of very acid curd, by which means the whole contents become rapidly converted into the "thick milk," or curds and whey, so much used as an article of food amongst the Kafirs. The cattle are conducted into the kraal by the sound of a shrill whistle, which they soon learn to follow. The Zulus are very fond of ornamenting their favourites amongst the herd by cutting their ears into fantastic shapes, slitting the dewlap, and cultivating excrescences, resembling buttons and tassels, upon the head and neck, by tying up the skin. The Amaponda and Amakósa tribes usually display their taste by twisting the horns of their cattle, whilst growing, into every possible variety of form, which causes them to present an unusually grotesque appearance. To the right is a group of Zulu sheep, a remarkable breed, differing considerably from the European, and having wool approaching to hair: their flesh is poor and but little esteemed. Above the entrance to one of the huts is the skull of a heifer,

indicating that it has been slaughtered on some late festive occasion. Several shield-sticks, surmounted by leopards' tails, are stuck into the fence of the cattle kraal, whilst the Induna's flag or signal, consisting of a civet-cat's skin and a bunch of feathers, floats at the top of a pole, signifying that the Induna is at home. When a dance is to take place, or a party of visitors is expected to arrive, the inhabitants of the kraal betake themselves to the toilette for many hours previously to the time appointed for the fête; both the young men and women dress their woolly locks with an astonishing degree of care, every curl being retouched and twisted with a mimosa thorn, and dressed with fat. The arrangement of their beads is another matter of paramount importance, and the dressing of the "issikoko," or head-ring, and the red tufts on the crown of married women, are subjects which have before been alluded to. I have frequently been detained for hours at a time waiting for my sitters to decorate themselves, unable to make them understand, or rather feel satisfied, that they would make equally good pictures without undergoing such useless and tedious preparations, especially as regarded the dressing of their crisp locks: and perhaps, after so much time wasted in their frivolous toilettes, they would suddenly rush away, after sitting to me for a few moments, saying, "What shall we be now?" or "What will become of us now we are painted?" One man refused my application to paint his daughter, alleging that she was betrothed; and fearing it would have some evil influence upon her, asked very gravely what effect it would produce upon her marriage.

PLATE XVIII

DABIYAKI AND UPAPAZI,

AMAZULU BOYS IN DANCING-DRESS.

WE have here two tolerably fair specimens of the rising generation amongst the Zulus, Dabiyaki and Upapazi, aristocratic-looking lads, arrayed in their visiting costume, and perfectly conscious of their pleasing appearance. Dabiyaki, the lighter-coloured boy of the two, is playing carelessly upon a simple reed pipe, the sounds of which are modulated at pleasure by applying one finger to the orifice at the end: he is leaning against a hen-house, built of osiers and plastered over with clay. To the left is a small thatched "izzelulu," or corn-store. Upapazi is a lad of an amiable countenance, and is some shades darker in colour than his companion. I have observed a great difference in the intensity of the hues of the skin amongst the Kafirs: here and there we meet with individuals who are scarcely darker than the Hottentots, exhibiting a yellowish brown complexion; whilst others again have skins vieing in blackness with the people of Mozambique and the Negro races of the north. Occasionally, however, Albinos occur among the Kafirs, as they do also, though rarely, amongst other dark-skinned tribes. I was fortunate enough to meet with a boy belonging to a kraal of Zulus in the southern district of Natal, who was a true Albino, and of whom I obtained a correct likeness. Both father and mother were as dark as ordinary Zulus, yet both their children—two boys—were perfectly white, with whitish yellow wool on their heads, and restless pink eyes. The youngest boy had been dead some months, and the one I examined was about twelve years of age, repulsive in appearance, and remarkably timid in his manners. The skin hung in loose folds about the arms and body, and looked rough and almost leprous in places. The natives regarded the boy as something extraordinary; he was employed to herd cattle, and went naked like the other Kafir children.

The names of the Zulus are frequently significant of some peculiar trait in their character, whilst many of them are amusing to an European ear; for instance, amongst girls we often meet with the following: Unomashinga, "she has rascality;" Unjakazana, "a little female dog;" Unozindaba, "she has news," or "brings tidings;" Unozinyoka, "she hath serpents," or "is with serpents;" Umpezikazi, "a she-wolf or hyena;" Unozimpezi, "she has wolves," or "is with wolves or hyenas," or "possesses them." There is a boy at Umvoti called Unjokana, "the little serpent;" Utchaya ikanda means "beat the head;" and Usothlianga, "we will eat the sun." A Christianised native at the Rev. Aldine Grout's, one of the American Missionary stations (where I experienced the utmost kindness and hospitality whilst suffering from a violent fever), rejoices in the extraordinary name of Untaba-kayi-konjua, "a mountain not to be pointed at:" he has lately married, and has a child, which nothing could persuade him from calling Unkomo-ka-yethle, signifying "a nice cow, or calf."











## PLATE XVII.

### MOUTH OF THE UMVOTI RIVER, ON THE INDIAN OCEAN, NATAL.

This scene will be better described by an extract from my journal kept during my travels in South Africa; it bears date September 5th, 1847. "Rode from the Umvoti Mission station, in company with the Rev. Aldine Grant, to see the mouth of the river, where it empties itself into the Indian Ocean. Our path lay for eight or ten miles along open grassy hills, with here and there a huge euphorbium-tree, or a clump of bush from which waved the graceful *strelitzia*, with its broad leaves split into ribands by the wind. From out of the long grass, which was frequently up to our horses' middle, we put up antelopes and wild boars, and saw the secretary-bird, and the rhinoceros-hornbill feeding on the slopes of the hills where the grass had been burnt. Descending by an elephant-path to the shore, we found ourselves on the firm white sand, where the river, after taking a sharp angular turn, empties itself into the ocean. Just at this spot four lions, that had probably been dodging the timid riet-bucks behind the bushes, seeing they were surprised, bounded off into the adjoining reeds, carrying their tails erect in the air. The surf-rollers were dashing upon the shore, driven on by a fresh east wind, and the glow of evening had settled over the landscape, imparting a soft golden lustre to every object that composed this solitary, yet beautiful, scene. There were some alligators basking in the last rays of the sun upon the smooth yellow sand that formed the boundary between the river and the ocean; and a huge crane, with slow and steady flap, winged its homeward flight across the marshes."

The scene in the Plate is looking along the coast towards the north-east, shewing the rich hills that rise beyond the reedy swamps that mark the mouth of the river. These reeds abound with hippopotami, which lie concealed during the day amidst mud and water, leaving their hiding-places at night to graze in the pastures around. The trees to the left are the *strelitzia alba*; the blue convolvulus, the palmetto, and the amaryllis, grow abundantly amongst the brushwood upon the shore. Not far from the mouth of the Umvoti is the site of King Chaka's great kraal, which was the largest in the kingdom, and was totally destroyed after the assassination of that monarch by his brother Dingaan.

Journal, Sept. 3d.—"Crossing the river, we rode through a country pretty thickly scattered with mimosa-trees and low bushes till we arrived at the spot where the capital of the Zulus once stood. It was a lonely and desolate place, and it was not without some difficulty that we traced the ruins of ancient hearths and fireplaces beneath the almost impenetrable covering of weeds and bushes that now waved rank and green above the mouldering relics of the past. This great kraal was situated on the slopes of two hills, with a depression in the middle, unlike any other I have seen: at the upper end was the 'issigothlo,' or seraglio, where Chaka was assassinated: his body lies buried beneath a heap of stones close by, but the exact locality is known only to one individual, who will on no account divulge the secret. It was here we met with many human bones, and heaps of others belonging to the oxen slaughtered by Umpanda to the spirit of Chaka lay whitening among the grass. The dancing-ground was more clear of bushes than the spot where Chaka fell, and some of the polished clay floors and fireplaces remained, distinctly marking the positions of the huts. But all is desolate now—the spoiler has been there; the soil where blood was poured out, and the despot of Africa held his court revels to the groans of his tortured victims, is now covered with a rank and waving wilderness. The pale glowworm shines beneath the dark bushes that shade the ashes of the harem: and the toad and the serpent lie in the damp places that once served as granaries for the busy multitude."

## PLATE XIX.

### NC'PAE, A YOUNG ZULU IN HIS DANCING DRESS.

This is the portrait of a young man I painted at Inanda, giving a favourable idea of the handsome and pleasing countenances of many of the young Zulus. He is dressed for a dance, and wears black ostrich plumes, mingled with bunches of lowry feathers, upon his head. The long pendent ornaments on each side of the face are composed of beads, black and pink, two colours of which the Kafirs, especially the Amakósa, are particularly fond. The fringes of beads attached to the leg below the knee are grotesque yet tasteful decorations, and the lively colours of the beads afford a strong contrast to the dark hue of the skin. A Zulu lad, similar to the one here represented, can generally be persuaded to work for an European settler within the colony of Natal, for the value, either in beads or money, of five or six shillings a month, and many boys will apprentice themselves as servants to the whites for a whole year on promise of a cow at the expiration of the term.

### TWO OF KING PANDA'S DANCING GIRLS.

The decorations of the king's dancing girls consist of enormous quantities of beads of every variety of size and colour displayed upon their persons in the form of necklaces, bracelets, and bandages, according to the prevailing fashion or the taste of the wearer. On grand occasions the amount of beads worn by the king's women is almost incredible, a single dress having been known to consist of fifty pounds weight of these highly-valued decorations, so as to render it a matter of some difficulty as well as personal inconvenience for the wearer to dance under the accumulated weight of her beads. The possession of gaudy beads of every colour appears to be the highest ambition of a Kafir woman:—

"Her fond heart fluttering high with anxious schemes  
To gain the enchanting beads that haunt her dreams!"

The annual dances are held without the kraal, the king with his women appearing all arrayed in beads, and their arms encircled by brass ornaments. The king is saluted by a shout "Byâte!" and the dancing commences, accompanied by songs which are composed by the king, and vary every year. Each man holds in his hand a knob-stick; the feet regulate the time, and the action of their bodies is often very graceful. The male dancers frequently wear the cocoons of a large green moth (*bombyx*), with very small pebbles in them, which are strung together at their ankles, and make a jingling noise. There are sometimes as many as a thousand dancers present, forming a ring three deep, whilst the women in ranks of twenty, compose the central phalanx. The women, thus surrounded, bend their bodies to the clap of hands which takes place simultaneously, stamping both feet together, and raising their voices to the highest pitch. In the distance of the sketch is seen a portion of one of the king's large kraals. The standing figure has her head decorated with mimosa thorns; the sitting one with the quills of the porcupine.

"Intombie," in the Zulu language, signifies a virgin, or a young girl before she is betrothed in marriage. The costume of the "intombie" is remarkably simple, consisting merely of an ornamental girdle round the loins, worked with variously coloured beads; this denotes her virgin innocence, and should she be promised in marriage to some young man in a neighbouring kraal, she immediately wears the "issikaka," a long petticoat of dressed hide; and after the marriage ceremony is performed, her dress becomes still more an article of covering until the period of the birth of her first





child, when she adopts the short skirt worn by the older women. The girls represented in the Plate afford ordinary examples of the Zulu women before marriage: strong and athletic, and frequently as masculine in their appearance as the young men, they employ themselves in working in the field, hoeing the maize plantations, carrying wood and thatch for the kraal, and bearing jars and baskets of beer and corn on their heads from one spot to another. It is no unusual sight for the traveller on approaching one of the king's larger kraals to see a string of these virgins, all bearing picturesque baskets and vessels filled with provisions for the harem, pursuing the narrow footpaths over hill and dale, and following one another like a file of soldiers. At other times, one meets a line of women and girls carrying huge sheaves of thatch-reeds on their heads, all singing, and keeping step to their wild, yet monotonous song.

A married woman without children is termed "unfazi," and a woman having a family, "eneua." After a girl is betrothed, and previously to her marriage, the bridegroom-elect places a feather in his head, and as soon as the bride perceives it, she comes dancing up with her maidens, and approaches so near as to pluck out the feather; a speech is delivered in praise of the girl by one of her relations, saying that "the bridegroom's kraal is a place of grass, but the bride will make it a garden of maize," and using similar references to her agricultural worth, the hardest workers in the field being always considered as the best wives. After the speech in favour of the bride, another is delivered praising the prowess and exploits of the young man about to become her husband. The bride then conceals herself amongst the other girls of the village, and a grand dance, with beer-drinking and feasting for three days, concludes the marriage ceremony.



THE BRIDE AND HER MAIDENS

## PLATE XX.

### SOLDIERS OF KING PANDA'S ARMY.

THE Zulu army is composed of twenty-six regiments, each distinguished by their costume and the colour of their shields: they are quartered in the "ekanda," or barrack-towns, when not engaged in active service.

Each regiment is commanded by a captain, or "Induna-e-nkholu;" a lieutenant, or "Ngenana;" and a sub-lieutenant, or "Ngenadzana." As regards the names of these regiments, they all have significations more or less curious: for example, that of Omobapankue (the 1st) means *panther-catcher*. They say that some years ago, a panther having devoured one of the king's young shepherds, a detachment of this regiment was sent to take the animal: the feat was accomplished, and the savage beast brought alive before King Chaka, who ordered it to be thrust through with an assagai. The 4th, Mokokonthlalu, signifies *elephant's hide*. The 26th is the body-guard of the king; summer and winter they sleep around the "issigothlo," or harem, of the monarch without a shred of clothing.

The Plate represents the full dress of two of the young regiments of King Panda's army. The regiment of Indabagoombi, or Indabakaumbi, is one that has only lately been raised, and is a favourite one with his Zulu majesty. Their head-quarters are at the great kraal of Indabagoombi, only recently erected: at the period of my visit it was not quite completed, several of the dwellings in the "issigothlo" being unfinished. This kraal is situated in an almost inaccessible position amongst the Black Tiger Mountains, not far from the White Umvelozi River, that falls into the Indian Ocean at St. Lucia Bay.

The head-dress of this regiment is very rich, being formed of ostrich-feathers and the long tail plumes of the Stanley crane. The lappets over the ears and behind the head are leopard-skin, ornamented with tufts of the scarlet breast feathers of the weaver-bird. Tails of cattle stream from the shoulders, arms, and knees, and the broad shields and assagais complete this truly savage and imposing costume.

The soldiers of the Isangu Regiment are also young men: their head-dress consists of a grotesque fillet of white ox-hide, with lappets of the same of a red colour: on the back of the head is a shaved ball of eagle or bustard feathers, and two bunches of the long tail-plumes of the Kafir-finch, form graceful ornaments as they float in the air.

The Zulus are excellent travellers on foot: they possess no horses like the Kafirs on the frontier of the Cape Colony, and it is but very seldom that pack-oxen are to be seen amongst them, which are so much used by the Bechuanas and Korannas to the westward. When a Zulu starts on a journey, he takes with him his shield and assagais, and decorating his head with a tuft of hawk or lowry feathers, he sets off with a light and bounding step, and it is no uncommon circumstance for him to accomplish a distance of sixty miles within twelve hours.











PLATE XXI.

SCENE IN A ZULU KRAAL, WITH HUTS AND SCREENS.

"The children gambol round the kraal,  
To greet their sires at evening fall;  
And matrons sweep the cabin floor,  
And spread the mat beside the door,  
And with dry faggots wake the flame  
To dress the wearied huntsman's game."

PRINGLE.

A "KRAAL," or village, amongst the various Kafir tribes is constructed on one plan universally throughout the country, the only differences that occur arising from local circumstances, or the neatness and extent of the kraal. In the Zulu

country they are frequently very extensive, one kraal containing several hundred huts; whilst among the Amaponda and Amakósa tribes they are smaller, and the dwellings are not constructed with that degree of care and regularity which we meet with farther northwards. Amongst the open mountains and the bleak downs in some parts of the Zulu territory, where wood is exceedingly scarce, I have seen kraals destitute of the outer fence, having only an inner one within the circle of huts, which is absolutely necessary to protect the cattle and goats during the night.

All the kraals are circular, and within the outer fence, or stockade, are semi-globular huts, like huge bee-hives, placed in one or more rows, according to the extent of the kraal, at equal distances round its circumference.

In the centre is the cattle-fold, forming a smaller circle, into which the flocks and herds are driven at night, by a peculiar shrill whistle which they are taught to follow. Underneath the cattle-fold are subterranean granaries for storing maize, which are opened only by the head-man of the kraal. The cattle-fold is the post of honour where visitors meet, and no women or girls are allowed to enter it. The cattle are milked by boys. The accompanying drawing represents a scene in a small kraal near Umlazi, where screens are erected before

the entrance of the huts to protect them from the wind, the kraal being situated in an exposed situation. A group of women are sitting near one of the huts with a pot of milk, and a girl is bringing a basket of millet-cake. A very aged woman is seen near a corn-store. One man is engaged in carving a wooden milk-bowl, partly secured in the ground; and another is manufacturing a door for a hut, cutting the sticks with an assagai. On the ground is a skin stretched out with wooden pins to dry, before being cut into the form of a shield.



A ZULU IN VISITING DRESS.

the entrance of the huts to protect them from the wind, the kraal being situated in an exposed situation. A group of women are sitting near one of the huts with a pot of milk, and a girl is bringing a basket of millet-cake. A very aged woman is seen near a corn-store. One man is engaged in carving a wooden milk-bowl, partly secured in the ground; and another is manufacturing a door for a hut, cutting the sticks with an assagai. On the ground is a skin stretched out with wooden pins to dry, before being cut into the form of a shield.

PLATE XXII.

EVENING SCENE ON THE UMNONOTI RIVER.

"Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,  
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood."

PRINGLE.

THE Umnonoti is a small yet picturesque river, full of deep ponds and rocky hollows, which flows through a remarkably rich country between the Umvoti and the Tugala. The accompanying sketch was taken at evening, when a mellow and pleasant light spreads over the African landscape. Some hippopotami, or river-horses ("sea-cow" of the colonists), are splashing in the still water of the pools; the luxuriant foliage along the banks of the river is unshaken by a breath of wind, and the leaves hang silently in the sultry air.

It was on the banks of a similar stream, farther up the coast, that I had the opportunity of witnessing one of those vast flights of locusts that at certain seasons visit this portion of Africa.

My Journal, Sept. 12th, says:—"We slept at a kraal near a river deeply shaded by spreading mimosa-trees. In the morning, which was very brilliant, I was astonished, on going outside the kraal, to see the entire landscape of a purplish brown colour—there were no green trees visible, no grass, no tobacco-plants, or shoots of young maize—all was wrapped, as it were, by a thick mantle of insect life—locusts were in every direction, in myriads, in countless millions. The mimosa-trees that on the previous evening looked so fresh and green, were now of the same uniform purplish colour that pervaded the whole scene, and their boughs drooped beneath the weight of locusts that was upon them. Every step I took I crushed numbers; they lay several inches deep upon the ground, and the Kafir children were employed in gathering them for the purpose of food, impaling them on twigs, which they roasted over a fire. In the brightness of the early morning they were all still, but as the sun rose higher, and the locusts began to move, the air was filled with them, so that they bore some resemblance to a snow-storm, with the sunlight shining on their wings. As we rode forwards they nearly blinded us by fluttering against our faces, and our horses trampled down multitudes at every step. Through this dense cloud of locusts the sun looked dim, as through a heavy fall of snow, and this phenomenon continued for a distance of three miles." The locust was a small species, about three inches long, of a purplish brown colour, and the wings tinged at their insertions with a pale pink.











PLATE 10

THE VILLAGE OF THE

## PLATE XXIII.

### ZULU BLACKSMITHS AT WORK.

THE Zulus shew their superiority over many savage races by their knowledge of the art of smelting and working metals. The blacksmiths amongst them are usually men of some importance, and their work is not carried on within the kraal, in the sight of the inhabitants, but in some retired or secret place in the vicinity, where they may pursue their employment unobserved. I was fortunate enough, whilst remaining for a day or two at the large kraal of Umbeza, not far from the White Umvelozi river, in the Zulu country, to obtain a sight of these primitive blacksmiths at their work.

In a grove of euphorbium trees, about a quarter of a mile from the kraal, and sheltered from the wind by a screen of reeds, sat the principal blacksmith, blowing a pair of double leathern bellows, which were worked by the hand, as shewn in the Plate. The wind was conducted from the bellows by means of a couple of eland's horns, which communicated with a clay tube that was thrust into a charcoal fire, where a white heat was kept up, whilst the iron was being softened. A charcoal basket with a crucible lay near him, from whence he replenished the fire; and his assistant removed the heated lumps of iron, by means of a pair of native forceps, to a flat stone close by, where it was beaten into shape by another man, before undergoing a second process of heating in the fire.

Their hoes, assagais, and knives for carving spoons and bowls, are all made by these native artisans, who derive considerable profits from their labours in the shape of cattle and wives. Brass is also made by them, and wrought into bell-beads, and rings for the arms, neck, and ankles.

In the middle distance is a young man engaged in carving a spoon; near him are some corn jars, plastered up with clay and manure, to render them impervious to the weather. Beyond is a group of "izzelulus," or reed-stores; and in the distance is shewn the mountainous and wild country towards the north, where the white rhinoceros, the koodoo, and the eland, are still to be met with in considerable abundance. The trees near the screen are the euphorbium and a species of palm, somewhat resembling a dwarf talipot.

On the head of the principal blacksmith may be observed a ring called "issikoko." This singular embellishment of the head is only used by the Amazulu and Amaponda tribes; in the latter, however, the hair is allowed to grow under the ring, so that it forms a hollow crown, like a nest, several inches high, on the top of the head. The "issikoko" is formed by a piece of rush cut the proper length, bound with sinew, and formed into a circle; this is well sewn with sinew to the roots of the hair, and fitted closely, being covered with a black waxy substance, not unlike caoutchouc: this is dressed every few days with the utmost care, by means of various little instruments for the purpose. Only the married men and soldiers of the white shields are permitted to wear the "issikoko."

PLATE XXIV.

“CHARLEY,” A HALF-CASTE KAFIR BOY AT NATAL.

“In the pool of guanas the herd-boy is gazing.”

PRINGLE.

IN all parts of the world, but more especially in British colonies, wherever an aboriginal race is found in contact with Europeans, we meet with a half-caste race, which is very frequently an improvement upon the original stock, and often exhibits considerable personal beauty. Amongst the Natal Kafirs I have seen many half-castes between Dutch and English and Kafir women; and in one instance I met with an entire family of nine or ten children, the offspring of one of the earliest settlers by his marriage with a Zulu woman, a relative of the king; they reminded me of the New Zealanders, both in colour and personal appearance.

The boy “Charley,” whose portrait is here given on the accompanying Plate, is an orphan, son of one of the English sailors who came to Natal some years back with Licut. Farewell. His parents being both dead, he was brought up by his relations in one of the kraals on the coast, and shortly before my sketch was made, the Rev. Mr. Lindley (one of the excellent American missionaries who are labouring amongst the Zulus) took him under his care at Inanda, with a view of educating him. The poor little fellow was as ignorant and wild as the goats he drove out to their daily pastures, but with a sweet and amiable disposition, that only required education to mould it at will.

The flowers introduced into the sketch are the Natal lily (*amaryllis*) and the blue lotus, which is so great an ornament to the African rivers. Beyond are those tall sedgy reeds that constantly occur on the margin of the water, with a euphorbium tree in the distance, shewing its candelabra-shaped branches.



CREAM  
BY MISS [unreadable]  
[unreadable]  
[unreadable]









PLATE XXV.

INANDA KRAAL, NATAL.

WITHIN the British colony of Natal there exists a large native population of Zulus who have fled from the tyranny and despotism of their own territory, and have sought an asylum under the protection of the whites. These refugees have had locations assigned them by the Government, and are dwelling in comfort and security in their own kraals, free from the continual dread of being surprised during the night, and dragged forth to slaughter, as was too frequently the case in their own kingdom. One of these native locations is in the district of Inanda, a romantic region, with steep rugged mountains, table-topped, and intersected by lovely valleys, through which streams murmur beneath the rich jungle that shades them from the sun,

"Girt by the palmito's leafy screen."

On the slopes of these mountain valleys may be seen numerous kraals, from whence the smoke curls up in quiet wreaths, telling of homes and repose amongst the sons of benighted Africa. One of these kraal scenes is represented in the Plate. On the left is the enclosure into which the cattle are driven at night to protect them from the attacks of leopards and hyenas; in the foreground, to the right, stand several "izzelulus," or reed storehouses for grain and pumpkins, and near them is a group of lads, one of whom is playing on a musical instrument.

The high table mountains of the Inanda are visited by violent thunder-storms, that crash and roll above their stern precipices with a grandeur truly awful. The majestic effects produced amidst this mountain scenery during such storms must be witnessed to be understood; the gleams of sunshine revealing some projecting rock amid the mist of whirling cloud,—the fleeting rainbow stretching across the yellow and watery sky,—the solemn thunder re-echoed from a thousand crags, and the vivid and forked lightning that plays in zig-zag streamers with a terrible brilliancy,—these are the scenes that Nature presents in all her majesty amongst the mountains of Natal,



ZULU MUSICIAN.

"Where the grim satyr-faced baboon  
Sits jabbering to the rising moon,  
Or chides with hoarse and angry cry  
The herdsman as he wanders by."

PLATE XXVI.

ZULU WOMEN MAKING BEER AT GUDU'S KRAAL, ON THE TUGALA RIVER.

THE favourite beverage of the Kafirs is an intoxicating liquor made of fermented millet, somewhat resembling beer, and called by them "ontehualla." It is used on all festive occasions, especially at marriage ceremonies, dances, and during the season of planting the crops of maize and millet. The scene on the accompanying Plate represents a party of women at the kraal of an Induna, named Gudu, situated on the banks of the Tugala River, who are employed in making "ontehualla" for the use of the kraal. The time is evening, when the rich mellow light of an African sunset bathes the landscape with its golden softness, and the hills beyond look intensely purple through the brilliancy of the atmosphere. The lofty trees to the right mark the course of the Tugala, the river which forms the boundary between Natal and the Zulu country. This river, like most of those flowing into the Indian Ocean, is infested with crocodiles: sometimes I have seen them basking on the sand, appearing like dead logs along the banks of the river; at others, swimming slowly up the stream with only their frightful jaws rippling the surface of the smooth, dark water. Quicksands also occur in the Tugala, and on crossing it on one occasion I nearly lost two horses, from their sinking in these treacherous deposits.

To return to our sketch. The large earthen jars over the fire contain the beer which, after boiling, is set aside for some days to ferment. One woman is stirring the millet about with a calabash spoon, whilst another is testing its quality in a little cup; a third woman is advancing with a basket of millet on her head, and a fourth is pouring out the liquor in waterproof baskets. The scattered huts form a portion of Gudu's kraal, and around are store baskets for maize, broken jars, pumpkins, and other accessories of a Zulu kraal. The spreading tree near the fire is a mimosa or "kameel dorn" (camel thorn), one of the most abundant trees of the country; and beyond are some tree aloes in seed, skirting the favourite tobacco plantations.

The ceremony of snuff-taking amongst the Zulus is anything but a trifling one: the individual about to indulge in this, to them ecstatic luxury, leaves his or her work, sits down leisurely upon the ground, fills the ivory spoon with snuff from the gourd or the chrysalis, and then, with a mighty effort, draws up the whole of its contents into the head at once; they remain in a state of intense enjoyment for a moment or two, till the tears run from their eyes, and are coaxed down their cheeks with the forefinger. On no account whatever must the party be disturbed until the operation is over. The Zulus grow their own tobacco, from which they prepare snuff by grinding it upon a flat stone, and mixing it with the ashes of burnt aloe leaves. It is the custom of the Zulus to pack their tobacco in long rolls containing from thirty to fifty pounds each, which are encased with reeds, bound round to protect the weed from injury. One of these large rolls is frequently the produce of an entire tobacco garden, which is a little circular enclosure just outside the kraal, fenced with stakes to keep off the cattle.



THE POTTERS OF THE VILLAGE

By J. G. Thompson







BRITISH MUSEUM

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE VILLAGE OF THE MOUNTAINS

THE VILLAGE OF THE MOUNTAINS

## PLATE XXVII.

### KAFIR KRAAL, NEAR THE UMLAZI RIVER, NATAL.

"The thunder-clouds, surcharged with rain,  
Pour verdure o'er the panting plain."

PRINGLE.

THIS is one of the kraals of Natal Kafirs situated on the banks of the Umlazi river, to the southward of Port Natal, towards the Amaponda tribe. This kraal is without the enclosure for cattle in the centre, as is usual in most of the kraals; and the huts are protected at the entrance by upright screens, to keep off the wind, which often sweeps with violence from the south-west along the Natal coast.

The upright pole, surmounted by a skin, is placed in the kraal when the Induna, or principal man, is at home, much in the same way as the flag of royalty is hoisted above the dwelling of a sovereign.

On the left is a Kafir coral-tree (*erythrina Caffra*), with its scarlet blossoms, which during the spring months present a most brilliant appearance in the woods of Natal. The stormy effect, with the rainbow and thunder-clouds, is indicative of the climate, where most of the rain falls in thunder-showers, especially during the hot season. Natal is fertile and well watered by numerous rivers, which are always flowing, and rise to a flood during the summer months of November, December, and January. The winding of the Umlazi river may be traced along the flat plain that extends towards the coast, where a ridge of hills, wooded by a variety of elegant shrubs, amongst which occurs the graceful *strelitzia*, forms a barrier to the Indian Ocean. Elephants are frequent in this locality, and at times may be seen crossing the flats of Umlazi; but being night-feeders, they rarely leave the covert of the thick woods in which they repose during the day. They may be observed by moonlight browsing on the margin of the forest, and bathing in the muddy creeks near the sea. Nearly every morning I have witnessed their tracks and huge footmarks between the Umlazi and the sea-shore.

The huts of the Amazulu are superior to those of the other Kafir tribes inhabiting the coast; they are finished with more neatness, and are larger and more securely built than those of the Amaponda, who plaster the insides of their houses with mud or cowdung. Some of the king's dwellings in the "issigothlo," or harem, are really beautiful specimens of workmanship, being circular domes of elaborate basketwork, exquisitely finished, and thatched outside with great neatness, the thatch being all fastened down by innumerable little pegs of wood, and afterwards laced across with osiers. The floors, too, of these larger dwellings are made very smooth and compact with a mixture of clay and other substances, and by being constantly rubbed by the women with flat stones, they look as if they were polished. The largest and best dwellings are at the upper end of every kraal; these are occupied by the Indunas, or chiefs, with their families. Baskets, large earthen jars for holding millet, sleeping-mats, stores of dry wood, calabashes, wooden pillows, and such other necessary articles, compose the furniture of a Zulu hut, and are distributed about the circular sides of these snug dwellings, for they would really be comfortable abodes enough had they but an orifice in the roof, or some contrivance for a chimney to carry out the smoke, which is frequently suffocating, the only means of its escape being through the low door, into which the occupants worm themselves on entering or departing from the hut; and this aperture is closed at night by a basket-work shutter, to prevent the intrusion of wild beasts or serpents, or the still more formidable appearance of some stealthy foe.



UMVOTI MISSION STATION NATAL.

PLATE XXVIII.

D'URBAN, PORT NATAL, FROM THE BEREA.

THE new settlement of Natal is yet in its infancy: ere long it will probably become a thriving and flourishing colony, when its capabilities are better known, and the tide of emigration sets in again, with the blessings of peace, towards the shores of South-eastern Africa.

A few years ago Natal was in the hands of the Dutch emigrant farmers, who, after many desperate struggles with the Zulus, succeeded in settling themselves with their flocks and waggons amongst the fertile valleys between the Drakensberg and the Indian Ocean. When, however, the British Government took possession of Natal, the Dutch farmers resisted its authority, and the battle of Congella was the result.

At length, the dissatisfied farmers, yoking their oxen once more to their waggons, steered a course farther north, and spreading themselves amongst the nations beyond Delagoa Bay, left Natal in the undisputed possession of the British Crown. There are two principal settlements within the colony of Natal: Pietermaritzburg, which was founded by the Dutch Boers in 1838, and is situated about sixty miles inland, where the seat of government is at present established; and D'Urban, or Port Natal, the subject of the accompanying illustration, which is situated on the banks of a beautiful and capacious harbour, having a bar at its mouth, with sufficient water for vessels of two hundred tons to pass and repass at high tides. The village or township of D'Urban is but of some four or five years' growth. The situation is charming and picturesque, on the shores of the harbour, about a mile and a half from the point where vessels lie to discharge and take in their cargoes. At the point is a custom-house, with several dwellings and stores; and a romantic path is cut through the woods leading to the settlement. In this path, girt with wild vines and brilliant flowers, it is no unusual occurrence to meet the recent traces of elephants, or to catch a glimpse of the leopard's spotted hide, as it steals with a stifled "gurr" beneath the thick underwood.

To look down from the Berea hill, which rises about a couple of miles from the settlement of D'Urban, upon the scattered cottages of the settlers, and the broad expanse of the lake-like harbour, with its islands and mangrove-skirted banks, and the steep wooded bluff marking the entrance to the port, with the blue ocean beyond, is to gaze on a scene of beauty and richness that is scarcely to be surpassed.

The present view is taken from the first rise of the Berea, looking immediately over the plain on which the township is laid out. The surf marks the bar, extending nearly across the entrance of the port: the passage is on the opposite side, where there is deep water close alongside the bluff. About the centre of the harbour are some small islands covered with mangrove-trees. At low water a great portion of the harbour becomes dry, and numerous flocks of cranes, egrets, spoonbills, and other aquatic birds, are to be seen feeding on the mud-banks.





Yuma, Ariz.

W. H. Bartlett, 1851

Yuma, Ariz. W. H. Bartlett, 1851



The point where the vessels lie is seen just below the bluff, and several flags indicate the stores of the principal merchants of this infant settlement. The present population of Port Natal is upwards of eight hundred; that of Pietermaritzburg probably amounts to more than double that number. The productions of the colony consist of cattle, hides, ivory, butter, cheese, indigo, and cotton; this latter article is already extensively cultivated by many of the settlers, and the samples of cotton grown at Natal have been declared of a very fine quality in the English markets.

To the left of the view, on the flat, grassy plain stretching from the water, at a short distance from the settlement, are seen the barracks surrounded by a wooden stockade: a detachment of the regiment stationed at Pietermaritzburg is usually quartered here for the protection of the settlers. Most of the residents employ Kafir servants, who are mild and tractable, and are very useful in the cotton plantations; the lads make good house servants, and will work for a year for a cow worth about 2*l*. The women and girls come less frequently to the settlement, preferring to reside on the native locations.

There is scarcely a doubt but that Port Natal must eventually flourish, and form another amongst the many asylums for our surplus population, for it is a rich field, and one well worthy the attention of the Government.

Such the majestic, melancholy scene,  
Which midst that mountain wilderness we found,  
With scarce a trace to tell where man had been,  
Save the old Kafir cabins crumbling round  
Yet this lone glen (the Zulus' ancient ground),  
To Nature's savage tribes abandoned long,  
Has heard, erewhile, the Gospel's joyful sound,  
And low of herds mixed with the Sabbath song.

\* \* \* \* \*

The long-parched land shall laugh, with harvests crowned,  
And through those silent wastes Jehovah's praise resound."

Within the colony of Natal, the American missionaries have for several years past been labouring amongst the Kafir population, and have established stations at the various native locations under the protection of the British Government:—at Umvoti, Rev. A. Grout; at Umlazi, Rev. Dr. Adams; and at Inanda, Rev. Mr. Lindley. These are very interesting missionary establishments, and several others are in the course of formation in various parts of Natal. It is of Umvoti that we must speak more particularly, as furnishing the subject of the preceding woodcut,—a spot to me especially interesting, as it was there that I met with the kindest possible attention and hospitality whilst lying sick with a violent fever caught by exposure to the wet and sleeping in the night air near the coast. During my stay at Umvoti, with the Rev. Aldine Grout and his family, I had opportunity to witness the arrangements and working of the missionary system amongst the Zulu Kafirs, which I doubt not will, ere long, be crowned with success. In the reign of Dingaan, some ten or twelve years ago, the Rev. Mr. Grout obtained permission from the king to establish himself in the Zulu country, to instruct the people in the Christian religion. He did so, and at length erected a cottage with his own hands, after living long in a waggon with his lady and two infant children. The people listened attentively to the instructions of the missionary, and Mrs. Grout had already succeeded in forming a school amongst the children, when a blow was struck which cast a dark cloud over the hopes of these good missionaries, and an edict was passed by the king,—which his successor, Umpandi, still adheres to,—to banish for ever the Christian religion from the Zulu nation. It appears that some mischievous Indubas had reported to the king that these new doctrines were likely to subvert his power and open the eyes of the people to the blind adoration they were accustomed to pay to their despotic monarch. On hearing this, the king sent a party of armed soldiers in the night, who put to death all those who had embraced Christianity, slaughtering men, women, and children, the missionary and his family narrowly escaping with their lives, being ordered to depart instantly from the Zulu territory. It must have been an awful night that,—the kilted and savage warriors, with their streaming plumes and bristling assagais, rushing like a host of devouring wolves upon the peaceful and sleeping inmates! One mangled and bleeding woman appeared at the window of the mission-house crying out for her friends to make their escape; and the screams of the victims, mingled with the horrid yells of the soldiers, were echoed far and wide amongst the mountains, contrasting with the calm magnificence of the dusky landscape around, slumbering beneath the mellow light of an African moon. I passed a night upon that very spot as I journeyed to the king's kraal. By the margin of the clear, gurgling

Umstatuzana, the roofless walls of the mission-house still remain, and the wild jessamine and the convolvulus have half and the decaying timbers with their luxuriant growth,—bright and perfumed blossoms, revelling over those sad and melancholy ruins, as if to hide the remembrance of the past.

“There the blithe loxia hangs her pensile nest  
 From the wild-olive, bending o'er the rock,  
 Beneath whose shadow, in grave mantle drest,  
 The Christian pastor taught his swarthy flock.  
 A roofless ruin, seathed by flame and smoke,  
 Tells where the decent mission-chapel stood;  
 While the baboon with jabbering cry doth mock  
 The pilgrim pausing in his pensive mood,  
 To ask—‘Why is it thus?—shall evil baffle good?’”

The present mission-house at Umvoti is pleasantly situated on the southern bank of the river, about seven miles from the coast. Numerous Kafir kraals are scattered around in every direction: to the left of the house are seen the school and chapel; the latter on the Sabbath-day presents an animated and striking scene, crowded with sable worshippers, all listening attentively to the words of their benevolent instructor: when they all sing a hymn in their soft, sonorous dialect, the clicks and stops to which they keep regular time, have a singular, yet pleasing effect.





THE KUDU AND REEDBUCK

THE KUDU (Lophoceros curvatus) AND THE REEDBUCK (Redunca fulvicapilla)

PLATE 100

PLATE XXIX.

THE NEW ANTELOPE FROM ST. LUCIA BAY.

“TRAGELAPHUS ANGASHI,” (GRAY). “INYALA” OF THE AMAZULU.

“And as we journey'd up the pathless glen,  
Flanked by romantic hills on either hand,  
The boschbok oft would bound away—and then  
Beside the willows, backward gazing, stand.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Or troops of elands, near some sedgy fount,  
Or koodoo fawns, that from the thicket glide,  
To seek their dam upon the misty mount.”

PUNSLIE.

This new and brilliant antelope appears to form a link between the boschbok and koodoo, uniting in itself the markings and characteristic features of both.

Specific Character. Adult male, about seven feet six inches total length; height at shoulder, three feet four inches. Although elegant in form, and with much of the grace of the solitude-loving koodoo, the robust and shaggy aspect of the male *Inyala* bears considerable resemblance to that of the goat. Legs, clean; hoofs, pointed and black, with two oval cream-coloured spots in front of each fetlock, immediately above the hoof; horns, one foot ten inches long, twisted, and sublyrate, very similar to those of the boschbok, but more spiral: have sharp, polished extremities, of a pale straw colour; rest of horns brownish black, deeply ridged from the forehead to about half the length of the horn. Prevailing colour, greyish black, tinged with purplish brown and ochre on the neck, flanks, and cheeks, and marked with several white stripes like the koodoo. Forehead, brilliant sienna brown, almost approaching to orange; mane, black down the neck, and white from the withers to the insertion of the tail; ears, eight inches long, oval, rufous, tipped with black, and fringed inside with white hairs; a pale ochreous circle round the eyes, which are connected by two white spots, forming an arrow-shaped mark on a black ground; nose, black; a white spot on each side of upper lip; chin and gullet, white; and three white marks under each eye; neck, covered with long shaggy hair, extending also under the belly, and fringing the haunches to the knee; two white spots on the flanks, and a patch of long white hair on the anterior portion of the thigh; a white tuft under the belly, and another on the dewlap; on the outer side of the forelegs is a black patch above the knee, surrounded by three white spots; legs, below the knee, bright rufous colour; tail, one foot eight inches long, black above, with tip and inside white.

Female. Smaller, and without horns. Total length, six feet. Nose to insertion of ear, ten inches; length of ear, six inches and a half; height from fore-foot to shoulder, two feet nine inches; tail, one foot three inches; colour, a bright rufous, inclining to orange, and becoming very pale on the belly and lower parts, and white inside the thighs; a black dorsal ridge of bristly hair extends from the back of the crown to the tail; nose black, and the white spots on various parts of the body nearly resembling those of the male, only the white stripes on the sides are more numerous and clearly defined, amounting to twelve or thirteen in number; tail, rufous above and white below, tipped with black. Young, similar to female, rather paler in colour, and more white spots on flank and sides.

This antelope inhabits the low undulating hills that are scattered with mimosa-bushes, and border upon the northern shores of St. Lucia Bay, in the Zulul country; latitude, twenty-eight degrees south. It is gregarious, occurring in troops of eight or ten together, feeding amongst the open thickets.

This addition to the fauna of Southern Africa has been named *Tragelaphus Angasii* (in honour of my esteemed father, George Fife Angas, Esq.), by the Zoological Society of London, whose Transactions I have furnished with a description and figures of the animal. It is worthy of remark, that the herd of *Inyala* we were fortunate enough to meet with near St. Lucia Bay is the only one that has yet been seen by Europeans. It is probably a scarce and very locally distributed species.

PLATE XXX.

NEW AND REMARKABLE SPECIES OF LEPIDOPTERA, FROM NATAL AND THE ZULU COUNTRY.

THE rich wooded hills, and the warm moist valleys of the coast of Natal, abound with insects, presenting a fauna unusually replete with lepidoptera, many of them remarkable for their size and beauty. The nocturnal species, especially those of the genus *Saturnia*, are very numerous, and several new and magnificent examples are figured for the first time on the accompanying plate.

Fig. 1. *Papilio Morania*—new species. This remarkably elegant and delicately-coloured butterfly is somewhat allied to a species from Western Africa, but the difference of the markings on the under side determine it to be a new species. I have called it *P. Morania*, in remembrance of a young friend who frequently accompanied me in my collecting excursions in South Africa, but who has since been lost at sea.

Fig. 2. *Callidryas*. An abundant insect amongst the low bushes that border upon the coast near D'Urban, and on the slopes of the Berea, occurring in the spring months of August and September. Its specific name is not determined.

Fig. 3. *Anthocharis Erone*. Same locality as the preceding, but less abundant.

Fig. 4. *Anthocharis*, allied to *A. Achina* (male).

Fig. 5. Female. The markings of this beautiful species of *Anthocharis* differ so much in various specimens, as to render it a matter of some difficulty to determine whether there are several distinct species, or whether they are merely accidental varieties of the same. Habitat: throughout the lowlands and wooded districts of Natal and the Zulu country; very abundant on the coast.

Fig. 6. *Acraea Nataliensis*—new species. This very elegant little butterfly is perfectly unique, the only specimen of it (from which the accompanying figure is taken) being now in the collection of the British Museum, where I have placed it along with other rare examples from Natal. I captured it on the grassy plains near D'Urban, in the month of October. As it is an undescribed species, I have called it *A. Nataliensis*.

Fig. 7. A new *Charaxes*. This charming insect is also unique. It was taken in the thickets near the Umlazi River, and presented to me by Miss Dunn, a lady residing in that locality, and daughter of one of the earliest British settlers in Natal.

Fig. 8. *Vanessa Octavia* (*Godt.*). This rare species is also from the Umlazi. I captured it on the banks of that river in the month of September, and have not observed it in any other locality.

Fig. 9. *Myrina*—new species. From the forests on the coast: appears in October and November.

Fig. 10. This peculiar insect belongs to an undescribed genus, evidently allied to the *Agaristida* of New Holland. My esteemed friend, Mr. E. Doubleday of the British Museum, has been prevented by a long illness from describing this very curious specimen, but I trust on his recovery he will assign it its place in the ranks of African Lepidoptera. The only existing specimen at present is the one captured by me on the grassy hills near the Amaponda territory, southwards of Natal. It is a day-flying insect, and easily taken when on the wing, like the New Holland *Agaristida*.

Fig. 11. *Sphinx Dumnolirii* (?). A very rare and elegant *Sphinx*. The original specimen, from which my figure was taken at Natal, was kindly supplied me by Herr Guentius, a Prussian naturalist, who has added greatly to our knowledge of the natural history of Natal. This specimen was bred from the larva, which, I believe, feeds on a convolvulus. I rather think it may be a new species.

Fig. 12. *Saturnia Smilax*.

Fig. 13. *Saturnia Delagorguei* (*Boisduval*).

Fig. 14. *Saturnia Apollonia* (*Cramer*).

Fig. 15. *Saturnia Caffra* (*Stoll*).

Fig. 16. *Saturnia Angasana* (*Westwood*).

Fig. 17. *Saturnia Majar* (*Klug*).

Fig. 18. *Saturnia Mimosa* (*Boisduval*). This very beautiful *Saturnia* was first discovered by the French naturalist, De la Gorgue, and described by Mons. Boisduval at Paris. The caterpillar is green, with silver tufts, and feeds on the common mimosa-tree. Of the cocoons the Kafirs make snuff-boxes, and ornament them with variously-coloured beads. All the foregoing species appear during the hot season, after the rains and thunder have set in, sweeping, like bats, around the trees and along the open glades of the forest during the damp and sultry evenings of December and January.

Fig. 19. *Egybolia Vaillantiana*. Occurs plentifully all over Natal in the wooded districts, appearing early in the spring, and continuing on flight for several months.





George Francis Angell del. W. Wood sculp.

W. H. Edwards & Co. sculp.

NEW AND REMARKABLE SPECIES OF LEPIDOPTERA FROM NATAL AND THE GOLD COAST.













