

April 30, 1913.

## THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

7

Retief. Dingaan received them well, and in the end signed a document by which he ceded to them all the territory that lies between the Tugela and the Umzumbubus rivers.

About a year afterward, this document, signed, or rather marked, by Dingaan, was found in a pouch upon the skeleton of Retief, and is now to be seen in one of the South African record offices.

As the price of the desired land, Dingaan said that Retief and his men must recapture certain cattle that had been stolen by a chief called Sikanzels. This they did, and came to the royal kraal on February 3, 1838, when the treaty was signed and a great dance organized in their honor. Dingaan invited them before they left to visit him in one of his cattle yards, whither they went, leaving their guns piled outside the gate, since no one might appear before the king armed. Here a regiment carrying only sticks danced round them, while they drank beer with the king.

Suddenly Dingaan rose and bade the Boers goodby. Then as he passed within his own fence, he turned and called out two words, which mean kill the niggers. Thereupon the regiment hurled themselves upon the Boers, and dragging them to the Hill of Slaughter outside the town, despatched everyone of them with their kerries.

This would have seemed to be a brutal and meaningless massacre, yet in truth it had a reason. I do not think I mentioned that when Chaka was dying, at the hands of Dingaan and Umhlangana, he is said to have uttered a prophecy. This was the prophecy as I had it from the life of the late Mr. Fynney, who many years ago was border agent on the Zulu frontier:

"Do you, my brothers, kill me, dogs of my own house whom I have fed? So be it, but I tell you that I hear the running of the feet of a great white people, and they shall tread you flat."

There is little doubt that something of the sort was spoken by Chaka, and that the words worked on Dingaan's mind. He killed Retief and his followers because he was afraid of them, as indeed his subsequent action showed. No sooner were they dead than he despatched an impi of twelve thousand men to wipe out the emigrant Boers in Natal, who were laagered by the Bushmen River.

*When the Boers and Zulus Fought.*

At dawn on February 6th, they fell upon them, and before the victims could muster their defense, put to the assagai six hundred and sixteen of them, most of whom were women and children. Therefore, that land is called Weenen, or the place of weeping, to this day.

Then the war went on. The end of it was that the Zulus, who have always suffered from the military tradition left to them by Chaka, attacked a Boer laager upon the Blood river, which could be approached from one side only.

The onslaught was furious, but their naked bodies here, as afterwards at Ulundi, could not resist rifle-bullets, and they fell by hundreds. Then the Boers charged, and they were driven into the waters of the Income, of Blood River, where they were drowned by thousands. On learning of the disaster, Dingaan burned his kraal, Umgugundhlover, and fled.

Afterward, the Boers, assisted by Panda, Dingaan's brother, whom he had spared because he feigned to be mad, and whom they had installed as king in his place, attacked

him at Magongo where an enormous number of people were killed. Dingaan was defeated. His actual end remains a mystery, but it is certain that he came to a bloody death. "The swimmer is at last carried away by the stream," says the Zulu proverb, and so it happened to Dingaan as it has happened to Chaka.

After Dingaan's death, Panda, he who was supposed to have been half-witted, took his throne, and ruled for many years, until 1873 ended, when he died from natural causes, the only one of that blood-stained dynasty who was allowed to do so.

Panda was a man of peace, yet fate caused him to taste of the bitterness of war. It came about thus. He had two sons, Umbelazi, his rightful heir, the child of his chief wife, and Cetywago, who quarrelled fiercely as to the succession to the throne. Worn out at length with their constant recrimination, Panda is reported to have said: "When two young cocks quarrel, they had better fight it out."

Instantly the hint was acted on, each prince marshaling those regiments that favored him. The rival armies met near the Tugela, in the year 1856, and the battle which ensued was one of the most bloody recorded in the Zulu annals.

*The Battle of the Brothers.*

As it happened, my friend, the late Sir Melmoth Osborne, witnessed it from a kopje in which he was hidden, and described the sight to me as awful beyond imagining especially when a regiment of veterans which Panda had sent down to aid his favorite son, Umbelazi, charged, and in quick succession destroyed two other regiments, to be itself overwhelmed by a third and wiped out to the last man.

From the beginning, however, Umbelazi was overmatched. His army broke and was forced back to the Tugela, into the waters of which it was driven, together with its women and children, who accompanied it for some reason which I have never been able to understand.

The result may be guessed, when it is added that upward of a hundred thousand persons of both sexes and all ages are reported to have perished on that fatal day. Umbelazi himself died also, as I have heard, from a broken heart, for no wound could be found on his body, and with him of his brothers.

He has been described to me as a man of splendid personal appearance, a very giant; the Zulus called him "The Handsome." Panda, his father, never recovered from the shock of his death; indeed, at the mention of it years afterward he would burst into weeping. From that day forward, although the old king ruled in name, Cetywago was his master, so much so that he even caused one of his father's wives to be put to death before her husband's eyes upon some charge of witchcraft.

When Panda died at last, Cetywago was crowned king in his place by my late chief, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, acting as the representatives of the British government.

Sir Theophilus carried out this ceremony by the desire of the Zulus themselves. Yet difficulties arose, for the soldiers said that it was not possible that any white man should nominate and institute their king. Sir Theophilus told me that difficulties were overcome in the following strange fashion: At a solemn conclave of the heads of the nation and the doctors, it was declared to them that the spirit of Chaka had entered into the body of Sompson, as Shepstone was called by the

natives. So he, Sompson, was, in fact, created king of Zululand, with all the rights pertaining to that position, such as the making of war or peace, or the dispensing of life and death. Incidentally, therefore he could crown Cetywago as his successor. Much of this prestige clung to him in after years, for I remember Cetywago always addressed him as "My Father." It may be doubted whether any other respectable Anglo-Saxon gentleman has ever been placed upon so strange an eminence.

Although at heart he always remained friendly to the English, Cetywago did not keep his coronation promises, perhaps because he found it impossible to do so. One of the civil customs inaugurated by Chaka was that his soldiers might not marry except by his special permission, which was generally given to a body of them at once, a regiment of men being ordered to take to wife a regiment of girls. Married men, said Chaka, make bad soldiers, for their hearts "grew soft."

(To be continued in next issue.)

## Correspondence.

Dear Editor:—

On account of a long illness I have not written for some time. Although very weak, I am very thankful to be spared to write a letter to the little paper I delight so much in, for I receive special blessing in reading it. Then, I send them to friends in Alberta, one of whom was an old saint, who has been called to her reward. She said she loved The Highway, and after reading it she sent it to another old lady. And The Highway helps some one wherever it goes. We are having lovely weather here and the farmers are working on their land, and everything seems to be rejoicing that spring has come. We have no religious services here now and it seems very lonely. I would love to be where I could attend good old Reformed Baptist meetings once more. They are the people of my choice. My testimony to-day is that I love God with all my heart. He has stood by me through sickness and suffering. I praise His holy name, for His love and care. He has promised that He will never leave nor forsake us. "Having therefore, these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God."

Your sister, saved,  
Marquis, Sask. Mrs. P. C. McKenzie.

Dear Brother Baker:—

Please find enclosed my renewal for The Highway. I find it well worth the price. Being a widow with three children, I have to work out much of my time, sometimes in places where I cannot hear full salvation preached, and I appreciate The Highway, especially in those times.—Mrs. Ida Pelkey.

Dear Editor:—

Enclosed please find renewal for The Highway. I love to read the experiences of the dear people, some of whom I knew when I was a boy.

Whose faith had caught the joyful sound,  
The song of saints on Higher Ground.

I still have the blessing of full salvation and trusting in Jesus.

Yours in the faith,

George W. Bishop.