

fourteen years. Her life is a comparatively easy one, tranquil and indolent, for in this country at least she has nothing to do but eat in the meadows during the day and sleep in a comfortable mistal at night. Lazy, well fed, and otherwise well cared for, these twelve or thirteen years to which she attains probably represent the thirty years of an underworked horse. The horse and cow are good examples in support of the often-quoted generalisation for the higher animals, that the sooner one of them reaches the age of maturity the sooner does it end its term of years.

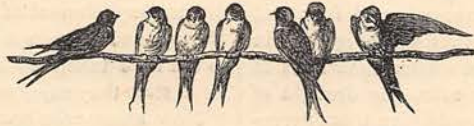
Of flesh-eaters, the cat and dog are generally thought to live fifteen to twenty years. Pussy, however, has many enemies to contend with, and if she has not met with a violent death before that age, disease has generally carried her off. A favourite of ours reached the age of ten, then, fat and lazy, and no longer fond of night-prowling, it succumbed to the mange.

The lion is commonly supposed to reach twenty or twenty-two years, notwithstanding that decay of teeth to which they are subject, according to Livingstone's observations. The lion Pompey, that died in the Tower in the year 1760, may have owed his long term of years to the good care of his keepers. He is said

to have been three-score years and ten at the time of his decease.

Perhaps one of the longest livers among animals is the elephant, and it is noteworthy that it does not reach its full size until eighteen to twenty-four years old. After this it is commonly reported to live for centuries. One is strongly tempted to connect the longevity of the elephant with its intelligence, an intelligence so well known that it has for long formed a good source of remarkable stories concerning animal sagacity. This seems not at all unlikely when one calls to mind the often-repeated assertion that great activity of brain is conducive to human longevity, a Brougham reaching his nine decades whilst some less active-minded individual may not see over five.

Extremes meet. A highly intellectual animal may live long, and so may an organism not possessing mind at all. A plant has life, but not mind, and of all living things certain plants have undoubtedly the longest existence. The baobab in Africa attains to its 5,000 years; the yew in our own country, as for example at Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire, reaches its 2,000; and, if we only knew, it is possible there may be even more astounding examples of longevity than these.



THE ZULUS AND THEIR COUNTRY.



PERFORCE the Zulu war has compelled those who would wish to understand the news of the day, to acquire some information regarding at least a portion of the region in question. We had only recently been at war with the Kaffirs of the South, and accordingly for some time the Zulus, and the Gaikas and Galekas, were to many non-ethnologically-minded people tied in a tangled knot. Nor to us islanders, accustomed to comparatively short distances, is the immense extent of South Africa very clear. South Africa is "the Cape," and amid Basutoland, and Fingoland, and Pondoland, and Griqualand, the worthy student of the daily newspaper becomes confused, and relapses into the comfortable Britannic frame of mind which finds its expression on the knifeboard of a City 'bus—to wit, that the Zulus living in South Africa must be a kind of Kaffirs, and all people in Africa must necessarily be "niggers." *Quod erat demonstrandum!*

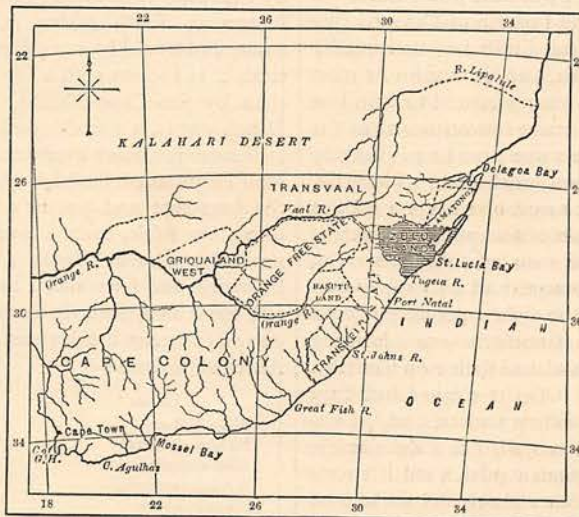
In reality Zululand has nothing whatever to do with the Cape, politically or geographically. It is an independent kingdom, ruled by a native monarch, and inhabited by black subjects, among whom there are few whites, and these equally liable with the blacks to the control of Cetywayo, the monarch in question. Zululand lies adjacent to Natal, on the east coast of Africa, but separated from the sea at Delagoa Bay by the Portuguese territory. It is, however, far from the Cape Colony. Port Durban in Natal is 1,000 miles from Cape Town, and the Zulu border 100 miles still further. In the Cape the rain falls during the winter months; in Natal and Zululand, what does refresh the soil falls during the summer. In the Cape the majority of the white people are Dutch; in Natal nearly all of them are English; and in Zululand the inhabitants are more or less black. The latter country is 7,000 miles from us, and at the present moment is connected neither by railway nor telegraph with any portion of the civilised world. Though the people have a king and an army, not a mob of savages, they are not civilised, but rude pagans, no doubt very intelligent and capable of better things, but at present simply barbarians, knowing none of the arts of peace, and living in rude brush "kraals" no better than those of the Cape Kaffirs, and capable of being converted into a heap of ashes in an hour or two. Scarcely any of the country is cultivated; there are no roads worthy of the name, and the only signs of cultivation are the

herds of cattle grazing on the wild, scrub-dotted, broken "veld," or the few patches of maize cultivated in spots not so parched as the rest of the arid soil. The country is comparatively low, for the great coast range of mountains, which in the Cape Colony is known as the Stormbergen, and further to the north-east as the Kahlamba, and Drachenbergen, in Zululand are still well defined, running parallel to the coast, but separated from it by a tract of country 120 miles broad. The greater part of this is Zululand; that to the west of the range is the high plateau of the Transvaal, rising to an elevation of from 6,000 to 7,000 feet. East of Umtugala River—on which is Rorke's Drift or "ford," the scene of the recent disaster—the country expands itself into undulating grassy plains, sparsely wooded, but towards the foot of the mountains, in "kloofs," where there is greater shade and moisture, excellent timber grows. Generally speaking, the country is fertile, and with the exception of the deadly region left to the Portuguese, is tolerably healthy. Its climate and products are those of Natal—namely, on the coast, sugar, maize, and other tropical or semi-tropical crops, but north of St. Lucia River for Europeans to try to live is a dangerous experiment. We know too little as yet of the riches or poverty of Zululand to say what it possesses beyond men and rocks. Ivory, rhinoceros-horns, hides, &c., are collected in it by the Natal traders, and except in the swampy coast regions, cattle, Indian corn, &c., thrive. The slave trade is not known in the Zulu country.

Another popular error must be guarded against, and that is that the Zulus are Negroes. It no more follows because a people live in Africa that they should be Negroes, than that the dwellers in America should be Indians, or in Asia, Bengalees. It is equally erroneous to make a hard and fast line of distinction between the Kaffirs of the Cape and the Zulus, whose characteristics we are discussing, and the Negroes. The Zulus, though very different from the monkey-looking Negroes of Ashanti or "the Bights," are still Negroid-looking. They have magnificent figures, and look like statues carved in ebony. They are dark, but not half so dark as they would like, for in Zulu eyes the blacker a man's skin is, the finer he is—an opinion, it may be added, shared by many whom long residence among these people has familiarised with their style of beauty. I think it is Mr. Anthony Trollope who is

so enthusiastic over the graceful way a Zulu dresses—that is to say, when he dresses at all. A black boy in a flannel shirt, and nothing else, waits at table with the air of a powdered footman; while his brother, lightly clad in a green wreath, trundles a wheelbarrow along the street in so dignified a manner that at once the bystander is convinced that for the proper trundling of a wheelbarrow a man ought to wear a green wreath. On the other hand, the Zulus, like most Kaffirs, have rather thick lips, though high broad foreheads, and their hair is decidedly woolly. Where they came from is not known, though some wild guessers have at haphazard said Asia; but the facts in support of this theory could be just as easily used in "proof" of almost any other origin of the Kaffir race. It is probable that the Bushmen were the original inhabitants of South Africa; that the Hottentots—the "Totties" of the colonists—a fairer-skinned and intellectually superior race, came and occupied part of the Bushmen's heritage; and that finally the Kaffirs, a still higher nationality, arrived and played to the Bushmen and Hottentots alike the part of the conqueror.

Some extremely wise people are warning us to beware of confounding the Kaffirs with the Zulus, as they are a very different people. Politically, no doubt, they are—just as politically for a time were the planters of Virginia and



MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF ZULULAND.

the farmers of Connecticut—but ethnologically the Zulus of Natal and of Cetuywayo's land are practically as much one race as were, in the dull days of 1862, the "Yankees" of New England and the "Confederates" of the Mississippi Valley. We must not found too much upon the difference of name. No native of South Africa knows anything about Kaffirs—a word strange to all their languages. It is, in truth, merely the name which the Mohammedans apply to any people not of the Prophet's faith. Hence the Afghans and other border people of India apply the term "Kaffir," or "Infidel," to some of the little-known races of the Hindoo Koosh mountains, whom they kidnap, and regard with mingled fear and contempt. Throughout all South Africa, until very recently, the native tribes were divided into a multiplicity of septa—like the Highland clans—no tribe recognising the superiority of another tribe, each tribe living under its own chief, though liable by the fortune of war to temporarily or permanently fall under the rule of some one more powerful

than they. Hence, at different times, a chief of great military genius and ambition has arisen, subjugated neighbouring tribes, and extended his little kingdom. In the country now known as Zululand this was essentially the case. The term "Zulu" is not a tribal but a national one, and just as in the Austrian Empire there are many nationalities, so, on a smaller scale, there are many in the Zulu Kingdom. But the Zulu tribes living partially under their own chiefs are all of the same race, while the Austrian ones are not. Hence perhaps—if it be allowable to compare great things with small—Cetywayo's empire is like that of the German Kaiser. At present the denomination "Zulu" is applied to that portion of the Kaffir race inhabiting Natal and Zululand proper, and which extends northward until it merges into the Negroes of the east coast north of the Zambesi. It would also appear that the Kaffir character improves from north to south, just as the race improves physically the further we leave behind the swamps and malaria of Delagoa Bay and Sofala. Hence the Zulu Kaffir is intellectually superior to his Cape cousins, and, in spite of recent prejudices to the contrary, I am prepared to affirm less warlike and predatory, and more industrious than the tribes of the south. At the same time he is infinitely less facile, far prouder, more amenable to kindness, not without gratitude—that rarest of savage qualities—and naturally more capable of accepting as much of the civilisation of the white man as suits him. But Christianity, so easily embraced and so rapidly forgotten by the Cape Kaffir, the Zulu resolutely rejects. Missionaries of various nationalities are labouring among the Zulus both in Natal and their own territory, but almost without result. On the other hand, they are fond of copying our military tactics, and, as unfortunately we know only too well, the Zulu army is now disciplined on a European model, until it excels in efficiency that of any other aboriginal warlike host in Africa. This was the work of two chiefs, whom I shall presently speak of—Dingaan and Panda—one of whom went to the Cape in disguise in order to study the evolutions of the British forces stationed there; for there is not a word of truth in the report recently circulated by the German newspapers, in order to gratify the self-pride of their countrymen, that the Zulu army was drilled by German settlers.

In Natal there are some 300,000 Zulus, who live under their own chiefs and pay tribute in the shape of a "hut tax" to the Colonial Government. They constitute the "labour" of the colony; and though by no means steady toilers, they are so well disciplined to obedience by their native rulers that they can generally be trusted to perform the most delicate tasks. The domestic servants in almost every colonial house are Zulus; Zulu policemen walk their beats in Durban or Pietermaritzburg; Zulu waggons are met with on every road; and a Zulu boy can be got at the turning of any street in any town of the colony, ready to start off at a moment's notice to execute a message to a locality at an indefinite distance. A recent visitor to Natal tells us that he was surprised to see a gentle-

man despatch a naked Zulu boy with a large wedding cake from Durban to the capital—fifty-five miles off—without any dread of ulterior consequences. "But are you not afraid he will eat it?" was the not unnatural query of a man who had been brought up with British views as to the latter end of a cake so entrusted. "Eat it!" was the contemptuous rejoinder; "if he did, *his chief would eat him!*" This is the secret, and in a rough way expresses the perfect discipline which the Zulu chiefs have obtained over their people, and which, in the case of Cetywayo, has resulted in the organisation of an army formidable enough to cause some anxiety even to the English nation. Yet the Natal farmers whiten with rage if a Zulu is mentioned in his relations as an agricultural labourer. The Zulu is only yet entering the world of industry, while the Indian coolies, who are being imported, are old *habitués* of it. Then again, though the language spoken by the Kaffir race through the immense region vaguely known as South Africa is, *dialectically*, nearly the same, and would be considered by philologists as identical, it is spoken with a far purer accent by the Zulus than by the Cape Kaffirs, who mix with it vulgar Dutch words, a few debased English ones, and above all render it almost irreducible to writing by its mixture with Hottentot "clicks." As a specimen of at once the language and poetry of the Zulus, I append part of a Zulu fable, from a series sent from Zululand—near the Lower Tugela Drift—by the Rev. H. I. Shildrick, and for which I am indebted to Miss Lloyd, of Cape Town, sister-in-law of the late Dr. Bleek, and one of the most industrious of his disciples in South African folk-lore:—

ISAGA.

Welia Robe,
Hamba siyoteza.
Mus' angiyikuya.
Ngakandwa isife,
Emazibukweni.
Kwapuma 'ngingila,
Engango xamu.
Xamu leroqoza,
Iziziba zide,
Emazibukweni.
Nondind' avuke.
Ngivuke njani?
Ngibulewe nje,
Abafana bakwa Tabete.
Tabete mupi?
Tyay' inkabi le.¹
Indindize, ngokalwana.
Iti, Meye! Meye!
Amatole api?
&c.

A POETIC FABLE.

"Return, O Pigeon!
Come, let us go and get firewood."
"No, I cannot go,
I have been bruised in a trap
At the fords.
My gizzard came out,
It was as large as an iguana's.
An iguana running down,
By the long ponds,
At the fords."
"O Pigeon! Get up."
"How shall I get up?
I am just killed,
By the boys of Tabete."
"Which Tabete?"
"Stroke the ox,
That he may cross over the ridge."
Said the ox, "Alas! alas!
Where are the calves?"
&c.

The country now covered by the two or two and a half millions of Zulus—for no clear estimate can really be given—was at the beginning of the present century inhabited by a number of scattered tribes, whose names all commenced with the initial prefix "ama"—which probably means people. They are reported to have originally come down at some former period from a region in the north-west, and when first heard of were a pastoral people. Of these tribes there was one called the Amazulus, which did not number over 5,000 souls. But into this tribe was born, in the year 1787, the terrible Chaka, Tschaka, or Tyaka, for in all of

these ways his name is written. Of course, tradition now relates that at his birth strange portents were observed in the sky. But it is more in accordance with hard historical fact that the genius of this man succeeded by conquest—ruthless, cruel, merciless—in welding the dissevered tribes into a nation, which took the name of the victor's people and called themselves Zulus, or properly Amazulus, and of whom Chaka became the head. Commencing his career by murdering his brother in 1813, he extended his conquests far and wide, until in 1822 his sway was felt from the St. John River, on the south-west, to Inhambane on the north-east, and from the Indian Ocean across half the continent to the westward. He had even conceived the idea of subjugating all the chiefs of South Africa, including his friend "George, king of all the white men," as he was "king of all the black men," when death cut short his career. In 1828 he was murdered by his brothers Dingaan and Umhlangaan—Dingaan

finally murdering Umhlangaan, who contested with him the vacant throne. Dingaan was, in 1840, murdered by the Ama-Swazis, to whom he had fled when driven from the kingdom by the Boers, aided by his brother Panda, who thereupon succeeded to the throne. Panda carried out the projects of his two brothers and carefully drilled his troops. He was a despot, but a lazy one, and lived on in fat ease until 1856.

To Panda—or "Umpanda," as his name is spelled—succeeded Cetywayo, whose name, if the reader wishes to be considered a Zulu scholar, he had better pronounce "Ketch-way-o," though it requires a combination of letters to which the English language is unequal to express the clicking sound of these Kaffir names. Of Ketch-way-o I need not speak. Of the wickedness he has done, and the evil deeds which he is only suspected of, the newspapers have had enough to say.

ROBERT BROWN.



A VISIT TO THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.



HE city of Oxford has no lack of objects of interest to the visitor, and amongst them the Bodleian Library will hold a foremost place in the eyes of very many. An institution of which the University and Englishmen at large may be justly proud, its reputation is world-wide. It takes

its name from Sir Thomas Bodley, by whose munificence and zeal it was founded towards the termination of Elizabeth's reign, and first opened to the public on November 8, 1602. Since that date it has been the recipient of a succession of noble bequests, which have combined to raise it to its present position of one of the finest libraries in the world. Its collection of Oriental manuscripts is without a rival in Europe for the beauty and rarity of its specimens; its first editions of the classics are only equalled by those at Vienna.

Curious histories attach to some portions of the collection. Amongst it are found a number of volumes once part of the library of Jerome Ossorius, who has been called the Cicero of Portugal. These were seized by the Earl of Essex at the assault on Faro in the year 1596, and subsequently made over to Sir Thomas Bodley, who was then founding his library.

Passing by the handsome Radcliffe Library, now used as a reading-room for the Bodleian, and containing the more modern works, we will proceed to the

Bodleian itself, as being an object of more general interest.

The visitor who has before his eye the graceful outline of the Radcliffe, and bears in mind the reputation of the library he is about to visit, will doubtless be disposed to expect some noble building specially adapted to the requirements and suited to the fame of its contents. He will assuredly be disappointed. In one corner of the gloomy quadrangle of "the schools" is an insignificant doorway, above which appear the words BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA. We enter, and ascend an ancient staircase with many turns, and very little light, and presently enter the library. A long gallery is before us, dimly lighted by some few stained-glass windows. Down its centre stretch glass cases, the contents of which we will presently notice. Curious old shelves extend from floor to roof, the upper ones reached by a narrow gallery, and all filled with ponderous volumes in strange old binding. A musty odour pervades the place. Everything seems redolent of antiquity. The bright attire of two or three lady visitors contrasts strangely with the sombre hue of all around. Examine one of the quaint old volumes side by side with some production of a modern publishing house, and mark the strides printing has made since the day when Caxton first set up his press amongst us. The magnitude of the library is attested by the army of huge volumes in which its precious contents are catalogued. There also lie open for inspection some ponderous parchment tomes, in which the names of benefactors are duly inscribed, together with their arms, and particulars of their gifts to the library.

To the chance visitor not the least interesting por-