

with the dog all night, instead of taking her proper place with her own companions. Sometimes, when the dog ran into the village, the goose would, if possible, follow him, running and flying alternately, in order to keep pace with her friend. One day the dog began to be ill, when the faithful bird stationed herself at his side, and could not be induced to move even to take food; so to prevent her dying of hunger, her pan of corn was placed close to the kennel. Notwithstanding her care, however, the poor dog died; and in a few days a new house-dog was installed in his place, who so nearly resembled the old one in form and colour, that either the goose mistook him for her old friend, or she felt attracted to him because of the similarity between the two animals, and approached quite in a friendly way within his reach. Sad to say, the new dog seized her by the throat and killed her on the spot, so that she was not left long to mourn her sad loss.

Hares and rabbits also have frequently been tamed to great perfection. A gentleman once had a hare that would eat its food from his hand, and its two companions were a greyhound and a spaniel. During the day the three animals romped about and frolicked in high glee, and at night were often seen lying together on the hearth. The greyhound and the spaniel were field dogs, and amused themselves by hunting hares, though they treated their playfellow with the greatest kindness.

Another gentleman had a dog, a hare, and two

cats living together, and a very happy life they had of it. The dog acted as a guardian over his three friends, evidently conscious of his own superiority in strength, for he barked quite savagely at any one for whom they manifested any sign of fear.

In Scotland, not very long ago, a dog, cat, and two rabbits lived together on such very good terms with each other that they well deserved the designation they were known by of "the happy family." The dog was evidently, both in her own estimation and in that of all the other members of the family, at the head of the establishment. The rabbits were two fat, smooth, and lively animals, but not rounder or handsomer than Minnie, the cat. If the dog regarded herself as the head of the family, puss unmistakably regarded herself as the mistress. When the dog was lying asleep, she used to seat herself on her back, either to doze or to take a quiet survey of what was going on around, as if the seat had been made expressly for her use. The rabbits gambolled about, too, to their hearts' content, the touch of their soft paws seeming rather to soothe the dog than to cause her any annoyance. When, one day, two puppies appeared upon the scene, they were welcomed with scarcely more joy by the mother than by puss and the rabbits. A large box was provided for them, where they all slept together at night, and not many sights more interesting can be imagined than the peaceful slumber of this happy family.

A CHAT ABOUT THE ZULUS AND THEIR CUSTOMS.

By a Former Resident.



to "eat up" a small neighbouring tribe of the Amaswasi, and naturally present events put me much in

EVERY new year there is held in Zululand a great festival called the "Umkosi," or Feast of First Fruits; after which, if the omens are propitious the army goes out to war. It was so this year and for the first time it was waged against the English. Some years ago, when I was present at the great feast, the Zulus were about

mind of those days long ago. For instance, I find this note in my journal, "There are only two occasions great enough among the Zulus for the chief's own song to be chanted. One is at the great festival, and the other, if *an army has gone out and has been overtaken by much rain on the way*. It is believed that it will not become bright until this song is sung; then the heaven clears and the army proceeds again." Some months after the English Mission had been established in Zululand, King Panda sent us an invitation to attend the New Year's Feast, which we very gladly accepted. It was two or three days' waggon journey, or "trek," from Kwamagwaza to Konodwengu, the king's great kraal. A trek was at all times a treat, if it did not last too long, and the weather were fine.

On approaching the royal kraal, our Hottentot driver William became more alert than ever. He

hopped on to the waggon box, "yekked," and skipped down again to run alongside the team, poking "Gelderland's" ribs with his elbow, whispering a "ye-ek, Colberg," to the next, at the same time touching up the leaders "Roybek," and "Appelveldt," with a crack that made them shake their ponderous horns and lash their tails, and at last quicken their pace. But not till the tiny man's shrill voice had, with all its might, yelled out each name of his fourteen bullocks, and chattered to them a heterogeneous monologue of Dutch, English, and Zulu, abusing this one, and praising that, did he get them into the desired canter, a very inelegant one at best. We always woke early on a trek, and we were *very happy* and thankful on our last morning to find the weather beautiful, and everything around freshened by the recent rain. I saw the sun rise, casting a gorgeous glow on the waking world; white fleecy clouds rolling slowly round the Indhlasatya (saddle-shaped mountain), disappeared amongst the Amabedhlana peaks; the river changed from leaden to blue; the hum of voices began to be heard in the distance, and smoke from huts might be seen here and there ascending in steady, thin bluish columns. We encamped at a respectful distance from the royal domain about eight o'clock, when the king's sentinels approached, and told our Kaffirs that there was a noise within the "Isigodhla," (private huts of the chief of a kraal), and that we might presently expect a summons into the presence of the "great chief!" But while the sentinels were chatting with our people we were half stunned with the noise of the crowd of boys and girls, and old women that rushed out to stare at us, and scream out an excited welcome.

Presently, however, half stunned with the uproar, we were much relieved by some Zulus coming to meet us, evidently well-to-do gentlemen, sleek and fat, with very long nails, and shiny black rings, like ebony coronets, round their heads. Each wore a heavy brass armband, which William informed us was worn by all on duty in the immediate service of royalty; in fact, it was the king's livery. They greeted us at once with the usual salutation, "Sako bona, Inkosi!" (literally, "I see you, chief"), which Mr. Robertson properly acknowledged, "Yebo, Baba" ("Yes, fathers"); an absurd salutation to English ears, but equivalent to the well-bred greeting of our own land. They then inquired of our health, and we of Panda's. They said he was not well, and would be glad if the Fundisi (teacher) was come to give him medicine.

After a few more words they escorted us to the out-spanning or camping place his majesty wished us to occupy. It was close to his own exclusive group of huts, and not far from those of his daughters,

who are kept very secluded. The privilege of encamping here, the three messengers took pains to inform us, was no little honour, and we were expected to appreciate his majesty's kindness in remembering we were missionaries, and "the children of great Victoria, whom he loved," not traders or hunters who occasionally paid him visits, and tried, often in vain, to get their "quid pro quo" out of the wary old monarch.

In a few minutes a little car (evidently of European manufacture), like a waggon on a small scale, drawn by two soldiers, and escorted by three or four attendants, issued from the kraal gate, and stopped under a tree near our encampment. We were sent for, and we went accordingly. Within the car we beheld an enormous man sitting tailor fashion. I never saw before or since so corpulent a being. He looked very dignified withal, and somewhat haughty, but by degrees, as he conversed agreeably with us, I thought he might have been rather good-looking in his youth.

The difference between the well-fed, pomaded aristocrats, and the lean, sinewy athletes who constituted the ranks of the army was very striking. The Zulus do not give any one credit for gentle birth if the shape of his bones is perceptible. A thin or sickly gentleman, who ought to be fat, would not be allowed to live. If he did not flee his country, and so escape the clutches of his comrades, he would not be allowed to live, but be cast out as bewitched, and cruelly put to death. He is condemned not by a jury, but by a witch-doctor, (inyanga) a professional whose employment it is to find out all those who are possessed of supernatural power for wicked purposes.

In the course of the morning, we were entertained by watching a company of soldiers return from fetching wood for roasting the bull, the principal ceremony of the Great Feast. They marched past our waggon in single file, each man bearing a branch of dry wood, and chanting a war-song as they came. Passing the enclosure where the fire was to be made, each pitched his burden over the fence-right-about-faced, and proceeded in good order to his quarters.

We saw Zulu war-dances to perfection this day, and never tired of watching them through the whole ceremony, in the broiling sun. All the men were in full dress (of feathers and skins), and each regiment had its distinguishing uniform, which gave the troops an orderly appearance not to be expected from savages. There were present even some remnants of regiments of the late King Tyaka (pronounced Chaka), the names of which I did not make a note of, but we admired their appearance particularly. They were all old weather-beaten

veterans, yet sang and danced in such perfect time.

The uniform of a regiment consisted in its peculiar coloured shield of ox hide, and kilt of tails, with tassels from their elbows and knees to match. The consequence was that in different districts cows of a favourite colour predominated. One regiment, "the King's Own," has white shields, tassels, tails, and head feathers. Another is called "Inkoyan ebomvu" (the red calf), which has red shields and uniform, but a tail feather of a grey eagle in the head. "Ubulawayo" (he that kills) has black shields, with tiger's tail kilt, and black ostrich feathers; "Ingulubi" (pig) is the one with speckled shields and monkey-skin tails; "Umtulwane" (the Tulwane reported at Isandula) is the crack regiment of which the Prince Cetywayo was the chief officer then, and a great many of his brothers were enrolled in it. They had black and white spotted shields. Ubulawayo's is an equally fine regiment for martial qualities, whose headquarters were about five miles from Konodwengu. "Unodwengu" is a very old regiment.

All the old soldiers wore "*amabudu*," or brass armlets, which are very heavy, but must not be taken off, even to sleep, till the regiment is disbanded. Some of these armlets reached from the wrist to the elbow, and those who had gained honours in past exploits, had an additional load of clumsy but bright brass above the elbow, and another round the neck. The "Ubulawayo" regiment was very wild, and its officers had hard work to enforce obedience, though they said that in war this regiment is more to be depended on than any other, from its undaunted warlike energy. When assembled in a large semicircle before the king, an order equivalent to "attention!" was given by the Induna, who, assisted by a number of sub-officers, went along the ranks, striking with great knobkerries the shields of those who were out of line, or inattentive. Each company in every regiment has its *induna*, and below him an officer or two graduating in rank.

When the forces were at last drawn up into one enormous body in the form of a crescent, they simultaneously chanted the song of Umsococeni, swerving in the action—or dance—like waving corn. About four o'clock in the afternoon the Tulwane regiment had assembled on the parade ground within the kraal, and rapidly formed square. They were joined by the "old men," as the soldiers of the present generation called those of the late king. There were four thousand men of Tulwane, and about two thousand of the latter, which was made up of odds and ends of the old regiments. They all stood silent, with their shields held upright in front of them, so as to leave nothing

of the man visible but the head above. At the word of command, they sang a low, dismal, grand chant, accompanied with a slow, graceful movement of the legs, arms, and head, all in perfect time and harmony.

Whilst this was going on, others *within* the square were catching a tremendous bull, without clubs or defensive weapons of any kind. They caught and killed it by *main* force, and even dragged the animal alive into the enclosure, at the head of the kraal, in which blazed a huge fire prepared to roast it. This has been done as a ceremony for many a long year, ever since the Zulus knew of the existence of their nation. They cannot tell us the origin of the custom, but say it is typical of the strength of the Zulus. Tulwane followed the bull in marching order, still singing, till they again formed square, this time surrounding the enclosure which contained the sacrifice.

The king was seated in state within, with two female attendants, and two doctors. The latter commenced operations by administering to Panda a compound of bitter herbs, called *intelezi*, and certain enchanted parts of the inside of the bull. With this his majesty had to be anointed, as well as to drink some of it. A large pumpkin was then presented to him, which he dashed against the shield of one of his great officers, typical of his own strength as a king. Then he took some juice of a peculiar herb into his mouth, and squirted it about in all directions, also a type of power and the extent of his dominions.

After this, the soldiers—specially told off for the purpose—literally pulled the bull to pieces, but the "King's Own" only partook of it. During the interval which followed this ceremony, before the grand "march past" was performed, Mr. Robertson presented us to the Prince Cetywayo. He was in command of his own regiment, "Tulwane," and with Dabulamansi and three other brothers, had just been engaged in superintending the struggle with the great bull. Cetywayo was by far the tallest and handsomest of the princes. They carried the large spotted shield denoting their regiment, and wore white ostrich feathers, magnificent tiger's-tail kilts, and monkey-skin lappets round the side of the head and face, leaving the eyes and mouth only visible. I should not have been much the wiser as to their features, had this been my only opportunity of seeing the sons of King Panda. Cetywayo himself wore on the top of his head a coronet—umbrella it might be more accurately called—of six beautiful white ostrich feathers, each not less than a yard long. From one ear hung a curiously-made long plume of blue and green parrot feathers, reaching down to the waist; from the other ear a similar long

bunch of bits of the blood-red feathers of the *turaca's* wing, tastefully shaded off to the delicate pink of those of the *bantwamjana* (a kind of pigeon). Between these two splendid plumes a pair of very long leopards' tails were suspended from the back of his head. He was such a fine tall fellow, and marched about with his shield and bright spears in one hand, and highly-polished knobkerries in the other.

Each regiment was in turn paraded in a large semicircle, four or five ranks deep, to dance before Panda; after which there was sham fighting, and wonderful gymnastic exhibitions. During the latter performances, the rest, who did not act, sang "jee-jee, zee-zee, chow-chow," for the others to caper to. On being dismissed they shouted terrifically, and scampered off, rattling their spears and sticks against their shields above their heads. Such a noise! I thought it alone sufficient to frighten any civilised foe away. Presently there was a collision of two regiments, a few soldiers of regiment *Unhlonu* having by some impertinence insulted the *Ubulawayo* men. In their present excitement nothing but hard blows could be mutually satisfactory, and the two regiments engaged. It was very disagreeable, to say the least of it, to be so close to wild men some seven or eight thousand strong, whose blood was up, and who were shouting and yelling as they banged at each other with their ponderous clubs. But in—what seemed to be—less than half an hour, *Unhlonu* turned tail, and *Ubulawayo* pursued. We then set off to walk over the scene of action, to see if we could help any wounded. But they were immediately borne away; some the next day came to our tent, when we had the gratification of successfully setting some bones, and strapping a few dreadful gashes.

When a chief is about to fight with another, he calls his army doctor, who brings *intelezi*, which he bruises, places in a pot, pours water on it, and then squeezes it with his hands, and mixes it with water. The long tail of a large animal, which is well known, called the gnu, is placed in

the vessel, and is used to sprinkle with. The army forms a semicircle and no one speaks, there is perfect silence; for indeed, when an army is being led out to war, no one speaks, even a little; it is an evil day, for men are going to die, and they eat nothing. The doctor sprinkles the whole army, going round the whole circle. When an army has had this done to it, no one among them may associate with his family at home; if a man breaks this rule, he "kills himself, making his eyes dark;" that is, he has made himself stupid, he has lost his senses, so that when he goes into battle he must surely be killed. On the day when troops are summoned, and assemble at the chief's headquarters, cattle is always slaughtered. The meat first eaten is black, being smeared with a powder made of dried flesh of various wild animals—leopard, lion, elephant, &c. The Zulus believe by these medicines to impart the fierce and powerful qualities of the different beasts. The whole force partakes of this wonderful meat before going into battle, that they may be brave and not fearful.

When the doctor has finished sprinkling the army, the chief comes into the midst of it, and addresses the soldiers, praising the "Amatongo," or spirits of his ancestors. He ends with an admonition to fight as becomes a brave nation; he says, "Troops of our people, who conquered so-and-so, I shall hear of your doings. The sun is in the sky; I have this day given the enemy into the hands of such-and-such a regiment, and I direct you to follow it. If you do not conquer, you will disgrace yourselves. My father was a brave; he was never known to be a coward. Let the assegais wound you in front, let there be no wound in the back. If I see you coming back conquered, I will kill you; you will find no place for you here at home. I too am an enemy if you are cowards."

Then there would begin leaping and rattling of spears against their shields; some shouting and making vows, and then the chief dismisses the army.

