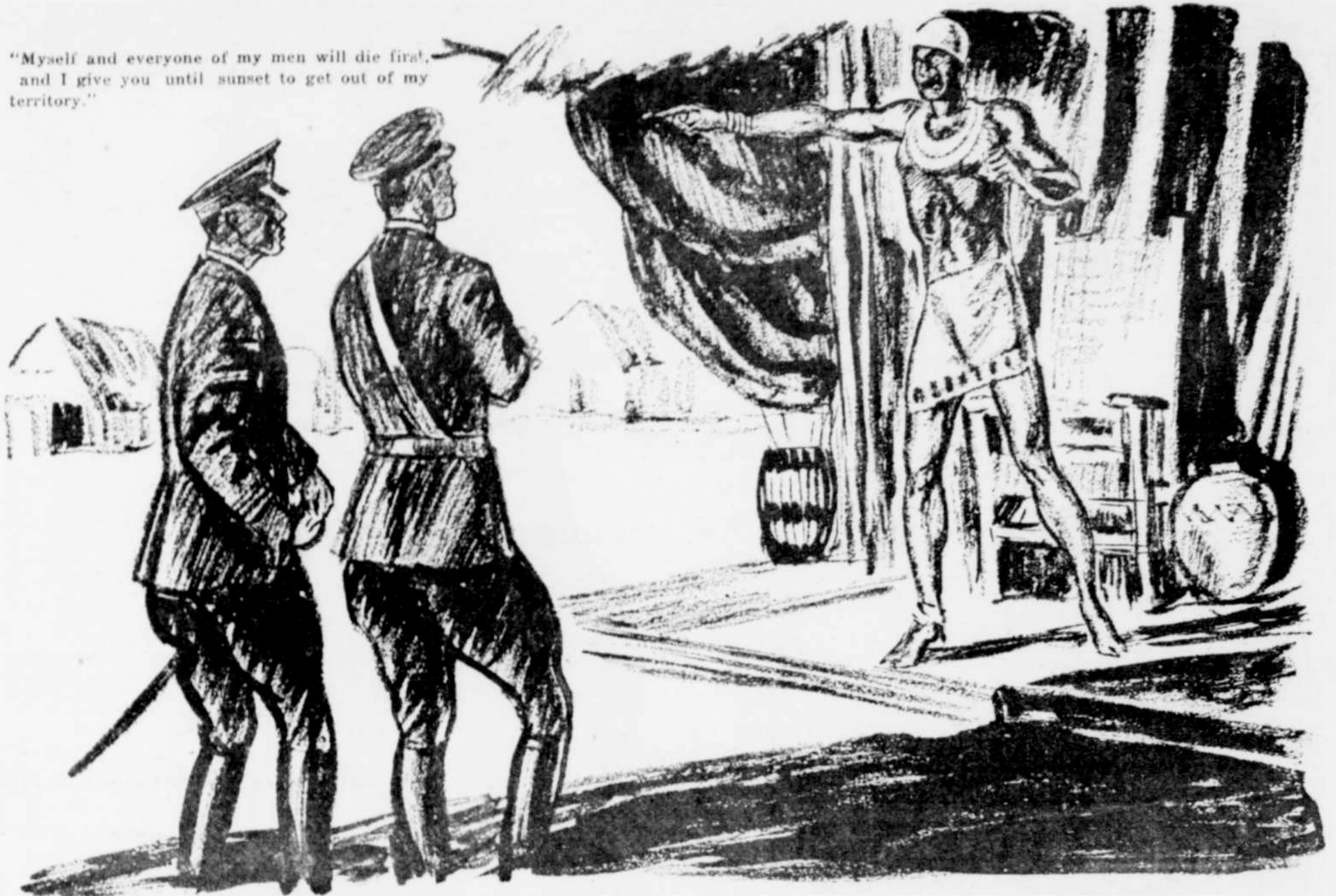


Cetewayo, the Heroic Zulu King

"Myself and everyone of my men will die first, and I give you until sunset to get out of my territory."



Armed Only With Spears and Knives, His Men Inflicted on the British the Most Crushing Defeat a Skilled Army Has Experienced at the Hands of a Dark Race in Modern Times. In One Skirmish He Defeated and Killed the Prince Napoleon, Heir to the French Throne.

By J. A. ROGERS
Noted Writer

Cetewayo, King of the Zulus, was the hero of the greatest little war that England has ever had.

Armed only with spears and knives his men inflicted on the British the most crushing defeat that white men have experienced at the hands of any portion of a dark race in modern times.

His victory at Isandhlwana was marked by one of the most terrifying slaughters in the annals of warfare.

In one skirmish he defeated and killed the Prince Napoleon, heir to the French throne. It took England over a 100 million dollars in our money and her ablest general to cope with this Negro king.

Of course, all of this sounds like romance although it happened less than fifty years ago.

But wait until you hear what a Zulu warrior was like.

Zulus
Of all peoples on earth the Zulus possessed and still possess the finest and fittest physiques. In this respect they are the incarnation of the ancient Greeks. J. H. Balmer, well-known African traveler, says:

"The Zulus are the physical superior of other races. A male Zulu has the strength, endurance, and body of a prizefighter in the pink of condition. Their shoulders are broad, their chests deep, their waists slim. Their women are the strongest females propagated."

Cetewayo's army was composed of the pick of this pick of the human race. Each warrior was six feet in

height or over. And there were from thirty to forty thousand of them.

Enchantment

A white American woman visiting Zululand, says that while out walking she met a Zulu, and so great was the physical force he radiated that when he passed she felt as if she had been overthrown by "a wave of power."

The Bible and Greek mythology tell of giants whose tread shook the earth. When Cetewayo's army marched the earth trembled under its bare feet.

Rigid Discipline

A warrior's outfit consisted of a shield of dried ox-hide, two or three spears, and a short blade for stabbing. As to clothing he wore only a loin cloth.

Discipline was of the most rigid kind. There was one penalty for disobedience or neglect of duty: death. When ordered to active service a warrior knew he must conquer or die, for certain death awaited a beaten army. He who ran or showed fear in battle was instantly cut down by the man behind him. No mercy was shown nor any expected.

According to Col. Browne who saw service against the Zulus, a Zulu warrior could march thirty miles a day; and if need be, fifty, and give battle at the end of the day.

Greatest of Armies

Not since the days of ancient Sparta had the world seen a body of fighting men comparable with that army of Cetewayo's.

And Cetewayo needed this army to protect his kingdom—the kingdom he had inherited from his grand-uncle, Chaka, himself a mighty conquerer and the founder of the

Zulu nation.

The Boers, or Dutch settlers were encroaching on his territory and acting treacherously. Years before, to escape British persecution further south they had migrated into his land and had been welcomed by his uncle, Dingaan. Later, they became so odious that Dingaan was stirred to order a massacre of them.

Aroused Opposition

Now British colonial politics did not view Cetewayo and his army with too friendly an eye. But its policy has always been to divide and conquer so Cetewayo was allowed to keep his army. It was an excellent thing with which to frighten the Boers, their rivals.

Besides the British felt that they could easily handle Cetewayo. They felt pretty sure that when the time came all that would be necessary would be to march into his territory with a few field-pieces and machine guns, press a button or two and presto! his army would disappear. They took care to see that even shot-guns were kept out of his reach.

In time the Boers surrendered their republic, leaving the British a free hand in South Africa except for Cetewayo, whose presence now took on quite a different aspect. From being a tool, he was now a menace. The Boers, now British subjects, must be protected.

Cetewayo must go!

Cetewayo Tricked

Having no love for the British, but deciding to use them, the Boers laid claim to a part of Cetewayo's territory, and began to settle on it. Cetewayo drove them away. The British, called in as arbiters, decided in favor of Cetewayo, but seizing on

the opportunity, began to scold him about affairs in his own kingdom.

For instance, he had banished the missionaries because they had been plotting against him, and meddling in his national affairs. One of them had written a letter to the governor of Cape Colony, declaring: "Only the utter destruction of the Zulus can secure peace in South Africa."

British Demands

The British also made several demands, among them being: that Zulu warriors should be permitted to marry, and that Cetewayo should permit a British Resident—a sort of official spy—to live in his capital. And then as if to crown all they demanded the disbanding of his army.

Never, perhaps, was man more surprised than this Negro monarch. Here was a judge after deciding in favor of the plaintiff, proceeding to lecture the plaintiff on his personal affairs—affairs that had not become before the court. As Miss Colenso, Cetewayo's ardent defender, among the whites, said, he was treated as if he were a child, instead of being the head of a nation.

When the British demands were brought to him, there was but one thing for Cetewayo to do and he did it. Rising from his throne to the magnificent six feet four of his height, he flung his defiance at the white envoys:

"Myself and every one of my men will die first. I give you until sunset to get out of my territory."

Early in January, 1879, the British, under Lord Chelmsford, 12,000 strong, invaded his land at three different points. On the 22nd, one of these columns composed of 1000 whites and 2000 blacks, under Col. Durnford fell in with a Zulu army 10,000 strong.

Battle Rages

And then began a battle that will go down in history as one of the greatest epics of all time.

The Zulus, as was their custom, began the battle by encircling the foe. In the front were the young warriors, behind them, the veterans. The British, entrenching themselves, behind their wagons, opened fire with their artillery and machine guns. The Zulus, armed only with spears, came rushing on, shouting their battle-cry, while the guns mowed them down in windrows, as stalks of wheat

before a reaper.

But charging madly home to death or victory the gallant black warriors pressed grimly on until they reached the barricade. Then leaping over they gave the enemy a taste of what fighting at close quarters and with equal weapons meant.

Next morning when Col. Browne, one of the scouts, wandered on the scene he beheld a sight such as few human beings have ever witnessed

What a Slaughter

A vast silent field of dead. God of battles, what a slaughter! Six thousand five hundred warriors lay there! There were no wounded. The Zulus had killed the entire British force, all but forty-two, who escaped by swimming their horses down the stream.

Of the Negro warriors, 3,500 lay dead not to mention the wounded which had been carried off.

"In their mad rush," says Browne, "the Zulus had killed everything, even the horses, dogs, and mules. There were heaps and heaps of Zulu dead; where the machine guns had mowed them down they lay in heaps."

In addition the Zulus had captured 40,000 cartridges and the rifles of the British.

Zulus Terrify

At the news of this crushing defeat the whites in South Africa were in consternation. They saw themselves sharing the same awful fate. They cabled to England for aid, and that same week 15,000 soldiers under Lord Wolseley with the latest equipment left for the Cape. Among the volunteers was the Prince Napoleon, son and heir of the recently deposed, Napoleon III.

A few days later Cetewayo again defeated the British at Rorke's Drift, and laid siege to Etshowe. He followed it with another victory at Inahlobane, the nature of the ground being in his favor.

In August, 1879, the British, now strongly re-inforced again, invaded Zululand. With a force of 15,000 Lord Chelmsford met Cetewayo and his 25,000 warriors at Ulundi. Strongly entrenched behind their ammunition carts and wagons, the British opened fire at a range of 1000 yards

(Continued on Page 10)