Over the last 40 years the reputation of Theophilus Shepstone has grown and grown. In his own time, most white settlers in Natal denounced him as the man who had locked up the land and the African labour they coveted. Most, though not all, missionaries opposed his toleration of African customs such as polygyny, bride wealth and beer brewing. After his death, historians tended to endorse the opinion of the Colonial Office that having served as a gifted colonial administrator in Natal, he brought about his own downfall after being promoted beyond his competence as the first Administrator of the British Transvaal in South Africa following its annexation in 1877.

Others took a more sinister view. C J Uys, an Afrikaner nationalist, blamed Shepstone for subjecting a pioneering Boer republic to imperialist oppression. The crusading daughters (Frances, Harriette and Agnes) of Bishop J W Colenso blamed him and his sons for extinguishing the Zulu monarchy and running an unjust system of African administration. Shepstone’s handling of the Langalibalele affair, and particularly the chief’s trial in 1874, angered Colenso and caused a breakdown in a long friendship between him, his family and Shepstone. In a letter to her brother Charles in 1874, Frances Colenso wrote, ‘as to Mr Shepstone, as soon as John found the line he was taking, he says in this case “it must be war to the knife between us”, and he has not been to his house since, though of course they salute in public’.1

With the publication of David Welsh’s *Origins of Segregation* in 1968 different views began to surface. Welsh suggested that Shepstone deserved whatever credit or opprobrium might be due for laying the foundations of segregation based on culture, which underpinned the development of the twentieth-century apartheid regime. By the 1970s, he had been even more widely recognised as an architect of the British imperial policy known as indirect rule, which left day-to-day administration and judicial functions in the hands of hereditary rulers, provided they kept the peace and saw to the collection of taxes – a system that spread from Africa (and India) to colonies across the globe.2 By the 1990s Shepstone acquired further credit for innovation through the work of Carolyn Hamilton, who argued that he had been highly effective in working with African chiefs to forge conceptions of rulership and Zulu ethnic identity.3

In view of these reassessments, it may seem surprising that Shepstone has yet to attract a biographer.4 The reason appears to be that he gave away too little of his own personality, opinions and philosophy. As he left only fragmentary private papers, we are left to guess at his motivations through the official letters, speeches and memoranda that survive in archival deposits.5 His reputation for sphinx-like silence can be traced back to the man under whom he served in the late 1870s, Sir Bartle Frere, High Commissioner for Southern Africa 1877–80. He called Shepstone ‘a singular type of an Africander Talleyrand, shrewd, observant, silent, self-controlled, immobile’.6 This chapter opens a window on a very different Shepstone – impetuous, voluble and passionate. Although it is rare that a single document can totally alter our picture of an individual, surely the letter printed here provides grounds for a major revision.
YOUNG SHEPSTONE’S LETTER TO HENRY FRANCIS FYN

Born on 8 January 1817 in England, Theophilus Shepstone was the eldest son of a stonemason turned Methodist missionary, William Shepstone, and his wife, Elizabeth Brooks. The family arrived in the eastern Cape with the 1820s settlers. After home schooling at his father’s mission, his fluency in the Xhosa language gained him a position on the staff of Cape Governor Sir Benjamin D’Urban during the frontier war of 1834–35. Following the defeat of the alliance of Xhosa chiefs, Shepstone became a clerk to the colonial Agent charged with dealing with African diplomacy on the frontier.

During this time he became acquainted with Henry Francis Fynn, who had spent time hunting and trading at Port Natal in the days when Shaka still ruled the Zulu monarchy. Fynn was an archetypal transfrontiersman, making his living beyond the range of any European authority. Certainly he dealt in guns and liquor, and may have been involved in the slave trade. He is known to have had numerous liaisons with African women, including four recognised as wives (one named Uvunhlazi), with whom he fathered several children, a brood that would later be reckoned among the ‘Coloured’ population of the Natal coast. By 1836, Fynn was living in Grahamstown and was evidently on intimate terms with young Theophilus, as the following text makes clear:

Spring grove cottage
Grahams Town
Oct 5 1836

My ever dear dear Fynn

I received your kind letter of the 3rd inst. and was several times and now am in tears thinking of your devoted kindness and regard for me. I can assure you my dear Fynn yours for me does not in the least degree exceed mine for you. I am extremely obliged to you for being the scapegoat between myself and Miss B. I am really annoyed with myself for doing such a foolish thing as writing although there was nothing in what I wrote approaching to making love, and although it was agreed upon by ourselves before I left as I told you – Mrs. S. is a most horrible b—h. If you think that Mrs. S’s conduct was the cause of declining correspondence, or whether that was merely an excuse, that really there is some attachment on the part of the girl, and some willingness on the part of the Mother, I will pocket the affront and say nothing more about it until due time – but if on the contrary, I will never speak to either as long as I live – so I am sure you will give me your opinion freely. I suppose you ‘will knock that scheme in the head’ – what does old B. say about it.

Your opinion of Kafir affairs is just what I have been ramming down the throats of these people ever since I came here but to little purpose as they say because they are hungry on account of their own misconduct are we to be the sufferers in consequence [?] – such a state of things cannot hold out long. The Lieut. Governor must adopt some very severe measures to put a stop to this continual system of Robbery by wholesale, instead of being here doing his duty and attending to his government he is up on or near the Orange River. God only knows what he is doing – it is quite uncertain when he will be here.

This afternoon Captain Graham the paymaster of 72nd fell from his horse and was seriously hurt – broke one of his ribs and his collar bone. The other day I met Donald McDonald and enquired concerning your horses. He said that he did not have them with him to the Orange River – that when he was in Town and leaving for the Orange River Mr [Tate, Porter?] asked him to take them out for him as far as White’s farm and leave them there in charge of an Englishman who had the care of the stock on the farm. Which
he did and left them in the care of this man, but does not know his name and has heard since that they were both lost and supposed to have been taken by the Kafirs – so much for horseflesh – which reminds me of your saddle and my horse. I have not neglected sending your saddle as I have known of no opportunity and the same with regard to the horse Lujolo [sp. ?], however I shall send it to you as soon as possible; do you likewise. On looking over your letter again I perceive you say, referring to Mrs. B ‘after much conversation on the subject’ she requested me to offer her daughter’s ‘thanks’ &c. &c. You do not in the least say the purport of the conversation or what you could infer from the conversation. I should like this flaw or deficiency in your evidence to be satisfactorily accounted for – again you say ‘we talked until there was a mutual understanding’ – here is another incomprehensible business, pray explain this my dear fellow and write me as long a letter next week as you have this.

This is the first letter I have written from ‘Spring grove cottage’. I wish you could come and live with me here. I shall try and ferret a situation where we can be together. I have begun house keeping and expensive work it is too. I have got a capital old slave for a cook and an excellent cook he is – he can make all sorts of dainty dishes to lay before your honour when you come [word unclear] I shall live upon the fat of the land.

As to Meeta, I am glad to hear she is getting on so well. I can assure you I have been as virtuous as the new born babe ever since I have been in this horrible Town. I should be delighted to see her again, but am afraid of the burden you speak of. I shall send her something by the first conveyance of wagons I meet with and shall direct it to you. Please tell her and let her kiss the seal three times – as I have done. Oh what a foolish fellow I am, this is my weak point, pray excuse me. I know you will – tell me if she does – destroy this letter.

I am very sorry to hear of Atkinson’s conduct he will go to the dogs headlong. I am very much of your opinion that he will destroy himself.

I borrowed Captain Biddulph’s saddle bags – and never sent him my sincere thanks on paper for which I ought to be and am ashamed. However give my love to him and tell him what I say, and I will write to him next post. Remember me to all. I cannot leave off writing to you as it is a pleasure. I feel I can say what I like. How does your brother get on at Waterloo? I must write to him soon. Tell old Christina I should be happy to see her fat backside again.

Paddy Balfour is quite wishing he could not get leave to go to the Cape with Col Smith but is to be first on the list for leave. I believe he is getting on swimmingly: he told me the other day his wine bill came to an enormous sum of money since he has been in Town. I frequently amuse myself by guessing to what use you have appropriated the large house of which you have now become Lord and Master, however I cannot at all fancy.

I am sorry to say I cannot send you any money as I have not received any since I have been in Town. In your letter at the conclusion you say we are devoted but sworn friends – to which I am happy to say is the case and I hope ever will. I conclude with the words of my seal ‘though lost to sight to Memory dear’.

I remain my dear Fynn
Yours for ever most
devotedly
Somtseu

INTERPRETING THE LETTER

Among the many details that are incidentally revealing in the letter is the signature. Donald Morris claimed that Somtseu, the name of ‘a famed Xhosa hunter’, had been sarcastically conferred on Shepstone by Zulus when he ran from an elephant during his expedition to Port Natal with
Major Samuel Charters in 1838. This cannot be true, for Shepstone signs with this name more than two years before his first encounters with either Natal or Charters. Considering that his early mentor, Harry Smith (later Sir Harry Smith, who appears in this letter as Colonel Smith), also addressed him as Somtseu in letters, it must be concluded that he acquired the name either as a boy, or during his service with D’Urban during the frontier war. Most likely the Oxford Dictionary of Biography is correct in stating that African playmates of his boyhood conferred the name on him, and it would therefore be an error to read into it an appraisal of his mature character.

For the rest, our almost total ignorance of the immediate context of this letter severely impedes attempts to get beyond the immediate text. It does not seem possible even to specify the place where Fynn was living in October 1836. Plainly a deep friendship, extending even to the sharing of intimate details about personal relationships, had developed at some point between the adolescent Shepstone and the much older Fynn, whose 33 years of life had already packed in a range of experience that must have seemed incredible to even the most worldly of his Georgian contemporaries. No other documents have yet come to light to explain how this strange friendship arose. Among the fragments of Shepstone Papers deposited in the Natal Archives there is a diary that begins in March 1835 with his departure from Grahamstown as an interpreter on the staff of D’Urban during the final campaign against the Xhosa chief, Hintsa. The diary ends abruptly in June of the same year, not to recommence until June of the year 1839.

Julie Pridmore, who has done more than any previous historian to try to pin down Fynn’s movements, makes plain that for most of the war he was living near the Mpondo chief, Faku, charged with making sure that no help for the Xhosa combatants arrived from that quarter. In September 1835, Fynn joined Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Smith in peace negotiations with chief Maqoma at Fort Cox. As Smith had already begun to take a paternal interest in young Shepstone, it is conceivable that the first encounter with Fynn occurred at this time. However, more extended opportunities to develop a friendship could have arisen only after Fynn resumed duties as an interpreter to D’Urban and his staff in February or March, 1836, six months before Shepstone wrote to him from Spring Grove Cottage. Neither Pridmore nor any other authority on either Fynn or Shepstone provides any details on their doings in the months immediately before or after the letter was written. That leaves us to draw what inferences we can from the text itself.

Some of the content concerns the minutiae of everyday life, such as the care of horses and the antics of comrades. The men mentioned by name for the most part appear to have been serving officers on the staffs of D’Urban and Harry Smith. Lieutenant Paddy Balfour was aide-de-camp to Smith and was with him on the infamous day when George Southey blew Hintsa’s brains out and other staff officers mutilated his body in pursuit of macabre souvenirs. Captain Thomas Biddulph also served under D’Urban’s command during the frontier war. But none of the details given concerning these men or the others less certainly identified, such as Captain Graham of the 72nd Regiment of Foot, and the self-destructive Atkinson, appear of much interest to today’s scholars.

In contrast, Shepstone’s declaration that he shares Fynn’s ‘opinion on Kafir affairs’ is tantalising. Had he spelled out what precisely he had been ‘ramming down the throats of these people’, it would have constituted the first-known policy statement from the man whose name would, more than any other, be linked with ‘Native policy’ in southeast Africa during the mid-Victorian
period. Without more details we are left to guess that he refers to the distress suffered by tens of thousands of displaced Africans in the aftermath of the war. He seems to blame the white settlers for refusing to alleviate their condition and offering the lame excuse that the Xhosa had brought hardship upon themselves by starting the frontier war. Whether Shepstone and Fynn also shared a belief that depriving Africans of the land and stock they required to sustain themselves could only drive them toward armed rebellion – a belief Shepstone would often express when defending the provision of extensive Reserves and Locations in the debates of Natal’s Legislative Council in the 1860s – cannot be confidently deduced from the text. Nor is it clear what Shepstone means by a ‘system of wholesale robbery’ or the severe measures he hopes might be taken by the Lieutenant Governor (Sir Andries Stockenström), who had taken up his appointment only three weeks earlier on 13 September 1836.

In the absence of more information, the interest of the text resides almost entirely in the references to women that bookend Shepstone’s discussion of men and measures. At one end of the letter stand the references to Miss B, Mrs B and Mrs S. At the other, separated by the world of politics, fighting men and horseflesh, stand the references to Meeta and to Christina of the ‘fat backside’.

The opening lines present young Shepstone in apologetic mode, tortuously explaining a letter he had written to Miss B. Fynn seems to have taken exception to this, from which it may be reasonably inferred that he has been courting Miss B. Knowing that Fynn was to marry Ann Brown, a resident of Grahamstown, only six months hence, there is every possibility that she was the Miss B in question, and the daughter of Mrs B. Who Mrs S – the ‘horrible b[itch]’ – might be cannot be guessed at; she seems to be blamed for disclosing Shepstone’s correspondence with Miss B, ‘although there was nothing in what I wrote approaching to making love’. But then, why write at all? Shepstone does appear genuinely anxious to extricate himself from a situation that means relatively little to himself, but potentially a great deal to Fynn. Although the older man possessed advantages of experience and maturity, he had little money, as evidenced by his persistent attempts to gain land grants and a regular position in the colonial bureaucracy. In the eyes of a protective mother like Mrs Brown, it would by no means be evident that Fynn was the better match.

Pridmore presents Fynn’s marriage as a response to the isolation he felt after taking up the position of Resident with Chief Maphasa in March of 1837:

While isolated from colonial society, Fynn took steps to address his lonely position by marrying a European woman, Ann Brown, a resident of Grahamstown, in April 1837. Recent oral history has stressed that this marriage marked the end of Fynn’s early career which had been characterised by a flexible lifestyle and liaisons with indigenous women at Port Natal.

However, if we correctly identify Ann Brown as Miss B, his pursuit began months before his ‘lonely’ posting. A more likely interpretation would be that Fynn sought respectability through marriage to a white woman, which would help him advance a career in the bureaucracy hampered by his notorious doings at Port Natal. How much of this would have been known among the women of Grahamstown, including the interfering Mrs S, cannot be determined. But there can be little doubt that they were well known to the battle-hardened military coterie surrounding
D’Urban and Harry Smith. We can only guess at the content of the ‘much conversation’ Fynn had with Mrs B, but it would be reasonable to assume it revolved around both parties’ efforts to preserve a rigidly formal appearance of respectability.

How different is the language at the other end of the text when Shepstone speaks of Meeta and old Christina. In contrast to the convolutions of the earlier discussion, he tells Fynn that he ‘cannot leave off writing to you as it is a pleasure. I feel I can say what I like’. This section of the text is worlds apart from the conventions governing the behaviour of Miss B and her suspicious guardians – where Shepstone definitely could not say what he liked; indeed, where he might be held to account for every nuance. Meeta and Christina merit no honorific Miss or Mrs, for they certainly fall on the other side of the colour line that ran for so long across the social and geographical landscape of colonial South Africa. Because they are not Miss or Mrs and are spoken of in familiar tones, we know they are black.

Further identification eludes us. Because Christina of the fat backside is spoken of as old, it can reasonably be inferred she is a servant of mature years, not an object of desire. Her placement in the text raises the possibility that she worked for Fynn’s brother William, who also held a government appointment, and therefore was more likely to have been known to Shepstone, than to either of Fynn’s other brothers. Meeta, on the other hand, who is the love interest of the text, holds an indeterminate position. The name could, if rendered as Mitha, indicate a Bantu-speaking background; however, as we know that Fynn’s previous domestic circles had included both mixed race people from the Cape as well as Nguni women, we cannot be sure. She must have occupied some position in Fynn’s household, else he could not have been so familiar with her personal situation.

Of the nature of her relations with young Shepstone there can be little doubt. The rather detached opening remark that he is ‘glad to hear she is getting on so well’ is immediately undercut by Shepstone’s insistence that he has ‘been as virtuous as the new born babe ever since I have been in this horrible Town’. Clearly Shepstone had not been virtuous in Meeta’s company. The choice of the phrase ‘new born babe’, while probably not consciously selected by the passionate adolescent, suggests another train of thought, which is carried into the next sentence: ‘I should be delighted to see her again, but am afraid of the burden you speak of’. Heavy with child springs to mind, as does the implication that Shepstone feels responsible for her condition, because he offers to ‘send her something by the first conveyance of wagons’. That something – presumably money or some other valuable present – is to be directed to Fynn, rather than to Meeta herself, is further evidence that she lies across a racial divide that would not permit Shepstone to openly address a parcel or letter to her. Yet he does not hesitate to express his love: ‘let her kiss the seal three times – as I have done’. He is both passionately devoted and ashamed: ‘Oh what a foolish fellow I am, this is my weak point’. And by that, it may be inferred, the missionary’s son does not mean a tendency to fall in love, but sexual desire itself.

Having revealed so much in one headstrong passionate paragraph, Shepstone quickly retreats to a defensive mode, expressing confidence that Fynn will destroy the potentially incriminating letter, and, through the reference to Atkinson going to the dogs in the very next sentence, implies that he has no intention of letting himself be similarly destroyed through his ‘weak point’.

The next Shepstone texts that survive in Natal date from 1838 and describe the expedition on which he accompanied Major Charters to Natal. Only eight days before sailing from Cape Town, he had wed 22-year-old Maria Palmer of Grahamstown at Colonel Harry Smith’s home.
His Natal journal, which appears to have been directed to Maria, breathes a very different spirit than the 1836 letter to Fynn. It is filled with expressions of conventional piety, and reveals no weak point. Never again, not even in his extensive correspondence with Bishop Colenso before their falling out, would Shepstone expose his inmost being with such frankness.

Though Fynn cuts a much less impressive figure on the imperial stage, the letter adds to our knowledge of his life in one important way. It exposes the permeable sexual borderland that white men (but never women) could inhabit between the constraints of respectable colonial society and the freedom that beckoned across the frontier. Most likely, in the company of military men on active service among the Xhosa, Fynn’s sexual history would have been the subject of open banter as well as fervent curiosity. His ‘free love’ lifestyle must have appeared very attractive to sexually repressed adolescent men.

Pridmore postulates a clear break in Fynn’s career at the point when ‘he left Natal in 1832 to pursue a more conventional career in the Cape colonial service … Fynn set out to appear as a member of settler society, which he demonstrated by marrying a white woman’. However, from the text of Shepstone’s letter, it would appear that Fynn did not altogether abandon the situation he enjoyed as head of an entourage of African women, when he left his black wives (and the Inkumbi descent group he formed, led by one of his wives named Uvunhlazi) behind in Natal. The Inkumbi included ‘at least thirty-two tribes, nearly all of which were inhabiting the Natal district before the Zulu wars … and numbers ninety-two kraal’. Otherwise there would have been no Meeta, whatever her position may have been in his household. And Pridmore’s notion that Fynn would feel lonely and lack companionship without a white wife seems distinctly unconvincing.

**AFTERMATHS**

Of Meeta and her unborn burden we hear no more; they vanish from the historical record. Ann Brown survived for only two years after her marriage to Fynn, dying in June 1839 at the age of 22. Fynn went on to marry another white woman, Christina Brown (no relation to Ann) in 1841, and she bore him a single child, Henry Francis Fynn, Jr. Attempts to cash in on his early Natal career by publishing accounts of Shaka and Dingane gained him a wider fame but no money. His later career was dogged by poverty and fruitless attempts to claim land from colonial authorities, based on his war service and rights allegedly acquired during his residence at Port Natal and on the Mzimkhulu. These were discounted by British authorities, along with all similar claims staked prior to the colony’s annexation; the Voortrekkers alone had their titles confirmed as a matter of political expediency. Only after his appointment as Assistant Resident Magistrate for the Pietermaritzburg district did Fynn acquire a modicum of financial security. And this appointment he owed to none other than Theophilus Shepstone, who had risen to be Natal’s Secretary for Native Affairs, while fathering three daughters and six sons, several of whom helped carry on his legacy in African administration in Natal, Zululand and Swaziland.

Pridmore is at a loss to account for the strained character of relations between Fynn and Shepstone after 1852. While Fynn did eventually win promotion to the post of Resident Magistrate of the Umkomanzi and Inanda divisions, it was said that Shepstone was ‘always very down on Fynn’. Fynn’s son, Francis, who followed him into public service as Resident with Zulu King Cetshwayo and Resident Magistrate of Msinga district, told James Stuart that ‘Sir Theophilus
Shepstone could not bear anyone being looked upon as anything greater than himself. My father had great influence with the natives ... This gave him power which Sir T. Shepstone objected to. If this were so, then why had Shepstone appointed Fynn in the first place?

One plausible answer must be that Fynn kept the letter he was supposed to have destroyed. What else might he have known of Meeta and her child given the connection they obviously had? The fact that this letter alone of their early correspondence survives in the Fynn papers drives us toward the conclusion that Fynn preserved it because of the hold it gave him over the mature, respectable patriarch. This does not establish that Fynn practised outright blackmail; only that he might well have let Shepstone know he carried a secret, which, even if whispered into his wife Maria’s ear, or into Natal’s rumour mill, had the potential to stall the younger man’s career.

The proof of the proposition was the way that public knowledge of Fynn’s doings as a Port Natal trader had limited his own capacity to rise in colonial society. Disdain for Fynn and his legacy surfaces in a revealing passage from a report to Shepstone by Resident Magistrate Dunbar Moodie. In 1865, Fynn’s discarded African wife, Vunhlazi, expressed a wish to resign as Inkosikazi (chief) of the Isikumbini, which Moodie described as an artificial tribe created by ‘the late Resident Magistrate, Fynn’. Having named Fynn, Moodie went on to note that Vunhlazi had several sons ‘by an early European settler’, without mentioning that the settler and Fynn were one and the same. One of Vunhlazi’s sons, Moodie observed, was ‘sufficiently advanced to pay and support an Englishwoman (although one I regret to say neither distinguished by her learning nor sobriety)’. As racial divisions hardened, Fynn had become an embarrassment.

It is more difficult to make confident assertions about the long-term impact of Shepstone’s early sexual experiences. It could well be that his persistent refusal to promote laws restricting polygamy reflected not only simple pragmatism, but a real conviction that attempts to impose an ideal European pattern of monogamy ran contrary to nature. In Bishop Colenso’s preaching, Shepstone found theological justifications for treating African patterns of sexual behaviour and family affection as natural. Thomas McClendon has recently reminded us of how the idea of ruling over a black kingdom outside Natal occupied a central place in Shepstone’s thinking until well into the 1860s. At first he envisaged it as located south of the Mzimkhulu; later his attention shifted to a hived-off section of Zululand. In the later versions of these schemes Bishop Colenso was his chosen partner in a plan to ‘raise’ African society in the scale of civilisation, away from the disrupting influences of white settlers.

It would not be fanciful to relate this guiding idea back to the contrast young Shepstone draws between Fynn’s domain in the bush, where he could say what he liked and delight in Meeta’s company, and the ‘horrible town’ where one must remain ‘virtuous as the new born babe’ to avoid the wagging of bitches’ tongues. Even as patriarch of a large white family, the prospect of escape to a freer land across the border always beckoned. It might also be usefully linked to Jeff Guy’s insight that the image of the silent, inscrutable Shepstone applies solely to his dealings with white settlers and officialdom. In that world we must seek to understand his motivations through the words he committed to paper. Among Africans, however, according to surviving accounts, Shepstone talked incessantly, confident of his ability to navigate in settings where the spoken word ruled social and political interactions. This remained what it had been since he was 19, a place where he could ‘say what he liked’.
It may also be speculated that Shepstone’s youthful romantic adventure influenced the resistance he consistently expressed while Secretary for Native Affairs to attempts to outlaw sexual relations across the colour line. For example, in 1861, when Magistrate John Bird suggested that the Lieutenant Governor should invoke his powers as Supreme Chief of Natal to proclaim cohabitation with whites a crime under Native Law, Shepstone expressed the opinion that however desirable it might be as a means of ‘preserving the prestige’ of the white race, the whole question was ‘a delicate matter to interfere with’. Whatever his role in laying the foundations of segregation in South Africa and indirect rule elsewhere, he played no part in moving the law toward the immorality Acts of the twentieth century. It is tempting to attribute his stance to a memory that time could never have erased: that he had once loved Meeta and she may have carried his child.

ENDNOTES


4 His son Arthur Shepstone and James Stuart attempted to recruit Henry Rider Haggard to write a biography in 1911. See Chapter 7 in this volume; Hamilton, \textit{Terrific Majesty}: 160.

5 Note the exception of the Shepstone letters to Colenso in the Killie Campbell Africana Library, Campbell Collections, University of KwaZulu-Natal, Durban.


7 Shepstone to Fynn, 5 October 1836, Fynn Papers A1382 file 2, National Archives of South Africa, Pietermaritzburg Archives Repository. This letter seems to have escaped the notice of scholars, apart from D Wylie. 2000. \textit{Savage Delight: White Myths of Shaka}. Pietermaritzburg: University of Natal Press: 132 n23, Strangely, Wylie fails to mention its vital final section. The term ‘Kafir’ or ‘Kaffir’ quickly became a derogatory term and remains so.


Pridmore, ‘Beyond the “Natal frontier”’: 42.

Pridmore, ‘Beyond the “Natal frontier”’: 41.


Most of those that survive are held in the Killie Campbell Africana Library, Campbell Collections, University of KwaZulu-Natal, Durban.

*Natal Government Gazette*, 1853.

See, for example, Pridmore’s comments in 1996: ‘Beyond the “Natal Frontier”’: 42; ‘Henry Francis Fynn’: 50.

Quoted in Pridmore, ‘Henry Francis Fynn’: 78.

Quoted in Pridmore, ‘Henry Francis Fynn’: 78.

D Moodie to Shepstone, 14 January 1865, Secretary for Native Affairs Papers 1/3/15, Pietermaritzburg Archives Repository.


Bird to Shepstone, 30 October 1862, with subsequent minutes by Shepstone, Scott and Gallwey, Secretary for Native Affairs Papers 1/3/10, Pietermaritzburg Archives Repository.

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