

with trembling lips, he turned on the indunas at his feet and attacked them, through the medium of Mr. Colenbrander, who at first hesitated to translate his leader's remarks, for the cruel massacres they had committed. 'I do not upbraid you,' he said, 'for making war on the white men; but why did you kill our women and children? For that you deserve no mercy!' The indunas made no reply to this accusation, but bowed their heads before the imperious white man in meek submission. Rhodes had tamed the rebellious Matabele as completely as any lion-tamer ever subjugated the 'king of beasts.'

"The past is past and done with,' Rhodes continued after an impressive pause. 'But what of the future? Is it to be peace or war?' Would the natives prefer to go on fighting the white man, whose numbers were increasing daily, or should the struggle come to an end? This was the question on which everything hung, and Rhodes and his companions awaited the Matabele reply with an impatience that they could hardly conceal. The reply was given by one of the oldest indunas present, who rose from his position in the semicircle, raised a light wand or stick above his head, and advanced towards Rhodes, saying, 'See, this is my rifle—I cast it at your feet.' Repeating the movement, he cried, 'And this is my spear, which I likewise cast at your feet.' As he retired to his place once more all the chiefs around set up a loud cry of assent, and the Matabele rebellion was at an end.