

A Minor Episode of the Campaign
The Death of Louis Napoleon, the Prince Imperial

By Ian Knight

The death of the Prince Imperial, considered ‘per se’, can only be regarded as a minor episode of the campaign, especially from the purely military standpoint. But various causes, his rank and misfortunes, his connection with the British army, the actual incidents of the fatality arising out of the duties of the expedition, and lastly, the subsequent proceedings in connection with the inquiry by court-martial, all combined to invest it with a special pathos and interest, almost world-wide. (1)

So wrote Charles Norris-Newman, war correspondent for *The London Standard*, in a remarkably level-headed comment following the death of Louis Napoleon, the Prince Imperial, exiled heir to the Bonaparte throne in France, who was killed in Zululand in a skirmish on 1 June 1879. The tragic circumstances of the Prince’s death aroused more press interest than almost any other event in 1879, and certainly more than any other incident in the war, the slaughter at Isandlwana included, and is still the subject of intense scrutiny 120 years later. What aroused particular passions, among both the military establishment and the general public at large, was the fact that a British officer, Lt. Jahleel Carey of the 98th Regiment, had apparently abandoned the Prince in his moment of need. Even Carey’s subsequent resolute defence of his actions could not entirely erase the sense of embarrassment which his behaviour had created among the British military establishment.

Yet Norris-Newman was quite right; there was nothing unique or even particularly unusual about the incident in which the Prince lost his life, and it certainly had no impact on the course of the war as a whole. Had the Prince been a mere trooper in, for example, one of the Irregular units, like Abel and Rogers, the men who died with him, one wonders if the story would be remembered at all. And, while the British and European press searched for a scapegoat to blame for the Prince’s misfortunes, few were prepared to face up to the brutal truth; that the Prince himself was as responsible as anyone else for his demise, and that his death was no more than the grim fortune of war.

In many ways, the Prince’s death was in keeping with his strange and melancholy life, a bizarre end to a career characterised by ambiguity. Despite his title, the Prince owed his position not to the French royal family, but to the ascendancy of the great Napoleon. Louis’ grandfather, also Louis, was Napoleon’s brother, and had been created by him King of Holland. Louis had three sons, two of whom died young; the third was Napoleon III, who seized power by a skilful *coup d'état* in 1851. Napoleon III styled himself ‘Emperor’ in the great Bonaparte tradition; his son, born in 1856, was christened Napoleon Louis Jean Joseph, and given the title Prince Imperial. To both the royalist and republican opposition in France, however, the Bonapartes were regarded as upstarts, despite their penchant for flamboyant titles.

In fact, young Louis was destined never to become Napoleon IV. In 1870 French military élan collapsed before the steely efficiency of the Prussian army. Napoleon III was briefly imprisoned, while his wife and son fled, and a Republican government assumed power in France. In a move rich in ironies, the heirs to the great Bonaparte legacy sought refuge in the land of Napoleon’s greatest enemies, Britain. Napoleon III had paid an official visit to England in 1854, and had charmed the young Queen Victoria; moreover, France had been an ally during the Great Russian War. The Queen felt sorry for the Imperial family’s plight, and offered them sanctuary. They established themselves in some style at Camden Place in Chiselhurst, Kent. Napoleon himself was released by the Prussians, and joined his family in exile, but his fall from grace had seriously damaged his health, and he died in 1873. From that moment his son, Louis, was destined to live in limbo, awaiting the call to return to lead his country, a call which might never come.

Exile undoubtedly blighted Louis’ adolescence, making him morose and withdrawn. He had lived all his life in the shadow of his great-uncle, Napoleon I and his ambitions were framed by dreams of military glory. He was not a great student, he could not be bothered, but his enthusiasm could always be roused by talk of France’s martial heritage. The defeat of the French armies in 1870, and the humiliation brought upon the family name by his father’s fall, weighed heavily on him. His life might have passed in bitterness and frustration had not a friend suggested to his father that he be admitted to the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. Woolwich was the training school for young British officers training to enter the Royal Artillery or Royal Engineers; although, as a foreign Prince, Louis could never hope to hold a commission in the British army. Woolwich at least offered him a taste of the lifestyle of the professional soldier. He accepted with alacrity, and, despite occasional spats with his tutors on the subject of Waterloo, he passed out with distinction. Although he was given an honorary attachment to a British artillery battery, however, he could not hope for a proper appointment, and it seemed that his military career was stifled, until the Zulu War broke out.

When news of Isandlwana reached Britain, many of Louis's friends from Woolwich secured appointments among the reinforcements being hurried to South Africa. Louis immediately asked permission to join them. For him, the war offered an ideal opportunity to see real action, without any of the political repercussions which might attend participation in a conflict in Europe. The Prime Minister, Disraeli, was aghast, and refused, but Louis shamelessly used his influence with the Queen, and he was allowed to go. His role was officially that of an observer, however, while the Commander in Chief, the Duke of Cambridge, asked Lord Chelmsford to find Louis a position on his staff, there could be no question of his exercising any authority within the British army.

The decision to allow Louis to travel to Zululand was undoubtedly a further burden to Lord Chelmsford, who by April 1879 was struggling to turn the war in his favour. In the aftermath of Isandlwana, King Cetshwayo had let slip his chance to carry the war onto British colonial soil and the ensuing lull allowed Chelmsford a much-needed opportunity to regroup. In a series of battles in late March and early April, the British had checked the Zulu ascendancy at Khambula, while Chelmsford himself had extricated Pearson's besieged Eshowe garrison. By May, Chelmsford was deeply involved in planning a fresh invasion of Zululand. It was a tense and busy time, for the prospect of renewed fighting was very real, while the sombre spectre of Isandlwana still dominated British thoughts. Moreover, since Chelmsford planned a new route for one of his columns, the intelligence work prepared in January was of no great use, and a new line of advance had to be charted through largely unmapped territory. The troops who would make up the new column, the 2nd Division, were mostly reinforcements from England, and had to be marched up from Durban and assembled at the border, together with thousands of tons of supplies and ammunition.

Under such circumstances, Louis' arrival in Natal at the beginning of April can have been little more than a distraction to Chelmsford. Although Louis habitually wore the undress uniform of a RA lieutenant, he had no official standing, and was little more than a celebrity tourist; nonetheless, Chelmsford dutifully created a post on his staff for Louis as an extra ADC.

Chelmsford himself warmed to Louis, whose friendly manner, quaintly accented English, and occasional bouts of melancholy seemed so very un-British, and whose plight as an exile aroused the sympathy of Chelmsford's staff. As another of his ADCs, Captain Molyneux, reflected, "How could one help loving a boy like that – brave, daring to rashness, and determined to make a name for himself to add to the records of his race? But for all our love, we were terribly anxious about him". (2)

The Prince was popular, too, among the handful of French adventurers who, along with many other foreign nationals, served among the British Irregular units. Many were drawn by curiosity to search him out, and Louis wrote to his mother that he was pleased to see them, despite their lack of social standing, "*they are not the crème de la crème*", he commented, "but that does not stop me from fraternising with them!" (3)

Yet the modern historian is left to ponder how popular Louis was within the army at large. Certainly, after his death, there was an outpouring of grief from officers and ordinary soldiers alike, but this was no doubt influenced by feelings of guilt and outrage. In fact, Louis had been in South Africa for just two months before he was killed, and it is unlikely that he would have become a familiar figure to any but Chelmsford's small and close-knit groups of staff officers. A comment overheard by Paul Deléage, the South African correspondent of *Le Figaro*, probably summed up the good humoured bewilderment of many British offices at the Prince's presence in the war;

After all, what's the Prince supposed to be doing in this row? He'll get no credit from us, and I can't see what good it's to do him in your own country, unless he goes back a cripple – and even then!" (4)

Moreover, an incident laughed off by Louis himself may reveal how he was regarded among the ordinary soldiers of an army which still prided itself on its role at Waterloo, just a generation before. "Do you know that saying that an Englishman is worth five Frenchmen?" Louis asked Deléage in conversation one day. Deléage replied that he had not heard it;

Well, the other day I overheard it just outside my tent. I was absolutely livid, and I wanted to speak to you about it, because you might hear it at any time. Don't get too upset if you do. It's not personal – not meant for you. It's just a saying they have". (5)

The Prince accompanied Chelmsford's staff throughout May, as the British prepared for the new invasion. Chelmsford's plan called for the 2nd Division to cross the Ncome (Blood) River into Zululand at Koppie Allein, and then to advance eastwards to affect a junction with Wood's column, now designated the Flying Column, which was moving down from the north. The two columns would then advance in tandem towards oNdini, maintaining separate administrative structures, but combining in the event of an attack. Their immediate objective was the Babanango Mountain, where they intended re-join the projected line of advance of the old Centre Column, which ran from Rorke's Drift to oNdini. Chelmsford had chosen this new route to avoid taking his fresh troops past Isandlwana, where most of the dead still lay unburied, but it was problematic, since the first leg, from Koppie Allein to Babanango, was largely unmapped.

The work of planning the route fell largely to Lt. Col. Richard Harrison, RE, whom Chelmsford appointed to his staff on 9 May as Assistant Quartermaster General. Harrison was given two assistants, Major Francis Grenfell of the 60th and Lieutenant Carey. Louis was also attached to Harrison's staff, but without any formal appointment.

The Prince's position gave him the opportunity to see some of the action he had come to Zululand to seek. Not only was it imperative that Harrison thoroughly scouted the proposed line of advance, but British patrols were in any case pushing deep into Zululand, to test the Zulu response. On 14 May, Louis was granted permission to accompany a far-ranging patrol that consisted of Irregular cavalry from the Flying Column, commanded by Wood's right-hand man, Lt. Col. Redvers Buller, and was accompanied by Harrison. During the patrol, the Prince exhibited a certain rashness that irritated the hard-bitten Irregulars, and caused Buller to make a formal complaint to Chelmsford on his return. As a result, Chelmsford ordered Harrison to keep Louis under a tighter rein and required Harrison to obtain official permission before allowing Louis to leave the security of the camp.

Despite this, Harrison, who was not satisfied with the intelligence gathered by the earlier patrol, organised a second reconnaissance, which set out a few days later. Again, Harrison took Louis with him and an escort drawn from an Irregular unit, Bettington's Horse, and a black mounted auxiliary unit. During the course of the expedition, the patrol had a slight brush with some Zulus, during which the Prince, yet again, rashly drew his sword and tried to close with the enemy.

By the end of the month, the new advance was about to begin. The Flying Column had already advanced south from its old base at Khambula, and the 2nd Division was poised to cross into Zululand to affect a rendezvous. The prevailing opinion was that the Zulus would not oppose the advance during the first few days. Indeed, the constant cavalry activity had suggested that much of the country lying directly in front of the line of advance was deserted. Zulu civilians had retreated to natural strongholds out of harm's way, while most of the fighting men were thought to have gone to oNdini to join a general muster of the army. Only a few men remained in the field, watching the British movements, and defending the deserted homesteads.

The 2nd Division crossed the Ncome into Zululand on 31 May. That same day, the Prince came to Harrison to ask to be allowed to leave the camp the following morning to "extend his sketch beyond the camp to be occupied the next day, and make a reconnaissance of the road to be traversed the following day". (6) The site of the camp for 1 June had already been selected, at Thelezi Mountain; Louis was asking to be allowed to scout further ahead, towards the Tshotshosi River, where the junction with the Flying Column was due to take place. Later, Carey also asked permission to join Louis, "as he wished to verify his sketch of the country". (7) Harrison agreed, but without giving Carey specific instructions to take command of the patrol.

As Col. Hague-Holmes has suggested, (8) there is something curious about this exchange. The patrol was quite clearly initiated by the Prince, rather than Harrison.

Was there really a need to make further sketches of a proposed campsite, only two days away? Harrison clearly had not thought so; even Carey only wished to 'verify' his sketch. The area had been repeatedly swept by cavalry from both columns; that, indeed, was one reason why Harrison had felt safe to allow the Prince to go out. Was a young staff officer, fresh out from England with no previous experience, and a foreigner to boot, to be allowed to choose a campsite in enemy territory for an entire column? Or was it the case that, in fact, the site had already been chosen, and that Harrison felt justified in allowing the Prince the freedom of an adventure, to no very good military purpose, precisely because it seemed so safe? The Prince had worked diligently and hard over the previous fortnight, but had been confined largely to camp; had Harrison relented, and allowed him to see something of the fun now that the campaign was beginning again in earnest?

It is perhaps significant that Harrison claimed that he had issued the Prince detailed written instructions for his duties during the expedition, but could not produce them afterwards, because they were lost when he was killed. Had they ever existed? After Louis' death, neither Harrison nor Carey would have had much to gain by admitting that the patrol was little more than a jaunt, initiated by Louis himself, but to which they had acquiesced. It was widely believed that the Prince had died nobly doing the duty of his adopted masters; better to let sleeping dogs lie.

The Prince, Carey and an escort of six members of Bettington's Horse set out the following morning, 1 June, accompanied by a Zulu guide. They intended to meet six BaSotho along the way, but this meeting failed to take place. Nevertheless, they pressed on until they reached a hill overlooking the valley of the Tshotshoi River. From here they spotted a deserted Zulu homestead below them, and rode down to investigate. The homestead was situated a hundred yards from a donga, and was surrounded by tall grass and mealies. There is no doubt that the Prince was exercising real command throughout the expedition; his social position had accustomed him to giving instructions, and Carey happily accepted his role as subordinate, despite the fact that he was the only one in the party who held a commission.

Late in the afternoon that same day, Col. Wood and Lt. Col Buller were scouting ahead of the advancing Flying Column, looking for signs of the 2nd Division, when they spotted a group of horsemen riding towards them. They were breathless and badly shaken; it was Carey and four of the men of Bettington's Horse. Carey

blurted out the news that the patrol had been attacked, and that the Prince had been killed, together with the other two troopers and the Zulu scout.

The news burst like a bombshell in the camps of both British columns. What exactly happened to the patrol was only pieced together over the following days; indeed, it was not until a year later that Evelyn Wood interviewed Zulu participants in the incident, and thereby confirmed the outline of events told by the survivors.

It seems that the party had off-saddled at the homestead, which belonged to a headman named Sobhuza. The Prince had allowed the men to relax, while he and Carey chatted. No defensive precautions were taken, presumably because both Carey and the Prince shared the prevailing opinion that the area was free of Zulus. In fact, a Zulu scouting party from a neighbouring hill had spotted the patrol. The Zulus were members of the iNgobamakhosi, uMbonambi and uNokhenke amabutho; although they later claimed they were not acting under direct instructions from the king, and indeed several of the men lived locally, their number seems to have included one of the king's personal attendants, Mnukwa, and a prominent induna of the uKhandempemvu, Sitshitshili kaMnqandi, and they were undoubtedly acting as part of the general Zulu strategy of shadowing the British advance, and feeding back information. The Zulu party resolved to attack the British patrol, and had approached close to the homestead under cover of the river banks. From there they had moved into the grass and mealies, and had crept slowly forward, intending to ambush the party. At some point, however, at least one of their number was spotted by the Zulu scout, and Louis gave the order for the horses to be gathered together and saddled. Nevertheless, there seemed to be no urgency in the order, and the Zulus proceeded to creep forward. When, however, the Prince gave the order to mount, and the white men appeared to be about to ride away, the Zulus, afraid that they might lose their quarry, fired a ragged volley at close range, then rushed forward.

In the ensuing confusion, which can have only lasted a few moments, the patrol scattered. The first volley hit no one, although Trooper Rogers' horse galloped off before he could mount, and he ran off through the homestead on foot. He was later caught and killed. Trooper Abel was shot square in the back as he rode away. The Zulu guide also fell some way off. Carey, in a letter to his wife, vividly described his own confusion in those first few seconds, which amounted to panic. No doubt most of the other survivors had felt much the same.

And the Prince? He had been about to mount when the first volley crashed out, and his horse, a large skittish grey, set off after the rest of the patrol. The Prince ran alongside, gripping the holsters at the front of the saddle, and trying to mount. He was a practised horseman, and had delighted in showing off with tricks such as this, but on this occasion his skill deserted him, perhaps because he was wearing tight-fitting trousers. As the horse lurched into a donga, a holster retaining strap, which bore much of Louis' weight, snapped. As he fell, the horse kicked him, struggled free, and galloped on. Louis turned to find a group of Zulus running closely behind him; he drew his revolver and fired two shots, which, to his surprise, had no effect, then three more, there were stab-wounds in Louis' side and back but this implied no cowardice on the Prince's part, but simply to the brutal nature of the fight; "One native stabbed him in the side", recalled a warrior named Mwunzane, "two others got him in the back." (9)

Yet such wounds were perhaps inevitable in a fight where one person was outnumbered six or seven to one; the Zulus had been impressed by his courage. "When he saw us surrounding him he stood up and fought us" said Langalibalele, "he fought like a lion." (10)

The extent of the calamity must have dawned on the survivors of the British party once they were out of sight of the Zulus. Shocked though they were, one wonders whether they had time, before they encountered Wood and Buller, to agree a common story. The war correspondent, Archibald Forbes, interviewed them immediately after their return to camp and commented that "They were all bad witnesses, and I could not help suspecting that they were in collusion to hold something back." (11)

One possible answer as to what they might have been hiding has come to light only recently. In June 1996 three amateur historians in Glencoe, KwaZulu/Natal, went on record with a story which, they claimed, was based on Zulu oral tradition. (12) In their version of events, the Prince's party had stopped at Sobhuza's homestead, not to verify sketches, but to be entertained by local Zulu maidens. The group had then been caught in *flagrante delicto* by the irate men of the homestead, and had failed to make their getaway because of their state of undress; this, they explained, was why the Prince's body had been found naked.

Tempting, as it is to imagine the Prince indulging in a little *entente cordiale*, it is inherently unlikely. For one thing, the Prince was undoubtedly wearing his uniform when he was killed; the British went to great lengths after the war was over to recover it, and it was found riddled with spear cuts which corresponded to the wounds on his body. (13) Secondly, while it is highly probable that liaisons between British troops and local women did take place – and were duly hushed up at the time, Sobhuza's homestead, so far ahead of the British camps, in an area denuded of the civilian population, was an unlikely rendezvous, and any casual encounter on the day seems implausible for much the same reasons. Moreover, neither Carey nor Louis were the womanising type; Louis was a good Catholic, and felt far too deeply about the future of the Bonaparte

family line to risk its purity with casual liaisons. Carey's relationship with his wife was devoted and sentimental in a manner which was typical of the early Victorian period, but was slightly at odds with the more restrained 1870s.

Far more likely is the view that the survivors realised that they had behaved in an irresponsible manner throughout the patrol, and had colluded to obscure this. This realisation must have been all the more shocking to Carey in particular, if indeed the patrol had had no real purpose in the first place.

As Captain Bindon Blood put it pithily, "the reconnoitring party acted as if they were in Hyde Park". (14) Blood also reflected a prevailing opinion that the party had inflated the number of attacking Zulus;

The usual story was and is that fifty or sixty Zulus attacked the party, forty of them firing a volley at 20 yards; but I was told by John Dunn and others what was much more likely to be the truth, namely that the attackers were only nine at most in number, and they were not all armed with firearms.

It is inconceivable that 'a volley fired from forty guns at a distance of twenty yards', at eight men and eight horses close together, even if fired by Zulus, should have missed them all. (15)

Certainly, while it is true that the British were primarily interested in interviewing only those Zulus who had taken part in the attack on the Prince himself, the accounts of Zulu participants do not suggest a large attacking party. Indeed, if the party were only twenty or thirty strong, it might help to explain how they were able to move through the grass and dry mealies to approach so close to the British party without being noticed. A larger party must surely have risked being more conspicuous.

In any event, the survivors had some explaining to do. While all of them had clearly ridden off in haste and confusion, the behaviour of Carey was particularly open to criticism. Although his subsequent defence rested heavily on the argument that the Prince had exercised effective command throughout, and that he, Carey, had not held any official position, there is no doubt that he had fallen short of the standards expected of a British officer in action. It was widely held that, as the only commissioned man present, Carey had a moral duty to protect the Prince and, indeed, the rest of the patrol and that it was unacceptable to desert them in action. The evidence of the troopers suggested that Carey had fled with the rest, and it was particularly damning that no attempt was made to rally the patrol once they had passed out of immediate danger. While there can be little doubt that this would not have saved the Prince, it would at least have displayed a proper level of concern for his fate.

Yet it is difficult not to have some sympathy for Carey in this regard. The initial Zulu attack, the volley of shots, and shouts of the war-cry, "*uSuthu!*" must have been a terrifying experience, and it is quite clear that none of the patrol, Louis included, had the composure to think of anyone but themselves in the first few seconds. Moreover, the horses were clearly frightened, and followed one another in headlong flight. In a few shocking moments, the fate of the Bonaparte dynasty was decided, and Carey was brought face to face with his personal '*Götterdämmerung*'.

Not that Carey's case was unique. Indeed, throughout the later stages of the war there was a worrying tendency for both officers and men to panic in the face of the Zulu threat. Isandlwana had made a terrifying bogey of the Zulu, and false alarms among the troops fresh out from England were common, particularly at night, while there were a number of cases of men simply running away under attack. Most famously, Lt. H.H. Harward of the 80th Regiment had abandoned his men to the care of the senior NCO during the attack on Ntombi Drift on 12 March, on the pretext that he was the only man with a horse, and therefore capable of raising the alarm. Harward was court-martialled and found not guilty, but his actions met with such official disapproval within the army establishment that a statement deplored his actions was read at the head of every regiment. On 17 March, outside the besieged British fort at Eshowe, a group of Zulus crept up close to a British vedette, then suddenly rose up, fired a volley, and charged. One man, Pte. Kent was killed; his two companions simply rode off hell-for-leather. A court of inquiry was convened to examine their behaviour, and one was convicted and sentenced to five years' gaol. (16)

A few weeks later, following the relief of Eshowe, another serious incident occurred. Early on the morning of 6 April, an outlying piquet beyond Lord Chelmsford's overnight halt at the eMvutsheni mission thought he saw Zulus in the pre-dawn gloom, after his challenge went unanswered, fired a warning shot. This caused the remaining piquet to rush back into Chelmsford's laager. The retreat was so precipitate that some of the 60th Rifles abandoned not only their officers, but even their helmets. As the camp stood to, dark figures carrying shields and spears were seen running towards them. They were met with the bayonet as they tried to force their way into the camp; two were killed, and eight more wounded. This was unfortunate, because they were not Zulus, but retainers of Chelmsford's intelligence officer, John Dunn, who had been posted in an advance screen beyond the camp. Before the terrible mistake was realised, several of the white piquets were also injured. Chelmsford was furious, and convened a general court martial, which stripped a sergeant of the 60th of his rank, and sentenced him to five years' penal servitude. Curiously, the sentence was never carried out, and Captain Molyneux pondered that "it was supposed afterwards, when a more serious runaway was suffered to go unpunished, that this man in justice could not be brought to book". The more serious runaway,

of course, was Carey. Even Melvill and Coghill were not immune from criticism, for Sir Garnet Wolseley considered it unpardonable that their bodies were found so far from their men at Isandlwana.

These, moreover, were only the most serious incidents when unpleasant consequences followed a sudden panic. Bindon Blood recalled a light-hearted story in which he and another officer, whom he did not name, were suddenly fired upon by distant Zulus. His companion immediately decamped to the rear, leaving Blood to ride back on his own to join scouts coming up from the rear. Had Blood been killed, on wonders what would have been the fate of his companion.

What made Carey's case so difficult, of course, was that the man he deserted was neither an African scout, nor even an ordinary soldier, but a member of the aristocracy who had, as one might say today, a high media profile. While many British soldiers found it strange that the heir of the great Napoleon was fighting in their ranks, the fact that he had been abandoned by a British officer seemed a particularly bitter irony. Archibald Forbes summed up the common reaction of indignation and sentiment when he wrote "throughout the force there was a thrill of sorrow for the poor gallant lad, a burning sense of shame that he should have been so miserably left to his fate, and a deep sympathy for the forlorn widow in England." (17)

In the event, Carey was found guilty by court martial on a charge of misbehaviour before the enemy, and sentenced to be cashiered. When the findings were sent to London for confirmation, the Judge Advocate General, J.C. O'Dowd, refused to do so. His objections rested on a technicality, that the officers of the court appeared not to have been sworn in, but also on the more significant opinion that the prosecution had not successfully proved the point that Carey was in charge of the patrol. Since the Prince had not been formally given into Carey's care, O'Dowd felt he could not be convicted of failing to protect him.

By that time, in any case, Carey had become a *cause célèbre*, with a strong body of public opinion suspecting that he had been made a scape-goat for failures at higher level. He continued to argue his case long after it was useful to do so, but died a few years later in India. There is no evidence to support the popular story that he was kicked to death by a grey horse.

The Prince's body, meanwhile, was returned to England, and now rests in Farnborough Abbey, Hampshire, in a large mausoleum commissioned by his grieving mother, the Empress Eugénie. And the Anglo Zulu War moved on; scarcely a month after Louis' death, Chelmsford won his final victory within sight of Cetshwayo's homestead at oNdini.

In the years after the war, the Zulus remained mystified by the continuing British fascination with the death of one man among so many, whose rank and aspirations they did not understand, and whose fate was largely of his own making.

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