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HISTORY OF THE BASUTO
ANCIENT AND MODERN



THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT GLADSTONE
Governor-General and High Commissioner
of the Union of South Africa

[Frontispiece]

HISTORY OF THE BASUTO

ANCIENT AND MODERN

COMPILED BY

D. FRED. ELLENBERGER, V.D.M.

AND WRITTEN IN ENGLISH

BY

J. C. MACGREGOR

Assistant Commissioner

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE BASUTOLAND GOVERNMENT



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FOREWORD

THE Reverend D. F. Ellenberger is a missionary of the Paris Evangelical Mission Society, which has since 1833 carried on its beneficent work among the native people known as the Basuto, inhabiting what is called Basutoland.

Mr. Ellenberger's own labours in this mission-field extended over a period of forty-five years, during which time he collected and recorded much valuable information, gathered from native sources, as to the early tribal history, the wanderings and wars, and the traditions of the Basuto.

On the retirement of Mr. Ellenberger from active mission work a few years ago, I urged him to revise and prepare for publication his notes and memoranda, as I felt that they contained information which, once lost sight of, would never be recovered.

The volume introduced by these prefatory remarks is the result. Mr. Ellenberger's manuscript in French has been re-written in English by Mr. J. C. Macgregor, the Assistant Commissioner of the Leribe district of Basutoland, and the publication of the work has the approval of His Excellency Viscount Gladstone, His Majesty's High Commissioner for South Africa.

The period covered by Mr. Ellenberger's notes is from the earliest dawn of the tribal history of the Bushmen and Basuto until the year 1853, when the power of Moshesh reached its zenith. The present volume, however, stops at the year 1833, when, with the arrival of the Paris missionaries, the modern history of the Basuto may be said to begin.

The sources from which Mr. Ellenberger obtained his materials for this work are no longer available. The Basuto, in common with other native tribes of Africa, are passing through a period of their history in which the altered conditions of their lives make it highly improbable that their earlier traditions will be preserved by themselves. If the work of writing the early history of the Basuto has to be done, it is clearly a case of now or never.

The work is, perhaps, not of a character which will appeal to the general reader, but I think that for those specially interested either scientifically or politically in the natives of South Africa it will be valuable, although probably some of Mr. Ellenberger's views will not be accepted without question by ethnologists. From an administrative point of view the history is undoubtedly of great interest, for in order to know and sympathise with the people among whom one lives and works it is necessary to know what they have been and done and suffered.

H. C. SLOLEY.

LONDON,
February 1912.

PREFACE

IT is at the request of His Honour the Resident Commissioner of Basutoland, Sir H. C. Sloley, K.C.M.G., that I have undertaken to write this history of the people which he rules so wisely. It is true that during my long career as a missionary among the Basuto I have made two important collections: one of all the books printed in Sesuto by the different missionary societies, and the other of all the information which it was still possible to obtain from intelligent old men concerning the tribes, their origin, their manners, their form of government, their beliefs, the genealogy of the chiefs, etc. But I hasten to add that I collected all this information after the manner of a miner who digs for precious metals in the ground, thinking to leave it to those more expert than he to fashion them into works of art. It is therefore contrary to my expectation that I have been called upon to make use of my researches, and to edit them myself. The task has not been a very easy one, because I have had to satisfy two very distinct classes of readers—the Europeans and the Basuto. These latter, knowing little of the history of their ancestors, are naturally anxious to know even the smallest details about them; while the Europeans are probably only interested in the history of the formerly independent tribes who to-day form the nation of the Basuto. I have therefore tried to satisfy both classes in going back through the centuries as far as the oral tradition of the tribes will take us, and I would wish it to be remembered that I am the first who has tried to reconstruct the history of these tribes and to recall to mind forgotten epochs and personages.

But in order not to try the patience of my readers, I have had to limit the compass of my history to those Bantu who lived in the country bordered on the south by the Orange River, on the east by the Drakensberg, on the west and north by the Vaal and Limpopo, for these were the limits of the country occupied by the ancient Basuto. All the same, in order to satisfy their descendants I have had to enter into numerous details which will appear puerile in the eyes of Europeans, but which are characteristic of the natives and will help to a better knowledge of them.

In accepting from the Resident Commissioner the honour of writing

this history, it has been necessary for me, in order to complete my numerous notes, to have recourse by letter to intelligent and well-informed natives, as well as to divers publications old and new concerning the tribes, and particularly that of the Bakuena. But none of these publications goes back as far as I do into the history of the Basuto. Moreover, not being master of the English language, I have had to write in French, and to find some one to write the work in English. What satisfaction and relief was it, then, for me when Mr. J. C. Macgregor, author of *Basuto Traditions*, consented to lend me his valuable assistance. My readers may be thankful to him, for as well as some knowledge of the French language, he has an extensive knowledge of the history of the Basuto, and has in many instances been able to draw my attention to various historical facts.

Our history is divided into three periods, unequal in length of time, but well defined. The first period is that of the ancient history of the Basuto, which goes back several centuries, and ends about the middle of the year 1822. It was at that date that terrible events began to occur—successive invasions by formidable enemies from the east, the west, and the north which ruined all the tribes, cannibalism which devoured thousands of people, and famine which spread its corpses over the land. This second and terrible period did not really end until the arrival of the messengers of peace in the persons of the three first missionaries of the Paris Evangelical Missionary Society. These men of God were received on June 28, 1833, by the king Moshesh and his people at Thaba Bosiu as friends and benefactors with great acclamations and transports of joy.

It is from that date that the third period begins—that is to say, when the ancient political system of independent tribes without union among themselves gave place to the monarchical rule which the chief Moshesh founded in collecting under his ægis the fragments of tribes decimated by the wars and massacres of the second period. His adherents became numerous as the name of Moshesh, unknown before, became known in the colony as that of a just and beneficent ruler by the correspondence of the missionaries, so that fugitives of the tribes who had taken refuge in the Colony, having learned that peace and order had been re-established in their country, returned in great numbers with cattle they had earned from the farmers, and submitted themselves to Moshesh. A good number of them obtained leave to return to the lands of their fathers, and that is why, in constituting himself their chief and protector, the son of Mokhachane felt himself bound morally to claim all parts of the country which his subjects had occupied before the epoch known as the Lifaqane. This third period ends in the year 1853, when he took by force of arms the land which had been taken in 1824 by the queen Mantatise and her son Sekonyela. It was by this great victory over the Batlokoa at Merabeng that Moshesh arrived

at the apogee of his glory, and the Basuto reobtained possession of the country of their fathers. Some months later there began a new period in the history of the Basuto, when they came into communication with the government of the Orange Free State, which succeeded that of the Sovereignty. We leave to others, especially to Mr. J. M. Orpen, in his *Reminiscences* to speak of this part of the history of the Basuto.

Let us end by a remark on the subject of the orthography of names of places, persons, tribes, etc., which, owing to lack of homogeneity in the orthography of Bantu idioms, will differ according to the idiom to which these names belong.

D. F. E.

NOTE TO PREFACE

WHEN I undertook to assist the author in the matter of the translation of his book, I did so with a light heart, first because the subject is one to which I myself have devoted much attention, and also because I foolishly imagined that the translation of a manuscript written in a language which I can read with some ease into readable English would be a very simple matter. But, whether from lack of scholarship, literary practice, or other causes, I soon found that the task was beyond me. I could, however, understand the matter as set forth in the French manuscript and re-write it in simple English in my own way, altering the construction to suit my limitations while preserving the sense. And this is what has been done—badly enough, I fear, owing to the lack of practice above mentioned. But I would ask the reader of his kindness to overlook the many imperfections of style and diction which will from time to time offend his eye, and, setting them down to the inexperience of the scribe, devote his attention to the subject-matter, where, speaking as a student myself, I venture to say he will find much to interest him which he will not find anywhere else.

I do not suggest (neither, I imagine, would Mr. Ellenberger suggest) that there are no mistakes in his book. It is quite possible, nay probable, that when it sees the light some readers will be unable to reconcile the story with their own preconceived ideas on certain points; but those who, like myself, have made a study of the subject, know how many and various are the versions of events in the distant past, and how difficult it is to select the right one. There are no written records or books of reference to which the historian may refer for the elucidation of a disputed point. Oral tradition is the sole authority, and when, as in the case of the Basuto, each tribe has kept its own independently, disputed points are many and frequent. It is only by minute and careful comparison and

selection that the piece may be fitted into the puzzle, and that is what is claimed for the present work. It is mainly the result of careful and conscientious study of information given by informants who have long passed away, who related what they had seen themselves, and what they had heard from their fathers, at a time when tribal tradition was still a live thing. As such it may safely be recommended to ethnologists, not only as the best authority on the subject it deals with, but the best that is ever likely to be forthcoming, owing to the changed and ever-changing condition of the Basuto. Some of the theories adumbrated, notably that concerning the origin of the Bushmen, will probably evoke some criticism; but these are matters concerning which I am not able to speak with any sort of authority. I may, however, say, that in his estimate of the population, I think Mr. Ellenberger puts the number too low. It is difficult to imagine a vigorous people, spread however sparsely over such an enormous tract of country, on whose longevity and fecundity the author lays particular emphasis, and living under ideal conditions, not increasing during several centuries to a larger figure than that given. Of the minimising causes quoted, famine is the only one which would make any appreciable difference, inasmuch as it would strike at the productive part of the population; but while scarcity was frequent, real famine was not, though when it did occur it was no doubt a very bad business. Tribal warfare would as a rule affect only adult males—mere units, that is to say. Possibly occasionally women perished, but if they did it would be by accident. More often they would be captured, and their reproductiveness would not be lost to the population, though of course it would be to their own tribe. The loss of a husband was never allowed to interfere with the reproductiveness of a woman, whether captured or not.

But this is mere speculation. After all, an estimate is not a statement of fact, and it is not possible to dogmatise upon it in the absence of the data on which it is based. Whether it is right or wrong matters little; what matters is the book itself, and that, I venture to say, will remain uncontested, and uncontestable, as the last word on the ancient history of the Basuto.

J. C. MACGREGOR,
Assistant Commissioner, Leribe.

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INTRODUCTION

THE country which is now called Basutoland, the history of which we have undertaken to write, is especially favoured by nature. Its soil is fertile, it is well watered, it affords the most excellent pasturage, and its climate is perhaps as good for man and beast as any in the world, while its lofty mountains please the eye and senses.

The present inhabitants, who have now been in occupation of it for some centuries, belong to the Bantu race. Formerly they lived in their separate septs and clans under the patriarchal rule of their chiefs, but later on they all came under the sway of one chief, Moshesh, a man of great power and intelligence, whom the Almighty raised up in the early part of the nineteenth century in a time of terror and extermination, in order to save from utter ruin the fragments of the numerous tribes which had been scattered and massacred by the ruthless Mahlubi and Matebele from Natal, which country had been convulsed by the bloodthirsty conqueror Chaka.

It is from the time of his arrival at Thaba Bosiu that Moshesh began to gather round him his unfortunate compatriots under the generic name of Basuto by affording them protection against their enemies.

Basutoland, in common with the rest of South Africa, bears visible traces of prehistoric seismic convulsions; and in our own time striking physical changes seem to be going on still. Shocks of earthquake are experienced occasionally; there are signs of change in the nature of the soil; fossils of animals and fish have been discovered high up on the hillsides, as well as the footprints of gigantic reptiles in sandstone rock. Petrified bones of large animals as well as trunks of trees, some of the latter standing upright and well preserved, have been found buried at a depth of twenty-five feet in the alluvial soil. These are some of the numerous indications that Basutoland, as well as the plains of the Orange Free State, Bechuanaland, and the north-west of Cape Colony were at some remote period covered by the waters of a vast inland sea, which emptied itself into the Atlantic Ocean, cutting in its course the channels of the Orange River and its tributaries. Whether this process was sudden or gradual is a question for scientists; but it seems not improbable that the Drakensberg in the course of the

centuries grows in height, in the same manner as the centre of the continent is said to be growing and drying up Lake Tanganyika in the process.

The plains which were at one time the bottom of this great lake, as the waters receded, became covered with vegetation. The soil, naturally fertile, became more so by the addition of accumulations of silt washed down from the hillsides by torrential rains. Wild animals appeared and increased and multiplied.

Among these animals, which were still very numerous at the beginning of last century, were zebras, gnus, elands, blesboks, etc., in short a great variety of antelopes, buffaloes, monkeys, hares, elephants, giraffes, rhinoceros, hippos, also lions, leopards, panthers, hyenas, wolves, jackals, wild boars, various kinds of wild cats, porcupines, beaver, ant-bears, and snakes, as well as an immense number of smaller animals. All the varieties of birds of prey are still to be found in Basutoland, and birds fructivorous, insectivorous, and carnivorous. Ducks, geese, and other waterfowl, which are scarce enough to-day, were very plentiful in ancient times. So that the country, by reason of the fertility of the soil, its wonderful flora and fauna, its woods of olive trees, mimosa, and willow, the beauty and freshness of its climate, became in course of time a new Eden, prepared in every detail to become the habitation of the sons of men.

Excepting the Bushmen, concerning whom we shall have something to say directly, it was the Bantu tribes who first occupied this virgin land. Their traditions show that they came from the northern hemisphere; and that they came to the south of the dark continent, pushed, it is said, by each other. But we are more inclined to believe that the Bantu, coming from the north to the south of the Zambesi, were simply offshoots of two parent stems of the Bantu race, which appear to have originated in Egypt or ancient Ethiopia. These offshoots began to leave the parent tribes—the Bafokeng and the ancestors of the Barolong—while the latter were still in the centre of the continent; and continued throwing out offshoots from generation to generation, like swarms of bees always in search of new country wherein to settle and multiply. There is an old circumcision song among the Barolong of Bechuanaland, in which they describe themselves as lambs of a sheep which they left behind in the north. These sheep of the north, no doubt, bore another name, for that of the Barolong is not more than five or six hundred years old. It was given to them as a surname, according to the following account furnished by the Rev. P. Lemue, missionary of Mothito in 1843: "The Barolong dance in honour of a hammer and of iron. Established in the neighbourhood of Mosika (or Mosiga), where there is much iron, one of their chiefs, expert in the art of Vulcan, took to forging it. He was in consequence called *Morolong*, i.e. blacksmith."

"This name," he adds, "comes from an old word, *rola*, 'to forge.' His

son Noto—that is, the *hammer*—also bore the name of the iron instrument which took the place of the primitive flint. Father and son from that time were able to forge much; and were justly celebrated among the tribes for the agricultural instruments and weapons which they made. It is from this that the Barolong (smiths), whose emblem was at once the iron (*tsape*) and the hammer (*nolo*), took their name. The genealogy of the Barolong, however, does not carry us any farther back than about the end of the fourteenth century to Morolong, the smith of Mosika. Their more remote ancestors, therefore, must have borne another name, before the birth (in the neighbourhood of Zeerust) of him from whom they take their present one."

The Bafokeng and the ancestors of the Barolong have traditions which encourage the belief that their tribes are the most ancient, and are even the source from which all the tribes of Central South Africa spring. As we shall see in the course of this history, there is much to support the belief that these two tribes came from Egypt more than two thousand years ago. The Bafokeng, according to tradition, must have crossed the great desert; while the ancestors of the Barolong would appear to have left the region of the great lakes about the end of the tenth century; but as both tribes sojourned in Rhodesia for at least two centuries, their fathers would seem to have crossed the Zambesi during the twelfth century above the *Mosi-oa-Tunya* (Victoria Falls). It was during the sojourn in Rhodesia that they threw off the numerous offshoots which in course of time came to occupy the whole of South Africa as far south as Keiskama River. These clans became in time important tribes, known to us by the names of Amagwamba, Amathonga, Amashona, Amazulu, Amaswazi, Amahlubi, Amangwani, Amazizi, Amabaca, Amabele, Amafuti, Amalanga, Amahlala, Amaondo, Amapondomise, Amaxosa, Amatemba, Amagcaleka, etc., etc.

The parent tribes themselves, however, moved to the south-west, to the country known to-day by the name of Bechuanaland. The Bahurutse, or Bafurutse, who are a branch of the Barolong, seem to have separated from them about the end of the fourteenth century. They settled near a mountain where there were many baboons, Kurre Chueneng Dwarsberg, and took the baboon for their emblem. The Bafokeng extended over what is now the Transvaal, while the Barolong settled in the districts of Zeerust and Mafeking.

It was probably while the parent tribes were in the region of the Matopo Hills that a family of the Barolong moved to the west, and lived for a long time on the banks of a river or lake. These took the fish for their emblem; and were in consequence called Bahlaping ("people of the fish"). They are to be found in the neighbourhood of Kuruman.

As we shall see in the course of their history, all these Bantu tribes show their connection with antiquity by many traits; especially by their tribal

emblems, which, whether metals, trees, animals, or insects, symbolise a mysterious being, a god, all the more to be feared because he was a *Molimo*, that is, an invisible being. "If one admits," says the savant Frédéric de Rougemont, that the worship rendered by savages to animals amounts to the symbolism of primitive humanity, there is no difficulty in explaining how tribes and families of Bechuanas and Kaffirs all claim to be the issue of an animal, who is their ancestor, their master, whose praises they sing, that is adore, whose name they adopt, and by which they swear" (*Peuple primitif*, tome ii.).

Besides these demigods, the Bantu also use pebbles to symbolise their ancestors, who have become *Balimo*, or invisible beings. Who has not seen in former years, and even to-day, piles of pebbles at the side of the path leading to the abode of an important chief? These pebbles were placed there by pious persons, who, having reverently expectorated upon them, would thus invoke the Shades of the departed: "O gods, arrange it so that I may get some food" (from the chief).

It may be taken for certain, then, that all the Bantu tribes come from one common source. The differences which exist between them to-day, in respect of type and language, may be attributed to various causes: such, for instance, as intercourse with other peoples, Bushmen, Hottentots, etc., as well as to circumstance and environment. But all have, in the main, the same usages and customs; the same form of government, the same or similar weapons, and many similar superstitions, such as the worship of ancestors. Most of the idioms of the Bantu languages have certainly the same origin; and betray their connection with each other in their slow migration from north to south. As Mr. E. Jacottet says, most truly, in his grammar, "The Bantu languages present strongly marked and numerous affinities of grammar and vocabulary; they are closely allied to each other, and form a rich and compact family."

But for centuries before the arrival of the Bantu, all the African continent south of the Zambesi was inhabited by a very different race: men of small stature, weak and badly armed; nomads, who subsisted by hunting, and dwelt in caves, in the woods which were then plentiful, under a roof of leaves supported by sticks planted in the ground; people known to the Bantu by the name of Baroa, to the Europeans by that of Bushmen. The immigrants from the north were, on the contrary, strong men of fine stature, and comparatively well armed. They were also more numerous than the old inhabitants, who were few in number and lived in isolated families. Judging by the traces they have left behind them in the plains, deserts, and mountains, their total number could not at any time have exceeded forty or fifty thousand.

Although they were lords of the soil, the Bushmen did not oppose the

advent of the Bantu into their land. They fraternised with the immigrants, recognised their superiority, and ended by submitting to them; though continuing to live as wanderers and hunters, while the Bantu occupied themselves in cultivating the soil, building villages, and herding their stock. And so the Bantu, at any rate on the west of the Drakensberg, lived in peace with the Bushmen, and took wives from among their daughters.

Seeing that the first known inhabitants of this country were Bushmen, it is fitting that a few lines should be devoted to their history, as well as to that of the Bantu, who in the long run took possession of what the first inhabitants rightly considered their domain, but which then was nothing but a vast preserve, where game and animals of all kinds increased and multiplied. We shall afterwards describe the various tribes which came to occupy the country, as nearly as possible in the order of their arrival.

It may be convenient here to explain, parenthetically, as it were, the meaning of the word *Bantu*, which has already been used, and will often hereafter be used, in the sense given to it by ethnographers and others, to designate in a collective manner the whole of the negroid population of South Africa.

Bantu is the plural of *Muntu*, the Kaffir and Zulu word for a human being. The equivalent in Sesuto is *Motho* with the letter *h* to accentuate the intonation. But the word *Muntu* or *Motho* means more than that: it indicates the power of speech as well, a speaking being as distinct from monkeys or baboons, who have something like a human shape, but cannot *speak*. A child before it has learned to speak is *ngoana*, that is, a little being; *mo*, the prefix denoting being, being changed into *ngo* for the sake of euphony; and the diminutive suffix *ana*. But as soon as the child has learned to speak, the *tho*, denoting speech, is placed between prefix and suffix, and the little being becomes *mothoana*, a little being which can talk.

When a *motho* (person) talks too much, the Basuto tell him to *thola* (cease talking), *la* being a negative suffix, similar in value to the English prefix *un* or *in* in fair, unfair, famous, infamous, etc.—e.g. *motso*, a root, *motso*, to uproot; *limo*, hidden, *limola*, to uncover. We observe that a similar explanation of the word *Bantu* was given by Mr. Arbousset seventy years ago, in his *Narrative of an Exploratory Tour*, p. 131. He says, "Motho, in Sechuana, is the same word as Muntu in Kaffir; and means *the speaker*."

It will be seen from the above, that the word *Bantu* may, quite properly, be applied to all members of the human race, but, as we have said, we shall continue to use it in the more restricted sense, which has been given to it by ethnographers.

Before proceeding with a short descriptive sketch of the Bushmen, with which we propose to begin this history of Basutoland, we would like to say that, in our opinion, these people are in no way connected with the

Hottentots, who, we believe, are an entirely different race. Their origin is unknown, and the time of their arrival in South Africa is uncertain, but it was probably after that of the Bushmen. In writing of the Hottentots, Mr. J. M. Orpen says, "Other grounds are found of similarity to Bushmen, in hair, features, colour, and the bend inwards of the lower end of the spine; but, as Dr. Bleek told Sir George Grey, the grammars of the two languages are totally different, that of the Hottentots being akin to an early Egyptian language, the ancient Coptic" (*Reminiscences*, i. p. 33).

According to such writers as Dr. Theal, G. W. Stow, and the Reverend Mr. Kallenberg, missionary at Pinel, the Hottentots left the region of the great lakes on the arrival there of the Bantu tribes from the north. Being closely followed by the new-comers, who were stronger and better armed than they, they turned off to the west, and finally reached the ocean. From there they turned southwards. Everywhere they found plenty of game, but no people, until they reached the country between the Kalahari and the sea; and there they met the Bushmen. But they had no dealings with them, as their language and customs were entirely different. The Hottentots despised the Bushmen, and waged constant war against them; and not only did they remain their enemies, but, later, became the too complaisant servants of the colonists in enslaving Bushmen children and massacring their parents.

Excepting the clans of Piet Wet-Voet and Taaibosch, who lived in Basutoland as strangers and robbers, concerning whom we shall have something to say in the second period of our history, there is no necessity to say anything more about these people. Let us pass on, therefore, to the study of the Bushmen, who had much to do with the Basuto, and who have left behind them many traces of their existence.

HISTORY OF THE BASUTO

ANCIENT AND MODERN

FIRST PERIOD

ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE BASUTO

CHAPTER I

THE BUSHMEN OR BAROA

MORE than twenty centuries before the Bantu had completed their journey from the north to the south of the African continent, the southern part was inhabited by a race which may be called pre-historic, in the sense that no one knows whence they come or, even approximately, the time of their appearance.

This race, known to the Basuto by the name of Baroa, to the Zulus and other coast tribes by that of Abatwa,* were called Bushmen by the Europeans, because they lived in the woods and caves. According to the celebrated explorer Sir H. M. Stanley, the dwarf race of Central Africa is called Watwoa or Batwa, which looks as if the name had been given to them by neighbouring Bantu. But the name by which the Bushmen called themselves was Qhuai ("apron") or Qhuaique ("people of the apron").

Though there has been a good deal of discussion about the origin of this race, it has not aroused all the interest it deserves. Some think that the Bushmen are akin to, or descended from, the Hottentots,

* Baroa, Abatwa, and Batwa are variations of the same word, which means "castaways," or "abandoned people."

others that they are of Mongolian race ; but we cannot accept either of these theories.

Dr. Bleck has noticed the astonishing resemblance between the mythology of the Bushmen and that of a very degraded race of Australian aborigines. "Their mythological conceptions," he says, "offer curious points of resemblance to those entertained by the Bushmen of South Africa." *

There is nothing Mongolian, Semitic, or Aryan about the Bushmen, and certainly nothing Negroid. They seem, however, to have something in common with the ancient Canaanites of Hor, who existed before the time of Abraham. These people were subjugated, and partially exterminated, by Esau when he took possession of Mount Seir and all their country, and they became fugitives on the face of the earth, living by the chase. Their weapon was the bow.

After the reign of Solomon there is no record of these Horim, or Troglodytes, as the Greeks called them, because they lived in caves, and in holes dug in the ground ; but a certain number seem to have crossed the Red Sea into Ethiopia, in order possibly to get away from their enemies the Edomites. F. de Rougemont writes : "There were Troglodytes in Ethiopia in ancient times, among whom the moral corruption was so great that all the women, except those belonging to the chief, were common property" (*Peuple primitif*).

These Canaanites, we are told, buried their dead crouched in the position of a child in its mother's womb. They had "a vivid sense of the uncleanness of man, and felt a corresponding need of purification so keen, that the rite of circumcision (which they may have learned from the Edomites) seeming to them insufficient, they invented a mutilation. Life, to them, was no more than a long period of suffering ; and it is for this reason that they thought it well to diminish the birth-rate, if they could do so without exciting the anger of the gods by a crime. The Bedjas, descendants of the Troglodytes, even invented monorchism, thinking thereby to diminish the birth of children by one-half" (*Peuple primitif*).

It is therefore not surprising that these Horim, or Troglodytes, were driven out by the Edomites, and the Canaanites by the Children of Israel, for the corruption among them was great.

Let us now turn to the Baroa, or Bushmen of South Africa, in

* See a very interesting chapter on this subject in *The Native Races of South Africa*, by G. W. Stow.

order to try to fix their origin, and, approximately, the time of their arrival in South Africa ; and to establish, if we can, their identity with the Canaanites of Mount Seir. We know that the latter, oppressed and dispossessed, were driven from their land about the year 1700 B.C. ; and that some of them went towards the Persian Gulf, others to the shore of the Red Sea, while others again travelled westwards and crossed the Nile.

Now, among the Bushmen there are two separate guilds, or corporations, each quite distinct from the other—viz. the painters and the stone carvers. The one section, that of the carvers, arrived in South Africa after having traversed the continent from north to south. The others, the painters, came later, having arrived, as we shall suggest, by sea. There are traces of the carvers in Algeria, in the shape of carvings of animals on the rocks, some of them representing a gigantic animal resembling the Indian buffalo (*Bubalus paleoindicus*), and other buffaloes similar to those of Africa. These carvings were discovered and reproduced by the Geological Survey of Algeria. "The workmanship," says Mr. L. Perinquey, "is of two kinds. The first kind is of very great antiquity, because, among the representations, are those, among others, of an extinct buffalo of gigantic size. . . . As it is impossible to admit that an artist might have, by pure chance, depicted an animal which no longer existed at the time he figured it, we have to conclude that these artists were contemporaneous with the animal. . . . Thus the race was very ancient indeed."

There are also traces of these hunters and stone carvers in the Soudan ; for the German traveller Barth records, in 1857, that, in the course of his travels there, he came across carvings on rocks which reminded him of the mythical scenes of the Bushman paintings.

It is quite probable that, on their way south, a portion of them got left behind in the great forest—or perhaps it would be more correct to say that the forest fastnesses preserved a section of them from extermination at the hands of the stronger races who came after them, and before whom the main body were driven south. These, it is suggested, are the dwarfs described by Schweinfurth, and of whom Sir H. M. Stanley says, "This region is peopled with terribly vicious dwarfs, striped like zebras, who deal certain death with poisoned arrows, who are nomads and live on elephants."

The rest continued their journey southwards, some being left

behind at Lake Ngami; until they reached the Kalahari, Bechuana-land, and the Karroo. They lived by hunting, and wherever they went they left behind them carvings on stone depicting the various animals of that region. They arrived in South Africa long before their compatriots of the painters' guild.

The traveller Mr. A. A. Anderson, according to G. W. Stow, found some of these in an out-of-the-way corner of the Kalahari. "He came upon a small clan of very diminutive and degraded people, who declared that their forefathers had inhabited this part of the world before the Bushmen came to it. They acknowledged subjection to the Bushmen of the Kalahari; who are said to treat them, not only as degraded vassals, but as an inferior grade of beings. Their habits, as described by this traveller, certainly approach nearer to those of wild animals than to those of the most abject people yet known in South Africa" (*Native Races of South Africa*, p. 20).

The same author states on page 135: "We have discovered that they [the Bushmen] were divided into two great branches, each of which possessed artistic talents of a distinct order; and that they had been so long separated that, although they still retained certain myths, which seemed to indicate from their great similitude a common origin, the language of each of the two branches had, in the interim, become so modified, that when some of the advanced clans again came in contact, they were not able to understand each other."

It would seem, therefore, that while one branch, that of the carvers, preserved their ancient language, the other had lost much of it in the course of contact with other races (which, so far as it goes, is another indication that the two branches arrived in South Africa independently of each other); while the other evidence, cited by Mr. Stow, as well as the tradition of the Bushmen themselves, goes to prove that the stone carvers arrived first.

We have stated how, in our opinion, the Bushman stone carvers got here, and will now proceed to consider the case of the painters.

It is not likely that they traversed the length of the continent. Indeed, it is hardly possible that they could have done so without falling foul of the Bantu in the east or joining their compatriots in the west. Besides, if they had done so, they would certainly have left some of their paintings behind them, as the other branch left carvings, and there are no Bushman paintings north of the Zambesi, while south

of that there are many, all over the country.* Therefore it seems that, unless we admit that the Bushman painters came from nowhere outside of South Africa—and this admission negatives their connection with their brethren of the other branch—we are forced to admit the strong probability of their own tradition, which says that they crossed the waters in a great basket, presumably a ship. But then, at what period, and under what circumstances, was this crossing of the sea effected?

We have seen that part of the Canaanitish Horim migrated to the shores of the Red Sea, while another part went to the Persian Gulf; and being a miserable and abject race, there is nothing more probable than that they were exploited and enslaved by those stronger than they. We know that the Israelites, under Solomon, were very powerful; and that, with the Phœnicians, they worked extensive mining operations in Africa. That they worked their mines by slave labour may be taken as certain; and it is suggested that the slaves were these Canaanitish Horim.†

We read that the navies of Solomon and Hiram King of Tyre came every three years to fetch the produce of the mines which were being worked in the meantime. But after a time the navies ceased to come; and the unfortunate miners, being left to shift for themselves, became literally *Baroa* or *Abatwa*, castaways or abandoned people, and, after their provisions were consumed, had to live by hunting or by any means that offered.

In putting forward this rather startling theory, which we do with all deference, we freely admit that there are many gaps and missing links in the chain of evidence. But the theory is, we submit, at any rate plausible, and quite as likely to be correct as any other. If it is correct, as we believe it is, some 3,000 years must have elapsed since the Bushman painters came to South Africa. We have said, and we think shown, that the Bushman carvers came before them; how long before, we cannot attempt to determine, but that it is a very long time ago indeed the discoveries of Mr. G. W. Stow seem to prove beyond all doubt.

* There are no less than 116 Bushman paintings in the caves of the Matopos, and in all Rhodesia there are more than 420, all of very ancient date.

† In support of this theory we would mention the fact that an inspection of the old mines in Rhodesia shows that they could only have been worked by men of very small stature, such as the Bushmen.

The Bushmen appear to have taught the Hottentots monorchism* and initiated the Bantu into the rites of circumcision, after the fashion of the Ishmaelites. The latter recognise this to-day in the following song:

Moroo ha bohlae 'montsa hloerere.

(The Bushman with cunning uncovered that which was concealed.)

It is possible that it was from them that the Bantu learned to bury their dead after the manner of the Troglodytes—that is, seated on their haunches, with the face to the east.

The Bushmen of South Africa are perhaps the smallest men in the world, the usual height being about 4 feet. They are of ungainly shape, with protuberant belly and back bent inwards. The lower limbs, however, are slender and shapely, with very small hands and feet. Their colour is light brown. Their features are ugly, but not unpleasing, with thick lips, receding chin, flat nose, with a sharp bend inwards below the eyebrows, low and receding forehead, bright eyes, though sunk deep in their orbits, and a pleasant and ready smile. The ears are small and destitute of lobes. The hair is scanty, and grows in little isolated tufts; and they are generally bald for an inch or so above and behind the ear. They are quick and easy in their movements; and, despite the hardships of their existence, are gay and cheerful in disposition.

In mental faculties they are inferior to both white and black. "According to phrenologists," says Dr. Theal, "the cranial capacity or size of the brain of the Bushman is the smallest among human beings; and all recorded measurements place them among the extreme microcephalis, or small-skulled races. They are also the least advanced of all races" (*The Portuguese in South Africa*).

The language of the Bushmen is very harsh and inexpressibly barbarous, being full of clicks, and clappings of the tongue against the teeth and cheeks. This, with guttural sounds, harsher even than the Dutch *g* and *ch*, gives their speech a curious barking sound. They have many words ending in the nasal sound *ang*, *eng*, *ong*, etc.

The vocabulary is poor, but sufficient for the needs of those who speak the language. It has no connection with that of the Bantu; but when the Bushmen came into contact with Europeans and blacks, they readily learned the languages of both.

* *Portuguese in South Africa*, Dr. G. Theal, p. 32.

They possess a faculty which Europeans for the most part are without. "They could," says Dr. Theal, "make their way, in a straight line, to any place where they had been before. Even a child of nine or ten years of age, removed from its parents to a distance of over a hundred miles, and without opportunity of observing the features of the country traversed, could, months later, return unerringly. They could give no explanation of the means by which they accomplished a task seemingly so difficult."

The character of the Bushman was that of an utterly irresponsible savage, who in all circumstances did just what he pleased. As a race, they were shrewd, cunning, and vindictive. They were also great liars; but, on the other hand, they were hospitable and generous. They had an idea of justice, benevolence, and devotion, as well as a passionate love of liberty. They were also very loyal to their chiefs. They showed the greatest devotion and bravery in their attempts to rescue their fellows from slavery—a state which they held in greater horror than death itself. As long as they had enough to eat they were content. They could consume enormous quantities of food at a sitting; but, on the other hand, could go without it, without much inconvenience, for many days. They would always share their food with others, even when it was scarce, and had a wonderful power of enduring hardship and distress. At no time in their history have they been accused of cannibalism; though many of them were eaten by Bantu cannibals after the Zulu invasions of 1822. They were, for the most part, monogamists, but had no objection to polygamy, or to giving their daughters to the Bantu for a few head of cattle.

They practised circumcision, and initiated their conquerors into the mysteries of the rite. They buried their dead with an implicit faith in their return to life; and motherless infants were sometimes buried alive.

Their only amusement (which was especially that of the women and children) was dancing by moonlight to the sound of a drum—a clay pot with a skin stretched across it. This amusement only took place at full moon, and in times of plenty—sometimes it was attended by fatal consequences, when the performers had overeaten themselves.

Their religion differed entirely from that of the Bantu, than whom they were less superstitious. It was essentially mythological; and was, in many characteristics, similar to that of an Australian race as degraded as themselves. They believed in *Qhang*, Chief of the

Heavens, calling him by the name of *Que-akeng-teng*—that is to say, master of all things, invisible, but known to the heart. They invoked his aid in their songs and dances, and in times of drought, distress, and war.

They symbolised their god by an insect called in English "the praying mantis," *Moerane* in Sesuto, and *N'go* in their own tongue. It is a poisonous insect, and fatal to any animal which might chance to swallow one in grazing. *Qhang*, they believe, is the source of life and death; and, in truth, he helps them to live, by providing game wounded by arrows poisoned by the venom of this terrible insect.

We do not hear of the Bushmen invoking the Shades, or sacrificing to them; but a father would always recommend his son to get hold of a *N'go* before going to hunt, and ask it to provide food for the children. "After prayer, observe how it moves its head: if it is in a round-about movement, then it is that he has heard thee."

According to Mr. Arbousset, the following is a prayer which the Bushmen used to make to the *N'go*:

Qhang, ta ha a ntanga e?
(Lord, lovest thou me not at all?)
Qhang, ta 'gnou a kna a sege.
(Lord, send a male gnu to my bow.)
Itanga gogou goba hou.
(I long to fill my belly.)
Iqonte iqage itanga iqogou goba hou.
(My son and my daughter long to fill their bellies.)
Qhang, ta 'gnou a kna a sege.
(Lord, send a male gnu to my bow.)

Possibly for a religious reason, the Bushmen of the stone carvers' branch built their grass huts with the door to the east. They believed that the sun was a man-god, who, when asleep, left the world in semi-obscurity, but on being suddenly awakened he flooded it with light. The moon was, for them, at once the insect *n'go* and a man to be honoured in dance and song.

The Bushmen never owned stock and never tilled the soil. They lived chiefly on game, which, at one time, was very plentiful all over South Africa. They also ate fish, which they caught with hooks made of ivory; and were very fond of what has been called "Bushman rice"—that is, the chrysalis of ants—which they fried in a pot made of baked earth. They also ate locusts, honey, and certain roots. At one time they had no knowledge of tobacco; but they used to smoke

hemp, making the smoke of this dangerous narcotic pass through water, contained in an eland's horn, which they planted in the ground. Then, lying prone on the earth, they would inhale the smoke through the water, which had a stupefying effect on the brain. It used to make them quite mad sometimes.

The Bushmen passed most of their time in hunting. Sometimes a man would go alone with bow and arrows, and track and stalk his game with the utmost patience. Sometimes they would form a company, and dig pits 8 or 10 feet deep near water. In the bottom of these pits, which they covered skilfully with branches and grass, they would fix stakes, so that big game, coming to drink, might fall into the pits and get impaled on the stakes. Their arrows were pointed with ivory, bone, or flint. Later on, after contact with the Bantu, they used metal. They poisoned the points of their arrows with the venom of the mantis, the snake, or the scorpion, and also with poison extracted from certain bulbs. They kept their arrows in a quiver, made of buckskin, and preserved them very carefully from damp and the heat of the sun; but when actually hunting or fighting, they tied the quiver round their heads. They also used clubs and short spears, and kept dogs—the only domestic animal they possessed.

They had an instrument called the *qibi*, which they used to carry with them on their journeys. This was a long pointed staff, of some hard wood, 3 or 4 feet long, passed through a round, or rounded, stone, which was fixed about the middle of it. They used this to break up ant-heaps, and to dig for roots; and, when walking, they used to carry their karosses slung on the end of it over their shoulders. During the night they used to light fires at the entrance of the caves or hut in which they dwelt to scare away wild beasts. The Bushmen used to carry the bladders of animals fastened to their hair, and later on to the grass hats which the Bantu taught them to make.

According to Basuto who lived with them, the Bushmen were of three classes, one of which, called *Maqolong*, wore the breech-cloth made of brayed buckskin; another, called *Mapeshoane*, wore a girdle with the skins of rock-rabbits hanging from it; while the third, called *Maqabanqa*, wore no covering at all.

The Basuto also recognised the two distinct branches of Bushmen, the carvers and painters, but among both branches expert stone cutters were to be found, who made the *qibi*, and the pipe for smoking hemp.

The Bushmen were divided into clans, with their headquarters in caves in which they painted pictures of the animal which gave its name to the clan. For instance, all the Bushmen of Herschel Quthing and Barkley East had their headquarters at the cave of the *Eland* near Dordrecht. There were many such centres in the Orange Free State: that of the cave of the *Red Snake* near Badfontein; that of the cave of the *Hippopotamus* on the farm Lichtenstein; that of the *Great Black Snake* and that of the *Elephant* at Rockwood Glen; that of the *Rhinoceros* at Elands Kloof, etc., etc. According to G. W. Stow, there are traces of such centres in the caves all over Cape Colony, with pictures in them of the animals which the clans were called after.

The chiefs of the clan were much respected and endowed with great authority, but their people did not live together under them, as did the agriculturist Bantu. Owing to their roving life, they lived scattered about in small groups or families, though they owed allegiance to the chief of the clan. So far as one can make out, the system of government resembled that of a confederation of all the centres, each ready to assist the others in case of need.

The Bushmen of the painters' branch preferred to live in caves or under the shelter of overhanging rocks—wherever, in fact, the rocks presented a flat surface, sheltered from the weather, whereon they could exercise their art. The stone carvers lived in grass huts on the hilltop, from where they could command a view of the surrounding country. Some of the villages have been found to contain as many as two hundred huts; but these were probably refugees from the west gathered together on account of a common danger, as they were at that time being harassed by Boer commands. In 1823 Veldt-Cornet A. Venter saw on the left bank of the Orange River between Aliwal North and Herschel an abandoned village of 1,133 huts. The huts were like baking-ovens in shape, with doors about 18 inches high. They were said to belong to Bushmen of the clan Red Kana, who had fled from the west. Bushmen huts were about 4 feet in diameter. They were made of branches of trees planted in the ground in a circle with the top ends bent inwards and bound together with withes so as to form a kind of dome; round these smaller branches were interlaced horizontally, and grass thatch was laid upon them, fastened with grass ropes. When possible, the entrance faced the east, so as to catch the first rays of the morning sun. An entire family slept in one hut, each member in a little hollow scraped in the floor,

so that it was possible to tell the number of each family by counting these hollows. There was no decency or reserve, and the family life was more bestial than otherwise.

In Basutoland, as elsewhere, there are abundant traces of the Bushmen. Several mountains and rivers still bear Bushman names—e.g. Siqu, Quthing, Qualing, and many others. Moreover, they enriched the Sesuto vocabulary by several hundred words with clicks. They taught the Basuto to smoke hemp and to circumcise their children. They also gave them their daughters to wife, and there are many Basuto to-day, especially Bafokeng, who show traces of Bushman blood.

The Bushman paintings and carvings all over South Africa furnish a kind of record of their fortunes, depicting as they do their battles, raids, and hunts. They are executed with some skill, and possess a style of their own, the like of which is not to be found elsewhere. Curiously enough, however, it seems there are no Bushman paintings or carvings to be found in Zululand.

"The most ancient paintings preserved depict a group of elands, beautifully and artistically finished, showing that the artist had both time and leisure at his command to finish them with an amount of care which is admirable; thus affording a striking illustration of a state of rest enjoyed by the Bushmen during the halcyon days of undisputed occupation, compared to the season of turmoil and tribulation which fell upon them after the invasion of stronger races. The paintings, like most of their last productions, which were executed at a time when they were constantly harassed and driven about by their enemies, were rudely done, but still the action of the figures was well marked" (*Native Races of South Africa*, p. 26).

The Bushmen, then, all savage and primitive as they were, possessed artistic faculties which their supplanters or successors the Bantu were without. An interesting appreciation of their art by the French savant Raoul Allier will be found in the Introduction to *Au Sud de l'Afrique*, by Mr. F. Christol. Mr. Allier notes, *inter alia*, that although, in their paintings, the Bushmen paid the utmost attention to detail, and depicted even muscles with the most painstaking precision and accuracy, they never attempted to delineate the human face, though manifestly quite able to do so. This he ascribes to a superstition common among savages, that if a person possesses the portrait of another, he is able in some mysterious way to work him evil. It may well be that

Mr. Allier is right ; but we may suggest, in support of the hypothesis we have advanced as to the origin of the Bushmen, that their far-back ancestors may have been influenced by the Israelites, who were forbidden by the law of Moses to depict the human likeness.

The Bushmen were also able to cut stones and fashion them to meet their requirements. The hole in the stone used for the *qibi* was bored with some considerable skill. It was probably done with an elongated flint, aided by sand and water. They made their pipes in the same way, the stone stems, 4 to 6 inches long, being neatly pierced from end to end. They also had cylindrical-shaped pieces of sandstone which they used as a kind of file to shape and sharpen the material for pointing their spears and arrows.

If during all the centuries the Bushmen made no progress in arts and handicrafts, it was because they had no contact with peoples more advanced than themselves and no inducement to try to better themselves. They were content with supplying their immediate wants, and, seeing nothing better under the sun, they were content to live and die as their ancestors had done, so that the handicrafts, etc., which they bequeathed to their children were as rudimentary as those they inherited from their fathers.

This does not mean that the Bushmen were incapable of improvement—by no means ; for, as soon as they came into contact with civilisation, they began, on their own initiative, to make many things of which they recognised the use, and of which they began to feel the want. They made an imitation of the European saddle which answered the purpose excellently well. It was without trees of wood and iron, merely a sort of cushion in the form of a saddle, stuffed with the hair of antelopes and quilted, having in front a thick pad made, like the rest of the saddle, of dressed skin stuffed with hair. For stirrups they used two flat pieces of olive wood with holes pierced in them, through which cords of plaited horsehair were passed and fastened with knots underneath. Crupper and girth were of the same material, and it is probable that girth galls were frequent. It was all very primitive, but it indicated an intelligence capable of development as well as a practical turn of mind, which, had they been spared and instructed, might have made them useful members of society.

Let us now close, not the history of the Bushmen, for that has not been attempted, but this first chapter, which has of right been dedicated to them, and see what has become of these artists in colour and

carving, whose work has aroused general admiration. They are no longer in occupation of the mountains and plains where they have left so many traces of their existence.

If we search South Africa, we shall only find a few hundred individuals scattered about, domesticated on farms ; a few families living miserably in inaccessible mountain fastnesses in the north-west of Cape Colony ; and five or six thousand under their chief in Great Namaqualand near the Kalahari, where there is plenty of game. In Basutoland there are still a few, and that is about all. The history of Cape Colony throws a sad light on the subject, and shows the fate which overtook these poor people about the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries.*

The numerous Bushmen who lived among the Bantu tribes to the north of the Orange River at first fared better than those of Cape Colony, for they lived at peace with the Bantu up to the time of the Zulu invasions, and the continuous raids of the Korannas between 1822 and 1833. Many Bushmen perished with their protectors, others were eaten by cannibals, others again fled to the west with some of the Basuto, while a small number who survived the disasters placed themselves with the fragments of Bantu tribes and clans under the protection of Moshesh. But game becoming scarce, these, together with some few who had remained undisturbed in the shelter of the Maloti throughout the disasters which overtook their brethren of the plains, took to stealing the cattle of the Basuto, who put in practice their proverb, which says, "*Ntja e lefa ka hloho ea eona*" ("A dog pays [for theft] with his head").

The lesson to be derived from the fate of the Bushmen is that any people which resists progress and remains congealed in its old customs must expect by force of inexorable circumstances to be subjugated or destroyed.

* See *Native Races of South Africa*, by G. W. Stow, and especially *British Title in South Africa*, by James Cappon.

CHAPTER II

ORIGIN OF THE BASUTO

THE origin and growth of a people is always an interesting study, and more especially so is their social, moral, and intellectual development. Families appear as it were from nowhere, grow into clans and tribes, govern themselves according to the same principle, establish themselves where they please, but tacitly leaving neutral zones of considerable extent between themselves and their neighbours, useful either for pasturage or as a precaution against too close contact. In the early days of South Africa no tribe thought of disputing the right of others to place themselves in its neighbourhood, if at a reasonable distance; for the general belief of primitive peoples was, it would appear, that all possessed an equal right to the soil, the water, and the light of the sun. That is why the aborigines never opposed the Bantu when they came to exploit the country by agriculture, so long as they did not thereby interfere with their own business of hunting. For centuries, therefore, land disputes were unknown, and though we shall have to record many quarrels and fights, they were always due to other causes. Of course the country occupied by the ancestors of the Basuto was of vast extent, and the population was never sufficient to nearly fill it.

The unravelling of the history of the Basuto, out of the tangle of tradition which surrounds it, is a task which inspires a lively fear that it will never be completed, and one enters upon it with misgiving, groping in the dark and often despairing of being able to emerge with the facts required. There are, of course, no written records, so that one has to rely on oral traditions, which are often so confused and contradictory that they are rather embarrassing than helpful. The songs of the circumcision have also to be noted as affording some historical information, vague hints concerning events of the distant past, but they are in such an old Sesuto that few can understand them to-day. Here is one in which mention is made of the first man. He

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was called Mopeli. "*Ke Mopeli Moholo oa Ra-se-apara lome. Ha kea ikapesa ke apesitsoe!*" ("I am the elder, the first man of Him who bound up the wound. I did not clothe myself, but I have been clothed"). *Lome* is a very old, long-obsolete word for *leoma*, "a wound." According to tradition, the proper name of this Mopeli was Tlake, surnamed Mosito ("the sinner") because he committed a fault, the nature of which, out of respect for him, is not stated. If there is no mention of a first woman, it is doubtless because it is not fit even to mention woman in connection with circumcision. But, and this is remarkable, the women who wear the national dress wear under it round the loins a girdle of twisted grass called the *thethana*, which word may be derived from the Hebrew *thanah* ("a fig-tree"), of the leaves of which Adam and Eve made themselves aprons. A woman wearing her *thethana* was, in the opinion of the old Basuto, sufficiently clothed for the purposes of decency; the rest of her clothing was for comfort or adornment.

Tradition says that this Tlake had among his descendants one Napo, whom we find at the beginning of the genealogy of the Bafokeng, and also in that of the Bahurutse, from whom are descended the several Bakuena tribes. Kuena, who gave his name to a numerous posterity, was the son of Malope I. and younger brother of Mohurutse. Their grandfather Masilo I. was the representative of the powerful tribe of the Bahurutse, who were a branch of the Barolong and separated from them in Bechuanaland somewhere about the thirteenth or fourteenth century.

The Bafokeng were once just as important a tribe as the Barolong and probably more ancient. They came from Egypt or Ethiopia to South Africa, traversing the continent from north to south. The same tradition which tells of the separation of the Barolong and Bahurutse tells also of a separation of the Barolong and Bafokeng at the same place and time. Another tradition describes the Bafokeng as descended from Napo and Kuena, but this is quite inadmissible, as the tribe existed more than a thousand years before these two descendants of the Bahurutse became the progenitors of the Bakuena. It is true, however, that centuries ago, in the course of their migration, the Bafokeng did come into contact with the Bahurutse in Bechuanaland. We may also accept what another tradition says, that after having lived for a long time in the immediate neighbourhood of each other, the two tribes separated in consequence of a sanguinary con-

flict concerning some young bulls which the Bahurutse wanted to castrate in opposition to the wish of the Mofokeng chief. The Bahurutse were vanquished, their chief, Thebe, was killed, and the Bafokeng took occasion to withdraw from those who up to that time had been their friends and neighbours. They accordingly departed and travelled eastwards. When they arrived in the country which is now the Transvaal, they divided into two sections, the one wandering southwards, it is said, like vagabonds, subdivided into little clans, scattered about the land as far as the banks of the Caledon River. The other section remained under the guidance of its chiefs, who succeeded each other from father to son, according to their genealogy, which numbers thirty generations—that is to say, it goes back to a time long before the Bafokeng reached Bechuanaland. But if Napo, who is at the head of this long list, is really the grandson of Kuena, we must take leave to doubt the accuracy of this genealogy, because it is certain that the grandson of Kuena was born in Bechuanaland, and not elsewhere. Nevertheless we shall place this genealogy and others of the Bafokeng in the chapter reserved for them.

If some of the chiefs of the Bafokeng succeeded each other with unusual rapidity, it is because one was assassinated, one was poisoned, and a third was accidentally burned to death in his hut. However, Sekete IV. of the twenty-fifth generation became the greatest of all the chiefs of the Bafokeng. He fought with success other tribes living in what is now the Transvaal, among others the Batlokoa. But these, aided by the Bakhatla, took him prisoner, and afterwards killed him under a tree which, it is said, still bears his name. His son Thethe fought the Bamatau, the Bapo, and the Bakhatla with success, but was, in his turn, beaten and his tribe utterly destroyed by Moselekatse. But before this they had destroyed many people and villages, and the Matebele chief told the Rev. R. Moffat that when he came there from Zululand, he found much devastation, which he attributed to the Batlokoa.

Meanwhile the Bafokeng of the first section subdivided, as we have said, into little clans, spread themselves all over the country, and formed close relationships with various tribes as each little party came in contact with them, the Bakhatla, Bakuena, Baphuthi, and others thereby contributing to the formation of new tribes and branches of tribes, so that it may be said that if the Barolong exercised a preponderant influence in the north-west of the sub-continent, the

influence of the Bafokeng on the tribes to the east and south of the Limpopo and the Vaal was even stronger. Great honour has invariably been paid to them by all these tribes, by reason of their antiquity and seniority to all others, which has at all times been freely acknowledged. Their character was mild and amiable. They were also noted for general cleverness and ability, but they were so easy-going that they soon ceased to rule and became readily absorbed by more virile tribes. We shall see this in the course of this history. We shall see also how they taught the Basuto to clothe themselves with more decency than had hitherto been the custom. The other clans looked up to them, as their fathers and their daughters have always been much sought after as wives, especially by the chiefs of other tribes.

Let us now turn to the descendants of Kuena. This younger brother of Mohurutse had three known sons: first, Khabo, father of Masilo, surnamed Mosito, who was the father of Mochuli and Napo; second, Ngwato, who formed the tribe of the Bamangwato, and took the *phuthi* (duiker) for their *seboko*, or tribal emblem, in order, it is said, to please his wife, who with her ancestors revered this antelope; and third, Ngwaketsi, who was the first chief of the Bamangwaketse, and took the *kuena*, or crocodile, as *seboko*. Mochuli, son of Masilo, lived near Molepolole, and ruled over the main branch of the Bakuena.

Napo, the younger brother of Mochuli, being unwilling, as he said, to live like a reed overshadowed by a tree, left his elder brother and migrated south about the end of the fifteenth century. He crossed the Lekoa (Vaal River) with his immediate following in search of new country, and after wandering about for some time, settled down near some Bafokeng, who were living south of the Vaal and east of the Namahali (Elands River), where there is an isolated, round, flat-topped hill, known to-day by the name Tafelkop. From east to west at the foot of this hill runs the stream Noka Tlou (Riet Spruit), which is a tributary of the Elands River. This is the hill which is known to the Basuto as Ntsuanatsatsi. Three hundred years ago its plateau was bordered by wild olive trees, such as were not to be found anywhere else in the neighbourhood. At the foot of the hill on the eastern side was the village of the chief of the Bafokeng; the plateau on the top, which, as stated, was surrounded by trees, was his court or place of meeting, *lekhotla*. This neighbourhood, which took its name from the

hill Ntsuanatsatsi, is famous among the Basuto, because it was the birthplace of several Bakuena clans.

Mr. Th. Arbousset visited this place in 1836 in the course of his travels. He says that the Basuto have a legend which tells that their ancestors lived there, and that there is a cave there surrounded by marshes and reeds from which they believe themselves to have come in some miraculous manner.

The meaning of the word Ntsuanatsatsi is "Rising Sun." The place was visited some fifty years ago by Mr. J. M. Orpen, who satisfied himself—by questioning the natives on the spot and by subsequent conversations with the chief, Moshesh—that it really was the Ntsuanatsatsi of the Basuto. It is situated midway between the towns of Frankfort and Vrede in the Orange Free State.

It was there that Napo married a daughter of the Mofokeng chief who became the mother of Motebang. He had other famous sons—viz. Lisema, who became the father of the Bahlakoana, and Molapo, the father of the Makhoakhoa tribe. Motebang was the father of Tsulo and Tsuloane, the former the father of the Bamolibeli and the latter of the Bamonaheng.

Many Basuto still think that they nearly all come from Ntsuanatsatsi, but this is an error. Only a very few of them do, and their ancestors were never more than sojourners there.

The Bafokeng and Bakuena of Ntsuanatsatsi lived together in peace for a time, tilling the soil, herding their stock, and hunting, for there was always plenty of game. But later on there came a time of scarcity. The chief, Moshesh, in 1836 told Dr. A. Smith that his ancestors left Ntsuanatsatsi on account of poverty and oppression, "*Khotso ke nala*" ("peace is plenty"), say the Basuto, and no doubt the converse is also true. At any rate, with scarcity, disputes began to arise between the Bakuena and Bafokeng. Dissatisfaction was rife everywhere, and even small families began to break away from the tribal hegemony. With people in this state of mind a pretext for disruption is always forthcoming, and was not wanting in this case.

When the Bafokeng arrived at Ntsuanatsatsi some generations before, they found the country more or less occupied by Bushmen. They entered into friendly relations with them, and took some of their daughters to wife. This did not matter very much, and would no doubt have passed without comment if the Bafokeng chief had not been ill-advised enough to take the daughter of a Bushman chief for his

principal wife. This gave great offence, and when the chief died and the son of this woman succeeded him, the Bakuena and even some of the Bafokeng refused to acknowledge the son of a Bushman. Their objection was reasonable enough. The Bantu considered themselves as very much superior to the Bushmen, and no doubt they were so in every respect. The Bushmen live in caves, in holes in the ground, or under skins spread on poles. They did not cultivate, or own cattle. They lived like animals, practically naked, and slept all mixed up together, like a nest of rabbits, in shameful promiscuity. The Bantu, on the other hand, built themselves huts, and lived on the produce of their fields and flocks. They brought up their children decently, inculcating purity of morals and respect for their elders. Boys and girls were not allowed to herd or sleep together. The former grew up under the eye of their fathers, and were taught to herd stock, to cultivate the ground, the use of weapons, and all the various duties of a tribesman. The latter were under the control of the matrons, who taught them obedience, courtesy, housekeeping, and cooking as they understood it, and also to assist in the work of the fields. The difference between the two peoples was therefore very great, and, even if their tempers had not been tried by hunger, it is not surprising that, on the death of the chief, the people of Napo refused to be ruled by his Bushman sons. Things got to be so unpleasant for them that the sons of the Bushman woman departed, with such of their father's people as still adhered to them. They crossed the Drakensberg, traversed Natal, and after many vicissitudes arrived in Tembuland, where they joined the Tembus, and became so completely absorbed by them as to lose their tribal identity and even their language. The descendant in the direct line of these emigrants from Ntsuanatsatsi is Tjale, chief of the Tembus of the Motjanyane in Quthing. This old chief confirmed the story which is here recorded. He is, he says, in reality a *Mofokeng oa'mutla o yeoa tala* ("a Mofokeng of the hare which is eaten raw"), and descended from the chief of Ntsuanatsatsi. This seems to be a strange designation for the tribe, but it is the fact that certain of the Bafokeng even to-day do eat the ears of this animal, which is their tribal emblem, without cooking them. When they kill a hare, they bite the ears with their teeth, and rub their foreheads with the body, in order to be blessed. But if the dogs should happen to kill a hare, they are careful not to touch it at all.

This disruption took place about 250 years ago, when Motebang,

son of Napo, was very old, and his son Molemo assumed the chieftainship. The Bakuena and such of the Bafokeng as did not follow the sons of the Bushman woman left Ntsuanatsatsi, where they were born and where Napo was buried. They crossed the Vaal, and settled in what is now the district of Heidelberg, but at that time was called Tebang. Motebang, his son Molemo, and Molemo's sons died there. About a generation after this, the tribe left that neighbourhood, probably because Motebeyane, second son of Mohurutse, came to settle at Tsuenyane (Heidelberg Town), and the Bakuena feared them, because they were more numerous and better warriors than they. They crossed the Vaal under the leadership of Monaheng and Tsotelo, and came south, searching for a place where they could settle.

Motebeyane had come from the west, having parted company with his elder brother Motebele in consequence of a violent quarrel about a monkey; but it was some time after that that certain Bakhatla, also descendants of Mohurutse, left Sefatlhane (Zeerust) and settled on the Magaliesberg in the vicinity of a tribe of Bafokeng, known as Sebolela-a-kuena. From the marriage of their chief, Tabane, with Mathulare, a daughter of these Bafokeng, there issued five great tribes, the Bapeli, the Makholokoe, the Maphuthing, the Basia, and the Batlokoa. This took place near where the town of Pretoria now stands. We shall see hereafter how these tribes, having increased and multiplied, spread over the country to the east, south-east, and north-east, but first it is necessary to describe the emigration of the Maphetla, the Mapolane, and the Baphuthi from the banks of the Tugela into what was then an entirely new country, between the Caledon and the Maloti Mountains, known to-day under the name of Basutoland.

CHAPTER III

TRIBES FROM EAST OF DRAKENSBERG

(a) THE MAPHETLA

THE first Bantu inhabitants of Basutoland were the people of three small clans from the banks of the Tugela, namely the Maphetla, the Mapolane, and the Baphuthi. The first of these crossed the Drakensberg, from east to west, not very long after the Bafokeng of Ntsuanatsatsi crossed it in the opposite direction on their long journey which ended in Tembuland; and it is not improbable that it was from these people that they heard about the country beyond the mountains, and as they were at that time much troubled by their more powerful neighbours the Amahlubi, they thought it wise to put the mountains between them. The first to leave was a small clan called the Amateza, of the tribe Amazizi. They traversed the mountains during or about the year 1600, at a point not far from the Tugela Falls; then, passing through the valley now called Wetsi's Hoek in the Orange Free State, crossed the eastern spurs of the Roodebergen and descended into the valley of the Caledon a few miles below the source of that river. This small clan came to be called the Maphetla, or Pioneers, because it was they who opened the road to the new country.

The tradition of the Maphetla gives no details of their journey. It only tells how, after crossing the mountains, they arrived at the River Rakhuiti, and settled in the vicinity of the spot where, two centuries later, the Paramount Chief of Basutoland, Letsie I., erected his village. There they increased and multiplied. Their tribal emblem was the monkey, and at one time they were often spoken of as Mafene (monkey) or Batsoeneng.

According to their traditions the relations of the Maphetla with the Bushman aborigines were friendly. They married their daughters and employed their sons as herds.

They seem to have kept up some sort of communication with those

of their tribe whom they left behind in the old country, and induced others to follow them into the new, as we shall see in the case of the Mapolane and Baphuthi. But there is no doubt at all that they were the first of the Bantu race to settle in Basutoland.

They are descended from Matjegane, whose son was Mantloane, whose son was Tsetsa, and at one time the tribe bore the name of this last. A grandson of Tsetsa settled at Thabana Morena (*e tsayana e Morena* in their dialect). Another of his grandsons, Likhoele, gave his name to the mountain of that name near Mafeteng.

Motsuane, son of Mohame, and grandson of Tsetsa, lived at Rakhuiti, and in his day was chief of the Maphetla.

Another of their villages, of which Malilimale was chief, was at Tsuelike, near Thabana Morena.

Tlapane, son of Tsetsa, lived at Tayane, and his son Matelile, after having lived at Ntlo-kholo with his Bushman wife, moved to where the chief, Seiso, now lives, and the place still bears his name as the famous cave and mountain bears that of Ntlo-kholo; for when Matelile lived at the latter place, his wife refused to live in a hut, preferring a cave after the manner of her people. The cave, therefore, being the residence of the chief wife, was called the great hut Ntlo-kholo, and is still called by that name.

Setlho, grandfather of Raisa (a Mophetla who also had a Bushman wife), lived at Kaqhoha with a few of his people and some Bushmen. This mountain was afterwards called Botheta, but that is because Setlho and his people rolled down rocks upon those who attempted to attack him. "*Ke botheta*," said the Batlokoa when in 1822 they tried to storm the mountain, and were driven back by an avalanche of stones and rocks.

(b) THE MAPOLANE

The Mapolane were another clan of the Mazizi who followed the Matsetsa or Maphetla from the Tugela to the Caledon. At that time, however, they were called the Bahalanga. The name Mapolane came to them later. They were descended from Tihovu and Mavu. The latter with his three sons, Zikinyane, Kakene, and Makuele, decided to follow the Maphetla into the new country. They did not, however, take quite the same route, for having crossed the Drakensberg and the Namahali, instead of crossing the spur of the Roode Bergen into the

Caledon Valley, they left the spur on their left, and crossing what is now called Nauwpoort Nek (Makalane), followed the course of the River Phofong to its junction with the Caledon not far from the site of the town of Fouriesburg. They crossed the Caledon, and settled at Pitseng, where they lived for a time, and then passed on southwards, sojourning in turn at Kueneng, Ntlo-kholo, Thaba Tsueu, Kubake, and Maphutsing. This migration extended over a period of seven or eight generations—that is to say, about two hundred years.

Between Ntlo-kholo and Thaba Tsueu, they joined their compatriots the Matsetsa, and gave them their name of Maphetla in recognition of their having opened the road to the new country. Being of the same race and speaking the same language, the two tribes lived together in the most friendly fashion, but each preserved its own identity and organisation. The headquarters of the Mapolane were at Mathebe, then at Thaba Tsueu, and then at Thabana Morena, though the descendants of Zikinyane remained for the most part at Mathebe and Thaba Tsueu.

Of the known descendants of Kakene, Mothuba, younger brother of Motsoloane, lived at Boqate; Thuathe at Qualing; Sebapala, son of Liba and grandson of Kakene, lived in his old age at Sebapala in the district of Quthing, where he was killed by Pakalita's Mahlubi in the early part of the nineteenth century, and since then the River Sebapala has been called by his name. Among the descendants of Mothuba there are to-day, in the district of Quthing, the sons of Makoloane and others, viz. Galan, Montso, etc.

The descendants of Makuele, the third son of Kakene, were favoured by fortune, for, though the youngest branch of the family, they came to rule the two elder branches. This was owing to the personality of Polane, the son of Makuele, who exercised such an influence over the children of his uncles that they ended by placing themselves under his rule, and forming the clan of the Mapolane.

This chief had six sons, of whom three are worthy of mention. These were Molipa the eldest, Silane the second, and Tsosane the fifth. Motsie, son of Molipa, ruled the tribe in his turn.

Silane, who was also called Lesia, had a son called Setlho, who was the father of Sekhoatsana; Sekhoatsana had two sons, Kakoli and Tsekoa.

Kakoli's son was Mamenemene, and Mamenemene's sons were Ntaba and Motsielo.

Tsekoa's son was Moeletsi.

Tsosane was much in evidence before the Lifaqane wars. He had two sons, Mphaki and Neqe, and a daughter, Maili, who became the mother of the famous chief Moorosi.

Mphaki was the father of Mokotjomela.

For a long time Polane tried to impose his authority upon the Maphetla, asserting chieftainship over them, and demanding the first-fruits of the pumpkin crop in recognition of it. The Maphetla contested this at first, but being few in number, they ended by giving way. The dispute did not, however, affect the friendly relations between the two clans to any great extent, and they continued to live together in harmony and to intermarry.

On their arrival in the country the Mapolane lost no time in bringing the Bushmen under their rule, and in entering into friendly relations with the Bakuena and Bafokeng, who at that time were beginning to appear on the other side of the Caledon.

In addition to the usual weapons—the oval shield called *mokoko*, assegais, and battle-axes—the Mapolane used the bow and arrows. Without being very valiant themselves, they were better warriors than the Maphetla.

During the early part of the eighteenth century small parties of Bafokeng, in consequence of the quarrels which separated them from their compatriots, began to arrive from beyond the Caledon in the vicinity of the Maphetla and Mapolane, and in 1730 or 1740 there arrived Mokebe, son of Mphofe, among the Mapolane of Thaba Tsueu. They placed him at Mankhoaneng, a small mountain close by. These Bafokeng were nicknamed Ma-ja-poli ("eaters of goat"), because they were too poor to eat beef.

(c) THE BAPHUTHI

While the Mapolane were making their slow progress to the centre of their new country, a third tribe of Mazizi followed them from the Tugela. These came from a mountain called Santlolohe, which in more recent times was the home of the chief, Langalebalele. They would seem to have left in the time of Titi, surnamed Thokothoko, in consequence of an old quarrel. Tlamene, the grandfather of Titi, had killed an eland, the carcase of which was demanded by another chief as a tribute. Tlamene refused, saying that he also was a chief,

and had the right to eat the animal. This brought about bad feeling, and after Tlamene's death, Titi, fearing on the one hand that he would not be able to maintain the position of independence which Tlamene had taken up, and on the other not feeling inclined to adopt the safer if humbler part of a servant, decided to emigrate with all his tribe. Thus it came about that a third clan followed the other two into the new country beyond the Drakensberg. On their arrival, however, the country was no longer uninhabited. The Maphuthing, under Tsuane, were living on the banks of the Namahali, and received them so well that they settled there, and the two tribes lived together on the most friendly terms for about half a century.

It is not known on what occasion Titi got his Sesuto surname of Thokothoko, but there can be no doubt that he got it from these Maphuthing. Kobo, his son, married a daughter of Lerane, chief of the Maphuthing, and had by her a son called Tsele. This Tsele was an able and intelligent young man, and so amiable that he won the affection and respect of many people of his mother's tribe. The sojourn of these people with the more enlightened Maphuthing was very useful to them. They learned, among other things, to cover themselves with more decency than had hitherto been their habit. They adopted some of their customs, and in some degree their language. So much indeed did they identify themselves with the Maphuthing that they even adopted their emblem the *phuthi* (duiker), and called themselves Baphuthi.

These happy relations, however, came to an end, and the cause of cleavage, for a second time in the history of the clan, was the carcase of an eland. Khanyane, or Khoanyane, the son of Tsele, who had not inherited his father's tact and discretion, lost through arrogance all the ascendancy which his father had acquired. One day an eland was killed, and he claimed it as his right, but Khoasa, the Maphuthing chief, refused to allow it, and once more the Baphuthi found it prudent to take the road. They journeyed down the Caledon as far as its junction with the Qalo, where they lived for a time. Kholenyi, son of Khoanyane, died at Linakery. After this, his son Thibela and all the clan moved to the River Maoamafubelu, where they found abandoned kraals of the Mapolane at Pitseng. Then they moved on, after a time, and arrived at Qiloane somewhere about the year 1720, having, it would appear, spent ten or twelve years on their migration from the Upper Namahali, the distance covered being something less than 100 miles.

In this neighbourhood they came in contact with Bafokeng of Leboeane called *Ntomane-a-mahlaku*, who had recently arrived from beyond the Caledon, and settled there and at Korokoro. They fraternised and intermarried with these strangers, who exercised such a good influence over them that the Baphuthi never forgot how much they owed to these Bafokeng of Ntomane-a-mahlaku. Thibela, who was on the look-out for a wife for his son Monyane, chose the daughter of the chief, Leboeane, and instead of cattle, iron hoes were given for the dowry at the rate of one hoe per head of cattle. At that time, though women were much thought of and highly prized, their dowries were much lower than they are to-day. The Bafokeng and the other Basuto had, at this period, no knowledge of working metals; indeed, we may suppose that these hoes were new things to them, and highly prized. The Mazizi or coast tribes learned the use of metals long before the inland Basuto, and for a long time did a brisk trade with them, exchanging metal weapons and implements for cattle. But at this early period it is probable that the trade had either not yet commenced or that the incident related gave it a start.

Through these Bafokeng, who were in communication with their fellow-tribesmen and other Basuto beyond the Caledon, the Baphuthi got into relationship with the Bakuena of Monaheng. A mutual friendship sprang up, which manifested itself soon afterwards by Thibela naming his two sons Mokheseng and Monyane, after the twin sons of Monaheng; and afterwards Nkopane, the grandson of Monaheng, took Mamotsuene, the sister of Mokuoane, as a wife for his son Matsupshane.

When, after a lengthy sojourn, Thibela and his tribe moved on, many of the Bafokeng went with him. They settled at Ntlo-kholo, where Matelile and his people used to live before they moved to the place to which Matelile gave his name. They met the Maphetla at Rakhuuti, where they had been living for a long time.

Thibela had four sons, Mokheseng, Monyane, Masuabi, and Mokhuebi. The first was a man of no account, but the other three, either by themselves or through their children, came to wield great influence.

On the death of Thibela, Masuabi became chief at Ntlo-kholo. He had with him, as the head of his village, his younger brother Mokhuebi, who was the father of two sons and three daughters. The eldest son was Mokuoane, born about the year 1760; the other, Motemekoane, was born six years later.

Masuabi was succeeded by his son Palali; and some years later Mokhuebi died, leaving his five children to the care of their mother Ngoanamokone. These were the two sons already mentioned, and three daughters, Nkaiseng, Mamotsuene, and Ntepele.

Ngoanamokone was by birth a Mofokeng. She was an able and energetic woman, and a devoted mother. The eldest daughter had been affianced in the lifetime of her father to her cousin Khechane, son of Monyane, who was called by the Bushmen Qalabane, which name has adhered to the mountain near Mafeteng, where he lived up to the time of the Lifaqane wars. On the death of Mokhuebi, Palali claimed the right to dispose of the girl; but, nevertheless, the marriage with the son of Monyane took place as arranged, and Mokuoane and his mother, fearing the displeasure of Palali, fled with the other children to Tsosane, chief of the Mapolane at Thaba Tsueu, and the cattle of Nkaiseng's marriage, remaining in the hands of Monyane, served later on to procure a wife for Motemekoane.

He fled to Tsosane because Mokhuebi, who had been a doctor, had often attended Polane his father; and the widow thought that her children stood a better chance of a good reception from him than from any one else.

But Mokuoane did not wish to eat the bread of idleness, and in return for the protection and hospitality of Tsosane, he served him well and faithfully as a cattle-herd. Being a bold and expert hunter, he used to kill wild animals, of the skins of which he made karosses, which he bartered for cattle. His mother helped him by growing tobacco and hemp, which she bartered with Bushmen for rock-rabbit skins and ostrich feathers. With the former Mokuoane made more karosses, and with the latter headgear, and the ornament called *mokhele*. The *mokhele*, or great plume, consisted of a long bamboo, around which ostrich feathers were bound with much skill. It was fixed inside a shield in an upright position, and was used to indicate the whereabouts of the chief in battle or a great hunt. It was therefore only the chiefs who bought this kind of thing, and they were willing to pay as much as a young heifer for one. They were made of black and white feathers, the white being the more valuable because less common.

In this way, and with the help of his mother, Mokuoane got together almost enough cattle to enable him to marry the daughter of his master, Tsosane. The old chief, Polane, objected strongly to this marriage, but Tsosane had formed a high opinion of Mokuoane, who

had served him well and faithfully, and whose industry and ability had impressed him very favourably, so that, notwithstanding the opposition of his father, he gave him his daughter Maili in marriage. She was a good and clever girl, cheerful, and of a ready tongue; but Mokuoane was a silent man, who spoke little.

Polane died of old age at his village at Thabana Morena, where the chief, Konote, now lives, soon after the marriage of Mokuoane with his granddaughter. But before his death he had the misfortune to lose his grandson Setlho, who died from the effects of a wound, caused by the poisoned arrow of a Bushman.

A few months after the death of Polane, Tsosane and his son-in-law migrated to Kubake, near Mohales Hoek. On the road, and before they crossed the Makhaleng, Maili, who was in an advanced stage of pregnancy, felt that her time was come. She managed, however, to reach the cave of a trapper called Phese, and there gave birth to a son, who was called Moorosi, after a maternal uncle, but the Bushmen called him Qhengha. When she recovered, she and the women who were with her followed the rest of the tribe to Kubake. This journey and the birth of the famous chief Moorosi took place in the year 1795.

Tsosane and Mokuoane settled near the rocky peaks called Matsatseng, Shalane at Thaba Tsueu, where Nkhahle Mohale has been residing lately. Mahopo (called by the Bushmen Kotseli), father of Lipholo, took possession of the little hill where Makhube used to live before the Government removed him. Lipholo and Motemekoane were circumcised there.

In the winter the stock used to graze in a beautiful valley to the south of the Mountain of Snakes, Thaba Linoha, through which runs a stream which had then no name, but which came to be called Maphutsing ("where the pumpkins are"), owing to the wonderful manner in which pumpkins grew there. Indeed the valley was very fertile, and for that reason the tribe migrated thither after having spent a year or two at Kubake. Mahopo, however, left after the first harvest, and settled at Morifi, near the Makhaleng (Corney Spruit). After two years Mokuoane joined him there, leaving his son Moorosi in charge of Nqe, the lad's uncle, under whom he received a liberal education. He was taught to hunt, to lift cattle, and was also instructed in the use of weapons and the art of war. While he was still quite young, he distinguished himself in a fight by slaying a grown warrior in single combat. For this feat his uncle gave him a heifer and a decoration of

honour. The decoration was a piece of hard wood, suspended from the neck by a cord made of beef sinews. For every enemy killed, a warrior adds a similar piece of wood to this necklace of glory. It is called in Sesuto *shuahla tsa hlolo*. Moorosi praised himself on this occasion in the following verse:

Khomo ea mochana oa Nqe
E tolotsana ka kolu moreneng
H'abo moholo ho lebohuoa sehoere,*

which may be rendered thus:

The cow of the nephew of Nqe,
The black cow with white spots, praises the chief,
In the house of my wife they give thanks to the medicine.

Moorosi was circumcised by his uncle, and remained with him till he was about twenty-five years old, when he returned to his father in order to be married. This event took place in due course, the bride being Quane, daughter of Thamahe, a hunter of renown who lived at Thaba Putsua. Of this marriage a daughter called Mopa was born in 1821, but she died in infancy, probably during and by reason of the distress which fell upon the land during the following year.

Thus at the beginning of the nineteenth century we find the three clans from the Tugela Valley in occupation of a large tract of country—that is to say, from Qiloane to the Orange River and between the Maluti Range and the Caledon Valley.

We have seen how the Mapolane of Mothuba left Boqate, Qualing, etc., after the death of this chief in order to be near their compatriots at Thaba Tsueu, who had been there since 1770. At Qalabane there were a number of Baphuthi, descendants of Monyane, son of Thibela; while such places as Rakhuiti, Makhoarane, Mathebe, Likhoele, Kolo, Tayane, Matelile, and Botheta were occupied by the Maphetla. The Mapolane, who were fairly numerous and powerful, occupied Thaba Tsueu, Thabana Morena, Khilibiteng, Mohalinyane, Maboloka, Liphiring, Kubake, Maphutsing, Morifi, and Thaba Putsoa.

Besides the tribes from the Tugela, there were living in the same tract of country and on friendly terms with them, the Bafokeng of Ntomane-a-mahlaku and the Bafokeng of Mphofe—the former at Qiloane and Korokoro, then called Tloutle; and the latter at Mankhoaneng.

* *Sehoere* is the porridge eaten at the circumcision, with which is cooked a medicine containing human flesh when procurable.

From the time these tribes left the Tugela Valley up to 1821 there is no record of any event of importance, so that it is fair to assume that nothing of a serious nature occurred to disturb the even tenor of their lives during these two centuries. We hear of their having established friendly relations and intermarrying with the Basuto tribes beyond the Caledon; and also that in 1813 or 1814 the famous Mohlomi paid a visit to the Mapolane at Maphutsing. He was received with much reverence, and was even given some grain, though his hosts were very short of it at that time. Mohlomi also visited some villages of the Maphetla on his way home.

But, alas! this time of peace and concord was soon to have an end. A storm was brewing in the east which was destined, when it burst, to inundate the land with blood; but before describing these scenes of horror, it is necessary to trace the history of the other tribes, who were at this time settled in what is now the Free State and on both sides of the upper reaches of the Caledon.

CHAPTER IV

THE FIRST BASUTO

NATIVES OF THABA MOHALE—MAGALIESBERG

WE have already had occasion to mention these people incidentally, but as we are now about to deal with them in detail, it may be well first to say a few words by way of introduction in order to show their connection with the parent tribes of Bechuanaland and the Transvaal.

After the Bakhatla separated from their mother tribe, the Bahurutshe, they divided into two sections—the one, that of Kgafela, remaining in Bechuanaland, while the other, that of Tabane, spread themselves over the country which is now called the Transvaal. The second section was again subdivided into three branches—viz. the Bamasetla, the Bamakau, and the Bamutsha—and this is how it came about.

When the Bakhatla first settled on the slopes of the Magaliesberg, they found the Bafokeng of Sebolela-a-Kuena established there. They made alliance with them, and the chief, Tabane, married a daughter of the Bafokeng chief. Her name was Mathulare, and she became the mother of the founders of five great tribes—viz. the Bapeli, the Makholokoe, the Maphuthing, the Batlokoa, and the Basia. These tribes may be called the first Basuto, because they were the first to bear that name.*

Mathulare does not seem to have been the great wife of Tabane, because after the departure of Tabane in search of fresh conquests, her son Liale had to give way before Matlaisane, son of Tabane by another woman, and left Magaliesberg with all that belonged to him for the north-east. His brother Khoali, the father of the Batlokoa, accompanied him for the time being. The other sons of Mathulare,

* Although these people may have been the first to be called *Basuto*, they are frequently alluded to as *Bamorao* (those who came afterwards). This, of course, may relate to the date of their arrival from the north, but it is doubtful whether the Bakuena, Bafokeng, and others would admit their claim to be called "the first Basuto."—J. C. M.

finding themselves unable to live under Matlaisane, also departed in due course, but not at the same time nor in the same direction.

Matlaisane therefore was left in undisturbed possession at Magaliesberg, and formed the branch of the Bamutsha.

The branch of the Bamakau was formed by Molise, son of Liale, who broke away from his father's rule in consequence of supernatural occurrences alleged to have taken place in connection with the birth of his brother Lelalla-teng. There is also record of a serious fight, occasioned no doubt by the ill-will engendered by the above superstition, but of which the immediate pretext was the possession of a tame buffalo. According to *Basuto Traditions*, Khao, Nalane his son, and Leoka his grandson, were killed in this fight. Their people fled southwards under the leadership of Lethaha, son of Leoka, and joined the Bakuena of Monaheng at Futhane. Afterwards, as auxiliaries of the Bamaiyane, they earned for themselves the unenviable distinction of being the pioneers of cannibalism. It was after the secession of this branch that those left behind were called Bamosetla.

(a) THE BAPELI

Liale was the eldest son of Mathulare's house, and the first to break away from the parent stem of the Bakhatla of Makau of the Magaliesberg, about the middle of the seventeenth century. They travelled northwards, following the course of the Lepalule (Olifant's River) as far as its confluence with the Elands River, and then, having crossed to the right bank, they settled in the wooded and mountainous district of Mohalitse between the Lepalule and the Manganeng (Steelpoort River), which falls into the Lepalule. Liale first settled at Fateng (Waber Fort), but after the birth of his son he moved to Manganeng (Steelpoort River). It is said that this child used to make its voice heard while still in the womb of its mother, and the thing greatly disturbed the tribe, who regarded it as a kind of sorcery, and sought to destroy the mother and her unborn child. Liale, however, was able to protect his wife and offspring, and the child was born quite naturally in due course at Fateng, though the circumstance was probably the cause of Liale's removal to Manganeng. The child was called Lelalla-teng, or Lesea-le-lla-teng ("the baby cries there") and Mopeli.

Liale was a successful warrior and subjugated all the little clans around him. As his following increased, they assumed his name of

Mopeli, calling themselves Bapeli. They abandoned the emblem of the Bakhatla, the *khatla* (monkey), and took that of the porcupine instead. It was called the *tubatse* in their dialect, *noku* in modern Sesuto.

The ancient Bapeli were as superstitious as the rest of the Bantu, and much given to the use of charms. At the time of the new moon they avoided their fields, and held great feasts which were at once religious and national in their nature. They lived on Kafir corn, beans, pumpkins, milk, and meat occasionally. At a later period mealies (maize) was imported from India by the Portuguese, and became an article of diet. They were industrious, too. They used to forge hoes larger and heavier than those of their neighbours, and Mr. Arbousset says of them, "They used to procure copper articles of hardware and cloth at Lorenzo Marques, and barter them in the interior for ivory, horns, cattle, and skins."

Liale was held in great esteem by his people, who were constantly praising him. His son Lelalla-teng succeeded him, who in turn was succeeded by his son Moroa-Motsha. Moroa-Motsha had a dispute with his brother Mampuru, in consequence of which he migrated to the north, where he founded a tribe called the Mafefe. Kotope, his son, succeeded him, but was killed by his younger brother Thulare, who seized the chieftainship. It is related of Thulare that he used to paint his eyelids with a yellow pigment, and that he was as fleet of foot as a "dappled heifer in the springtime." In praising himself he used to say, "The father of Malekutu grazes only at night like a hippo." "Men," he used to say to his people, "let the ripening fruit be gathered by day—fruits of a well-loved soil; but by night run ye to the cattle-posts with him who fights only in the dark," alluding no doubt to some exploit at night.

It would seem that his sons and grandsons had eyes sunk deep in their orbits, probably inherited from him, for here is another of his *lithoko* praises: "Thulare oa Makau a Molise: Lingoetsi moreneng tse sa bokeng Thulare, lia tsuala ba mahlo a pitseng"—that is to say, "Thulare of the blood of Makau of Molise: the girls of his people do not thank Thulare for having begotten children with beetling brows." This Thulare died somewhere about the year 1824.

The Bapeli wore a large breech-cloth made of dressed skin. The women, too, wore clothes with some decency; they wore a kind of skirt of the same material, open in front to show a longish girdle (*thethana*)

made of twisted grass. It was the fashion for men, women, and children to shave their heads, leaving only an oval tuft in front. The ears were pierced, and a piece of reed inserted by way of ornament.

Since the eighteenth century the Bapeli were in touch with their neighbours the Amazwazi (Swazies). These used to laugh at the breech-cloth of the Bapeli, and the trouble they took to make one of the three ends pass between the legs and join the other two in a knot behind, thinking their own fashion of a mocha, or sporran, made of jackals' tails or the dressed skins of rock-rabbit, more dignified. So they called the Bapeli *Abashunto*, a derivative of the verb *uku shunta*, "to make a knot." This designation, bestowed in derision, was adopted with pride by the Bapeli, and later by the other tribes similarly clothed, and was the origin of the present term Basuto.

The dialect of the Bapeli was Sesuto, but harsh and crude in comparison with the soft and graceful speech of the Bakuena and Bafokeng, which is the Sesuto of to-day.

The genealogy of the Bapeli chiefs is incomplete. There are several versions of it, of which the one given seems to be the best. It shows nine generations, and is taken from the *History of the Native Tribes of the Transvaal*, 1903.

(b) THE MAPHUTHING

These were the second offshoot of the Bakhatla. Moving eastwards, they settled on the borders of what is now called Swaziland, in a mountainous country full of duiker (*phuthi*), and this animal they took for their *seboko*, or emblem, and called themselves Maphuthing, or people of the Phuthi. They did not remain there for many years (though they also entered into friendly relations with the Swazies, who gave them the name which they had given to their cousins the Bapeli), but migrated southwards to the banks of the Tugela, where they came into contact with the Amahlubi, who also jeered at the breech-cloth of the men. Not seeing their way to live in harmony with these people the Maphuthing moved westwards, and, crossing the Drakensberg, lived for something like half a century on the banks of the Namahali (Elands River), near what is now called Wetsi's Hoek in the Orange Free State. There the Mazizi of Tlameni found them, as before related, and sojourned with them, submitting themselves to the civilising influence of the descendants of Mathulare.

After the departure of the Mazizi, who had now become Baphuthi and Abashunto by adopting the emblem and dress of the Maphuthing, they also left that neighbourhood, and went north to beyond the Vaal to where the town of Heidelberg now stands. There they found Bafokeng, who, as we have seen, were spread abroad in little clans all over the country. The Maphuthing, though they had by this time become a numerous and warlike tribe, respected the Bafokeng, recognising them as the patriarchs of all the tribes, and consented to live with them in a subordinate position. Indeed, wherever they were, the Bafokeng have always exercised an influence quite out of proportion to their numbers or military power. This is due, no doubt, in some measure to the antiquity of their tribe, but still more to their personal shrewdness and ability. Yet strange to say, it is as advisers and counsellors that they come most into notice, and though, as in this case, the paramount position has often been freely accorded to Bafokeng chiefs, they have rarely, if ever, been able to retain it, owing to the mildness and perhaps indolence of their character. They are the thinkers of the Bantu, and while they have always influenced and swayed the men of action, they have rarely been men of action themselves.

The chief of the Bafokeng, to whom the Maphuthing joined themselves, was Keketsi, and Mathula, chief of the Maphuthing, took a daughter of his to wife. Keketsi loved his leisure, and was glad enough to leave the settlement of all matters and disputes to his more energetic son-in-law, saying that if a man had been tried by him, he seldom needed to be tried again. So that before very long all the authority passed into the hands of the chief of the Maphuthing.

The grandson of this Mathula-Tsepe (so called by reason of his skill in working metal), Motsuane I., had several sons. On his death, about the middle of the eighteenth century, a violent quarrel about the succession broke out between Maketela, the eldest, and his brother Khoase. As both had a following, there was civil war and some bloodshed, in which the younger overcame the elder, and pursued him as far as the country of the Bataung. These tried to protect the fugitive, but they were beaten by Khoase, who became chief of the Maphuthing.

Tradition passes in silence over the time during which the Maphuthing were ruled by Mohlaholi and Motsuane II., son and grandson of Khoase, but it has much to say about Kekesi, alias Ratsebe, son of Motsuane II. He was such a warrior that he was called Lehohoretsa

("the sweeper"), and was accounted the greatest chief of his day. It was said of him that where the army of Ratsebe passed the grass ceased to grow, and indeed in his time the tribe was very numerous. Its strength was not altogether due to natural increase. Many strangers and masterless men joined Ratsebe, including a whole clan of Bahla-koana, who, living near, became entirely absorbed by intermarriage and other means.

One of Ratsebe's uncles, Tsuane, made a raid on the Bataung which cost him dear. It is probable that he acted without the authority of the chief, for we do not hear of the latter espousing his cause.

One day Tsuane, who had many people under him, received a visit from the Bataung chief Mophethe with only two attendants. In the course of conversation Mophethe allowed himself to boast of his own and his people's wealth, and thereby aroused the cupidity of Tsuane, who thought the opportunity a good one to enrich himself at the expense of his guest. He therefore, while pretending to escort him on the way home, took him and his two attendants, Mokanathe and Kanyesi, prisoners, and sent a party to raid the Bataung cattle in the absence of the chief. The raid was successful, for though one of the attendants, Kanyesi, managed to escape and carry the news to Moletsane, the famous son of Mophethe, the cattle were gone before a force could be collected to protect them. Moletsane was not the man to leave matters in this position, and when his father, who was released on completion of the raid, told him all that had taken place, he collected his whole strength, and made a night attack on Tsuane. There was a terrible slaughter, and the Bataung plied their weapons till their arms swelled and they could strike no more. Five hundred and seventy Maphuthing were left upon the field, of whom Moletsane killed eight with his own hand. The stolen cattle were recovered, and many more besides.

A lesson so prompt and severe and a retribution so complete has seldom been suffered by such a chief before or since.

Another relation of Ratsebe, a cousin called Sekobotlane, made himself very objectionable to the Maphuthing and their neighbours. Although he owned many cattle, he was not satisfied, and sought to claim as his own any stray stock which was found in his vicinity. Such stock was promptly slaughtered and eaten, and when the owners came to inquire after their property, they were driven off with threats and abuse. Such conduct could not be tolerated, and Sekobotlane was

tried by his uncle Mahafa, was deprived of all his property and outlawed. He fled across the Caledon, and joined the Maphetla.

The genealogy of the Maphuthing, which will be found in its place, is one of the most complete in this work. It was drawn up many years ago from information obtained from intelligent old men, who were well posted in all that concerned their tribe.

(c) THE MAKHOLOKOE

Information concerning this tribe is meagre, but there is no doubt that they are the descendants of Khetsi, the second son of Mathulare. They were therefore able to remain at home longer than the junior members of the family, but after a time they too were obliged to quit. They went up the Vaal, and established themselves near a great mountain to the north of it, which since their occupation has been called Thaba Kholokoe after them. This migration took place probably during the second half of the seventeenth century, and they remained at Thaba Kholokoe for eight or nine generations. They increased and multiplied, and in course of time many of them came to believe that this mountain was the birthplace of the tribe. It is situated in what is now the district of Standerton (*Seratoe*) in the Transvaal.

From all accounts they were an amiable and good-natured people. They were poor warriors, but when pushed to it they have shown that they knew how to defend themselves. Like their relations the Bapeli and Maphuthing, they adopted the porcupine (*tubatse*) as their emblem in exchange for that of their Bakhatla ancestors, the *khatla* (monkey).

While they were at Thaba Kholokoe, a section of the Batlokoa under the famous Motonosi came to live with them, but the proud spirit of Motonosi could not brook a superior, and he notified to Tsoleli, the Makholokoe chief, his intention to quit. Tsoleli consented in these words, at the same time presenting him with a heifer and a young bull: "I see thou lovest power, and that is why thou wilt not remain with me. Go, therefore, and one day thou wilt be a chief." Motonosi accordingly took the road, and passed on southwards with all his belongings. This was about the year 1700.

After the departure of the Batlokoa, there is nothing to record about the Makholokoe until, about the beginning of the nineteenth century, we hear of a portion of them living under their

chief Polane, son of Lehasa. Polane, though the son of an inferior wife, was nevertheless a man of authority, and his name was well known among neighbouring tribes. He was attacked by Moletsane, chief of the Bataung, who, not being able to capture his cattle, destroyed his crops. A few months before the outbreak of the Lifaqane, he was attacked by the Mahlapo Zulus, under Mofeli, and this was the end of him. He and many of his people were killed; the cattle were captured, and those who survived the battle were scattered and dispersed. Some of these were collected at a later date by Tsuise, son of Polane.

It is possible that this attack was instigated by the descendants of Motsuane by his first wife, for we know that the widow of Phoka, son of Mokete, son of Motsuane, sought refuge with Mofeli, taking with her her son Molohe, who grew up under the care of that chief. Later on Molohe married Sime, orphan daughter of Polane, and went to live near Wetsi, Polane's grandson. See *Basuto Traditions*, from which source the genealogy of the Makhlokoe, which will be found in its place, is also taken.

(d) THE BASIA

The father of this tribe was the youngest son of Tabane by Mathulare his wife, and he and his eldest brother were the last to leave their birthplace at Magaliesberg. Indeed both emigrations would seem to have taken place about the same time, and for the same reason—namely, the departure of Tabane for Zoutpansberg, and reluctance to submit to the rule of Molise,* the eldest son of the first wife of Tabane.

The Basia were the smallest of the tribes which sprang from the house of Mathulare, but for all that they played an important part in the history of the country, and one of their daughters, Mantatise, as chieftainess-regent of the Batlokoa, became, as will be seen farther on, a very notable personage indeed.

Leaving Magaliesberg, they followed the course of the Vaal, and then turned southwards and settled in the country to the south of Ntsuanatsatsi and west of the Elands River in the district of Harrismith. Here they remained for over two centuries, but as they were always fighting with somebody, they did not become very numerous.

During the first half of the eighteenth century they were joined by

* Matlaisesane.

Motonosi and his Batlokoa, who, as we have just seen, had parted with the Makhlokoe about that time.

Shortly after his arrival, the Basia had occasion to regulate with shield and battle-axe a dispute which they had with Tsotetsi, elder brother of Motonosi and chief of the senior branch of the Batlokoa. There was no real reason why Motonosi should mix himself in this trouble, and the Basia did not invite him; but he had an old grudge against his elder brother, and, apart from his love of a fight for its own sake, was probably nothing loath to help to humiliate him.

The battle between the Basia and Tsotetsi was fierce, and was going against the Basia, when Motonosi threw his whole strength on the flank of Tsotetsi, and by utterly routing him turned the scale in favour of the Basia.

Thus began a friendship and alliance between the Batlokoa of Motonosi (often called the Bamokotleng) and the Basia which, cemented by intermarriage and mutual help, lasted as long as each tribe endured, though each maintained its corporate identity.

Like other of the descendants of Mathulare, the Basia, on leaving the parent tribe, took the emblem of the *tubatse*, or porcupine, and have kept it to this day.

We have no complete genealogy of this tribe, but by supplementing what we have been able to collect with the fragment given in *Basuto Traditions*, we get a fairly satisfactory genealogy, which goes back to the seventeenth century.

(e) THE BATLOKOA

This tribe, descended from Khoali, fourth son of Tabane, was perhaps the most famous of the descendants of Mathulare. They left with the Bapeli, and also came into contact with the Swazies and got the nickname of Abashunto for the same reason.

At first they had no animal as *seboko*, or emblem, contenting themselves with the name of an ancestor, Molefe, as something to swear by; but later on they chose for their emblem the *quabi* (wild cat), and they could not have chosen anything more appropriate. They were a fierce and surly people, plunderers and shedders of blood, fighting and disputing with all with whom they came into contact. They therefore did not increase as rapidly as did their cousins of the Makhlokoe and Maphuthing, and if at the beginning of the nineteenth century they

were a numerous and powerful tribe, this was rather due to influx of strangers from the east than to natural increase. But though they were not as numerous at first as their neighbours, they excelled them all in courage and warlike temper.

It is not surprising that they soon parted company with the Bapeli, with whom they left Magaliesberg, and that their own tribe did not hold together long. It split into two parties, one remaining in the north, with Khoali as chief; the other, with which we are concerned, wandering south under Molatoli son of Molefe, his junior. They settled in the district now called Wakkerstrom, and there Molatoli died. He was succeeded by his son Lepatsoe, concerning whom nothing is known, and who was succeeded by his son Tsotetsi.

During the time of Tsotetsi there occurred another split, brought about by the pride and ambition of his cousin Motonosi, grandson of Sebili. Motonosi claimed the rights of chieftainship over the reeds, thatching grass, and wood which grew near the villages; and on these being denied him, he left with all belonging to him, saying of Tsotetsi, "This Motlokoa is anger itself, and a man who does not fear to shed blood."

Motonosi sojourned for a time, as we have seen, with the Makhokoe of Tsoleli, and then passed on southwards, and finally settled between the Elands River and the Drakensberg, after another sojourn with the Basia.

The result of this split was the formation of two distinct branches of the Batlokoa, the senior, that of Tsotetsi, going by the name of the Bamokhalong, and the junior, that of Motonosi, called the Bamokotleng. There were also some independent Batlokoa, called the Malakeng, who lived between these rival branches.

After the departure of Motonosi, Tsotetsi, who spent his time in fighting with his neighbours, especially the Maphuthing, died; and as his son Lebasa was too young to assume the chieftainship, Mamohlahlo, the widow, proclaimed herself regent. She was opposed, however, by the brothers of Tsotetsi, Leloka and Selemane, who sought to become chiefs themselves by wresting his birthright from the son of their elder brother. Fortunately for the widow and her son, Motonosi intervened, established and supported her in the office of regency, and helped her to bring up the orphan heir of his late rival. It is greatly to Motonosi's credit that, in assuming the position of protector, which he might easily have turned to his own advantage, he put aside all his grievances

against the house of Tsotetsi, and performed his duties faithfully and disinterestedly. In due time Lebasa succeeded to his father's chieftainship, and, after a turbulent existence spent in raids and quarrels, died, leaving his son Nkhahle chief of the Batlokoa of Mokhalong in his stead.

This Nkhahle was destined to play a great part in the future, but, notwithstanding all his father owed to Motonosi, he was always in opposition to the Batlokoa of Mokotleng. Fortunately for him, the locality he occupied was remote from the route taken by the Zulu invaders Pakalita and Matuoane, so that the worst of the devastating tide of the Lifaqane passed him by.

In his old age Motonosi lost his son and heir Montueli. His death was tragic, and this is how it occurred. A thief, a Motlokoa of Mokhalong, had been caught hiding in the reeds, and was brought before Montueli while he was hunting at Lingalong. At a moment when most of the young men were engaged in surrounding a herd of antelope and their attention absorbed by the excitement of the chase, the thief, who had been cruelly treated by his guards, contrived to escape. Abandoning the antelopes, every one started in pursuit of the man, and Montueli, being swifter than his men, soon outdistanced them in the pursuit and overtook the fugitive alone. Just as he was about to seize him, however, one of his sandals got loose and tripped him, so that he fell heavily to the ground; whereupon the thief seized a spear from the quiver of Montueli and killed him before he had time to rise.

So Montueli never succeeded to the chieftainship of his father. His wife was Ntlo-kholo, sister of Mothaha of the Basia tribe, and by her he had a son called Mokotjo, who at the time of his father's death was still a little boy. The guardianship of the orphan heir, according to custom, fell naturally to Montuetsana, the younger brother of Montueli, but the widow seems to have doubted his good faith, and, after consultation with her relations, the Basia, went to live with them during the minority of her son. She was escorted by a guard consisting of her husband's circumcision mates, who remained with her during her sojourn with her own people, which lasted about three years. Montueli's death occurred about the year 1800, and three years later Montuetsana was attacked by Lebasa of the Bamokhalong and killed in the fight. His widow, MaMare, tried to secure the chieftainship for her young son, but Mokotjo, though still

very young, was able with the support of his guard and the goodwill of the tribe to come back to his own.

This took place in the year 1803, the year of the terrible famine which was called by the name Sekoboto. It was a time of disaster and death. Family ties were suspended as well as those between chiefs and people, and the starving people gave themselves to any one who could keep them alive. Owing to the long drought there were no grain and hardly any milk or leguminous plants. Old men who went through it in their youth have related that never before or since has there been such a famine. People grew so weak that they could only crawl or stagger about. Men could not maintain their families, and turned off their younger wives to fend for themselves, with freedom to join themselves to any one who could keep them. Mokotjo and his relations as well as other of the people managed to exist on a kind of meal made of beef liver which was first boiled, then dried and minced fine. It was made into a kind of paste with milk when procurable, and made a sort of substitute for grain.

Mokotjo married his cousin the daughter of Mothaha, his mother's brother, chief of the Basia. Her name was Monyalue, and she was a handsome, intelligent girl with a pleasant manner. She was tall and, in her youth, slim and graceful. She was of a light brown complexion which was not unpleasing to the Batlokoa, perhaps by way of contrast, for their own colour is exceptionally black. She wore the usual brass bangles on her arms and anklets on her legs, as well as a large brass collar round her neck. Like other women of her time, she wore nothing on her head.

Her first child was a daughter called Ntatisi, and from that time, according to custom, she was called Mantatisi—the name by which she became famous. It would have been a breach of good manners to have called her by any other name, but for all that she was afterwards often called Mosayane ("the little woman"), not by any means in derision, for she was rather tall, but rather in a spirit of admiration similar to that which once inspired Frenchmen to call their great Emperor "the little corporal."

Three years later, in 1804, she bore a son, who was called Sekonyela, who, like his father, was brought up by the Basia, his mother's people. It is said that he was removed by night, and that, as his mother remained at home, this gave rise to undesirable rumours. Possibly at this time Mokotjo distrusted his people and feared for the safety of

his son; but as there is nothing in the subsequent history of the tribe to support this view, it is more probable that Mokotjo, remembering his own youth and influenced by his wife, decided that that course was the best for the boy. Moreover, as we have seen in the case of Moorosi and others, it was not unusual for the son of a chief to be brought up by his maternal uncle.

About this time Motonosi died. For many years, by reason of his great age, he had retired from public life and had been living quietly at Pitsi with one of his younger wives to tend him. He was buried at Nkoe, near his sons Montueli and Montuetsana, who predeceased him, where also are the graves of Sebili, Sebilinyane, and Makoro.

Motonosi, as has been said, was the founder of this, which though a junior, became the most important section of the Batlokoa tribe. He was a strong man, fierce and quarrelsome, but honest in his way, and perhaps the staunchest fighter of a fighting race. A curious trait in his character was his love of children, and it is related of him that when he was not occupied in executing or planning the destruction of his neighbours, he was always surrounded by a troop of urchins, with whom he was never tired of playing. The fierce old warrior, before whom the bravest men were wont to quail, had no terrors for them.

The Batlokoa chiefs had in their service a famous doctor called Mokolokolo, who was able to cure more diseases than any other doctor of his time. He was the custodian of the secrets of all the medicines which had from time to time been bought by the Chief Marutle from other doctors with cattle from far and near, the efficacy of which had been proved by the cures effected. It was also the duty of this doctor to superintend the burial of all members of the royal house and order all things according to ancient usage, his fee being the head and hide of the ox slaughtered on these occasions for the purposes of purification. He was very old when charged with the burial of Motonosi, and at the side of the grave he resigned his office in the following words addressed to the assembled tribe: "To-day I am old. Draw near and observe how your people are preserved in the grave according to the law of Sebili, so that you may not need to ask me to do it for you again." As a matter of fact, all chiefs since the time of Sebili had been buried with much formality as well for the satisfaction of the relatives as for the propitiation of the Shades of the ancestors of the deceased, who were believed to be present at the ceremony.

It was some time after the death of Motonosi, Mokotjo having moved his headquarters from Nkoe to Sefate, that a clan of Mahlubi, in consequence of trouble with their compatriots, moved from the banks of the Umzinyate (Buffalo River) and came to live with the Batlokoa. The name of their chief was Tsulo. Mokotjo placed them near the mountains and allowed them to rule themselves by their own laws and customs in all internal matters.

In 1813 Mokotjo, whose health had never been very good, died at Hohobeng. He had gone there ostensibly to hunt, but really in order to prevent Lebasa of the Bamokhalong from taking possession of the place, which was also desired by Mokotjo's brother Machaea; and this gave rise to the rumour that Mokotjo had been bewitched by the people of Machaea. As a matter of fact, however, Mokotjo died quite simply of disease during his stay at Hohobeng. His body was taken to Nkoe and buried in the burial-place of the chiefs. He left behind him a devoted wife and three young children, a girl and two boys.

The early death of Mokotjo was a serious matter for the Batlokoa. His eldest son was still a little boy, and there are always persons ready and anxious to turn such circumstances to their personal advantage and to quarrel over the inheritance of the orphan. Had Mantatisi been other than she was, it is very possible that the death of Mokotjo might have caused the disruption of the Batlokoa of Mokotleng.

Mantatisi, however, assumed the regency on behalf of her minor son, and thus began one of the most remarkable careers that Bantu South Africa has witnessed or is ever likely to witness.

The task before her was one which might well have made a strong man hesitate, and she was but a young woman, and an alien of another tribe, though a friendly one. At this time, too, she was by no means popular among her husband's people, and these, as has been stated, were the most turbulent and unruly in South Africa. It is to be regretted that more detailed information is not forthcoming concerning the manner in which she established her authority and the means she adopted to that end. It is certain that her hold upon the tribe was at first as precarious as it afterwards became absolute. She must have had to meet and overcome many crises, but there is no record of these early struggles. We only know that she was a brave woman of great natural ability and force of character, and in due

course became the idol of her people and of great repute among the other tribes far and near.

The natives have a proverb which says, "The mother of boy does not marry again" (*Mamohlankana ha a nyaloe*), and it may be added that the widows of chiefs never do. Mantatisi therefore remained a widow, though a near relation of her late husband did try to induce her to break the rule. She, however, allowed her brother-in-law Molohe the privileges of her hut, and had a daughter by him.

Meanwhile the quarrelsome nature of the Batlokoa was always causing trouble; sometimes among themselves, sometimes with their neighbours, and sometimes with far distant tribes.* In 1817 Mantatisi was forced to let her warriors go and fight beyond the Drakensberg on the Umzinyate (Buffalo River). They attacked Chief Zwedi, of the Amahlubi tribe, killed many of his people, and captured a vast herd of cattle. It was in consequence of the prestige gained in this expedition that a Hlubi chief called Motsholi came to seek shelter among them from the oppressions of Umtinkulu and Pakalita, the sons of Bongane.

He arrived among the Batlokoa about the middle of 1818, with a following of about two thousand people; and Mantatisi and her counsellors, delighted at such an accession of strength, received him and placed him in a beautiful valley on the western slopes of the Drakensberg. During the first year the relations between the Batlokoa and the new arrivals were friendly enough, but soon Motsholi began to give offence to Mantatisi. He had, of course, to visit her court from time to time, and, according to custom, was provided with food during his stay. It was noticed, however, that he did not eat this food, but brought his own with him, being afraid, it seems, of being made to eat something which had been sacrificed to the spirit of Mokotjo. This gave great offence, and when about three years later Motsholi, being tired of a subordinate position, aspired to an independent chieftainship, it was resolved to punish his disloyalty after a grand circumcision feast which was about to take place. But a complication arose out of this feast which had to be adjusted before Motsholi could be dealt with.

* It is only fair to say that the descendants of these swashbucklers have been settled in Basutoland under their chief, Lelingoana, great-grandson of Mantatisi, since 1881, and have become an orderly and peaceable people who give little or no trouble to the authorities or their neighbours.—J. C. M.

It was not the intention of Mantatisi that her son Sekonyela, who had arrived at a suitable age, should join himself to the batch of boys who were to undergo the rite on this occasion. She had reason to distrust her brother-in-law Sehalahala, and to fear that he would take occasion to bring about the death of the boy, as if by accident, during one or other of the ceremonies which the initiates have to undergo. She therefore wished her son to be circumcised by her own relations the Basia, in whom she had entire confidence. Her late husband had told her that Moepi and Sehalahala, sons of his father by a second wife, though born before him, had always wished him ill, and that when he came to be circumcised, Moepi came to where he was in the fields with the other initiates, and beat him very severely saying, "Ah! some day thou thinkest to rule us." Mokotjo was never able to forget these words of his brother Moepi, and the blows with which he emphasised them, and declared to Mantatisi that from the bottom of his heart he believed that his brother wanted to kill him in order to reign in his stead. When Mokotjo told this to his wife, Moepi was already dead, but he added that Moepi's brother Sehalahala was quite capable of attempting the life of their son Sekonyela. Mantatisi therefore was acting in accordance with the wishes of her dead husband in opposing the circumcision of her son by the Batlokoa on that occasion.

Sekonyela, however, at the instigation of Sehalahala, and without the knowledge of his mother, went and joined the initiates where they were assembled, and was about to undergo the rite when Mantatisi, hearing of what he had done, caused him to be withdrawn by force and sent off on that same day to her brother Letlala, so that he might be circumcised in all safety by the Basia.

By reason of his withdrawal from the lodge of the Batlokoa, Sekonyela received the circumcision name of Lentsa ("the one withdrawn"), and those circumcised with him bore the name Mantsa, that is, those of the company of Lentsa, members of the secret society initiated with Sekonyela.

This was a very courageous action of Mantatisi, and must have strained her authority to the utmost. The Batlokoa, to whom her private reasons could not be imparted, murmured, and with reason, at the idea of their future chief being circumcised by another tribe and inoculated with medicine taken from the horn* of a stranger.

* Horns of animals were used as receptacles for medicine, snuff, etc.

(*ka lenaka le sele*). But Mantatisi stood firm, and the ceremony was fixed to take place at the village of the Basia under the eye of Letlala.

Sehalahala was very angry, and after making as much mischief as he could at home, went to complain to Nkhahle, chief of the Bamokhalong branch, who joined in the protest against the chief being circumcised and inoculated by strangers. But Mantatisi was not to be shaken in her resolve, and Sehalahala had to give way, which he did very sulkily. It was his duty to provide branches with which to form the kind of *zariba* in which the ceremony takes place; and he did go with some men to cut them, but instead of taking them to Letlala, as he should have done, he left them in the field. Letlala asked why he had left the branches in the field, and suggested that it was perhaps in order to bewitch them and work mischief to the initiates, whereupon Sehalahala left in anger, taking with him all his stock. Mantatisi returned that night to her village with all her men, fearing that Sehalahala would call Nkhahle to come and raid it, which indeed was his intention; but baffled by the sudden return of Mantatisi, they decided to fall on the Malakeng, or independent Batlokoa, who, though independent, were well disposed to Mantatisi and helped her sometimes. They lived at Seropong, between the Bamokhalong and Bamokotleng. Sehalahala attacked them before the arrival of the warriors of Nkhahle, with the result that he was driven back with the loss of his chief counsellor, and when Nkhahle's people did arrive, the attack was not renewed. Sehalahala in his vexation then destroyed his own crops and fled to Tseele, a chief of the Basia, who lived on the left bank of the Namahali (Elands River); and not being able to pass through the country of the Malakeng to rejoin Nkhahle, he had to cross the Namahali at a point much lower down, where Nkhahle came to meet him.

Meanwhile, Mantatisi, who had left Sefate with her warriors on the day of the attack on the Malakeng, arrived too late to capture the cattle of Sehalahala, as he had already crossed the river and entered the territory of Tseele. She, however, took possession of his village on the right bank of the Namahali, and remained there until she was driven out of it by the Zulu invasion of 1822.

After this, Mantatisi found it necessary to punish Mataha, a petty chief of the Basia, for having ill-treated one Setai, an adherent of hers, who had enjoyed the confidence of Mokotjo. Her warriors fell upon him unawares, killed some of his men, and drove off his cattle.

It was therefore not until after three or four months after the return of Sekonyela from the circumcision lodge of the Basia that Mantatisi had leisure to deal with Motsholi for his disloyalty, but she was forestalled by her son. One day in the early spring an attack was made on Motsholi by the young Sekonyela and his circumcision mates. Motsholi, suspecting nothing, was sitting in his *lekhotla* with a few unarmed men. They were all killed, or rather murdered in cold blood; and Sekonyela, wishing to possess a brass collar which Motsholi wore, hacked off his head in order to get it, and carried it off as a trophy. While the young chief was washing the spear which had been presented to him on leaving the circumcision lodge in the blood of Motsholi, some of his companions were engaged in killing such people as fell into their hands and others in collecting the cattle. But the greater part of the inhabitants fled across the Drakensberg to their compatriots the Amahlubi of the Umzinyate, and among them was the widow of Motsholi, sister of the chief, Pakalita, who, though he had been one of the causes of Motsholi's exile, did not fail to avenge his murder.

The account of the killing of Motsholi was taken from the mouth of one of the actors in the tragedy, who, like his chief, killed with his own hand one of the men who were with Motsholi in the court.

Before the Zulu invasion, the power of the Batlokoa was considerable. Their military prestige was great, and the wars of Lifaqane resulting from the Zulu invasions enhanced it. The population of the different parts of the tribe could not have numbered less than 35,000 to 40,000 souls, and if Sekonyela had been a man of a different character he might easily have attained to the position which ultimately fell to Moshesh, who, though at this time an obscure headman with a tiny following, was a better man than Sekonyela in every way.

Eight generations of Batlokoa chiefs are buried at Nkoe, including Sebili and Sebilinyane, who as old men arrived there with Motonosi.

The usages and customs of the Batlokoa were more or less the same as those of the Bapeli, Maphuthing, Basia, and Makholokoe. Their dialect was also the same, but it changed as time went on, and new words and idioms were introduced by immigrants, such as Tsulo and Motsholi. They had some vague notion of one God, supreme and omnipotent, and the Shades of their ancestors were regarded as mediators between them and Him. Hence the prayer known to all the old

Basuto, "*Melimo e mecha rapelang Molimo oa Khale!*" ("young gods, pray for us to the Ancient God").

Their ancestors told them that men had been misled by an evil spirit, which hastened to forestall and falsify the message of God. And when they came to hear the truth from the missionary, they were quick to connect it with their own old tradition.

"Long before we knew of the existence of white people," said Mathabatha, son of the doctor Makolokolo above mentioned, "we heard from our ancestors that God created man, and made him so that he did not die. He sent Leobu (the laggard) to man, saying, 'Go, tell men that they die not.' Leobu went, but delayed so long on the road that Khathoane (the denier) arrived before him, and said, 'God says that men die, and die miserably.' Long afterwards Leobu arrived, saying, 'God declares that men live for ever.' But the men said, 'We have received the words brought by the first messenger; thine are too late.' Now I, Mathabatha, reflecting on these things, see in that which our fathers told us some Gospel truth. For me, Leobu is Christ, who delayed to come, and Khathoane is Satan, who, in his zeal to do evil, forestalled Him, so that when Christ did appear, men refused to receive His message. Moreover, our ancestors have taught us that the first man emerged from the reeds, and that smoke came out of a bush. For my own part, I find that this man was Moses, and that the smoke is that of the burning bush, when God told Moses to go and deliver the children of Israel."

Mathabatha, who gave vent to these reflections, was seventy years old when he embraced Christianity. He was an intelligent man and, like his father, a doctor of repute.

The Batlokoa, like other tribes, used to celebrate the appearance of the new moon every month, and the feast they held resembled in some respects the ceremonies observed by the ancient Jews. Among the Jews the occasion was celebrated by festivities, holocausts, and prayers. It seems, too, that the Sanhedrin met at Jerusalem just before the date of the new moon, and the first Israelite to perceive the crescent came to the Sanhedrin to report the fact, and the news was spread all over the country by means of signal fires lighted on the heights. These feasts were signalled by the sounding of trumpets (*Theology of the Old Testament*, by G. Fred Oehler).

Professor Oehler, whom we have just quoted, does not tell us what means were used by the Israelites to discover the slender crescent of

the new moon in broad daylight, and secure to the observer the distinction of being the first to announce its appearance to the council. But tradition tells of an ingenious method in use among the Basia, whereby the crescent could be detected in the sunlit firmament with the minimum of trouble to the observer. An earthen pot made of glazed pottery was filled with very clear limpid water, and as soon as the crescent appeared, it was reflected in the water even in the most glaring sunlight, and the first observer to discover the reflection in his pot ran to report to the chief, who announced the fact and summoned the feast by messengers. The successful astronomer was, according to custom, declared to be ruler of the feast, and was entrusted with the distribution of the refreshments.

The strictest propriety was observed on these occasions, even solemnity. Married people slept apart; no one went to the fields; the cattle remained in the kraals till midday, and were made to run when they were let out. All the milk of that day, instead of being poured into skin bags to thicken, as usual, was used to make a kind of milk porridge (*mahala*). The young people were not allowed to approach the food for the morrow's feast, otherwise they might become infirm, and afterwards beget children with sore eyes or squints. It is not impossible that there was another and more practical cause for this prohibition, but the above is the reason given.

No doubt these lunar feasts were religious in their origin, though afterwards they became more superstitious than religious. Still, the Shades had their place in them. The old proverb says, "*Pha balimo ya le bona*" ("Give to the Shades, and eat with them"). But, alas! the portion of food reserved for this pious purpose was of the very smallest, as almost all was consumed by the revellers in the intervals between the songs and dances.

The great importance which the Bantu peoples attached to the new moon and the enthusiasm with which they celebrated the lunar feast, for which they can give no reasonable explanation, seems to suggest that at one time in the distant past it meant more to them than a mere phase of the luminary affording an excuse for a jollification. It seems to point vaguely to some connection of their remote ancestors with ancient Egypt, where the Word-God (Thoth) was represented with a crescent on his head. Or it may be that this great function (which was observed by each tribe) was, though they had long forgotten it, held in honour of Him they called Mopeli, the Invisible, Father of all of

them, and whom each of them symbolised in their *seboko*, or totem. However that may be, our Bantu have now lost any religious sense which their ancestors of long ago may have felt in these matters, and if they still keep up the practice, it is only because their fathers did the like. They can give no other reason for it.

CHAPTER V

TRIBES WHICH CAME FROM THE WEST

(a) THE LIHOYA OR BAKUBUNG

WE have now to deal with a new series of Bantu tribes, which, after a long sojourn in the west of the sub-continent, came to settle in the country which had been occupied by the Basuto for several centuries before the outbreak of the wars of Lifaqane, which upset everything. They were offshoots of the Barolong and Bahurutse, who lived on the banks of the Molopo River.

The first of these is the Lihoya or Bakubung. The Barolong call the Lihoya their younger brothers. When they separated from the parent tribe, they adopted the hippopotamus (*kubu*) as their emblem, and so came to be known as the Bakubu. But, according to Mr. Arbousset, in order to perpetuate the memory of their great chief, Sehoya, they called themselves Lihoya, though the name had been given in derision to Mabula, their first chief.

As they are said to be the first of the western tribes to come south, it must now be some centuries since they left Khunwane, the chief town of the Barolong.

They first established themselves on the slopes which surround the place which afterwards was known by the name of Lithako, the first capital of the Bahlaping. There they built round huts of stone and mortar, and stone kraals for their stock.

It is not known when they left these villages, or why they did so; but long afterwards we hear of them encamped on the right bank of the Vaal, when the Barolong and Bahlaping captured their cattle. In order to escape such incursions in future, they crossed the Vaal and settled on the banks of the Matsaripe (Doorn River) and eastwards as far as Tikoana (Sand River).

Mr. G. W. Stow had occasion to note the antiquity of this tribe and their cleverness in building, as the following quotation from *The*

TRIBES WHICH CAME FROM THE WEST

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Native Races of South Africa shows. Mr. Stow says: "Old Lithako took its name from the numerous ruins of cattle kraals and stone fences on the neighbouring hills, the word meaning 'ruins.' The Bahlaping had no tradition concerning them, only they felt certain that they could not have been built by their ancestors, as the Bahlaping enclosures are all made of bushes, and one generation adheres strictly to the customs of that which preceded it. The Bahurutse and other tribes in that direction built their enclosures of stone exactly similar to these ruins. According to native authorities, however, there appears every reason to believe that these fences, ruins, and fortified huts were constructed by the pioneer tribe of the Lihoya, which ever pressed forward in the van towards the southward, and which was the first to cross the Vaal near its junction with the Vet River. From their own tradition, they passed through this line of country, and it is said that they were not only the first to adopt the practice of fortifying their huts and kraals, but also finished these constructions with greater care and neatness than any other tribe."

Though they were rich enough in stock, the Lihoya lived chiefly by hunting, for there was an abundance of game. Their weapons were the bow, the spear, the battle-axe, and the club. But they also used to trap the larger game in deep pits, covered over with branches with a thin layer of earth upon them.

They preserved their independence for at least a century and a half, but during these long years they often quarrelled with their neighbours, sustained many attacks and losses of cattle.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century they were raided by the Bataung of Ramokhele, sometimes called the Bakubung and the Bafokeng of Liyane, and lost many cattle. But they took their revenge soon after, when, with the help of the Bakuena of Monyane, they attacked and defeated their enemies and, after killing many of them, forced them to take refuge on Kooaneng Mountain. An account of this fight will be found in *Basuto Traditions*, page 21. It will also be further described in the course of this work.

In the year 1810 or 1812 the Lihoya were conquered and completely absorbed by the Bataung of Moletsane. From that time they ceased to be a corporate tribe, and that is probably why no genealogy is forthcoming. We know, however, that the first of their chiefs was Mabula, alias Sehoya, from whom they took their name, and that other of their chiefs were Thubelo, Khakha, Mahoete, who fought at

Kooaneng, Masoeng, and Serame. The last-named two lived on the banks of the Sand River, called by the natives Tikoane.

Their dialect at first, like that of the Barolong, was harsh and guttural, but they afterwards adopted that of their conquerors, which was just as harsh as their own.

The Lihoya were of fine physique. In the year 1884 the writer saw near Maboloka a Sehoya woman, Masetlai by name. She was a widow, and though one hundred and five years old, she was still straight and active and could walk considerable distances, visiting her friends in other villages. She chatted freely, and told how her husband had been eaten during the Lifaqane in 1824 by the cannibals of Sefatsa, who lived on the banks of Kuakuatsi (Rhenoster River), and how her son Setlai had been killed by the Batlokoa about the time of the terrible snowstorm (August 1849). She declared that she had never been ill, and had lost all her teeth without pain. She said that the Bataung and Lihoya had never seen mealies until they met the Batlokoa during the Lifaqane.

(b) THE BATAUNG TRIBE, DIVIDED INTO FOUR BRANCHES

The genealogical tables of the Bataung show that they became subdivided into four branches, of which the first two were founded by the two sons of Thuloane; and the third and fourth by the two sons of Tsukulu, his younger brother. When Thuloane migrated from the north-west and founded the tribe, Tsukulu his brother was with him. They crossed the Vaal above its junction with the River Nta (Valsch River), and settled on the left bank of the Kuakuatsi (Rhenoster River); but little by little, as they came to know the country, they spread themselves over it. The descendants of Morapeli occupied the country to the east of the Kuakuatsi, which is now part of the district of Heilbron; those of Khomo settled on the banks of the Nta, and later on spread as far as the banks of the Tikoe (Vet River); those of Sefatsa remained for a long time on the left bank of the Kuakuatsi, where the founder of the tribe, his son, and also his grandson Monne were buried.

At first all four branches honoured the lion as their tribal emblem, which goes to show that it was Thuloane who adopted it when he first separated from the Bahurutse about the year 1640.

The first-named two branches have preserved the same *seboko* up to this day; but the other two, formed by the sons of Tsukulu, took occasion of a circumstance which we shall describe later on to distinguish themselves from their elders, by adopting the hippo, or *kubu*, as their emblem, and so becoming known by the name of *Bakubung*. But for all that the fourth branch, although they became *Bakubung* with the third, attached themselves to the Bataung of Thulo, third son of Khomo of the second branch, and shared their vicissitudes, retaining, however, their distinctive emblem. Having said this, we may now pass on to the history of each of those clans.

(1) *Senior Branch of the Bataung, called of Hlalele*

The eldest son of Thuloane was Kotele, father of Morapeli, whose son Nthethe at the beginning of the eighteenth century had two sons called Tebele and Tebeyane. We hear nothing of the first two generations of the family of Thuloane, except that they lived on the left bank of the Vaal to the east of the River Kuakuatsi; and that while they were there, and when Tau, eldest son of Tebeyane, was being circumcised, their village was raided by a troop of Maphuthing from beyond the Vaal. Whereupon the Bataung ran like one man to the circumcision *zeriba* to rescue the initiates and put them out of danger. Then they burned the *zeriba*, and everything connected with it, lest perchance the enemy might defile it. From this circumstance Tau got the name of *Lechela* ("the brand"), and those of his company were called *Machela*.

Here is a "song" which the Bataung made about it: "*Re Bataung ba Machela ba Nthethe a Morapeli ba Tebeyane a Matlatsa! Tlatsa Tebeyane*," which being interpreted means, "We are Bataung; the Machela of Nthethe, son of Morapeli. We are people of Tebeyane, chief of those who saved him." It also gave rise to the saying "*Tlatsa Tebeyane*" ("Help Tebeyane").

Tau and his younger brother died of old age before the outbreak of the Lifaqane, but Hlalele, son of Tau, lived in Basutoland until the year 1885. He was over 100 years old when he died. His cousin Khobane, son of Mokole, was killed in one of the battles with the Barolong at Makwatsi (Wolmaranstad) between 1823 and 1826.

The genealogy of this branch will be found with the others in the chapter reserved for them.

(2) *Second Branch of the Bataung, commonly called the Bataung of Moletsane*

These, with the other branches of the Bataung, joined in the general migration which took place during the seventeenth century, and not long after that of the Lihoya. Matli, the chief, was second son of Thuloane, but he seems to have died before or during the pilgrimage, because we only hear mention of his son Khomo and his three sons in connection with their establishing themselves in their new home.

Khomo, with Thekiso his son and their immediate following, occupied the country as far south as the River Kuakuatsi. Sobi and his adherents established themselves on the banks of the River Nta (Valsch River), while Thulo and his belongings went later on to the neighbourhood of Maphororong as far as the River Tikoe (Vet River).

But although tradition tells us little concerning these people during the first century of their occupation, it is plain that everything did not go according to rule, for we find that for some reason or other the power passed from the first family, that of Thekiso, to the second; and when we come to hear of them again, it was in the hands of the family of Thulo, the third son of Khomo.

On their arrival at Motloangtloang, the Bataung found a great number of nomadic Bushmen who lived on game, which was very plentiful on these vast plains. Some of these remained independent, while others attached themselves to the Bataung and became their herds and hunters. The Bataung at this time also lived chiefly on game, having had little else to live on for a century and a half.

The Bataung of to-day are of mixed race; for, though they are descendants of the Bahurutse, they have intermarried with Barolong, Bahlaping, Lihoya, and other Bantu. In this respect they are like most other tribes; but they went farther than most in their inter-marriage, and mixed their blood with Griquas, Korannas, and Bushmen who were not at all akin to them, so that to-day they are of a very mixed race indeed.

Perhaps that may be one reason why they have always been divided into so many branches, each with its succession of chiefs. We do not hear of them ever having been united until, by force of circumstances, they became so under Moletsane before the stormy times of the Lifaqane.

The most considerable chiefs of the first family were 'Musetsi and Liile, both sons of Thekiso, and Makhoana, son of 'Musetsi and son-in-law of Mophethe. The wife of Makhoana, Mamatlakeng, was more than one hundred and ten years old when she died. Maleme, Raseyake, and Sebokoana were also famous chiefs.

Tradition does not say how these chiefs earned their fame. We hear nothing of their prowess, their wisdom, their justice at a time when justice was rare, or of their increasing their strength by attracting strangers or making alliances with neighbouring tribes. But they were rich in stock and mighty hunters. They fed their people well and clothed them with skins, both young and old. This with an indigent people was enough to make them popular, and we may suggest that in feeding the hungry and clothing the naked they were perhaps better employed than if they had earned fame in the more usual way.

It seems that about the end of the eighteenth century, when the authority passed from the hands of Sobi, chief of the second family, to those of his son Mokhele, alias Rampai, things went very badly for the tribe. He was very superstitious, and paid more attention to witchcraft than anything else, with the result that there was much injustice and wrong done under his rule, to the great detriment of his people and his own reputation.

Mophethe, son of Thulo, chief of the third family, profited by the incompetence of Mokhele. He had originally few followers and no wealth, but he was a man of sense and judgment, and, above all, he was not troubled by superstition. His wife, Moliha'me, was the daughter of the chief Liile of the first family. Acting on the advice of Ramatlokotloko, one of his men, he gave protection to those unfortunates, who, being accused of witchcraft by Mokhele, were despoiled of their property and in danger of death. Soon his little hamlet became a great village, and, as the refugees went on increasing, a second and then a third large village grew up. But, of course, at the same time he incurred the hatred and jealousy of Mokhele and his adherents.

Mophethe had several children by Moliha'me his wife. The first was a daughter, Mamatlakeng, who married Makhoana, son of 'Musetsi. The second was a boy, Thigeli, who was of weak intellect and was killed in battle. The two who followed died in childhood; and when Moliha'me again found herself pregnant, she thought to escape the

notice of the evil spirits by departing secretly to a place called Mohale, where she gave birth to a son who was named Makhothi.

This child, born about 1788, was destined to become a famous chief. In order to evade the evil spirits and so escape the fate of his brothers, he was sent in infancy to an outlying cattle-post to be reared by the Bushmen herds of his father. These, delighted at this mark of their master's confidence, took great care of the boy. They showed him much affection, and made him a girdle (*moletsane*) of the shells of ostriches' eggs. This is how he came to be called Moletsane, the name by which he was afterwards known and which he bore for the rest of his life. He was circumcised on the plain of Motloangtloang in the year of the great famine, 1803.

Very soon after this the hatred of Mokhele and his sons before alluded to began to make itself felt. Mokhele used to send men under one Kiritle to destroy the growing crops of Mophethe. This Kiritle was a fine man in the prime of life and related to his chief; but he was a man of bad character, proud, vindictive, and quarrelsome. When engaged with his fellows in a hunt, he would always claim any animal that was killed, alleging that he had wounded it first. He marked out for himself a tract of land by digging a line of holes round it, and any stock which chanced to stray inside these limits were promptly killed and eaten by the redoubtable Kiritle and his friends. One day Kiritle went with some of his chief people to raid some cattle from the Lihoya. But the Lihoya drove them off, and they returned empty-handed. They had to pass near Mophethe on their way home, and the men of Mophethe mocked them, saying to Kiritle, "*U n'u ka tla le tsona? Koala tooe!*" ("Thou couldst not bring them [the cattle]? Coward!"). Kiritle, enraged, rushed with his men to the cattle of Mophethe. But the men of Mophethe were ready for him. There was a short sharp fight; the cattle were saved, the raiders driven off, and the proud Kiritle was terribly wounded in the stomach, which was ripped open by a spear. Mophethe, who was related to him, tried to save his life and had him carried to the village in the skin of an ox. His entrails, which were protruding, were replaced, and the wound stitched up with sinews (*lesika*). But the damage was too serious, and no doubt the surgery was rough and not too aseptic. Moreover, the weather was hot and sultry. Inflammation set in, and Kiritle died towards morning.

But the women of the village were less humane than the chief.

Those of them who happened to be pregnant formed a circle round the wounded man, stamping on the ground, saying, "We stamp on the ground, thou plunderer, so that when the sun rises to-morrow thou wilt be no more." *

From that day forward the people of Mophethe were not troubled by those of Mokhele destroying their crops.

Mokhele's weakness in tribal affairs had its natural effect in bringing about a revolt of his sons against his authority, while the suffering caused to his people by his superstitions alienated their loyalty. He was therefore practically without support when his sons, encouraged by their maternal grandfather, Phere, sought to depose or perhaps to kill him.

It was Sekaleli and his brother Motsetsele who conspired together to depose their father, and Phere secretly favoured the younger, whom he was prepared to assist with all his strength to overthrow the elder when Mokhele had been got rid of. But meanwhile all three were working together for the downfall of Mokhele.

Now Moletsane, son of Mophethe, had married Mokhele's daughter Mpai. Though at that time a very young man, he had shown promise of ability and courage, and it was to him that Mokhele turned in his extremity. His message was short and to the point: "Come to me with thy men; my children kill me" ("*Tlo kuano ka batho, bana ba mpolaea*").

Meanwhile the co-operation of Sekaleli, Motsetsele, and Phere had come to an end, and the first two had already fought. Motsetsele was defeated, and fled to Phere, and Sekaleli seized some of the cattle of the royal house which had belonged to it since the time of Khomo.

Moletsane, having obtained the permission of his father, went to the assistance of his father-in-law. He first fell upon Phere and Motsetsele at the village of the former. He took them by surprise, killed many of their people, and captured their cattle. He then turned his attention to Sekaleli, whom he punished in like manner, and restored the cattle which he had captured to Mokhele.

From that time onward Moletsane's influence waxed exceedingly; for Mokhele, being old and feeling himself unable to control his sons, gave Moletsane full authority to act for him and to punish any who refused to obey him. He had already shown that he possessed the

* There is a superstition to the effect that if a pregnant woman approaches a sick man, the consequences are likely to be fatal to the man.—J. C. M.

power to enforce his authority by his own strength, and Mokhele felt that he could not do better than lean upon him. Thus a son of the third branch came to exercise a real though at first it was only a delegated authority over the elder branch, and one of the first to feel it was the old reprobate Phere, for Moletsane soon found occasion to punish him again, and this time he deprived him of everything he possessed.

It would seem that in the course of the transfer of authority from the first to the second branch, many of the smaller chiefs and headmen took the opportunity to set up chieftainship of their own, and we hear that Moletsane, as soon as he obtained control of affairs, at once began to occupy himself with the unification of the tribe, and bring all these little septs back to their allegiance. A clan of independent Bushmen, whose chiefs were Qonsop and Deqoi, were also brought under subjection. He began with the chief Makume, who was ruling a small clan of Bataung. Then the Bataung of Seyake were subjugated as well as the Lihoya of Mahoete, so that the power of Moletsane increased exceedingly.

He fought the Bafokeng of Patsa in two battles, killed many of them, and reduced the remainder to misery by taking all they possessed in the way of stock. They fled in a destitute condition to the north of the Vaal, and later on joined their compatriot Sebetoane in his trek to beyond the Zambesi, where he founded the tribe of the Makololo. The cause of Moletsane's quarrel with the Bafokeng of Patsa is not known.

How Moletsane fought certain of the Maphuthing is related in the history of that tribe.

He also made an expedition against the Makholokoe without any better reason than love of fighting, but he got little profit or credit out of it, and only succeeded in destroying their crops.

Finally, in 1822, early in the year, Moletsane attacked and defeated the Bahlakoana of Like oa Pheana (the people of Nkokoto). He wanted to absorb them, and so increase his power; but they would not serve him, but scattered and joined themselves to other Basuto tribes. The Bahlakoana had brought this quarrel upon themselves by having killed Moletsane's brother Matloane and raided his cattle.

Moletsane at this period had several wives, of which the first was Mpai, daughter of Mokhele, generally called Mamoretlo, from her

daughter Moretlo, who married her cousin Morephe. In 1822 or 1823 Mamoretlo had a son called Mokhele, and a few years later another called Monare. Another of Moletsane's wives was Makhitsane, whose sister married Sebetoane, the founder of the tribe of the Makololo. These women were the daughters of Ramatlakane, a Mofokeng chief, who lived near the source of the Tikoane (Sand River).

Moletsane always admitted that he was not a chief by right of birth, but became one by force of circumstances. His father, in receiving so many victims of superstition, had, while increasing his following, undertaken a considerable responsibility, involving the jealousy of his superior Mokhele, as well as the ill-will of the witch-doctors and their dupes. This was no doubt allayed by the promptness with which Moletsane went to the assistance of Mokhele when called upon; and the result of this action, which no doubt he had foreseen, was to place him in a position far beyond that to which his birth entitled him. His father died during the Lifaqane, and this left Moletsane the only possible leader of the tribe during that terrible time. His elder brother, as we have said, was weak-minded, and even if he had not been killed in battle at the very beginning of the trouble, he would never have been able to keep the tribe together, which Moletsane considered his first duty. It is true the former had a son, Moiketsi, but he was still a lad when his father died, and too young for responsibility.

Moletsane was a tall man of light brown colour, and almost beardless. His features were not very pleasing, but he was a brave man and very terrible in battle. His manners were boorish and his speech was coarse, but he was able and intelligent, and, as we shall see later on, capable of much kindness, fidelity, and humility. His natural good qualities were enhanced by his sincere conversion to Christianity, which took place in 1870. Such was Moletsane from his youth to his great age of one hundred years. He was, under God, the means of saving the Bataung tribe from destruction, not only during and after the Lifaqane, but before; for it was he who, by unifying, strengthened them to meet the storm which was about to burst upon them. From that time they became strong and even formidable, though the eldest branch and the clan of the Baramokhele did not join. It would have been well for them if they had.

In the country the tribe occupied on its arrival from the north-west there was plenty of room, and several large villages sprang up:

that of Moletsane at Maphororong could not have numbered less than 1,300 or 1,400 huts in 1824.

We must now leave this section of the Bataung. How they fared during the Lifaqane will be related in its place.

(3) *The Batsukulu, Monne, and Ramokhele*

This branch of the Bataung was formed by the descendants of Monne, son of Sefatsa, son of Tsukulu. Monne by his first wife had two sons, Montueli and Montuetsana. When he was old, he married a girl, but died before she came to live with him. His son Montueli therefore took her, and she bore a son called Mokhele. Of course Mokhele took rank as a son of the deceased Monne, but Montueli, his father according to the flesh, was called Ramokhele. This was rather unusual, and would seem to point to some special circumstance connected with the birth of this child or the marriage of his mother which is not recorded; for though the action of Montueli, in taking over the young widow, was common enough, the offspring, according to law, was his younger brother, and a man was invariably called by the name of the first-born of his own first wife, and never by that of a woman who was not legally his wife at all. Montueli, according to the ancient custom, would have been called Ramosololi, for he had several sons of his own, viz. Mosololi, Leqhaqha (alias Mochela), Matsaseng, and Matsipe, each of whom played a part in the history of the clan. Mokhele's subsequent conduct would seem to show that he, at any rate, thought that he was entitled to a more important position than the circumstances of his birth as above stated would seem to warrant. However that may be, Montueli never put him before his own lawful sons.

When Monne died, he and his following had been living under Thulo, grandfather of Moletsane, and Montueli and Montuetsana continued to do so until an event occurred to disturb the harmony of their relations. A hippopotamus was one day discovered in the Tikoane Stream (Sand River), near Montueli's village, and after a great hunt was killed by him and his people. In the course of the hunt the beast ran across country, and entered the village of the Bafokeng of Komane, causing a great commotion before it was dispatched by Montueli and his people. In commemoration of the event, the head of the village was surnamed Rakubu ("father of the hippo").

When the chief, Thulo, heard of this great event, he asserted his right to eat the hippopotamus, but Montueli disputed with him, saying that his people had killed the animal, and he would dispose of it as he chose. This of course was tantamount to a declaration of independence, and though the breach took place without any fighting, it was final, and Montueli and his clan moved eastwards and joined the chief, Ntsane, of the Bakuena of Monaheng. From that time they adopted the hippopotamus as their tribal emblem, and called themselves the Bakubu, though they continued to be better known as the Baramokhele.

But though Montueli was Ntsane's son-in-law, he did not remain there long, but moved on to Makuahlane (Abrikos Kop), where he joined Monyane, Ntsane's half-brother, with whom he made alliance, offensive and defensive. But this alliance did not last long either, as both chiefs were fond of their own way, and their ways did not always coincide. It would seem from the sequel that Monyane claimed to be the predominant partner in this alliance, and even to regard Ramokhele as a vassal, and indeed Ramokhele's conduct would seem, in some degree, to support this view.

They arranged to raid the Lihoya of Mahoete, and associated with them the Bafokeng of Liyane. But for some reason or other Monyane went home without having contributed in any way to the object in view. His son Mohlomi, who had already begun to be reputed as a seer, had begged him to have nothing to do with this matter, as it had been revealed to him that it would bring about his death, as indeed, in the end, it did. It may have been his son's warning which caused him to withdraw and leave the Baramokhele and the Bafokeng to carry out the raid without him, but it did not prevent him from claiming the spoils when the raid was accomplished, and that is how he lost his life.

After Monyane withdrew, the Baramokhele and the Bafokeng remained in hiding till next day, when the cattle of the Lihoya came out to graze. The Lihoya herds, suspecting nothing, allowed them to graze quite near to where their enemies lay ambushed, and these at a favourable moment rushed out and drove off all the cattle. When they returned with the plunder, they offered Monyane a share, but he claimed the whole of it, saying that it was for him to give Liyane and Ramokhele what he thought fit. They murmured at this, of course, and though they pretended to give up the cattle, they did not do so.

Among these cattle was an ox which had become known through all the region round about for its size and beauty. It was of an unusual colour, being white all over with a black head, and was known by the name *Moupello oa Likhomo*.

On no account would Ramokhele give up this ox, and when Monyane asked about it, he first denied its existence, and then flatly refused to surrender it. War broke out between Monyane on the one side and Liyane and Ramokhele on the other about this ox and the other cattle. There was severe fighting, in the course of which Monyane was wounded in the leg by a poisoned arrow from the bow of a Bushman in the service of Ramokhele, and died there at Makuahlane. This put an end to that first fight, but not to the dispute, for very soon afterwards Nkopane, son of Monyane, made friends with Mahoete, chief of the Lihoya, whose cattle had been raided, and made common cause with him against his father's former associates Liyane and Ramokhele, alleging that it was in consequence of Monyane's disapproval of the raid that he had lost his life. They attacked the Bafokeng and Baramokhele, who fled, leaving Liyane among the killed. The fugitives came to Kooaneng, a flat-topped mountain accessible only by a path at its western end so steep and narrow that only one man could ascend at a time. By this easily defended path they ascended, and provided for the unlikely event of its being forced by causing their Bushmen to cut rude steps in the rock near its eastern extremity, by which they could descend. They were indeed besieged, but the siege was futile (see *Basuto Traditions*, page 21).

But when the Baramokhele left this stronghold and moved to Male (Willow Grange), the Bakuena attacked them again. This time Mokhele, the circumstances of whose birth were related at the beginning of this chapter, not only refused to take part in the fight, but actually made peace with the enemy, being annoyed to see Mosololi and the lawful sons of his father placed before him, so that when the Baramokhele retired from Male to Seqaobe (Prynnsberg), he remained behind. Naturally the people (as Basuto always do) preferred the lawful sons of their chief to Mokhele; but the fact of his putting forward such a preposterous claim, together with his father being called by his name, would seem to suggest some unrecorded circumstance connected with his birth or his mother's marriage. Sometimes, when chiefs get old, they try to arrange the succession according to their own wishes, rather than according to ancient rule; but such

attempts are always frustrated by the people, who are ultra-conservative in these matters and who have always the last word. It may be that something of this kind was attempted by the old chief Monne before he died, but there is no record of it.

In consequence of a third attack, Ramokhele left Seqaobe, and settled at Tsiloane (near Senekal). There, in the presence of his sons, being much exercised in his mind concerning the fate of Mokhele, he threw the bones (*litaola*). Being old and blind, he had to grope with his hand to know by the position of the bones what they told. It is not likely that he learned much from his bones, but, being overcome with anxiety for his son, he cried, "Alas! the village I have left has been plundered," and tried to persuade his four sons to return to Male and bring back Mokhele. But they refused, having small sympathy with Mokhele, who, they said, was a proud and presumptuous man. Finally, however, Matsaseng, the youngest, yielded to the old chief's entreaties, and went to the rescue of Mokhele. On his way he met one of Mokhele's men, who told him that they had all been dispersed by the Bakuena, and that Mokhele was killed. Matsaseng fell upon the Bakuena at Male and inflicted a severe defeat, killing many, including the young chief Monyane, son of Mohlomi. He recaptured the cattle they had taken from Mokhele and many more, and returned with them to Tsiloane.

Ramokhele's anxiety about Mokhele, who had behaved so badly, would seem to indicate either a very great natural affection or, which is perhaps more likely, remorse at having disregarded some unrecorded command of his father concerning him. Perhaps both sentiments had their influence upon the old man, but the truth of the matter will never be known.

Soon after this Montueli, or, as he has often been called, Ramokhele, died at Tsiloane. For some time before he died his eldest son, Mosololi, had been entrusted with the management of affairs, though he was not the heir. His mother, indeed, was married first, but she was not the principal wife of Montueli. The principal wife was the daughter of the chief Ntsane, and her son Leqhaqha, alias Mochela, was the lawful heir. There was no trouble about it, however, for Mosololi himself was very old when his father died, and did not live long after him, so that Leqhaqha succeeded to the chieftainship quite quietly and as a matter of course. Mosololi was a good man, and much respected by Leqhaqha and the whole tribe.

It was during the time of Leqhaqha that the Baramokhele put an end to a very ancient custom—the feast called *Thoyane*, which took place when the daughter of the chief and her companions came out of the circumcision lodge and entered into the society of marriageable girls. In the course of this feast a whole night was spent in singing and dancing with the girls, and every one was supposed to join in the festivity, which only ended with the dawn. On the occasion when Mpolai, the daughter of Leqhaqha, came out of the lodge there was a very great feast, and when it was over, every one, overcome with much beer and fatigue, fell into a heavy sleep, and when the sun rose there was not one man able to move. Their enemies the Bakuena caught them in this state, and quietly drove off all their cattle. They entered the village and drove the animals out of the kraals, no man hindering them. A few herd-boys did indeed try to raise an alarm, but in vain.

When the Baramokhele recovered from the effects of their dissipation and realised the magnitude of the disaster which had happened to them, they were sore troubled and humiliated. The chief called a meeting, at which it was ruled that sleep was an enemy who favoured thieves, by enabling them to commit the most mortifying depredations; and decided that in order to avoid such calamities in future, the feast of *Thoyane* should be discontinued. "Here," said the chief, "is a white ox with which I pay for the abolishing of the ancient feast of *Thoyane*, and I hereby decree that from this time henceforth this feast shall cease to be celebrated by us of the Baramokhele." The ox was forthwith killed and eaten, and that was the last of the ancient feast of *Thoyane* so far as the Baramokhele were concerned.

But the feud with the Bakuena did not cease with the feast of *Thoyane*. It would never have done to leave the enemy in possession of the captured cattle, and Leqhaqha, by a bold and sudden attack, recaptured them and more besides. In retiring with the spoil, being hard pressed by the enemy, he drove them through the thick bush of Mekuatleng, through which the frightened animals tramped a road for themselves, and so escaped recapture. For in that impenetrable bush it was easy to cover their retreat. On this occasion Leqhaqha received from his people the name of *Mochela* ("the man for a difficulty") and from his enemies that of *Leqhaqha-moru* ("he who destroys the forest").

Leqhaqha, or *Mochela*, as we may now call him, was by this time

an old man. He was assisted in the government of the tribe by his second son Matsepe, who, though the son of an inferior wife, became a chief of note even in the lifetime of his father. The Baramokhele lived at Tsiloane, Mekuatleng (Korannaberg), and Khunoanyane until the Lifaqane in 1822, when they had to fly before Pakalita to Thabatso. In the course of the second period of this history we shall hear more of the Baramokhele. Their genealogy is fairly complete, and will be found in the chapter to which it belongs.

(4) *Fourth Branch of the Bataung—The Bakhuto*

These are the descendants of Khuto, younger brother of Sefatsa, the ancestor of the Baramokhele or Bakubu, with whose history we have just been dealing. By birth they were adherents of Montueli, alias Ramokhele, but instead of following him they remained with the second branch, the Bataung of Moletsane, for about one hundred and fifty years. It was Ramatlokotloko, son of Khuto, who gave Mophethe such excellent advice in the matter of receiving and protecting the victims of Mokhele's superstition. The clan remained with Moletsane through all his wars and wanderings, intermarrying to such an extent as to have become completely absorbed. Kabi, however, the grandson of Ramatlokotloko, separated from Moletsane in order to remain loyal to the Cape Government during the rebellion of 1880. Since then he and those who followed him have been settled in Quthing district. It was to the wise counsel given by Ramatlokotloko to his father that Moletsane owed much of the power which he wielded so long; and notwithstanding the separation, he always entertained a warm affection for his descendants.

CHAPTER VI

BAFOKENG, SECOND SECTION—DIVERS CLANS FROM THE NORTH

WE have seen how the Bafokeng in very ancient times after their separation with the Bahurutse, became divided into two parts, and how the one part, remaining united, waged war under succeeding chiefs in the country to the north of Magaliesberg, until it was finally destroyed by Moselekatse in comparatively recent times. The other section became split up into a large number of small clans scattered about all over the country between the Magaliesberg and the Orange River and between the Drakensberg and the Vaal. This dispersion must have been of very ancient date, seeing that all the other tribes except the Maphetla on their arrival in these regions found Bafokeng already there, but we do not hear of the Maphetla crossing to the right bank of the Caledon on their first arrival. If they had, it is probable that they too would have found Bafokeng in occupation. The Bakhatla found Bafokeng established south of the Magaliesberg when they first arrived there about the end of the sixteenth century, and the Bakuena of Napo found others at Ntsuanatsatsi when they got there a century earlier. Those that Napo found were the *Bafokeng ba-mulla-o-yeoa-tala*, and were in all probability the first Bantu to cross the Vaal.

Another and more numerous clan was composed of the families and followers of the three sons of Mare, whose father, Tlopo, either died on the road or before they crossed the Vaal. They settled between Tikoane (Sand River) and Makeleketla (Winburg). We hear of Komane, son of Mare, in the neighbourhood of Mekuatleng, where he resided for a time, and later on at Futhane, where the Bakuena of Monaheng found him living on friendly terms with Bushmen who dwelt in a cave called Ngo-ngo-ngong.

Ntsikoe, second son of Mare, his son Kalane, and his grandson Liyane lived at Likuiting, near Mekuatleng, and we shall see later

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on how Komane's sons, Khapelo and Sefiri, followed the Bakuena to the other side of the Caledon.

The emblems of the Bafokeng are the Vaal Rhebok (*letsa*), the hare (*mutla*), and the wild vine (*morara*), some clans preferring one and some another of these emblems.

We have seen how the Baphuthi of Thibela found Bafokeng at Korokoro about the beginning of the eighteenth century. These were the three great families of Leboeane, Ntomane a Mahlaku, and Lerahane a Phuthi-a-tsie-sehongoane, and must have come there after the Maphetla and Mapolane had passed on their way south. Others, we have seen, were at Heidelberg, where the Maphuthing found them.

Another little clan joined the Mapolane. These are part of those of Mphofe. When they were living at Mabula, Mokebe, grandson of Mphofe, quarrelled with his father Sebota, about the end of the seventeenth century, and went to join the Mapolane, who placed him at Mankhoaneng. Mokebe's younger brother Peo remained with his father at Mabula, and became chief of the clan. They were at first called *Maya mutla ole tala*, and after this breach *Mapeco*; but they were more generally known by the nickname *Maya Poli* ("those who eat goat"), because they were too poor to kill beef.

Then there were the Bafokeng of Tseele, who occupied the country between the Namahali (Elands River) and the Nketsane (Liebenberg Vley Spruit), near the junction of the two streams, and many other little clans besides scattered about all over the land, such as the Bafokeng of Patsa near the Sand River, and those of Mahoana who lived near Butha-Buthe. These were still there when Moshesh, whose mother was of their tribe, went to live at Butha-Buthe.

This explanation is necessary in order to prepare the reader for the presence of men of this ancient tribe among almost every tribe which came and settled in the land after them, and always in influential positions, though for reasons already stated they were never able to maintain or establish chieftainships of their own. But notwithstanding this, they were much respected by reason of the antiquity of their race and their intellectual qualities. Their dialect was adopted as well as their manners and dress by the tribes whose subjects they became. This was especially the case among the Bakuena—the ruling tribe to-day—and their influence, invariably beneficial, has lasted through the centuries up to the present time.

CHAPTER VII

BAKUENA DESCENDANTS OF NAPO FROM NTSUANATSATSI

WE have seen how, when the descendants of Napo, his sons Motebang, Lisema, and Molapo, with their children and followers, left Ntsuanatsatsi, they travelled northwards down the Elands River to its junction with the Vaal. There they separated, and Motebang with all his belongings crossed the Vaal. He was at that time very old, and his son Molemo ruled for him. They settled in a country at once open and hilly between the Vaal and the Zonderbosch Rand River. The children of Lisema remained on the banks of the Elands River, while those of Molapo followed in the tracks of Motebang and lived in his neighbourhood for about two generations.

We shall now try to follow the fortunes of the various Bakuena clans which in course of time issued from the families of these three sons of Napo, and as the children of Motebang prospered more than all the rest, and in due time came to rule not only all the Bakuena but many other tribes as well, we shall deal with the two younger branches first, before entering upon the longer and more complicated history of the ruling clan, which will require a chapter to itself.

(a) THE BAHLAKOANA

These are the descendants of Lisema, the second son of Napo, and take their name from Mohlakoana, Lisema's son, who ruled over them when they settled on the banks of the Elands River some three hundred years ago. He and his son Nkokoto, who was also called Mohlakoana, lived on the left bank of the river just above its junction with the Vaal; Monese and his people lived some miles higher up the river; and Ramohotsi occupied the right bank. A little later the Bataung clan of Tebeyane, the grandfather of Hlalele, came and settled to the south-east of them, near where the town of Frankfort now stands.

There they increased and multiplied, and a new clan issued from

BAKUENA DESCENDANTS OF NAPO

them which was called the Mapeo. These crossed the Vaal and settled in the neighbourhood of the Maphuthing, who for some time had been in occupation of the country, replacing the descendants of Motebang, who had lived there for two or three generations.

In course of time the Bahlakoana spread themselves as far west as Hlohloloane (Clocolan) and Seqaobe (Prynnenberg), where the chief Tseetse, son of Lehahela, lived with his people up to the time of the Lifaqane.

But although the Bahlakoana in course of time became very numerous, they were never strong or formidable, because they lacked cohesion. They do not seem to have produced a chief strong enough to retain control over the lesser chiefs, and so keep the tribe together. Many of them joined other tribes after trying to remain independent, such as the Barapoli, who had settled between the Basia and Lihoya, and were eventually easily subdued and absorbed by the Bataung of Moletsane. Others, under the rule of Nkharahanye, son of Mothibeli, established themselves near the Maphuthing of Tsuane, and although Nkharahanye married a daughter of Tsuane, he and his people were very soon absorbed by the stronger tribe.

It is reported of these Bahlakoana that they used to grind their tobacco and keep it in pots, which goes to show that the Bantu were acquainted with the uses of tobacco long before they came in contact with Europeans.

The Bahlakoana of Maphohole lived in a district which was more than usually infested by lions, and in order the better to protect themselves and their families they learned to build huts of stone and mortar in the shape of an oven with a rough pavement in front, so as to prevent the lions undermining the door by scratching under it.

Early in the eighteenth century the Bahlakoana made war upon the Bafokeng of Masekoane, of whom the chief was Motanyane. The Bahlakoana were successful, and the Bafokeng crossed the Caledon and joined the Bamokoteli, who were living on the left bank.

Later on there is mention of an attack upon the Bataung of Matloane, son of Mophethe, in which Matloane was killed and his cattle captured. There is also a report of three successful raids by Nkokoto on the Makholokoe. But with these exceptions there is no record of any feat of arms, any act of policy, or any exploit whatever during the three hundred years which elapsed between the time of their emigration from Ntsuanatsatsi and the outbreak of the Lifaqane.

Still, the Bahlakoana are said to have been very numerous, and have even been compared with the Maphuthing, who are said to have numbered 40,000. It is, however, very doubtful whether they ever reached that figure, and we shall see later on how, during the Lifaqane, they suffered from their want of unity, whole clans of them being wiped out, while others followed Sebetoane to the Zambesi. For this reason the genealogy of the Bahlakoana chiefs is very incomplete.

(b) MAKHOAKHOA

These are the descendants of Molapo, the third son of Napo. When the Bahlakoana left, they remained with Motebang and his heirs for about two generations; but when the chief Kherhloa died, his sons Sefako and Mahlatsi left the main tribe and returned to the south of the Vaal with their belongings. Here a dispute arose between the two brothers which could not be settled amicably by reason of the mass of misrepresentation and irrelevant matter by which both parties covered up the facts. Now, in those days the Basuto used to erect a strong fence or screen made of interlaced branches of trees round the baskets in which they kept their grain to protect it from thieves and wild beasts, and this fence was called *lekhoakhoa*, and the two brothers Sefako and Mahlatsi raised such an impenetrable fence of inaccuracy and misstatement round their dispute as to render the cause of it quite incomprehensible to those who were trying to settle it. For this reason they were called Makhoakhoa, and their descendants bear the name up to this day.*

As related in *Basuto Traditions*, the dispute resulted in bloodshed, and the younger brother got the better of the fight. The elder, Sefako, accordingly left, and settled at Telelung (Bloemhof, Bethlehem district), while the younger settled at Thaba Kholo (Spitzkop, Bethlehem), and both lived at these places till they died. Mphumo, son of Mahlatsi, however, renewed the feud, and drove the people of Sefako from Telelung to Makalane (Naauwpoort Nek), where they remained about a hundred and fifty years. While they were at Makalane, they were raided by the Bakuena of Monaheng, whose son Ratlali desired greatly the wife of Liyo, grandson of Sefako, who was a girl of great beauty. Liyo was killed, and so was Ratlali imme-

* They are very proud of the name, and some of them still try, quite successfully, to live up to it.—J. C. M.

diately after obtaining his desire, as we shall see hereafter in the story of the children of Motebang.

One of the later chiefs, Lechesa, met with a tragic end, as did his son Lethole. Lechesa was returning from an expedition against some Bakuena of Monyane's tribe, and had occasion to leave the camp during the night. On his return a sentry, who had not seen him leave, mistook him for an enemy, and speared him before he could make himself known. His son Lethole succeeded him.

The Makhoakhoa were at this time fairly numerous, but already the war clouds were collecting in the east, presaging the storm which was about to burst upon the land, and the chief Lethole thought it wise to lend an ear to friendly messages and overtures for a defensive alliance, which he had been receiving from Moshesh at Butha-Buthe, although at that time Moshesh was a young man and of small account. He also had the satisfaction of receiving Mongale, chief of the Bamaiyane, who, with an offering of five head of cattle, placed himself and his people under the protection of the Makhoakhoa chief.

Meanwhile, Moshesh, being much exercised at the reports of travellers of what was going on beyond the mountains in the land of Chaka, sent yet another message to Lethole, suggesting a meeting. Lethole received it favourably, but certain Zulus who were living under him at Nkeyane, urged him to make use of the meeting to kill Moshesh. Lethole, however, refused to allow such a plot, and, distrusting the Zulus, he sent a secret message to Moshesh, urging him not to come personally to the meeting, but to send representatives. Moshesh accordingly did not come himself, but sent Makoanyane and another man to say that he was sick and unable to attend. The meeting was held at Futhane, and Moshesh's words, as repeated by his ambassadors, were as follows: "Lethole, thou art a Mosuto; I also am a Mosuto: enemies draw near, let us therefore unite." Lethole signified his hearty agreement with the proposal, and sent two messengers to Moshesh with a secret message from himself. Shortly afterwards he left Makalane in order to be nearer to his ally, and settled at Sekameng on the Caledon River, about four miles from Butha-Buthe, where Moshesh lived.

Soon after his arrival a public meeting took place at Butha-Buthe, at the spot where the Police Camp now stands, where the allied chiefs met and greeted each other. At this meeting it was apparent that the following of Lethole was much larger than that of Moshesh, and the

latter in the course of his speech remarked upon it and expressed the opinion that Lethole should be the chief of the alliance. Lethole replied, "At Makalane I was a chief because that was my place; here it is thy place, and I cannot be a chief here." And all the people cried with one voice, "Moshesh is the chief." It was, however, decided that Moshesh should exercise authority to the west of the Hololo, and Lethole to the east of that stream. The Makhoakhoa therefore crossed the Caledon and settled round the mountain Qolakoe, where, after many vicissitudes, they are living to-day.

These events took place during the early months of the year 1822, and soon after the meeting a regrettable incident occurred which, while it might easily have upset the alliance, really helped to cement it, owing to the manner in which it was settled. Ramotjamane, a younger brother of Lethole, went by night and stole some grain belonging to Moshesh. Immediately Lethole heard of it, he called Moshesh, and the two chiefs went to the village of the culprit. There were, as is usual, a number of calves grazing and lying about around the village court, and Lethole said, "Chief Moshesh, I condemn Ramotjamane, who has tried to spoil our friendship, and adjudge him to pay for your grain with these calves. Take them, and drive them off." Moshesh at first did not want to take the calves, but Lethole insisted, so Moshesh received them and sent them to his village.

From all accounts Lethole seems to have been a young chief of much wisdom and discretion, and well thought of by those around him. The second period of this history will relate the manner of his death, which occurred a few months after the events just recorded; how his people were scattered; and how his son Matela sought refuge with Moshesh until such time as he was able to return and collect them again at Qolakoe.

CHAPTER VIII

BAKUENA OF TSULO AND TSULOANE

HAVING told the stories of the children of the two younger sons of Napo, we must now return to their elder brother Motebang, whom, as the reader may remember, we left between the Vaal and the Zonderbosch Rand River in the district of Heidelberg under the rule of Molemo, the son of Motebang. They remained there for two generations, living as they had done in the land they had left, cultivating little, and wearing clothing of the most primitive kind. Their weapons, too, were of so poor a sort as to preclude the possibility of their attacking any one or even defending themselves with any success if attacked.* There was a strong tribe of Bahurutse in the proximity, and it may be this that decided them, after the death of Molemo and his sons Tsulo and Tsuloane, to leave the place and search for a country which would suit them better. They travelled south under the leadership of Tsotelo, son of Tsulo, and Monaheng, alias Kali, son of Tsuloane, leaving nothing behind them but the graves of their people, among others those of Motebang, Molemo, Tsulo, Tsuloane, Molapo, Masheane, and Khrehloa.

They did not return to Ntsuanatsatsi, but sojourned for a time with the Bafokeng of Mangole, who were living near where the town of Bethlehem now stands. There they separated: Tsotelo remaining with Mangole, while Monaheng and his people passed on to Futhane, near Fouriesburg, where he found the Bafokeng of Komane as well as some Bushmen who lived in a cave called Ngo-ngo-ngong. Monaheng, being a man of ability, soon began to exercise much influence over Komane, whose daughter he married.

(a) DESCENDANTS OF TSULO—THE BAMOLIBELI

Tsotelo remained for some time longer with Mangole. He had with him, of course, all his own people, children, and near relations, and

* Moshesh to Dr. Smith.

it may be that he found the place to his liking and had no wish to resume the fatigue of the road. His mother, too, formed an intimacy with the chief Mangole, and this, though its results were the cause of her son's ultimate departure from these comfortable quarters, no doubt accounted for his prolonged stay. What brought matters to a head was the death of Mangole, which was said to have been caused by this woman by means of witchcraft, so that Tsotelo had to depart rather precipitately and not without difficulty, though he was able to take with him all his people and property. He went to join Monaheng at Futhane, and placed himself under his protection. Monaheng, who had already become a power in that neighbourhood, was glad enough to receive this accession of strength, which enabled him to overshadow Komane and to become master where he had hitherto been a servant. The Bafokeng, being an indolent, peace-loving people, do not seem to have made much objection or raised any considerable opposition to this masterful man, but accepted the position with their usual indifference, and, what is more remarkable, Tsotelo and all the tribe of Molibeli (by which name his descendants are known) made no difficulty about becoming the subjects of their junior. Monaheng placed his elder brother at Lethale (Kaffir Kop).

From this time forward the prestige and power of Monaheng grew exceedingly. He had many wives, a multitude of children, and much cattle, and his authority extended far and wide. It is not improbable that he inspired the raid of the Bahlakoana upon the Bafokeng of Masikoane as well as those of his own people against the Makhoakhoa of both branches. The result of the last raid, however, was disastrous to Monaheng's people. The attack failed, and the Makhoakhoa were able to preserve their independence up to the time of the Lifaqane.

(b) DESCENDANTS OF TSULOANE—THE BAMONAHENG

We have seen how the Bakuena of Napo divided themselves into three great branches. We have endeavoured to trace the history of the two junior ones, the Bahlakoana and Makhoakhoa, and are now left with the descendants of Tsotelo and Monaheng. These, for want of a better term, we may call the Bakuena proper, as being the senior branch in this part of the world, and also because the two younger

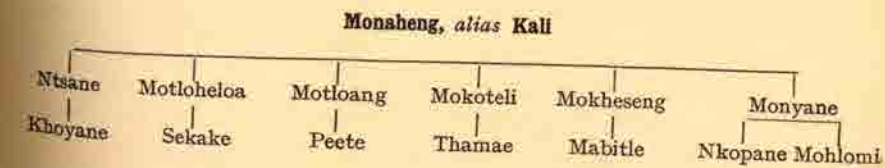
branches are now known by the names they acquired after leaving the parent tribe.

We have seen how Tsotelo the elder came to occupy a position subordinate to his younger brother; and his descendants, who came to be called the Bamolibeli, though their seniority is never questioned, have never risen above it. Neither do they seem to have increased very much numerically, and the Bamolibeli to-day, though a well-known and highly respected family, are few in number and of no political importance.

It was very different with the children of Monaheng, for although there is an important clan which goes by the name of the Bamonaheng, it by no means includes all his offspring, which, with the exception of the Bamolibeli and, of course, the Bahlakoana and Makhoakhoa, is comprised of all the Bakuena clans of Basutoland and south of the Vaal.

There are the Bamantsane and the Basekake, the Bamokoteli, the Bamonaheng above mentioned, as well as an unimportant offshoot called the Bamaiyane. The senior of these families are the Bamantsane, descendants of Ntsane, the chief son; next, the Basekake, who issue from Motloheloa, and take their name from his son Sekake. The Bamokoteli are the royal house to-day, and are from the house of Motloang and Mokoteli. The Bamonaheng are the issue of the houses of Mokheseng and Monyane, and it was they (though by birth they were not entitled to it) who exercised most influence and authority after Monaheng's death.

The following table shows the sons and grandsons of Monaheng, and it may be well to state, for the benefit of those who are not acquainted with native customs, that precedence is given according to the rank of the mother and without regard to the age of the son:



Monaheng was originally called Kali. He was called Monaheng in commemoration of a transaction with a Bushman chief which recalls that between Esau and Jacob concerning a mess of pottage. The

Bushman said to Kali, "*U mphe matakoane Mosuto oa ka me ke tla u nea monaheng oaka o motle*"—that is to say, "Give me some hemp [to smoke], my Mosuto, and I will give you my beautiful country." From the date of that rather one-sided transaction Kali assumed the name of Monaheng.

(1) *Ntsane and his Descendants*

According to the above table, which seems to us to be the most probable of many different versions, Ntsane appears to have been the chief of the sons of Monaheng and his rightful heir, which theory is supported by the fact that precedence is still given to his descendants in the circumcision and other feasts. Indeed, except he be of the house of Molibeli, no member of any of the Bakuena families can precede a descendant of Ntsane, should there be one among the candidates for initiation. Ntsane did not, however, succeed to the rights and privileges to which his rank would have entitled him; and, as tradition is silent on the subject, we can only guess as to how this anomaly came about. If we could tell how Ntsane came to the position which is claimed for him, and which is accorded without question to his posterity, we might possibly arrive at some reasonable conclusion; but tradition is silent on that point, and we are driven to surmise that he was perhaps the son of the daughter of Komane, whom we know Monaheng married soon after he arrived at Futhane, and by reason of the rank of his mother was declared the heir. But at this time Monaheng was already a middle-aged man with grown-up sons. Before he left the Transvaal he had a wife called Tseola, by whom he had two sons, twins, Mokheseng and Monyane, and when he arrived at Futhane they were of an age and of a character to assist him in his ambitions. But it may be that their mother was a woman without rank, and her house was superseded by that of the daughter of Komane and also by those of the daughters of other chiefs who became wives of Monaheng after his rise in the world. We shall return to this subject after having dealt with the other sons, including the twins above mentioned, who both became famous in their way, one of them, Mokheseng, alias Ratlali, especially so.

Ntsane settled at Lihloareng (General's Nek) and remained there for many years. His son Khoyane moved from there to the left bank of the Caledon with his brother Motsoali, and settled in Leribe Poort, where his ruins are still to be seen. His father Ntsane joined

him there when very old and died from hæmorrhage caused by cutting a wen or wart which he had on his head.

Near Khoyane and to the east of him were living the tribe of the Bamokoteli, the people of his father's brothers Motloang and Mokoteli. Khoyane and they did not get on well together, and after much friction (described elsewhere) he and his people left the place, and settled near the River Phuthiatsana. The mountain called Kueneng and the stream descending from it are called after them, for though they were called the Bamantsane to distinguish them from other Bakuena, they were still Bakuena, and the first of their tribe to settle there. They extended as far as Fothong, Fobane, and Hleoeng. Afterwards None, grandson of Khoyane, passed on to Qiloane, near Thaba Bosiu, where he lived in peace for many years until the arrival of Moshesh in 1824, when things became so unpleasant that he had to move away.

(2) *Motloheloa and his Descendants, called the Basekake**

Tradition tells us little about this son of Monaheng, except that he died young. It is therefore not surprising that we do not hear of his making any attempt to secure a position commensurate with his birth. We find his son Sekake, from whom the clan take their name, established at Maoamafubelu with his son Mpiti. We hear, too, of their having exercised some sort of authority over the Bamokoteli, but it was never very effective nor enduring, for the sons of Peete, Libe and Mokhachane, were a good deal abler than they, and there was growing up among them the son of the latter, Lepoqo, who, though still a youth, surpassed them all in wisdom and courage. Not only was this young warrior able, as we shall see, to throw off the yoke of the sons of Sekake, but, after having done so, he showed his power by rescuing them from their enemies.

(3) *Mokheseng and Monyane*

It would be fitting to relate here the story of the Bamokoteli clan formed by the descendants of Motloang and his brother Mokoteli;

* The Basekake are also called Bamokoteli because Mokoteli brought their parents up, as he did the posthumous issue of Motloang. But the Basekake are senior in rank.—J. C. M.

but as the Bamokoteli are now the royal house of Moshesh, it will be better if we first dispose of their juniors, so as to clear the ground for the longer story of the ruling house.

Kali, alias Monaheng, had twin sons by his first wife before he left Tebang, which was a name given to the country north of the Vaal where his ancestor Motebang lived for some generations. Possibly Motebang took his name from that country. According to a barbarous custom then in vogue, one of these children should have been destroyed, so that the other might thrive the better; and the old men of the tribe wished to have it so in this case. But the infants were such fine healthy children and so alike that the parents refused to comply with ancient custom, and they were both allowed to live; but in order to pacify or to escape the notice of the evil spirits who might thereby have been offended, they were given names of contempt. The elder was called Mokheseng ("scorn him") and the younger Monyane ("one of no account").

Mokheseng grew up a happy, reckless individual—a brave warrior and also a poet. He was the bard of the Bakuena, and his songs are sung to-day. He was, moreover, a great ladies' man, and enjoyed the favours of other men's wives as well as his own. He would conceive a desire for the wife of this or that chief, and would never rest until he possessed her by force or fraud. It is sad to relate that his personal advantages and reputation for gallantry were such that the ladies in question were not, as a rule, averse to his attentions. By reason of his bravery and skill in war he was a great favourite with his father and leader of his fighting men. He lived at Slabbert's Nek, but spent much of his time at Futhane in consultation with his father, as it was there that expeditions were organised and other public business dispatched.

The other twin, Monyane, was more regular in his life, but he was surly, obstinate, and ambitious. He desired very much to be a chief, which in those days meant the enriching oneself at the expense of one's neighbours, besides the ordinary honour and position which chieftainship confers. But he did not attain to this until after the death of his father and brother.

We find among the historical notes left by the late chief Nehemiah Moshesh that, according to the old men of Thaba Bosiu, Mokheseng, alias Ratlali, composed all the national songs of war and of circumcision, and that in the latter are related historical facts which oral

tradition has preserved up till now. But, as we have already said, the Sesuto of the bard is so antiquated that even the most intelligent of the Basuto cannot understand it to-day.

Mokheseng had two wives of his own. Of the first he had descendants distinguished by certain acts of bravery, and who showed signs of intelligence. One of them, the son of Khoabane, learned French, and was without doubt the only Mosuto who read the Bible in that language. He also studied Greek and Hebrew with great ardour in order to be able to read the Scriptures in the original, but his character was feeble, and he did little credit to his education.

Mokheseng had three sons by his first wife, namely, Mabitle, Lebeko, and Khokotle; and one by his second wife, called Tlali, from whom he got his name Ratlali, by which name he is best known to posterity. He is famous for his good and bad personal qualities, but especially for his incessant wars, undertaken sometimes by the orders of his father and in the public interest, but too often to serve his own private ends. When the desire seized him for the principal wife of a neighbouring chief, nothing could stop him. He would have that woman by fair means or foul. He had quite a collection of these captured queens, and used to parade them occasionally with much pride. His father and the people were as much to blame as he, for not only did they make no effort to stop him in his evil courses, which in the end were destined to cost them dear, but they even took a pride in his exploits, and so encouraged him to go on to his own undoing.

On one occasion he fell suddenly on the Bafokeng of Masekoane. They were taken by surprise and fled without resistance, but Ratlali did not attempt to pursue or reap the fruits of his victory. He called off his warriors and led them to Makalane, where his cousin Liyo, chief of the Makhoakhoa, lived. Liyo had a wife of extraordinary beauty, and Ratlali, in the course of friendly visits to his cousin, had seen and admired her. With Ratlali to admire was to desire, and to desire was to use every available means to possess, regardless of all consequences. He accordingly conceived the idea of subjugating the Makhoakhoa for his father and capturing the beautiful queen for himself. No one, except perhaps a few intimates, knew of his intention, least of all the Makhoakhoa, who were taken completely by surprise and driven from their village. All their cattle were captured, and Ratlali's desire was satisfied. He ravished the beautiful queen and led her away captive in advance of his men and the captured

cattle. But his triumph was shortlived: the Makhoakhoa recovered from their panic, and with the assistance of their neighbours the Basia, who turned out to help them, they fell upon the retiring Bakuena, who had no thought of being pursued, killed many of them, and recaptured the cattle. Among the killed was Motloang, son of Monaheng. Molibeli, who had been left for dead upon the field, recovered consciousness during the night, and with Ntsane, and Moseme of the Baramokhele, managed to escape by hiding in the reeds of the River Kubetu until the pursuit slackened.

Ratlali, who saw the rout of his men with stupefaction, was soon overtaken by the Basia, and fell before the spear of Tseele, their chief. The beautiful queen—whose name, by the way, was Matumane—was rescued, but on returning home it was only to learn that she was a widow, her lord and many of his people having fallen in the battle.

After the battle the Bamonaheng sought to recover the body of Ratlali in order to bury it, but the Makhoakhoa drove them off, killing several, including Lisene, son of Sello, who was in charge of the party, so the body was devoured by vultures.

According to the late chief Moshesh and his old doctor Makara, the following songs were made by a tribal bard to commemorate Ratlali's bad deed and its consequences:

*A ba a ea hae Saole a lekola a le varetsa?
Hi hi hi! Hi hi hi!
Oa ea hapa a tla nyala bohlaana tsuana.
Ho ho ho! Ho ho ho!*

which may be rendered thus into English doggerel:

*Whither went Saole with plumes on his head?
Hi hi hi! Hi hi hi!
He went to seize cattle with which he might wed.
Ho ho ho! Ho ho ho!*

And again in honour of the Basia:

*Li ea ha Mahlatsi li ee ka bohlae,
Nong li tseleng li yele Ratlali!*

Let those who go against Mahlatsi choose their path with care
For birds of prey are in the road and ate Ratlali there.

And again:

*Ratlali oa Mapapa Kotsuane a phokeng
Nong li mo yele isa mo siea mahlong bohlokoana.*

Ratlali of Mapapa, with the death-glaze in his eyes, is devoured by vultures.

This fight with the Makhoakhoa and Basia had grievous consequences for the tribe of Monaheng, for, apart from their actual losses, it was a sad blow to the prestige of the old chief. Moreover, it was the cause of dispute and disruption among his sons, the family of Mokoteli quarrelling with that of Sekake for the widow of Motloang and with that of Ntsane for the widows of Ratlali.

The old chief Monaheng did not live long after the death of his favourite son, and died leaving the rest of his family in hopeless conflict with one another. The question of the widows gave rise to discords and quarrels which were not settled even by the spilling of blood. They therefore left Futhane, where they had grown up and where Monaheng, Motloang, and other members of their family were buried, and went their several ways: Ntsane to Lihloareng (as we have already stated), the Bamokoteli to Leribe Poort, Motlohelo's children, the Basekake, to Maoamafubelu, and so on.

Monyane, the brother of Ratlali, succeeded to what was left of his father's chieftainship, which was not much, and being afraid of the vengeance of the Makhoakhoa, he moved away westwards to Makuahlane (Abrikos Kop).

Shortly after his arrival at his new home, Monyane was joined by Ramokhele and his tribe of Bataung called the Bakubung, which was a very welcome accession of strength. Ramokhele had just separated from the Bataung of Thulo in the manner already described, and was looking for a chief under cover of whose protection he could make raids upon his neighbours' cattle. He settled at some little distance from Monyane among the hills of Motlongoe at Khunonyane, and from there his villages extended as far as Makulukaneng (Platberg).

Ramokhele at first served Monyane with much devotion, lifting cattle for him from all directions; but, as we have already seen, their connection did not last long, and ended with the raid on the Lihoya, when they quarrelled over the spoil. Monyane, as we have before stated, was wounded by a poisoned arrow and died. As we shall see hereafter, his death had been foretold by his son Mohlomi, when he was about to start on the raid.

So Monyane did not rule for many years. He was no great warrior, and showed little capacity as a ruler. There is not much to relate about him, except that during his time the Batsueneng of Khiba came and settled on the mountain Kurutlele, and on one occasion Thibela, chief of the Baphuthi, came to visit him and was received with honour.

He appears to have had only two wives. By the first he had three sons and a daughter, viz. Nkopane, Mohlomi, Moroosi, and Foleng; by the second he had one son, called Makhetha.

(4) *Nkopane, Son of Monyane*

Monyane was succeeded by his son Nkopane. Nkopane had several other names, viz. Nkotsokane, diminutive of Nkopane; Moorosi, given him by his father; and Mathunya, a name which he took while in the circumcision lodge. His first care was to avenge the death of his father, and being son-in-law to Mahoete, chief of the Lihoya, it was easy for him to make his peace with that chief for the part taken by his father in the raid upon him and secure his aid in the punishment of the Baramokhele and the Bafokeng, who were still in possession of Mahoete's cattle. With Mahoete's aid he pursued them to Kooaneng, where they fortified themselves in such fashion that Nkopane had to abandon the siege, whereupon the Baramokhele and Bafokeng retired on Male (Willow Grange). Here Nkopane attacked them again and forced them to retire on Seqaobe (Prynnenberg), fighting all the way. But there was no decisive result, and Nkopane returned home, having gained nothing. He then made alliance with the Batsueneng of Khiba, who had been living at Kurutlele for some little time; but for all that he never had any success against the Baramokhele, nor did he recover any of the cattle which they had raided from his father-in-law. These matters are related at greater length in the history of the Baramokhele.

Nkopane had five wives, who bore him a number of children.

The first was the daughter of Mahoete above mentioned. She had two sons, Pulumo and Lecholocho.

The second was Sesilane, a daughter of the royal house of the Bakuena. By her he had four sons, viz. Nkoko, Malia (alias Rahlaoli), Lekhethe, and Mankoe. There were also Morake and Morapetsane by the third; Pshabane and others by the fourth; and Seobi and Lekhori by the fifth. So Nkopane had plenty of children, and if his posterity came to naught, the fault lay elsewhere—mostly with himself. There was trouble among his wives, the second claiming to be the *mofumahali*, or principal wife, by reason of her being of the ruling house of the same tribe as her husband, for, said she, "*A keke a lomeloa mokopo pele ke motho o sele*" ("A stranger cannot eat of the pumpkins before me"), alluding to the custom whereby the first-fruits of the

earth are eaten in order of rank. Nkopane was weak enough to support this claim, and naturally alienated thereby his lawful heir, Pulumo, son of the daughter of the Lihoya, who, to show his vexation, called his son Seeng ("a cypher") and himself Raseeng ("the father of a cypher").

As always happens, this action of Nkopane in attempting to exalt the house of one wife over the first proved disastrous to the succession. Pulumo might have kept the clan together, had the chance been afforded him; but the action of Nkopane brought about disunion, and when he died the authority passed into the hands of his younger brother Mohlomi, who was in every respect a better man.

Nkopane indeed was not fit to be a chief. He broke faith with his loyal allies the Batsueneng of Khiba by allowing his sons to raid their cattle, and shortly afterwards retired to Mahasane, near Winburg, where he died in semi-obscurity.

Nkoko, the son in whose favour Pulumo was superseded, died young, but his father had already procured a wife for him, and his brother Lekhethe was charged with the increase of the family. An heir of his begetting was born who was called Moeletsi, and who became a Christian at Beersheba. Mankoe, brother of Nkoko, followed his nephew to Beersheba and embraced Christianity when he was over one hundred years old.

Nkopane's younger brother Foleng, or Ramakatsa, followed him to Mahasane, where he was killed by Pakalita in 1822. His sons and grandsons who escaped joined Moyakisane and then Lebenya.

CHAPTER IX

THE BATSUENENG OF Khiba

WE have just had occasion to allude to this tribe in connection with the story of Nkopane, so it will be convenient here to state what we have been able to learn about them. Those of Khiba are the second branch of the tribe of Batsueneng, and like the first come from the banks of the Tugela. They are of the same stock as the Maphetla, but they migrated several generations later. Being constantly harassed by the Mahlubi, they followed their friends to the west of the Drakensberg, but by another route—probably by that which is now called Van Reenen's Pass. Arrived on the plateau, they found the Batlokoa of Motonosi extending as far as the Elands River, and the Batlokoa of the other branch—the Bamokhalong—some distance farther north. They accordingly passed between them, crossed the Elands River, and settled for at least a generation on the left bank of this river with the Batlokoa as neighbours on the right. Khiba, son of Lekokoto, was probably born there. Lekokoto was grandson of Ntsimana, younger brother of Ntsime of the elder branch, but by reason of the weakness and incapacity of the children of the latter, Lekokoto acquired authority over them without any dispute or contest.

Their father, Tsulo, of the Amavene tribe, his son Motsuene, and others perished before the migration, probably in the course of the reiterated raids which the Mahlubi made upon them; but Ntsime and Ntsimana were left to lead the survivors in their exodus.

After their sojourn near the Batlokoa, they moved to the mountain of Kurutlele, not far from the Bafokeng of Patsa. They must have fought a good deal in the course of their travels, and with some success, for their fame as warriors preceded them and induced Nkopane, son of Monyane, to seek alliance with them against his enemies. Khiba at that time was a young man with a reputation for wisdom and courage; and when his father Lekokoto came to die, the people

THE BATSUENENG OF Khiba

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made him chief in preference to his elder brother Lekhetho. His selection was justified by results, for he was able to maintain the independence of his people among hostile and powerful tribes, and became a chief of great repute. He will be long remembered in connection with his gallant struggle at the foot of an enormous rock in the Herschel district of Cape Colony, which is called Lefika-la-bo-Khiba ("the rock of Khiba's people") to this day. But these conflicts belong to the second period of this history.

Khiba proved himself to be a good and faithful ally to Nkopane; but when the power of the latter began to wane, his sons tried to mend their failing fortunes by raiding their unsuspecting ally. It was Pshabane and others who committed this act of treachery. They fell upon the village of Mosoang, son of Mofolo, unawares, but were repulsed. The Batsueneng, however, suffered the loss of Mofolo, Khiba son of Tsopa, and Lekhetho the brother of the chief Khiba. Such conduct as this was not calculated to strengthen the alliance, and it is somewhat surprising that we do not hear of its being broken at once; but Nkopane's removal to Winburg, which took place soon afterwards, may very likely have been a consequence of this raid, and in any case the distance of Mahasane from Kurutlele must of itself have put an end to the connection so far at any rate as Nkopane was concerned. We hear later on of a son of Mohlomi having made two abortive raids on the same village of Mosoang, and of another son of Mohlomi, called Khoyane, having been killed in a quarrel with the Batsueneng herds of Nkopane. The quarrel came about in this way. Two strangers related to each other by marriage took service the one with Nkopane and the other with Mohlomi. Their names were Pakeng and Mosollo. Mosollo had a complaint against Pakeng about a dowry, and was directed by Mohlomi to sue him before his chief, viz. Rahlaoli, son of Nkopane. Judgment went against Mosollo; and when he and his companions, among whom was Khoyane, the son of his master, were returning home, they attempted to drive off some calves belonging to the son of Nkopane. This gave rise to a fight with the Batsueneng herds, in the course of which Khoyane received a wound in the leg which was so serious that, despite the care and skill of his father, he died of it. Though sorely grieved at the death of his son, Mohlomi was too just a man to attempt to avenge it, and the Batsueneng continued to live in peace at Kurutlele during the time of Mohlomi. But after his death they moved to the north-west of Hlohloloane (Clocolan) and lived

at Mesoboea, where they supported themselves by hunting as well as by the produce of their fields and flocks.

On one occasion when there was a great drought, Khiba sent Khamali, a grandson of his uncle Tsulo II., with the cattle to graze at the Qhaba (Modder River), and an armed escort to guard them. When the cattle had improved sufficiently in condition, Khiba sent to recall Khamali, but he refused to return. Then Khiba sent his son with peremptory orders, but Khamali again refused, adding that if another messenger was sent, he would slay him: the grass was good, and the cattle were well, he said. When Khiba heard this, he saw that Khamali had no intention of returning himself or restoring the stock. He therefore sent his son Pati with an armed party to bring them back by force. Pati arrived suddenly at dawn, dispersed Khamali's men, who were taken by surprise, and drove off the cattle. When the women of Khamali's people saw the cattle driven off, they followed with the children. "For," said they, "what can we do, and how shall we live?" The men followed the women and children, and Khamali with a very shamefaced following appeared before Khiba and expressed contrition for his fault. Khiba reprimanded him severely, and forgave him. This took place about the year 1821, and soon afterwards the Batsueneng were driven from Mesoboea by the invading hordes of Pakalita and Matuoane. They were taken by surprise and had to scatter in all directions to save their lives.

THE BAMAIYANE

These people originated at Futhane, and are an offshoot of the Bakuena of Monaheng. They are the people of Maiyane, who was a descendant—a grandson probably—of Monaheng; but it is not possible to say with accuracy or even reasonable probability who his father was. After having been separated for a time, we find them living united at Mautse (Sekonyela's Hut), where they became a clan of several thousand persons, strengthened by the arrival among them of a number of Bakhatla from the Transvaal. They took part in the wars of the Bamonaheng against the Makhoakhoa, the Baramokhele, etc. We also hear of them living with the Bahlakoana, and one of them, Motleyoa, was a counsellor of Lepheana at Mabilela, before the invasion of Pakalita.

The son of Maiyane, Mongale, when very old, foreseeing the trouble

which was to come to pass, paid a tribute of cattle to Lethole, chief of the Makhoakhoa and placed himself and his people under his rule. He helped Lethole to overthrow Thobane, alias Ramakesana, his own brother, who had to fly for refuge to Molokong beyond the Caledon. From there he returned to Mokoto, where, under pressure of starvation, he gave himself up to cannibalism. Chobane, alias Pule, father of Motleyoa, was one of the first to fall into this evil practice. The clan of Maiyane was, as we shall see, one of the most unfortunate of all. It was eventually absorbed by other clans with whom its members sought refuge.

There is a short genealogy in *Basuto Traditions* which we have taken over and shall place among the other genealogies.

CHAPTER X

MOHLOMI

IN writing about Nkopane, as well as elsewhere, we have had occasion to mention his younger brother Mohlomi, and have seen how, chiefly by reason of Nkopane's unfitness, the chieftainship of the clan was thrust upon him. Some men are born great, others have greatness thrust upon them, says the proverb. Mohlomi was born great, and if he had greatness in respect of chieftainship thrust upon him, it was a distinction for which he cared little, and the great part he played in the history of his country was due rather to his personal attributes than to those he acquired by reason of his position in the world. He was no warrior: there are no conquests or extension of power to record; but the influence he acquired over his own people and other nations far and near was very great indeed, and, on the whole, it was an influence for good.

There was nothing very remarkable in his appearance. He wore a collar of brass (*letjekoana*) round his neck, and large pendant earrings of the shape and length worn by chiefs of importance in those days. He was from his birth a mystic, but the first sign of it, according to Mr. Arbousset, who had it from his widow, was as follows. She said, "My husband used to have communion with heaven. Once, when he was about thirteen years old, during the months which he passed in the circumcision lodge, after nightfall when his companions slept, he saw the roof of the hut open wide and he was carried up to the skies, where there was a great multitude of people assembled. There it was said to him, 'Go, rule by love, and look on thy people as men and brothers.' He brought back with him a heart honest and wise."

The widow Maliepollo told this to Mr. Arbousset after she had become a Christian, and this accounts for her phraseology; but in 1833, when Messrs. Casalis and Arbousset, the pioneers of the French Mission, first arrived in Basutoland, the thing was fairly recent and was much spoken of.

MOHLOMI

Mohlomi lived at Ngoliloe, in what is now the district of Ficksburg. There are a number of Bushman paintings there, and when they saw them the Bakuena said, "*Ke melimo e ngolileng moo*" ("The Shades have written here"). And so the place came to be called Ngoliloe ("where one has written"). The mystery of it attracted Mohlomi, and he took up his abode there.

As a chief he was kind, affable, and easy of access. He loved all men without distinction, and judged by equity and with a rare insight and wisdom.

As a man he never quarrelled with any one, except once in his youth with his father about a buck. We do not know the particulars of the quarrel, but we do know that his father was a very morose and quarrelsome person.

On the occasion of Monyane's intended expedition against the Lihoya with the Baramokhele (related in the history of the latter tribe), Mohlomi again incurred his father's anger. Before dawn on the day of the departure of the expedition Mohlomi came to his father, who was still sleeping, and having roused him, said, "My father, last night I lay awake, and though I slept not, yet I dreamed, and in my dream I saw thee dead. I pray thee, therefore, go not forth upon this business. O my father, leave the matter." But Monyane answered with anger and scorn, "Be silent, girl. Go, draw water with the other girls!" and he pointed to some girls of the village, who by this time were starting for the fountain with their water-pots on their heads. Monyane, as we have seen, started on the raid, but, whether under the influence of his son's warning or from some other cause, withdrew before it was completed. He was, however, not able to refrain from claiming the spoil, and lost his life in the quarrel over it.

It may be that these visions had a good effect on the character of Mohlomi, for it is certain that in addition to his knowledge in occult matters and in the art of healing, in which he is said to have surpassed all men, he was especially noted for wisdom and benevolence. He preferred the society of children to that of adults, for, he said, "the young are the better." He was full of compassion, and made it his duty to relieve the distressed, and counted the widow and the orphan as his children. It may be that his philanthropy was not altogether disinterested; in any case, it was rewarded by the hearty services of those he relieved.

He loved to mystify people, and to this end would sometimes tell

those who accompanied him upon his journeys to go on in front and not to stop on the road, as he would surely overtake them. They would accordingly go on to their destination, and on arrival would find, to their surprise, that he had arrived before them, having, we must suppose, travelled by another route. This gave rise to the belief that Mohlomi was so loved of the gods that he was able to transport himself from one place to another in a supernatural way.

Mohlomi, says Mr. Arbousset, although a polygamist, was one of the most continent of men. We are assured that when he had attained to middle age he forsook all women, and even abstained from Maliepollo, his favourite wife, to whom he was devotedly attached. In the matter of diet he was no less remarkable. He ate little, and drank nothing but water or milk.

Concerning his ideas on religious matters, Mr. Arbousset goes on to say that among the questions which used to occupy him were such as these: Where does the world end? There must be a powerful Being who created all things! There is nothing to make me believe that any one of the things which I see created itself. Does anything create itself to-day? Conscience is the true guide of a man. It shows him his duty always: if he does it well, it smiles at him; if he does it ill, it reproaches him. This internal guide joins us at our birth and accompanies us to the grave. He seems to have believed in the immortality of the soul, for he used to say, "Oh, the vanity of things! Everything passes away. I too shall pass away . . . but to rejoin my fathers."

He had a taste for doctoring, and acquired much fame as a healer. He is even said to have cured leprosy. But he never threw the bones (*litaola*), and ridiculed those who worked on the credulity of the people by means of them.

On one occasion, when he was engaged in the making of some shields for the young men, he hid one in his secret cabin (*sefahla*) where he used to mix his medicines and commune with the spirits, which no one dared to enter; and then raised an alarm that one of his shields had disappeared in a mysterious manner. It was a serious matter, and all the witch-doctors were called from far and near to say what had become of the shield. They threw their *litaola* (divining-bones) before the chief and assembled people; but the bones told them nothing; and so, after their manner, they fell to accusing all and sundry with the theft of the shield. Having let them accuse

whom they would, Mohlomi produced the shield and delivered a speech urging his people to avoid the witch-doctors, whose bad faith he had just exposed.

He was a famous rain-maker, or *moroka*, and believed, in good faith, it is said, that he really had the power on certain occasions to bring rain. His process is not known in detail; but in times of drought he would shut himself up in his secret place and manipulate herbs, roots, etc., stirring up a concoction of them with a reed, and invoking the aid of the Supreme Being through the intercession of the shades of his ancestors.

It may be that, being a good judge of the weather, like most intelligent natives, he used to occupy himself in this manner just when rain was probable; it may have been pure coincidence; or again, that the Almighty did indeed hear and answer the prayers of this untaught old heathen: the reader must choose the explanation which suits him. But the fact remains that rain did come certainly on one occasion, probably on more, for Mohlomi's fame in this respect was very great.

Mophethe, chief of the Bataung, was on one occasion a witness to Mohlomi's power, and so impressed was he that he begged him to teach his art to his young son Moletsane, and sent seven head of cattle as a fee for initiation into the mysteries. Mohlomi agreed to teach the lad, but he was then too young, and before he was old enough Mohlomi died, and this secret died with him. But he left behind him with certain of his pupils the secret of various cures for common diseases.

"Mohlomi," says Mr. Arbousset, "was a *king errant*." Never, perhaps, was there a Mosuto who visited so many peoples and lands. He went everywhere indiscriminately, fearing no evil by reason of his great reputation and honourable character. In this he differed essentially from other chiefs, who rarely see each other, as much on account of distrust as of a proud indifference. Mohlomi, however, was well received everywhere, and consulted as a kind of oracle. Disputes were referred to him, which he adjusted with great wisdom. He was a friend to every one, and urged the chiefs to love peace. "It is better," he said, "to thrash the corn than to sharpen the spear."

In order to cement the friendship between himself and the chiefs he visited, he would marry one of their daughters. For her he would

build and endow a hut in the village of her father, and when he took his departure he would leave her there with permission to choose as friend and protector whomsoever she pleased. He was able to do this because, wherever he went, he acquired much cattle by his doctoring, etc., and whatever he acquired at this or that village he left with the house which he founded there for the use of the woman he had married and such children as she might bear, whether of his begetting or not.

On one of these journeys he penetrated far into the Kalahari, and came across a tribe called Ma-ya-ntja ("eaters of dogs"), whose language was a mixture of Serolong and Sehurutse. During his sojourn among them he accumulated a large number of dogs, and married as usual a daughter of the country, whose dowry he paid in dogs. By this marriage he had a son called Moriri, who came from the desert to live at Thabantso, where he died in 1883. Moriri had some idea of disputing chieftainship with Letsie I., but of course no one listened to him.

In order to give an idea of the long and perilous journeys which Mohlomi used to make, we may mention one which Mr. Arbousset has described in his book *Narration d'un voyage d'Exploration*. Far away in the north Mohlomi arrived at the abode of some cannibal tribes, but they did him no hurt, perceiving that he was a man of peace, though Sengoaela, one of his companions, who was rather quarrelsome, nearly served as a meal for these hungry people. Mohlomi arrived at one of their villages unexpectedly about noon. The sun was very hot, and every one in the village slept. Nothing was to be seen but the cattle lying in the shade, and one heard no sound but the barking of the dogs and the buzzing of the flies. But little by little the inhabitants came out of their huts, and the chief appeared and invited Mohlomi to sit down in the shade with his people. To their great horror, he offered the travellers some human flesh to eat; but they excused themselves, saying that this kind of food was strange to them, and they dared not partake of it, whereupon an ox was killed for them. They and the cannibals conversed together, asking and answering questions. These cannibals (*Ma-ya-batho*) were black and stout, resembling Bechuana in speech and appearance. Their hair was long and frizzled, and they kept it greased with human fat. Their bodies were smeared with red ochre; their huts were covered with reeds and thatching grass; their villages were large and built in a circle. They drank much thick

milk, and ate the flesh of their fellows as a delicacy. They even seem to have devoured the flesh of those who died. They were at one time well known by reputation to the Basuto, who called them Bamahlabaneng ("people of the antipodes"), because they lived so far away.

This is some of the information which Mohlomi brought from the land of the cannibals, among whom he did not think it prudent to remain more than two days.

The Bamahlabaneng were descendants of the Bavenda, or Matsuetla, who came from the south-west of the Congo basin about three centuries ago—a fragment of the parent tribe which was left behind. After long peregrination they arrived in South Africa at Zoutpansberg during the early part of the sixteenth century, having already acquired the habit of eating the prisoners which they took in war. They wiped out the Bangona, whom they found in occupation of the land, but were in their turn conquered by Tabane, the victorious chief of the Bakhatla, in the manner already related.

The son of Tabane, Poho ea Ndou ("elephant's head"), followed up the conquest of his father by subjugating certain tribes of Basuto to the south of the Limpopo and the Makalanga of Mashonaland to the north of that stream.

But we are digressing: if the reader desires to learn more about these Bavenda, he is referred to the *History of the Native Tribes of the Transvaal*. It would have been about 1782 that Mohlomi visited the Bavenda: he reported that they were cannibals then; and according to the missionary Beuster they remained such, until finally subjugated by the Government of the South African Republic at the recent date of 1898.

About the year 1811 Mohlomi visited the Mapolane tribe, who at that time were living on the Maphutsing, not far from Mohale's Hoek. They received him with great honour, and as he was short of grain that year and they had plenty, they made a collection for him, to which each one contributed something, with the result that he was able to return home with a plentiful supply.

Soon afterwards he visited one Matekane, who lived near Butha-Butha. People came from all the region round about to see him and hear his words. Among them was Moshesh, who was then a young man newly married, and the son of a man of small account. He did not go from mere curiosity, but in order to hear the wisdom of which he had

heard, and to ask the advice of the wise man. Mohlomi said to him, "My son, if thou couldst forsake all, I would take thee with me whithersoever I go; but it may not be. One day thou wilt rule men: learn, then, to know them; and when thou judgest, let thy judgments be just." Moshesh never forgot those words, and throughout a long and famous life tried to act up to them.*

Even in his old age Mohlomi could not resist his desire to travel. In 1815 he made his last journey to visit the Maphetla, who were living near Morija. His son Letele, who was a man of much benevolence, accompanied him. On the road he stayed for a time at Maboela with the Bahlakoana, the chief of whom, Tsephe, was his friend. On his arrival he was received by the Maphetla with much consideration. He seems even at that time to have foreseen the disaster which was about to fall upon the land, and to have been anxious to place his family in some security. He thought of joining the Maphetla or of settling near them, but nothing came of the idea. He did not stay long with the Maphetla, and on the way home he fell ill with inflammation of the bowels, and had to be carried home to Ngoliloe by his son and his other companions. He did not live many days longer.

During his last illness he prophesied as follows: "*Le tla anya khomo e tsuana; le se ke la senya mabele a lona, hobane le tla shua libuba*" ("You will suck a white cow [in other words, there will be a famine]; preserve your grain, or what will you eat? You will eat each other. Also there will be a cattle plague, and the cattle will die of *libuba*" [a kind of dropsy]. And indeed a few years later the thing came true, and the plague was called "*Lefu la ma-Motohoana*."

On the last day of his life Mohlomi fell into a kind of trance. When he awoke he said to Maliepollo his wife, "Maliepollo, my wife, the spirits have spoken to me who am about to die. Great trouble will come upon this land of ours: therefore when I am no more, and the time of *matseliso* [mourning] is over, go thou hence, and it has been told me that the wisdom I have sought in vain will be revealed to thee who art but a woman."

Later in the day he said to those who were gathered round him,

* Mohlomi brought many rare and precious curios from the far countries which he visited, but the most wonderful and most highly prized of all was an old pocket-handkerchief which he bought from a man who bought it from a Portuguese trader. People came from far and near to see this wonderful thing which Mohlomi had brought from afar.

waiting for the end, "My friends, I wanted to move my children out of the way of the war which is coming, and take up my abode on the plateau of Qeme, but sickness has prevented me. After my death, a cloud of red dust will come out of the east and consume our tribes. The father will eat his children. I greet you all, and depart to where our fathers rest." Such was the end of this man who was the most famous of all Basuto—famous for his love of peace, for his charity to all, and for the wisdom which he had received, not from the Balimo, or spirits, as he thought, but from God Himself. He was a teacher of men, and his teaching had far-reaching effects in humanising all the Basuto tribes. Moreover, in showing up the witch-doctors he did much to diminish the mischief which these diviners worked with their crafty trade. He established confidence between man and man, and chiefs and people with one voice sought to honour Mohlomi for his wisdom and for the love he bore to all men.

Another thing which contributed not a little to his popularity was that, being very rich, he was able to find wives for many poor bachelors who had no hope of being able to pay a dowry for themselves, and who were therefore a constant danger to the wives and daughters of their neighbours. By this means he earned the gratitude of the bachelors concerned, and maintained social order among his people. But the benefit was not altogether one-sided, even if the motives were disinterested. The women so married and their children remained, according to custom, the property of Mohlomi, and though we do not hear of his having exercised his right to it, the dowries of their daughters when they came to be married were his by law. The number of women so married and children so begotten was estimated in the early part of the nineteenth century at something like one thousand souls. Besides these he had some forty other wives, whom he had married in the course of his pilgrimages and left behind, as before stated.

Before the rise of Mohlomi, Basuto chiefs were content with a moderate number of wives, rarely more than four or five, and they kept them for themselves; it is to be regretted, therefore, that a man otherwise so enlightened as Mohlomi should have shown an example of sexual irregularity, and have given rise to a polygamy which killed the consciences of those who gave themselves up to it.

Though Mohlomi had five sons by his great wife, no one succeeded to his place. The first, Nketsi, was killed for disobedience; the second, Monyane, was killed in the fight at Male by the Baramokhele; the third,

Khoyane, was killed, as we have seen, by the Batsueneng herds of his uncle Nkopane. The other two, Tlali and Nkopane, alias Rakholane, were incapable, the latter being so obstinate that he always did that which he was told not to do, and earned the name of Mapheelle ("the obstinate one"). When therefore the Lifaqane broke out, all the clans and families which had at one time acknowledged Mohlomi were without control or cohesion, and were easily engulfed in the wave of destruction which swept over them.*

* It is not impossible that Mohlomi's own character and habit may have contributed to the disintegration of his tribe. He was always a mystic and a wanderer, as well as a peacemaker, and these qualities, rare and estimable as they were in his day, would by themselves have been of little use in preparing his people to stem the conquering tide of Chaka's Zulus. Chieftainship is a grim business, requiring the personal and constant attention of those engaged in it, and Mohlomi's long absences, often for years at a time, must have had the effect of weakening his power by allowing his people to get out of hand.—J. C. M.

CHAPTER XI

THE BAMOKOTELI

AFTER our long digression we must now return to this important clan, which, had they been taken in order of seniority, should have followed the Basekake; but as they are the Royal clan, they deserve a chapter to themselves.

We have seen how, after the disaster of Makalane and the death of his sons Ratlali and Motloang, the old chief Monaheng died at Moribeng, a cave on Futhane, leaving his sons in bitter dispute concerning the widows of the deceased. These disputes were intensified by the question of inheritance, occasioned by the old chief's death, and the result was the dispersion of the tribe.

Mokoteli and his belongings left Lekuru (Dwarsberg), where they had been living, and settled in Leribe Poort. On their way they sojourned for a while on the eastern slopes of the mountain called Lihloareng, just below the junction of the River Qooti (Brantwater) with the Caledon, and found there a curious formation of rocks resembling a cattle kraal in shape, which they used as such, and called Lesaka la Balimo ("kraal of the spirits").

Meanwhile, the dispute concerning the widows remained unsettled. According to custom, the right to the widow of Motloang and the duty of raising up seed to his dead brother belonged to Mokoteli, but the young widow, a Motaung of Rakhomo's tribe, would have nothing to do with him. Mokoteli had suggested that as the widow did not like him, she might be given to Ntsane's family, but that again did not meet with approval. Meanwhile, the widow settled the matter for herself by taking a lover called Mualle, by whom she bore a son, who was called Motsuane.

This Mualle was a man of the Amahlubi tribe, a son, it is said, of Seele, the father of Bungane. He was the first stranger to come and join certain Bafokeng, who were then living with Mokoteli. He was in the service of one Mope, whose son Makara was afterwards to become

famous as a doctor, but was driven away for misconduct. He was therefore by no means a suitable person to have access to the house of the widow of a chief of the rank of Motloang, and after a time things went so badly with him and he became so unpopular that he left his lady, whose affection had probably also cooled, and departed to join some of his relations, who were living on the Caledon at Lihloareng, on the right bank. He settled at Nkhechane, just opposite to them, on the left bank.

His son Motsuane (who, by reason of the queer way in which his father spoke Sesuto, owing to his Zulu accent, was nicknamed Peete) was, however, brought up by Mokoteli, circumcised by him, and in due course married to a daughter of the Bataung of the first branch. As the nominal son of Motloang he would, of course, have been the chief of the clan, but the circumstances of his birth were such as to preclude that possibility, and for another generation the chieftainship remained in the house of Mokoteli.

When Peete was about twenty years old, Mokoteli, who always cherished ill-will against Mualle, seized an opportunity to attack and destroy him if possible. It had rained, and the river was full, so that Mokoteli thought that Mualle's relations would not be able to come to his aid, and his destruction would be an easy matter. But his plan came to naught, for when he appeared with his people, Mualle gave the alarm, and his friends on the other side rushed their cattle into the swollen river and, hanging on to their tails, were carried across. Mokoteli's people were taken by surprise and routed, leaving Mokoteli himself with just time to hide in a small covered kraal where milking-goats were kept. Peete, who had no natural affection for his father, was among the assailants, was captured and brought to Mualle, who reproached him, saying, "What! thou, the child of my loins, thou too camest to kill me who begat thee! Thou shouldst rather have come to warn me." Then, after having administered a sound flogging, Mualle ransomed him with cattle from those who had captured him, and released him, accompanying him a little way on the road.

Meanwhile Mokoteli had been discovered in the kraal, and a fire was lit to smoke him out. Presently, however, the man who was left to watch it went away, and a woman of the village came along and said, "Rascal, art thou still alive?" "Yes," replied the fugitive, "I am indeed alive, though sorely troubled with the smoke." Then the woman said, "Come out quickly, and get thee gone while they

are still away." So it came to pass that when the Mahlubi returned, they found that the fire had gone out and Mokoteli had escaped.

It was not long after this that Mokoteli and his people left Mohobollo (Leribe Poort) and went to live at Molokong, on the left bank of the stream called Kuenaneng, where he spent the rest of his life. His son Thamae had his village at Setlabane, a short distance away to the south. He does not appear to have been a very good son, being too anxious to succeed to his father's position while the latter was still alive. He used to mock his father, saying, "*Ha Mokoteli ke menkhoaneng*" ("Mokoteli lives among the bushes"), in allusion to certain small trees called *menkoano*, under the shade of which Mokoteli used to hold his court.

It was about the time of Mokoteli's departure from Mohobollo, and perhaps the reason for it, that Khoyane, son of Ntsane, left his father at Lihloareng and came to live in Leribe Poort, where he remained for many years.

Lapse of time had not healed the quarrel over the widows, and the Bamantsane had by cunning obtained possession of Mamosongoa, the widow of Ralati. Mokoteli's people, however, managed one day to carry her off, and then ceased not day after day to mock and jeer at Khoyane, shouting from the top of the mountain such words as these: "*Ha ua suaba na monna tooe! ea tsuileng lipala mpeng?*" ("Grievest thou not [for thy wife], thou with scars on thy belly?")—a personal allusion to his habit of squatting too near the fire, whereby he once got burned.

Tired of these insults and many others, Khoyane sought the advice of the chief Mohlomi, and having related all his grievances, said, "*U ka bona, ngoana oa Rangoane, e ka khona ke etsa yoang? U nkeletse, Bamokoteli ke ba bohlahe haholo*" ("See now, son of my uncle, what can I do? Advise me, for the children of Mokoteli are very cunning"). Mohlomi answered and said, his anger being kindled at the story of Khoyane's wrongs, "Why are these Matebele * not killed? Set thou a snare for them; invite them to a hunt, so shalt thou smite them with ease."

Khoyane, well pleased, returned to his home, issued the invitation in the name of Mohlomi, which was readily accepted by Thamae, son of Mokoteli (who of course had no quarrel against Mohlomi), and set about his preparations for revenge.

* Matebele: Zulus, a contemptuous allusion to Peete's parentage.

The hunters were to assemble at Mohlomi's on the evening before the day appointed for the hunt, but Thamae, being late of starting, slept that night on the road, thinking to arrive early in the morning. Next day, having resumed his journey with one companion named Makaba, he passed near the dwelling of one of Khoyane's men. It was a little out of his way, but he was thirsty and thought he would call and perhaps get some refreshment. After exchanging compliments, the owner of the hut asked Thamae for snuff, but Thamae said he had none and asked for some. Snuff was accordingly produced, the host stipulating that Thamae must enter and exchange news, for in those days it was not fitting to take a man's snuff and leave at once. Thamae accordingly sat down and was regaled with snuff and beer. His host asked where he was going? and Thamae replied, "We go to hunt." "There is no hunt," said his host; "we are only going to kill you."

"What is then our fault?" said Thamae.

"Did you not insult Khoyane from the top of the rocks?" asked the host.

"We did indeed," said Thamae.

"There is your fault," said his host.

Thamae thanked him and went his way.

Meanwhile the hunt had assembled; parties of hunters dispersed to beat the country and surround the game, each man carrying his provision of *lipabi*, or roasted meal, for food. The Bamantsane, however, did not carry *lipabi*, but only *moiteli* (ground cattle-dung), which presented much the same appearance. This at a given signal they threw away, and, unencumbered, fell upon the unsuspecting Bamokoteli; but Thamae, who had been warned, escaped without injury. There was no great damage done, but the Bamokoteli never forgot the trick which had been played upon them, and remember it by the name of "*Sehloho sa moiteli*" ("the treachery of the cattle-dung") to this day.

Mohlomi's advice to Khoyane does not seem to be in keeping with what we have written of his character; but we must remember that, after all, he was a Mosuto, and that Khoyane was by birth head of the whole tribe, and had been grievously injured and insulted by his inferiors—a very grave offence.

Some time just before or after the incident just recorded, Mokoteli died at the age of about ninety years and was buried at Molokong,

where his grave is still to be seen. Thamae, his son, succeeded him. He was a proud and jealous man, was feared rather than loved, and prospered little. He was, in some measure, a usurper, for, according to custom, Peete should have become the chief after the death of Mokoteli; but he was a man of no ability, and, as has been stated, the circumstances of his birth were very much against him. During the time of Thamae he used to go about clothed with a girdle of cony skins, earning a precarious living by selling bamboos, which he carried about on his back. His sons, however, Libe and Mokhachane, were men of a different stamp and gradually recovered the position in the family to which their father was entitled, with the result that the descendants of Thamae and Hlatsoane his son fell into obscurity.

Mokhachane in his youth had an adventure which is worth recording, as illustrating the kind of relations which subsisted between the Bamokoteli and their sister-clans of Bakuena.

We have just seen how they quarrelled with the Bamantsane; this time it was with the Basekake that they were at feud. These people raided the Bamokoteli, captured the few cattle Mokhachane possessed, and took him prisoner to their village at Maoamafobelu. To celebrate their victory, they killed an ox and gave themselves up to feasting, while the unfortunate Mokhachane was imprisoned in a hut, expecting to be killed in the morning. But he was not destined to die on that occasion: while the men were feasting, he was released by a woman, who scraped a hole in the mud wall of the hut, released him from his bonds, and let him out. He escaped into a ravine, and hid himself so well on the hill beyond that, in spite of all their efforts, his pursuers could not find him. In the morning he appeared at home, to the great relief of his family, who thought he had been killed. It is difficult to say precisely at what period of his life this adventure befell Mokhachane, but it was probably after the death of Mokoteli, and before his marriage with Kholu, daughter of Ntsukunyane.

Meanwhile, a large number of Bafokeng had been coming into the Caledon Valley from the north. They had always been closely allied with the Bakuena of Ntsuanatsatsi, considering them their nephews by reason of their descent from their sister Mamotebang, the wife of Napo, and, for the most part, followed the general line of their migrations.

Among those who arrived from the north during the period we are now considering, *i.e.* the beginning of the eighteenth century, were

Masekoane and Ntahle, sons of Molise, called the Bamaotoana. The Bafokeng of Khoele also came from Monontsa or Kuakua (Wetsi's Hoek). Then came Thoora, father of Mokiba, who crossed the Caledon and settled at Tlakoli, where the late Senate used to live after the Gun War of 1880. Ntsukunyane, too, the eldest son of Kaba, with his Bafokeng "of the hare which is eaten raw," came and settled near the Bamokoteli in the valley of Mohobollo. Nkoanyana, grandson of Mangoli and grandfather of Makara, came also with his belongings and settled at Molokong. And finally the Mofokeng chief Morallana came to Tlakoli, where Thoora had already settled. Thoora, being of inferior rank, gave way to Morallana at Tlakoli, and moved off to the southward towards the sources of the Liphelaneng stream. Morallana had come from the west, having been driven from Khanyane by the Bahlakoana.

For the most part these immigrants submitted themselves to the rule of the Bakuena, whom they found in occupation; but it was not always so, for in those days no one thought of laying claim to territory, and it was not at all unusual to find a small tribe living near a big one and still preserving its identity and independence, at any rate for a time.

The tribal characteristics of the Bafokeng have already been commented on, and those we are now dealing with proved no exception to the rule. It was, therefore, greatly to the advantage of the Bamokoteli to have such neighbours, and they were not long in entering into intimate relations and intermarrying with them.

DESCENDANTS OF PEETE

After this apparent but necessary digression we can now return to the descendants of Peete, and, contrary to precedent, it is with the younger of his two sons, Libe and Mokhachane, that we shall have to occupy ourselves, for from him are descended the present royal house of Basutoland.

Soon after his escape from the Basekake, Mokhachane married Kholu, daughter of Ntsukunyane, one of the Bafokeng immigrants above mentioned. She had been promised in marriage to one Lesia, of her own tribe; but Mokhachane was not to be denied, and took her by force. Their eldest child was a girl called Matsueunyane, born about the year 1782.

Peete and his two sons, Libe and Mokhachane, had each his own village. The father, as we have said, was a man of no account, and the elder son, Libe, was soon eclipsed by the younger, Mokhachane. This is how it came about.

Among the Basuto, if a man wants to be a chief and has the necessary birth, it is essential that he have plenty of food, and eat it, not alone in his hut, but with the men in his court. This sounds like bribery and corruption on the one side, and cupboard love on the other, but so it was and is.

Mokhachane understood this, and Libe did not; and when the latter happened to kill an ox or a goat, and invited Mokhachane to the feast, the latter would never come alone, but would bring his people with him. This displeased Libe, who was a poor man, and had no idea of feeding all his brother's following; so on one occasion he took his brother from the court to his house and fed him there alone, chiding him for having brought the people. Mokhachane returned home with his hungry followers; and next day, notwithstanding his poverty, he killed for them a beast of his own, to compensate them for the fast of the day before. By this means he was able to increase his popularity at the expense of his elder brother, but all the same his authority extended no farther than the limits of his own village.

CHAPTER XII

BIRTH AND YOUTH OF MOSHESH

It was in these humble surroundings that a son was born to Mokhachane. The child was called Lepoqo when it was born, but became known to fame by the name of Moshesh, a name which was given to him later on, as will be described in its place. Lepoqo grew up there at Menkhoaneng, in his father's village, and in those days few could have foreseen the great rôle he was destined to play in the history of his country. He was, however, bright and intelligent, and of a powerful physique, and soon began to show his superiority over the other lads of his age.

He was circumcised rather later than the usual age for undergoing the rite, possibly because no feast and function could take place during the great famine of Sekoboto, which afflicted the land in 1803. Anyhow, it was after this famine that the young man was circumcised at Malaoaneng, at the age of about eighteen years.

When he came out of the lodge, his grandfather Peete took him to see Mohlomi, who at that time was very old. The famous son of Monyane received him with benevolence, blessed him after their manner by brushing his forehead against his own, and, detaching one of his own long earrings, fastened it in the ear of the youth, saying, "*Ke lesala la muso*" ("It is the sign of power"). He also presented him with an ox, a shield, and a spear, and even had a beast slaughtered for him.

Such a reception accorded by a man of Mohlomi's standing to the son of a man of such small account as Mokhachane was very curious, and perhaps it was that which gave the young Lepoqo the hardihood to ask the old chief what medicine he had used which enabled him to acquire the position which belonged of right to his elder brother Nkopane; thinking, no doubt, to acquire hints for his own guidance in future. But Mohlomi answered and said, "*Motse ha o na sehlare*:"

BIRTH AND YOUTH OF MOSHESH

sehlare, ke pelo" ("Power is not acquired by medicine: the heart is the medicine").

When he got home, Lepoqo began to distinguish himself. He lifted the cattle of a very important man of the name of Ramonaheng with so much skill and address that the following *lithoko* ("praises") were composed about him: "*Ke eena Moshueshue, Moshaila oa ha Kali, lebeola: o beotse Ramonaheng litelu.*" The name *Moshueshue* is a rhetorical figure in which the sound corresponds with the thing spoken of—an anomatopeia—in this case the sound is made by a scraping instrument, such as a razor or knife in cutting the hair or the beard; *Moshaila* is an abbreviation of *Moshuashuaila* ("a scraping instrument"); *lebeola* is a barber. So that the *lithoko* may be translated in this manner, the word *Moshueshue* meaning to convey the sound made by the operation of shaving: "The barber of Kali has shorn with his razor the beard of Ramonaheng"—i.e. he has swept off his cattle.

From that time forward Lepoqo came to be called Moshueshue, which in English has become abbreviated into Moshesh, by which name we shall henceforth call him, though he had other names as well—viz. Ramohato, father of Mohato, his eldest son; and Letlama, which he took at the circumcision, his comrades being called Matlama.

In his youth Moshesh appears to have been rather violent, for it is related of him that on one occasion he killed five men in cold blood, some for having been dilatory in executing his orders, and others for having sucked milk from the cows. He brained them, it is said, with a club made of rhinoceros horn, which his father used in dancing. But after his visits to Mohlomi he changed altogether, and from a hasty and violent youth became a wise and prudent man, noted above all things for his moderation and self-control.

All the same, he was very ambitious, and never lost sight of his ambition, which was to become a great chief. This is borne out by his own words to his son Molapo just before he died. He said, "While I was still a very young man, I had a great desire to become a chief [*ke ne ke luma borena haholo*]. I wanted my power to grow and overshadow that of others. I formed the desire to go and see Mohlomi, who had acquired much power. He was then at Maritoe. I begged him to show me what to do in order to become a chief, and asked if it could be done by the medicine of the witch-doctors? Mohlomi told

me it could not. He taught me to distrust the witch-doctors, relating how he himself had proved their wickedness and fraud. He said to me, 'Never kill any one for witchcraft,' and I never have. Another advice he gave me was to extend my influence by marrying many women. A third plan," continued Moshesh, "which suggested itself to me as the result of Mohlomi's conversation was to relieve the distressed, and this I began to put in practice when I delivered Makara from the hands of his own people and from those of ours who sought to take his cattle."

Makara, it may be explained, was a Mofokeng of the tribe of Nkoanyana, whose arrival at Molokong was recorded a few pages back. He was a doctor of note, and had some reputation as a rain-maker. He got into trouble by inviting Ntitana's people, his neighbours, to come and cut rushes for making baskets; and when they were so engaged, sending to attack their village and drive off their cattle. Next day the people of Ntitana, resenting such treachery, attacked him in turn; with the result that Makara and his warriors, having lost many men, were forced to take refuge with the Bakuena of Ramontseng. Finding himself in bad odour with his own people and having found little sympathy with the Bamokoteli, who on his arrival had seized his cattle, he appealed to Moshesh for protection. The latter, much flattered, and foreseeing that the possession of a follower of such note as Makara was bound very materially to increase his own prestige and power, took up Makara's defence with characteristic energy, and, bad though the case was, succeeded in rescuing Makara and his property from those who were justly incensed against him.

"At this time," said Moshesh in relating the incident, "I had not begun to take part in the discussion of matters; but still people listened to me, and I strongly advised our people [the Bamokoteli] to give Makara his stock, seeing that he had come to join us. My father helped me, and together we overcame the opposition, and the cattle were restored to Makara, though our people had sworn that they would never do so.

"When Makara received his cattle, he encouraged me by saying, 'My child, since thou knowest to restore to travellers that which has been taken from them on the road, thy power will grow, and thou wilt become a great chief.'

"And so it was," continued Moshesh, "from the time Makara joined us, and throughout my life my power has never ceased to grow

and dominate that of others. And it is on account of this that when I became a chief I made a law—to which I have ever adhered—that no one should molest a traveller on the way, even though he had committed a fault."

While Moshesh was still at Menkhoaneng he married a daughter of Seephephe, of the ancient race of the Bafokeng; and it was about this time—viz. 1810 or 1811—that Mohlomi visited Butha-Buthe and Moshesh went to see him for the second time, as related in the story of that wandering chief. The first child of Moshesh was a son who was called Mohato, but who is better known by the name of Letsie, which he took in 1829 on the occasion of his circumcision in remembrance of Mohlomi, who was called Mohlomi-a-Matsie.

After his visit to Mohlomi, Moshesh's public acts were always tempered with mercy. We have just seen it exercised, perhaps for mixed reasons and at the expense of justice, in the matter of Makara; and shortly afterwards, when his father was minded to put a man to death for some serious offence, Moshesh intervened, defended the culprit, and saved his life.

The first stranger to join Moshesh at Menkhoaneng was a Lezizi called Ntseke. He came from Laake, the birthplace of Tlameni, and was of the same clan as Moorosi, viz. the Baphuthi. His son Makoanyane became the trusted friend of Moshesh, and leader of his men when he got men to lead. He turned out a brave and faithful soldier, as we shall have many occasions to see.

Makoanyane was not long in enabling Moshesh to shake off the yoke of the Basekake, who still claimed the rights of chieftainship, to which indeed their birth entitled them, over the Bamokoteli. The Basekake planned a raid against the Bafokeng of Ratjotjosane, son of Mokhethi, and ordered Moshesh to join them with his men; but Moshesh excused himself, saying that he was sick, whereupon the projected raid was abandoned, as the Basekake had no stomach for it alone. Seeing this, Moshesh said to Makoanyane, "See now how these chiefs drink our blood. Come, let us act for ourselves!" Accordingly, with a chosen band, they carried out the raid, but not without some effusion of blood. When they returned with the spoil, the Basekake seized it, saying, "What! thou who wert too sick to work for us—thinkest now to cheat us?" But Moshesh, enraged at their action, entered the kraal with Makoanyane in order to take the cattle by force; and the Basekake, being overawed by the ferocity

of his demeanour, took the cattle out themselves and surrendered them to him.

After this feat of arms Moshesh, proud of having acquired some authority and prestige and of having strangers under him, thought fit to leave Menkhoaneng, and found his village at Butha-Buthe, where, owing to the presence of his father-in-law with a considerable number of his tribe, and to other causes, among which may be counted the absence of those of his own family of superior rank, a larger field seemed to be open to him.

This took place about the year 1820. But hardly was he settled there when he became very anxious about the future, by reason of the alarming rumours which came to him from the land of Chaka beyond the mountains. He therefore, after negotiations which have already been described, formed an offensive and defensive alliance with Lethole, chief of the Makhoakhoa.

"About two years after he settled at Butha-Buthe," said the late chief Nehemiah Moshesh in his notes, "my father was attacked by night by the Amangwane of Matuoane, son of Masopha. They took the cattle of my father and his people to the number of about 2,000 head, but they did not touch those of Mokhachane [Moshesh's father] and his other sons who remained at Menkhoaneng. They took only those which were at Butha-Buthe. It was at this time that Masopha and Makhobalo were born."

When the Amangwane had departed with his cattle, Moshesh said, "Let them be followed, and a tribute of cattle be paid to Matuoane there at his place." But the people murmured and said, "No, chief! Has any one ever seen the like? What! pay tribute to an enemy? No, we cannot do this thing."

But Moshesh answered and said, "We have been conquered by these people. If we pay them tribute now, peradventure they will trouble us no more." The idea pleased the people, and six oxen were sent to Matuoane to his home beyond the mountains, where he was at war with the Mahlubi.

In this war Matuoane slew with his own hand Umtimkulu, chief of the Mahlubi, and eldest son of Bungane, and put to flight the forces of his brother Pakalita. The latter in his flight before Matuoane crossed the mountains at Van Reenen's Pass and fell upon the Batlokoa of Mantatisi, who, as previously related, had treacherously killed his brother-in-law Motsholi.

Matuoane, fearing the wrath of Chaka, followed in pursuit of Pakalita, and so began the wars of Lifaqane, which were destined to plunge the land in blood and mourning. Moshesh, however, by the politic action just recorded, had secured to himself the good will, or at any rate the neutrality, of one, and that the more powerful, of the invading armies.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BAMOONYANE

THERE is little record of the early history of the Bamooyane. According to Azariel Sekese, they were originally Matebele, collected by the Bafokeng. "On their arrival," he says, "they were only boys, boys of Tseana." When they grew up they took wives and tried, without success, to pass themselves off as Bafokeng. At the time of the death of Ratlali—that is to say, about the year 1690—"they were at Matlakeng on the left bank of the Caledon, claiming to belong to Mahlatsana, younger brother of Mahlatsi," says Sekese, "but then the Mahlatsi are Makhoakhoa, and therefore Bakuena." However that may be, by their long residence in the country they became Basuto like their neighbours, adopting the language, laws, and customs. They are therefore entitled to a place in these records.

From Matlakeng they went to 'Malatsi, where they joined the Bakhatla somewhere about the year 1720. They remained there for several generations, and the following were born there: Kueeme son of Mooyane, Tsietso son of Kueeme, Nkeyane son of Tsietso, and Tsehlo son of Nkeyane.

Their life there was without incident, and passed in agricultural pursuits, so that they increased considerably. But Tsehlo became famous for his bravery, and the manner of his death, as we shall see hereafter; for while they were all living with the Bakhatla they were invaded by Letuka Hlabeli. Being too weak to resist, Tsehlo submitted to Letuka. This was for them the beginning of the Lifaqane, and from that time forward their history is included in that of that terrible period.

CHAPTER XIV

THE BATLOUNG

ACCORDING to several authorities on the history of the Bechuanaland tribes, the Batlounge are an offshoot of the Barolong. Mr. Lemue wrote in 1843 that "Several branches of the Barolong tribe dance in honour of the elephant" (*Journal des Missions*, 1843); while Mr. Arbousset wrote a few years before, "To the north of the Bapeli are the Batlounge. It is a nation of Bechuanas stronger than that of the Batlokoa." They grew excellent tobacco, with which they traded with other tribes, and had a fine breed of cattle whose horns are said to have measured as much as 8 or 10 feet from tip to tip. Their chief village was Mamakao, at the foot of the Zoutpansberg, and they were at one time ruled by the chief Mokopane, son of Kekane. This Mokopane was so valiant that he was called *Setsumali* ("man of blood"). He took by assault Nguanalelle, the town of Seamoha, brother of Sekuati, of the Bapeli tribe, killing many people and capturing all the cattle.

It was, no doubt, a fraction of these Batlounge who, at the end of the eighteenth century, with some Bapeli from beyond the Limpopo, migrated into the hilly country of Shoshong. There they became known as the Bakaa. Mr. Lemue, speaking of them in 1844, says, "The Bakaa of the interior dance in honour of the elephant. They are of the same source as the Barolong" (*Journal des Missions*, 1844). It is also said of them in the *History of the Native Tribes of the Transvaal*, 1903: "Among the Bakalahari of the Northern Bechuanaland Protectorate the Bakaa and the Bapeli were once lords of the Shoshong Hills, but were conquered by the Bamangwato. The Bakaa venerated the elephant (*tlou*), but they say that they are of Barolong origin, and that their ancestors venerated the hammer (iron)."

After having been conquered by the Bamangwato, they dispersed, one party of them following the Bapeli to the north in the direction of Tati, while others returned to the south-east, calling themselves

Bapeli, whom in many ways they resembled and who became their masters. But if they had been true Bapeli, their emblem would have been the *noku* (or porcupine) of the Bapeli, and not the elephant.

Our theory as to the origin of these people is further confirmed by *Basuto Traditions*, where, after the statement that they come from Bapeli, it is related that the Batlounge contested chieftainship with the Makholokoe "in the matter of eating the first-fruits, it being the custom for the senior to taste it first." And that which G. W. Stow says concerning the Bahurutse may also be applied to the Barolong, ancestors of the Batlounge. "It is the prerogative of the Bahurutse to be the first to eat the first-fruits of the new year, and it would be a serious breach of international etiquette for any kindred tribe to partake of the first-fruits of the season before they had received intimation from the Bahurutse that they had already gone through that ceremony. Even should a travelling Mohurutse be on a visit to any other tribe when any of their rites and ceremonial mysteries are being performed, he would take precedence of all the others, notwithstanding the presence of the ruling chiefs of any of the other branches, even were he merely one of the commonalty among his own people—a sure acknowledgment, according to native law and custom, of priority both of rank and tribal existence (*Native Races of South Africa*, p. 520).

A clan of these Batlounge arrived at Thaba-Kholokoe, where they were well received by the Makholokoe who lived there, and whose chief gave them land to cultivate. But at the time of harvest, they, remembering their descent from the Barolong, thought to claim precedence over the Makholokoe in eating the first pumpkin. But the Makholokoe, though themselves connected with the Barolong through the Bakhatla, refused to recognise this right, especially as their guests no longer swore by iron metal as their fathers had done, contending that in changing their emblem they had lost their birth-right. The quarrel became a fight in which the Batlounge were beaten, their chief Lekhetho was killed, and the people fled westward (see *Basuto Traditions*). "This happened in the autumn, before the crops had been gathered, so many people died of starvation. Some were left on the road and picked up by the Batlokoa, who absorbed them."

Misfortune seems to have followed them, for their chief, Ranale, was killed by a lion on the road. His son Sekhoana, continuing his

journey westwards, sojourned for not less than a generation with Nkokoto, chief of the Bahlakoana. Sekhoana and his son Phofele died there. Meanwhile, other of the Batlounge went and placed themselves under the protection of the Maphuthing of Tsuane. There would indeed seem to have been a thorough scattering of the clan, for besides these, we hear of others wandering along the Elands River; others again leaving the Bahlakoana and attempting to settle at Bohloko, near Bethlehem, but, being driven away by the Bafokeng, who were living there, were obliged to move on to Retief's Nek, where they settled. After the death of Tlane, however, Sekhume, his son, led such of the Batlounge as remained with him to Slabbert's Nek, where they placed themselves under Ntai, a grandson of Mokheseng of the Bakuena tribe. Still later, Sekhube being dead and Ntai departed to Kooaneng, Montso and Mochekeane his sons followed the latter with their people. But still they could not keep together. Some followed Montso, the elder son of Sekhube, to Kalle, where they came under the authority of Mokhetha, a minor son of Monyane; while Mochekeane and his adherents remained with Ntai up to the time of the Lifaqane. Those who followed Montso came to a terrible end, as we shall see in due course.

By reason of the dispersion of the Batlounge among the other tribes it is not easy to collect much trustworthy information about them. We are chiefly indebted to *Basuto Traditions* for the information we have collected as well as for the genealogy.

We will now close the first period of this history. There are, however, certain chapters, descriptive of the social and civil life of the people, which, as belonging especially to this period, should be placed here, but which, for the convenience of readers who may desire to follow the story of the fortunes of the tribes without interruption, are placed at the end of the second period.

SECOND PERIOD
THE LIFAQANE WARS*

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

BEFORE proceeding to describe this terrible episode in the history of the Basuto, it is necessary to digress a little in order to notice briefly what had been taking place on the east of the Drakensberg.

As far back as 1780 Dingiswayo, chief of the Umtetoa, began to put into execution a scheme, which he had been considering for a long time before, of subjugating all the independent tribes of the surrounding country and uniting them under his sole authority. These tribes had always been at strife with one another, owing to the absence among them of a supreme authority, and it was the ambition of Dingiswayo to supply that want in his own person, for, he was wont to say, it was never the intention of *Umvela* (Sesuto, *Mopeli*), the father of the human race, that men should live at enmity with each other.

He began with the Amakwadini. Having defeated them in battle, he collected all their cattle, and as a condition of their submission he restored all the breeding stock, dividing the oxen among his warriors. Nine other tribes were dealt with in succession in this way, the smallest and most insignificant among them being that of the Amazulu, the chief of which, Senzagakona, had not yet been circumcised. Now, in order to stimulate the ardour of his warriors,

* The word Lifaqane is of Setebele origin, and denotes a state of migration. It is used here as describing the struggles of wandering tribes accompanied by their families, flocks, and herds, as distinct from the ordinary expeditions of inter-tribal warfare in which as a rule only the fighting men took part.—J. C. M.

Dingiswayo had given orders that no young man was to be circumcised until all the tribes had been brought into subjection; and as, according to their laws, no uncircumcised person might marry, this order had the desired effect. But it bore hardly on Senzagakona, for whom, as a chief, certain wives had already been set apart; but so long as he remained uncircumcised, he was not supposed to have access to them. One of them, however, Nandi by name, had to go home to her parents on the plea of ill-health; but any anxiety that may have been felt on her account was set at rest in due course by the birth of a son, who was called Chaka. This event took place in the year 1783.

This Nandi was a very terrible woman, violent and vindictive, and on this account her husband divorced her. Her son Chaka inherited her evil temper, and, when he grew up, he quarrelled with his father and fled to Dingiswayo; who, in an evil day, took him into his service and, though he was quite a youth, gave him command of a regiment.

When Senzagakona died, Chaka claimed the inheritance; but Dingiswayo refused to allow this, and supported the claim of Mfagazi, the lawful heir. Chaka vowed vengeance; and his opportunity came when Dingiswayo marshalled his forces to attack the chief Zwedi. Chaka entered into negotiation with the enemy, and arranged to indicate the spot where Dingiswayo would stand in the ensuing battle. This he did, with the result that Dingiswayo was captured and afterwards put to death; and, notwithstanding the fact that the brother of Dingiswayo was nominated to succeed him, Chaka contrived to usurp the power. He followed Dingiswayo's policy in principle, but, unlike Dingiswayo, he showed no mercy to the conquered. He also changed the arms and tactics, adopting the short stabbing assegai instead of the bundle of throwing assegais which was formerly carried. This necessitated hand-to-hand fighting, and no excuse was taken for defeat. Death, instant and terrible, was the certain fate of any man or any regiment who retired before the enemy. Should an enemy show a stubborn resistance, they would be utterly destroyed—men, women, and children. The cruelties of Chaka were such that his name became a terror throughout the land. Even his own subjects were not exempt from his savage fury; for a trivial offence he would cause a man's eyes to be put out, or subject him to other frightful tortures and mutilations. Such was the tyrant that terrorised

all the tribes from Delagoa Bay to the Umzimkulu during the early decades of the nineteenth century. It is doubtful whether at any time in the history of the world such wholesale destruction as was wrought by Chaka and his armies has ever taken place. Tribe after tribe was overpowered and ruthlessly massacred, without regard to age or sex. Those who could, fled, to throw themselves in turn on those weaker than themselves. Among these was the powerful chief Zwedi, who slew Dingiswayo. He fell upon the Amangwane, whose chief was Matuoane, son of Masopha. These in turn fell upon the Amahlubi of Bungane, who, with his son Umtinkulu, the father of Langalebalele, perished in the fight, with thousands of others. "Several sections of the tribe," says Dr. Theal in *Basutoland Records*, "fled southwards and, after many years of suffering, reached the colonial frontier, where they have since been known as Fingos." A considerable section, however, remained under Pakalita, another son of Bungane.

Meanwhile Zwedi died, and his son Mpungoa, fearing treachery on the part of his younger brother, Sekhonyana, made submission to Chaka, and took refuge with him. Chaka immediately espoused his quarrel with the Amangwane, and marched against Matuoane, whom he drove before him, killing many of his people and capturing all his cattle. He was not able to subdue him, however, and Matuoane, in his retreat before the all-conquering Chaka, was able to attack Pakalita and his Amahlubi and drive them before him over the Drakensberg.

The country immediately to the west of the Berg was at that time occupied by the Batlokoa and Basia, and Pakalita fell upon the former, in order, it is said, to avenge the death of his relative Motsholi, who, it will be remembered, had been cruelly murdered by the young chief Sekonyela not long before. This, of course, may be correct, and doubtless vengeance was not undesired by Pakalita, or unwelcome when the chance came; but the line of flight of a fugitive tribe, with an enemy like the terrible Matuoane at their heels, is governed by other and more urgent considerations.

But whether the direction of his flight was dictated by inclination for revenge or forced upon him by circumstance, the fact remains that Pakalita fell upon the Batlokoa in the winter of 1822, with his horde of Mahlubi men, women, and children all hungry and homeless.

The Batlokoa, though numerous and powerful, were taken by

surprise, and being scattered about in their various villages had no time to rally or adequately to defend themselves and their homes against this formidable invasion. They therefore retired, taking with them their cattle and whatever else they valued, leaving behind them only the aged and infirm who could not travel.

The Amahlubi spread themselves over the country of the Batlokoa, living on the food which they found in the deserted villages and on the crops which had not yet been reaped; but they had little time in which to enjoy the fruits of their easy victory, for the Amangwane were following them up, and they fled hastily, leaving the plunder of the Batlokoa country to their pursuers.

This was the beginning of that terrible period known as the Lifaqane, in the course of which the Basuto clans of the central plateau of the sub-continent were alternately invaded and ruined by successive invasions: by the Mahlubi of Pakalita; by the Amangwane of Matuoane; by the Batlokoa of Mantatise; by the Matebele of Moselekatse; by the Amazulu of Chaka, under the command of Dingaan; and by the Griquas and Korannas from the west; as well as by the ravages of large numbers of cannibals, broken men of almost every tribe, whom starvation and misery had driven to such horrible practices.

It was during this period that the designation *Matebele* was given to the Kaffirs of Natal by the Basuto. It is a derivative of the verb *ho tebela*, "to drive away," and means "the destroyers." The origin of the term Basuto has already been described, and it was during this period of disturbance that these terms became accentuated. Thus the name Basuto was given to all the tribes on the west of the Drakensberg, while the Basuto in their turn designated all those to the east of it by the term *Matebele*, which includes the Zulus, Swazis, Mahlubi, Amangwane, and many others.

Before entering upon our attempt to describe the epoch of confusion and devastation which forms the subject of the second period of this history, it may be well, in order to clarify in some measure what cannot in the nature of things be other than a very involved and confused story, if we indicate briefly the geographical position of the more important of the tribes as we left them at the end of the first period.

Beginning, then, at the Drakensberg on the east, we find the Batlokoa of Mantatise in and around the valley of the Wilge River;

south of them, their cousins the Basia; and a little to the west and south, the Bafokeng of Mabula, between the Namahali (Elands River) and the Liebenberg Vley Spruit (Nketoane).

Going westwards, we find the Makhoakhoa at Makalane, stretching as far as Sekameng near De Villiers Drift, to which place they had recently moved their headquarters in order to be near their ally Moshesh.

Crossing the Caledon here to the left bank, in what is now called Basutoland, we find the Bakuena of Mokoteli, with various tribes of Bafokeng among or near them, occupying the country from Hololo stream to Maoamafubelu stream. Moshesh was at the head of them at Butha-Buthe; his father, Mokhachane, was at Menkhoaneng; and at Malaoaneng, near the Maoamafubelu, were the children of Sekake.

Opposite these, on the right bank, in the Brantwater basin, and to the west of it, were some Bamaiyane at Mautse; some Marabe, descendants of Mokheseng, at Yoalaboholo; Bakuena of Mohlomi at Ngoliloe; Batsueneng of Khiba at Mesoboea; and also various small clans of Bafokeng. Northward of these, and beyond the Wittebergen, were the Bataung of Moletsane, on the plains of Motloangtloang, with the Makhokoe on the east of them beyond the Vaal and the Maphuthing on the west; while at Makeleketla (Winburg) there were some Bakuena of Nkopane, who had migrated thither in consequence of the raid on the Batsueneng of Khiba not long before. To the west of the Maphuthing were the Baramokhele between Mekuatleng and Thabantso, and south-west of them, at Hlohloloane (Clocolan) and Maboela, were the Bahlakoana of Tseele.

Recrossing the Caledon, we find on the left bank, west of the Bamokoteli, the Bakuena of Ntsane, commonly called the Bamantsane, occupying the country between Kueneng and the Caledon, and as far west as Qiloane. West of that, and southwards as far as the Orange River, we find the three tribes from the Tugela, viz. the Maphetla, the Mapolane, and Baphuthi, with various small tribes of Bafokeng interspersed among them.

Such, roughly, was the position of the tribes when the Zulu invasions burst upon them in 1822.

CHAPTER II

INVASIONS AND LIFAQANE PREMONITORY SIGNS

ALL these troubles which we are about to relate did not come upon the Basuto without warning that the rampart of the Drakensberg could no longer be reckoned upon as a protection against raids from beyond it. They themselves had broken through it, as has been related in the story of the Batlokoa, and Masopha, father of Matuoane, had raided the Bafokeng of Mabula and also Moshesh. The Bafokeng, on this occasion, were driven from their homes, and, after a brief sojourn with the Bamaiyane near Fouriesburg, formed themselves into bands of robbers, trekking about the country with their women, children, and cattle, and robbing and murdering such as were not strong enough to resist. Their chiefs were Ntabenyane, son of Tseele, and Letuka, son of Hlabeli. The result of one of these raids was the submission of Nkeyane and Tsehlo, Bamaiyane, living at Mautse, who, being too weak to resist, joined the raiders. With this reinforcement Letuka attacked the Bamaiyane of Futhane, who had formerly harboured him, and utterly ruined them, driving them ultimately to cannibalism.

When this happened, Tsehlo was living between Mautse and what is now called Brindisi Drift, while his father, Nkeyane, with a few followers, lived on the slopes of Mautse. After the attack on the Bamaiyane, just mentioned, they returned to these places, and the Bafokeng of Mabula settled near them on the banks of the Brantwater. Certain other Bafokeng—viz. Mokiba and the sons of Masekoane from Butha-Buthe—came and joined those of Mabula; but they soon found that they were in bad company, and left secretly with all that they had brought. They were so impoverished that they had to beg leave from Moshesh to reap the self-sown grain from his fields. But Ntabeyane and Letuka continued raiding. They attacked another Mofokeng, Morallana by name, who was living at Hlakoli, just by Brindisi Drift, and, after scattering his people, captured his cattle.

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After this exploit Letuka said to Tsehlo, who had assisted at it, "Tell me, Tsehlo, you who know the land, whom shall we raid now?" Tsehlo answered, "Chief, there is no one. Beyond these hills lives Mokhachane, who is a friend of mine, and he who desires to kill him must kill me also." With that reply Letuka appeared to be satisfied, but Tsehlo, distrusting him, sent to warn Moshesh, and to advise him to send a peace-offering. Moshesh accordingly sent four head of cattle to Letuka, whereupon Tsehlo returned to his home. Notwithstanding the peace-offering, Letuka attacked Mokiba and captured his cattle as well as two of Moshesh's wives. Greatly angered, Moshesh, with the help of his Bafokeng, attacked Letuka and inflicted a severe defeat. He recovered his wives and cattle, and captured the cattle of Letuka. One of these women was Mathebetoa, who became the mother of Matsoso; and the other, Mankeyane, who became the mother of Khotso. This defeat broke up this band of robbers. Some joined Tsehlo, and others later on made their submission to Moshesh.

Moshesh and Tsehlo were good friends at this time; and it is recorded that Tsehlo was instrumental in recovering certain cattle which had been stolen from Moshesh. It is also recorded that an ox belonging to Tsehlo having strayed, Moshesh's brother Mohale killed and ate it. This is the kind of man Mohale was.

This outbreak of the Bafokeng of Mabula ended here. It is not connected with the events which caused the great Lifaqane, but it was the outcome of a raid from beyond the Drakensberg, and therefore has to be recorded.

CHAPTER III

INVASION BY PAKALITA AND ITS CONSEQUENCES—DEATH OF LETHOLE AND THE BATTLE OF THE POTS

MEANWHILE, in the east the real trouble was beginning. Pakalita with his horde of Mahlubi, flying before Matuoane, crossed the Drakensberg and fell on the Batlokoa. These were taken completely by surprise, and fled with their cattle to the Basia. The chief of the Basia, Letlala, who, it will be remembered, was the brother of Mantatisi, urged her to remain with him and make common cause against Pakalita. She, however, declined this friendly offer, because, as she said, her people were hungry and might loot the crops of the Basia, and thus cause friction. She judged it better, therefore, to move on, and help herself to the property of less friendly tribes.* There was one Mosia, Ramohatlane by name, living with the Bafokeng of Tseele, who had in his possession certain cattle, which the late chief Mokotjo had gained by trading iron implements with the Bakuena. Supported by the Bafokeng, he refused to deliver these to Mantatisi, so that a fight took place. Many Bafokeng were killed, and much plunder fell into the hands of Mantatisi's warriors.

The Basia, whom Mantatisi had so considerately left behind, did not long remain undisturbed. They had barely reaped their crops when they also had to fly from their homes before the advancing horde. They fell upon the Bamolibeli of Ramatekoa, but were driven back with heavy loss in men and cattle. Then they turned south towards Futhane. The Batlokoa, on the other hand, moved westwards towards Kurutlele, where the Bafokeng of Patsa had lived for centuries. After much fighting they succeeded in driving out the occupants,

* She also refused an offer by Nkhahle, chief of the senior branch of the Batlokoa, to join forces with him against the invader. Possibly had she done so, and also accepted the offer of the Basia, they might together have overcome Pakalita and saved the country from much misery. But Mantatisi had a lively distrust of Nkhahle, and by this time she probably knew of the Amangwane coming on behind, so it may be that, after all, she was wise.—J. C. M.

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who, however, were able to escape with their cattle, the Batlokoa thought of settling down for a time in the captured villages. But they were not allowed to rest long before Pakalita arrived to disturb them again. This time the Batlokoa were ready for him, and made such a staunch resistance that, though they suffered heavy losses in killed and wounded, Pakalita lost even more, including Tlebeta, his chief leader.

Severely shaken by this encounter, Pakalita moved on, for he had always the dread of being overtaken by Matuoane, who he knew was following him. He came to Maboela, where he fell on the Bahlakoana of Teele. We are told by an old man, who in his youth took part in the fight, that the Bahlakoana did all that men might do to defend their homes, but they were overpowered by superior numbers, and had to retire, leaving many of their women and children in the hands of their enemies. These behaved in a shocking manner, ripping open live women with their spears, and dashing out the brains of children on the rocks.

The Bahlakoana fled across the Caledon, and after a short sojourn at Senyotong went on to Rakhuiti, where we shall hear of them again.

Among the tribes dislodged by Pakalita were the Bamolibeli, who had successfully resisted the Basia. They moved hurriedly out of his way, and when he had passed, they returned and cultivated their fields, the crops of which they were fortunate enough to reap in the ensuing harvest in 1823. They did not, however, venture to reoccupy their villages.

From Kurutlele the Batlokoa crossed the Caledon and camped at Khapong over against Butha-Buthe, while the Basia attacked Lethole, chief of the Makhoakhoa at Qolakoe. Lethole was taken prisoner, but was ransomed by his people, only to meet his death a few days later in the following way. Smarting under the shame of defeat and capture, Lethole invited the Matlotlokoane Zulus of Sepetja to help him to raid Letlala, chief of the Basia, and brother of Mantatisi. They accepted the invitation, and with their assistance Lethole inflicted a severe defeat on the Basia, capturing all their cattle. His allies naturally expected a share of the plunder, but Lethole, being badly advised by his relations, refused to share with them, and this cost him his life. The Zulus waited for their chance, and it came a few days later, when the Makhoakhoa warriors were absent on a foraging expedition, there being a famine in that

year. So it came to pass that when the Zulus surrounded the village, they found the chief alone with his three young sons, Matela, Hlatsoane, and Lekopa. They tried to escape, but Lethole was taken and Lekopa killed. Lethole was sentenced to death, and ransom was refused. He asked permission to stand up and chant his *lithoko* before death. This was granted, and in the course of the recitation, seizing a moment when his captors' attention was fixed upon the song, he made a dash for his life. He received a spear-thrust in the back, but struggled on as far as the Caledon, where he fell dead. The boys Matela and Hlatsoane, who had avoided capture, made good their escape.

While these events were taking place beyond the Qalo, the Batlokoa were advancing on Butha-Buthe to attack the Bamokoteli of Moshesh. The latter, however, led by Moshesh and Makara, attacked them with such vigour as to drive them, terror-stricken, back into their camp among their women and children. Here they were rallied by one of their women, who by her example put them to open shame. She seized a man of Moshesh, Thobei by name, and, clinging to him with all her strength, called to her people, "*Le e isa kae Likonyela? Le e isa kae?*" ("Whither bring you the fight, you of Sekonyela? Whither bring you the fight?"). Stung by her reproaches and fired by her example, the Batlokoa rallied in such fashion as to turn the tables, and Moshesh and his people had to fly to the mountain with a loss of about forty killed, among whom was the son of Makara. The name of this brave woman of the Batlokoa was Maseile.

This battle was called *Ntoa-ea-Lipitsana* ("Battle of the Pots"), because, in the course of that part of it which took place in the camp of the Batlokoa, all the cooking-utensils of the latter were smashed.

The Batlokoa remained around Butha-Buthe, living on the food which they found in the villages and fields of the Bamokoteli; and Moshesh retired to Menkhoaneng, his father's place.

Having consumed all the food of their enemy, the Batlokoa went westwards. Their line of march was parallel to that of Pakalita, though a considerable distance to the south, and with the Caledon between. When they got as far as Peka, Sekonyela thought to surprise Pakalita, and with that object crossed the Caledon and attacked him at Mabilela. He was not successful, but returned without having suffered much damage. On his way back he fell on the

Bahlakoana of Mateele at Senyotong, four miles north-east of Berea, and drove them off, capturing their cattle.

Pakalita, on his side, thought to defeat and disperse the Batlokoa, of whose enterprise he began to be apprehensive, and with this end in view followed them as far as Tlapaneng, where he nearly succeeded in capturing their camp with all their women and property. Sekonyela and the fighting men were all away, and there was no one in camp except women, children, old men, and a few cattle-herds. But the situation was saved by the courage and resource of Mantatise. When she saw the enemy approaching, she gathered all the women together, and formed them in ranks in front of the camp, and in front of them she placed such males as were left in camp. These, brandishing mats and hoes, presented, when viewed from a distance, the appearance of a strong force of warriors, which gave pause to Pakalita, who hoped to find the camp defenceless, and caused him to halt and make fresh plans. Meanwhile, Mantatise had sent hot-foot to recall her son, who arrived unobserved while Pakalita was still cogitating. Without hesitation or a moment's delay, Sekonyela flung his whole strength upon Pakalita before the latter was well aware of his arrival, and inflicted a severe defeat.

From there the Batlokoa went northwards to attack Makhetha, son of Monyane, and the Batlounge of Montso, who were living with him at Kalle (Governors' Kop). After defeating them in battle, he accepted their submission and they became his subjects. With this reinforcement, Sekonyela defeated Sebotsa, son of Kobeli, and the Bahlakoana, sometimes called Baropoli, killing the chief Makume, and then, after severe fighting, he attacked and scattered the remnants of the Bafokeng of Patsa, whose neighbours, the Bataung, fled before him across the Vaal, to carry death and destruction to the tribes beyond it. Then the Batlokoa with their families and cattle, accompanied by the subjugated tribes, moved off in a south-easterly direction.

CHAPTER IV

CERTAIN MINOR EVENTS IN MOSHESH'S CAREER

IN following up the main stream of invasion, we have necessarily left behind other events, which, though of only local importance, must now be related as being part of the personal history of Moshesh.

Moshesh was diplomatic enough to pay tribute to any one stronger than himself, and in 1822 he was paying tribute to Motake, chief of Khanyane. But at a meeting held at Mohope, near Maoamafubelu, they disagreed about something, and Motake angrily left the meeting, ordering his followers to come with him. Moshesh was much hurt at this, and paid no more tribute to Motake.

Shortly after this, certain Mahlubi, who had been living in the neighbourhood long before the invasions, and formed no part of Pakalita's following, quarrelled with the Bamokoteli over some cattle in the gorge of Peo, and captured them. Whereupon Motake's people taunted the Bamokoteli, saying, "See, we feared to enter the forest though no leopard was there." Stung by this affront, Moshesh swept off all the cattle of Motake's people, but killed no one. However, on the Leribe plateau he caught and made prisoner Mohlapaneng, a relation of Motake's, of whom he afterwards made a counsellor and friend. He even provided him with a wife.

Moshesh also attacked the Mofokeng chief, Sepholla, who lived at Tsikoane, captured his cattle, and dispersed his followers. There is a story (which, however, needs confirmation) that these cattle, while feeding on the Leribe plateau, were retaken by a warrior in the guise of a woman.

Soon after this there arrived from the south, and settled at Lihlatsoaneng, the Bafokeng of Makholoane, or Bamababe, who had hitherto been living with the Maphetla. They had cattle with them, which excited the cupidity of the Bamokoteli, who were comparatively poor; and Moshesh, in an evil moment, yielded to temptation and ordered his brother Mohale, who had settled at Seribeng close by,

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to seize these cattle. This Mohale did, and so effectually as to utterly ruin these poor people, advising them, in derision, to eat each other. Moshesh had afterwards cause to regret this piece of cruelty, as the ruined tribe immediately became most bloodthirsty cannibals, and a terrible scourge to the country.

It was late in 1822, while Moshesh was still at Menkhoaneng, that he was attacked by Shekeshe, second son of Letlala, with a large following of Basia. Moshesh sent to his relations of Sekake's tribe to implore help, but they refused. Moshesh, however, was able to beat off the enemy without their help, whereupon Shekeshe retired, and going round Leribe Mountain, past Sebotoane and Khanyane, attacked the chief Mpiti and the Basekake at Pshoabane. These, seeing themselves outnumbered, in their turn implored succour from him to whom they had just refused it; and they did not ask in vain. But before help could arrive they had been severely beaten, many of them were killed, whose heads Shekeshe caused to be cut off and stuck on poles, placed in conspicuous places about the village. All their cattle were captured too, and their ruin was complete when Moshesh arrived upon the scene. He fell upon the Basia with great fury and utterly routed them, taking many prisoners, and capturing not only the cattle taken from the people of Sekake, but all that Shekeshe owned as well. The cattle that had originally belonged to them he restored to Sekake's people, but those of the enemy he kept for himself. The chief Sekake had been killed by the enemy, and from that day forward his people came under the rule of Moshesh. Among the prisoners were three young women, Mamosebetsi, Mankhomote, and Masebeli, wife of Shekeshe. Masebeli he gave to Mohale and kept the other two for himself.*

* Mamosebetsi when captured had a daughter by her former husband. This girl, Mosebetsi by name, afterwards became the wife of the chief Molapo and the mother of the chief Joel. She is still alive, and must be about a hundred years of age. Two sons were born to Mamosebetsi after she became the wife of Moshesh, viz. the chiefs Sofonia and Tsekelo.—J. C. M.

CHAPTER V

INVASION BY THE AMANGWANE

THE second invasion was that of Matuoane, chief of the Amangwane, or Mankuane as the Basuto call them. He came, as we have said, in pursuit of Pakalita, and flying himself from Chaka. He rested for a time in the country of the Batlokoa, and replenished his commissariat with their grain which Pakalita had not had time to collect.

During his short stay he sent out foraging parties, one of which attacked Nkhahle, whom the stream of Pakalita's invasion had passed by, and whose offer of alliance Mantatisi had refused. Cattle were captured from him, and he had to fly. Another expedition attacked the Makholokoe, who, too weak to offer any resistance, fled, losing all their cattle and some men killed.

After his short rest, Matuoane pushed on in the track of Pakalita, burning and destroying whatever he came across. The Bamolibeli of Rantsane, who had fled on the approach of Pakalita, and returned to reap their crops after he had passed, hearing of the approach of Matuoane, hastily gathered their grain; and, in order to save it for themselves, carried it, with much labour, to the top of some high, precipitous rocks, and stored it there in *lisiu* (large baskets), which they hauled up by means of grass ropes. Then they fled with their families once more, this time across the Caledon to Hlakoli. They were foolish enough, however, to take into their confidence Nkeyane, of the Bamaiyane tribe, who lived hard by, and with whom they had been in friendly relationship; and this worthy, when Matuoane approached, sought to find favour in his sight by betraying to him the whereabouts of the hidden grain, which, of course, he promptly commandeered. When he continued his march, Nkeyane and his people thought it well to follow him, as it might have been unpleasant for them to wait for the return of those whom their treachery had rendered destitute.

INVASION BY THE AMANGWANE

When the Bamolibeli returned to find their food gone, they were sore distressed, and had to journey as far as Peka to get a little grain to preserve themselves from famine. This they succeeded in doing, and managed to return with it, travelling by night to avoid robbers, especially the people of Marabeng, who were always on the look-out for travellers carrying food. Then they cultivated their fields again, and were even able, it is said, to reap the crop in 1823. But they lived in a constant state of alarm.

Meanwhile, the Amangwane continued their pursuit of Pakalita, killing and destroying and ravaging, as Pakalita had done before them. At Mesoboea they came upon a section of the Batsueneng of Khiba, who, after having been severely handled by Pakalita, had ventured to return to their fields. The Amangwane took them by surprise and scattered them. Khamali the chief and a few survivors fled to the Modder River, and from there to Mahaneng (Bloemfontein). A few months later he was killed and eaten by cannibals. It was then that his son Khalaki sought to rejoin the main body of the tribe south of the Orange River. These under Khiba, who was then very old, and his son Pati, who had in consequence assumed the direction of affairs, had already left Mesoboea. Passing Mabilela, the scene of the battle between Pakalita and the Bahlakoana, still covered by unburied dead, they crossed the Caledon at Hanger's Drift, and moved on to Makhoarane, where the Maphetla were living; and, although they were of the same race, they attacked and scattered them. Farther on, as they neared Thabana Morena, they found a Mofokeng chief, Ratsososi by name, of the family of Mokhethi, occupied in the destruction of the Maphetla of Matlala; and Pati, thinking to profit thereby, joined him. He slew, with his own spear, Motsie, son of Matlala, who was herding cattle in the field, wounded Tsulunyane, who was with him, and drove off all the cattle they were herding.

From Thabana Morena, Pati and the whole clan of Batsueneng crossed the Makhaleng and halted at Kubake (Mohale's Hoek), with the intention of settling there. They started to cultivate the fields which had been abandoned by the Mapolane and Baphuthi some months before. But hardly had the seed begun to show above the ground when the Baramokhele appeared. These, as the reader will remember, had been driven from their homes near Mekuatleng, first by Pakalita, and then by Matuoane. Like the

Batsueneng, they travelled southwards, and after resting awhile at Cheche (Siloe), they passed on till they encountered the Batsueneng at Kubake. Most of them went on to Morifi, but Mosolotsane and his people remained with the Batsueneng. They did not live together well, but disputed and fought. Mosolotsane was killed, and the Baramokhele hastened to Morifi to join Leballo, the grandson of the dead chief. Leballo with part of the tribe moved to Qethoane (Koesberg), while the rest under Moseme and 'Mifi, his chief counsellor, crossed the Orange River and attacked the Baphuthi at "the rock with a hole through it," and killed one Motsapi, after whom a son of Moorosi was afterwards called. Recalled by Leballo, the Baramokhele hastened to rejoin him at Qethoane, where they had a fight with Bushmen who had congregated there. Setlopo, son of Mokhele, was killed in that fight by the Bushmen. From there Leballo moved on to Thaba Tsueu; but passing Likhoele, he attacked a Mophuthi chief of that name, who indeed had given his name to the place, which formerly was called Mosaka. Likhoele was killed, and the place has been called by his name ever since. The Baramokhele did not remain long at Thaba Tsueu, because they began to dispute among themselves about the chieftainship. It would appear that Leballo was either too young or lacked the force of character necessary for the government of such a turbulent people, famished and discontented as they were. So they came to separate; Leballo and his adherents moving on to Masite, while Mokhele with the malcontents remained at Tayane. There they began to plot against Leballo, and called to their aid the Baphuthi of Likhoele, who were only too glad to have a chance to avenge the death of their chief. They attacked Leballo at Masite, but were repulsed with heavy loss; and, having no cattle, Mokhele and his adherents went to Qiloane, to join None of the Bamantsane, hoping to find a refuge with him. But None did not welcome them, so they passed on, crossing the Caledon at Maseru Drift, where they dispersed, some going to Cape Colony, others elsewhere. Leballo went to kill game, while Moseme, Rabolilane, Tsiu, Monaheng, and Thesi settled at Nielle, near Thabantso.

As for the Batsueneng, whom we left at Kubake, hearing of the arrival of the son of Khamali at Wittebergen with the rest of their tribe, they made haste to join him. The Mapolane and Maphetla, too, set out for Cape Colony, in consequence of the death of Motsapi

at the hands of the Baramokhele, before related. But they were destined to undergo another disaster before they got away. The Batsueneng took them by surprise, killed many of their people, and captured most of their cattle. Those who escaped massacre continued their journey into the colony as far as Somerset East, where they took service with the farmers under the supervision of Sir Andries Stockenstrom. This occurred towards the end of the year 1822, while Moorosi, Nqe, and other Baphuthi were away in Pondoland. The Maphetla and Mapolane remained in service in the colony till 1836. Many of them learned Dutch and became useful interpreters to Government officers and missionaries.

Khiba and his tribe settled for a time in this neighbourhood, near the rock above mentioned, which came to bear his name. They built villages even; but their stay was not of long duration and was very disturbed.

CHAPTER VI

STORY OF THE BATLOKOA CONTINUED

WE left the Batlokoa in the north, where they had already added several clans to their numbers, after having subjugated them. When they saw that the Bataung had fled, they did not pursue them; but turning southwards again, followed along the course of the Caledon River, attacking any tribe they came across, and making prisoners and conscripts of any individuals who fell into their hands. They crossed the Caledon near Bushman's Kop from north to south, and attacked the Maphetla of Setlho, who, with some Bushman adherents, had entrenched themselves on the mountain. They rolled great stones down on the attacking Batlokoa, to such good purpose that the latter raised the siege and passed on, calling the mountain *Botheta* ("to roll down").

They journeyed on across the great plain between the Caledon and the Orange River, without stopping to attack the Bushmen who were living at Qethoane on the road. They saw a large herd of gnu, which at first they took to be cattle. When they reached the Orange River, which they intended to cross, they found it in flood; and well was it for the Batsueneng and others on the other side that it was so. Old Khiba saw the enormous multitude reach the opposite bank and encamp there, and also, to his intense relief, saw them return baffled by the flood.

They went north again; this time bending eastwards to Kubake; but, as we have seen, the Mapolane had left, and there was no one to plunder; so they went up the Makhaleng to Lifateng, a forest of wild olives, which at that time covered the whole of the mountain sides on the left bank of the stream. There they crossed to the right or north bank, and wound their way past Qalasi, Mohalinyane (Langberg) and Jammerberg, to the Caledon, which they crossed near Litsueneng.

STORY OF THE BATLOKOA CONTINUED 135

During these long and weary marches many of the aged and infirm, as well as women and children, perished. There was no waiting for the weary and worn-out, who were left to die on the road. This is how their famous doctor, Mokolokolo, met his end. Being about one hundred years old, he felt when the tribe reached Rapitsi, near Goras Kop, that he could go no farther. His son, Mathabatha, tried to help him along, and would have remained with him, but the old man said, "No, my son, tarry not for me; I cannot follow, and would fain die here." Taking from his girdle some medicines, which he still carried, he gave them to his son, saying, "Go now, my son, lest peradventure the enemies kill thee." So, in obedience, Mathabatha left him, after leaving with him all the food he had, and after a long march was able to overtake the people. So perished Mokolokolo. He was, as has been stated in the earlier portion of the history of the Batlokoa, a very famous doctor. He and his chief, Marutle, had studied nearly every plant and root having medicinal properties. It was he who had charge of the burial of the eight Batlokoa chiefs buried at Nkoe, from Sebili to Mokotjo. The manner of his death, which was that of many others of all ranks of life, shows the extremity to which the people were reduced.

It was about this time that Makhetha and his Bakuena, as well as the Batlounge, who, with him, had been forced to join the Batlokoa, left them; but it is not stated how they managed it. The Batlounge went and joined Matuoane, while Makhetha went to live at Sefikeng, whereby he gave great offence to Matuoane, as we shall see hereafter.

Meanwhile the Batlokoa passed on northwards. When they passed Merumetso, Pakalita heard of it, and moved to attack them; but failed to get in touch with them. They travelled quickly, because they were crossing a country which they themselves had laid waste on their way south. The country of the Bataung was also deserted, the Maphuthing of Tsuane and Khoase having pillaged all that the Bataung had left behind, when, on the occasion of the previous visit of the Batlokoa, they had fled across the Vaal.

When the Batlokoa arrived near the Vaal for the second time, they heard that the Bafokeng of Patsa had been collected under a young chief, and, what was more to the point, that they had some cattle. They therefore set out in pursuit. But it took them too long to cross the Vaal, with all their impedimenta. When they did so, however, they found themselves in the country of the Barolong of

Sifunelo, whom they at once proceeded to attack. Sifunelo, being too weak to resist them, decided to retire, detaching his brother Tsabalira with a strong force to cover his retreat to the north-east.

A battle took place on January 18, 1823, near the village of Tsabalira, in which, though he lost many, he succeeded in checking the advance of the Batlokoa and inflicting heavy loss upon them. Two Wesleyan missionaries, Messrs. Hodgson and Broadbent, who were proceeding to establish a mission among the Barolong, were encamped on the evening of that day on the right bank of the Bamboo Spruit. They heard the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, and the noise of a great multitude of people. These were the rearguard, commanded by Tsabalira, retiring after the action. When all had passed, the warriors in rear, in order of companies, parted to the right and left; and left the missionaries in the presence of a tall, handsome man with his bodyguard. This was Tsabalira, the commander of Sifunelo's men. He knew of the arrival and intention of the missionaries, and received them cordially. They spent the night together, for there was no pursuit. In the morning the Barolong left to follow Sifunelo in his retreat. As for the Batlokoa, they spent the night of January 23 very near the camp of the missionaries, but failed to observe them, and passed on eastwards, driving some stray Korannas before them, who fled with all they possessed.

Many Batlokoa were left behind, exhausted by fatigue and hunger, especially the aged and women and children. These fell a prey to wild beasts, who followed the line of march to pick up what they could.

As the missionaries travelled over the country, very slowly, because it was swamped by rain, they came across a vast multitude, probably Batlokoa, the rearguard of which was composed of fine, well-built men, with bunches of ostrich plumes on their heads, karosses slung over their shoulders, and carrying large oval shields, of a different shape from those of the Barolong and Bechuana, which were square with slits at both sides.

About fifteen of these advanced towards the waggon in a threatening manner. One of the missionaries, however, who was seated behind the waggon, beckoned to them to approach, and shouted, "*Tlong kuano*" ("Come here"); whereupon the warriors turned and fled with all their company, being terrified at the white skin of the missionary and the strange moving house in which he dwelt.

That evening an old Motlokoa straggler arrived at the missionaries' camp. He came out of a bush, and appeared to be quite exhausted. They gave him a piece of raw meat, thinking he would cook it on the fire, but he could not wait for that, and devoured it raw, so great were the privations which these people underwent. Indeed, they ate dogs, cattle-droppings, and even their own dead.

Consequently the advance of the Batlokoa into the country of the Barolong was very slow, and in detachments, ravaging it as they went along, so that it was not until the month of March that they reached Lithakong, the station of the London Missionary Society, twenty-five miles north-east of Kuruman, where the Bahlaping lived under the chief Malehabangwe. These fled at the approach of the Batlokoa.

But there were also in the neighbourhood the Bafokeng of Patsa in considerable numbers. These, as we have related, crossed the Vaal under a young chieftain, and the Batlokoa had so far not overtaken them. The name of this young chief was Sebetoane. He was a young man about nineteen or twenty years of age, and, said Livingstone, "with a feeling heart, but with the soul of a warrior." He had recently lost his elder brother, who had been devoured by a lion, and had collected together the fragments of his fellow-tribesmen, who had been ruined and scattered, some by the Bataung of Moletsane and some by these very Batlokoa of Mantatisi, and was leading them away from this land of bloodshed to a new country in the north. He had been joined by two other Bafokeng chiefs, Lekapatse and Ramabusetse, with their people. As they were resting at Lithakong, they were overtaken and attacked by the Batlokoa horde, and a great battle took place. Many were killed on both sides, and a portion of Sebetoane's cattle was captured by the Batlokoa.

At this juncture Waterboer, with sixty mounted Griquas, armed with guns, and Mothibe, son of Malehabangwe before mentioned, with 2,000 Bahlaping, came to assist in repelling the invasion. The Government agent, Mr. Melville of Griquatown, and the missionary Robert Moffat of Kuruman, were with them in order to encourage them by their presence. On the morning after the battle with Sebetoane this force sighted the Batlokoa, who were in possession of the village of Lithakong and the mission station, covering all the hills to the left, and forming a solid black mass against the withered grass. This mass was estimated by the gentlemen present at from 40,000 to

50,000 persons. Near the station the cattle were being collected by the enemy. Waterboer and his Griquas opened fire, but though every shot told, the fire appeared to have little effect on these terrible savages. However, after eight hours' skirmishing, the Griquas charged, and the Batlokoa broke and fled. It was the first time that Mantatisi and her warriors saw mounted men, and they imagined that horse and man were one beast with two heads, the smaller of which spat fire. Those of the Batlokoa who were inside the village of Lithakong and had not taken part in the fight against the Griquas, set fire to the houses and followed their people in great confusion, but without haste. The country round was black with people, some flying, some pursuing, others pillaging. The cowardly Bahlaping, who had no stomach for the fight before now, flung themselves on those left behind, on the wounded, and such of the women and children who were too weak to follow the retreat. It was with the utmost difficulty that Messrs. Melville and Moffat were able to save some of these helpless ones. They dashed about on horseback from side to side, getting between the savages and their victims. The unfortunate women, seeing a chance of protection, bared their breasts, crying, "See, we are women."

These gentlemen collected a large number of these poor creatures, who were dying of starvation and exhaustion, and took them to Kuruman to save their lives. It was thanks to their devotion, and the help of Waterboer and his gallant Griquas, that the Bahlaping tribe was not blotted out.

Visiting the scene after the departure of Sebetoane for the north, and the retreat of the Batlokoa, Messrs. Melville and Moffat counted five hundred dead bodies lying where they fell.

We must now leave Sebetoane, but hereafter will describe his adventurous journey to the Zambesi. Meanwhile we must follow the Batlokoa on their return to the Caledon Valley, and relate what befell them there and on the road.

They remained for about four months in the neighbourhood of Mafeking, committing countless depredations, and fighting with all they came across, sometimes Korannas, sometimes Bahlaping, and sometimes Barolong of the north. Then they came to the Vaal once more, passing through the country of Sifunelo, but making a circuit round Makwasi Mountain to the east. They followed the course of the Roralla River (Wolf Spruit) and re-crossed the Vaal at the points

called Commandos Drift and Hoffman's Drift. And although they were much less in number than when they crossed before on their way to the north-west, it took them three full days to effect the crossing—*i.e.* from August 3 to August 5, 1823.

During the long journey of the Batlokoa from the Vaal to the Orange, and back again to the Vaal, and over it to Lithakong and back again, Pakalita had been working havoc among the Bakuena and Baramokhele between Seqaobe, Hlohloloane, and Mekuatleng. And after the Amangwane had eaten the grain of the Bamolibeli of Ratsosane, they resumed their march in pursuit of Pakalita, leaving ruin and desolation behind them wherever they passed. The Maphuthing suffered grievously at their hands—men, women, and children being put to the spear, and much cattle being taken from them. Driven from their homes, the Maphuthing fell upon the Bahlakoana of Nkokoto, but they suffered a severe defeat, some of the Bahlakoana under Ramohotsi driving them into the Namahali, which was then in flood, with the result that those who did not perish under their spears were carried away by the river and drowned.

Another clan of Maphuthing, who had fled from their homes at the approach of Matuoane and the Amangwane, crossed the Vaal and made a successful raid on the Bahlaping. On their return they met the Bahlakoana of Nkharahanye, who had also fled before Matuoane and crossed the Vaal with the same object. They did in fact succeed in capturing some cattle; but the Bahlaping, reinforced by the Korannas, having collected in order to make an effort to recapture what had been taken by the Maphuthing, fell upon them and drove them into the Vaal, which had risen since they crossed it, so that men, women, and children of the Bahlakoana either perished in the waters or by the spear. Few indeed escaped, and those who did took refuge with Adam Kok at Philipolis. Among these was Setaki, the son of Nkharahanye, to whom we are indebted for the story of this disaster.

Shortly after the defeat of the Maphuthing by Nkokoto, there arrived in the neighbourhood from opposite directions the Batlokoa and the Amangwane. Nkokoto made rapid preparations to meet the former. He left his place at dawn, and came face to face with the enemy soon after sunrise, the Batlokoa being of course accompanied, and impeded, by women, children, cattle, and goods and chattels. "They stared at one another," says A. Sekese, "all day

long with much fury, but neither daring to attack." Sekonyela, however, perceived that Nkokoto feared him, and towards evening, in accordance with his usual tactics, he sent detachments round the enemy's flanks, while he with the main body struck at the centre in the hope of meeting Nkokoto there. The latter, however, retired, and so defeated the enveloping tactics of his adversary, who at sunset returned to his camp.

On the following day Sekonyela made a reconnaissance in force, in order to ascertain more accurately the strength of his enemy; but after two days' desultory skirmishing he had to return quickly, as his own people were attacked by the Amangwane, who had, in fact, penetrated into the camp of the Basia, the people of his uncle Letlala. The attack was so sudden that the Batlokoa and Basia were utterly bewildered and started to fly.

"We were," said one of them in relating the story, "already outside the camp when some one shouted, '*Likonyela ha le siea likhomo re tla ya ing?*' ('Men of Sekonyela, if you leave the cattle, what shall we eat?'). This reproach roused us, and, fighting with fury, we drove the Amangwane out of the camp and into the river." As it was night and bitterly cold, this troop was almost annihilated, many of them killing themselves with their own spears rather than return defeated to their chief."

But this was only part of the attack; another regiment had fared better and got away with some of the cattle. Sekonyela, however, and his uncle, Letlala, followed them at daybreak next morning, and after defeating them with much slaughter, recaptured the cattle. Sekonyela, on this occasion, attacked in three lines. First, his own *Likonyela*, as his special following, were named; then his mother's people; and then those of Letlala, arriving fresh upon the shaken enemy, completed the rout.

Meanwhile, the Mahlubi had made their headquarters at Mabilela, and Matuoane went and settled at Senyotong, so as to be near enough to make incessant war upon them. He does not appear to have been in a hurry to make an attack in force, but the people of Pakalita were very numerous and covered the country like locusts.

We must now take a glance at the Batlokoa of Mokhalong, who, when we left them, had just been driven from their homes by Matuoane. They travelled towards the Namahali, and fell upon the Bahlakoana of Ramohotsi, who, after having suffered severely,

took refuge with Nkokoto, who was then at Thaba Tsotso. Nkhahle, however, was seriously wounded in this fight, and in order to be suitably revenged on the Bahlakoana for his wound, he arranged with Sekonyela for a joint raid upon them on a fixed day. But when the time arrived, Nkhahle was not sufficiently recovered from his wound to take part in the expedition, so that the command fell to Mpesi, his brother. The expedition started, and in due course arrived at the spot from which the attack was to be delivered; but when the time came, Mpesi was found to be under the influence of hemp which he had been smoking, and incapable of anything. In vain did his warriors try to rouse him, and Sekonyela and his men were already in possession of the village of Nkokoto and some of the spoil before the wretched Mpesi began to move. Owing to this, Nkokoto was able to retire with his people and the greater part of his property beyond the Vaal, and to settle at Likoteng without any very great loss. From there many of them went through Commando Nek and joined Sebetoane on his expedition to the Zambesi; but Nkokoto himself with the rest of his people remained behind, and was afterwards annihilated by Moselekatse.

After the departure of the Bahlakoana, Sekonyela desired to return to the old home of his fathers, and imparted his desire to Nkhahle, with an invitation to accompany him if he desired to do so. Nkhahle, who was living in the evacuated village of Ramohotse, was hardly recovered from his wound; so he remained where he was while Sekonyela went on, attacking and ravaging any that came in his way, among others the Batlounge, who not long before had left him to place themselves under Matuoane. It is said that afterwards Sekonyela regretted this, and made a resolve that thereafter he would protect these people. When he and his Batlokoa arrived at Bocheletsana (Bethlehem District), a halt was called, in order that his younger brother Mota might be circumcised in due form.

It would seem that during this period of inaction Sekonyela sent his warriors to attack the Bamolibeli of Ratsosane, those whose grain had been plundered by Matuoane, as before related. Mantatisi did not approve of the plan, judging, no doubt, that they had enemies enough. But Sekonyela persisted, and the attack was made at dawn on a winter morning. The night was bitterly cold, and the result was that when morning came, they were not able to use their weapons, and though they managed to capture Monyaola, one of

the chiefs of the Bamolibeli, and kill him, the attack was disastrous for them. Many of them were killed, including almost all the *Likonyela*, the bodyguard of the chief. On the occasion of this reverse the Batlokoa made the following song:

Go, carry the news to Mokotjo and say,
All the *Likonyela* are dead, slain at Ratsosana's.

It was about this time that Matuoane sent a regiment to attack Makhetha, who, it will be remembered, had left the Batlokoa some time before and gone to Sefikeng. But the sons of Makhetha and their people repulsed the Amangwane with heavy loss. Matuoane was so annoyed at this that he wreaked his vengeance on the few Basuto that were in his power—that is, the Batlounge of Montso, who had at one time been living with Makhetha, and who, when the latter had gone to Sefikeng, went to join Matuoane. He had them collected and driven naked into a cattle kraal where wild oxen and bulls were kept. These his Amangwane goaded to fury with spear-thrusts from over the kraal wall, till almost all the victims perished, gored by their horns or trodden underfoot. Only one escaped, Tiitii, the son of Montso. He seized a huge stone, threw it at the Amangwane over against him, and while they stooped under the kraal wall in order to avoid it, he leaped over the wall and over them, and, being "as fleet of foot as a wild roe," escaped. More than a year later he found the rest of his people, and, after having been harried by Pakalita and then by the Korannas, found refuge with Moshesh at Thaba Bosiu (see *Basuto Traditions*, pages 55-7).

When Makhetha heard of all this, he judged it prudent to leave Sefikeng, and moved to the south of Korokoro, where he found Lepheana, who had recently settled there with his clan of Bahlakoana.

CHAPTER VII

SIEGE OF BUTHA-BUTHE BY THE BATLOKOA AND EXODUS OF BAMOKOTELI TO THABA BOSIU

It was during the sojourn of the Batlokoa at Bocheletsana that they conceived the idea of again attacking Moshesh at Butha-Buthe. They accordingly crossed the Caledon in force, seizing such property as fell into their hands. Moshesh, however, retired on to Butha-Buthe Mountain with his people and cattle, and as much grain as he was able to collect. He fortified all the approaches and prepared for a siege.

While in the course of his preparations an old woman offered to bring about the departure of the enemy, which she stated she was able to do by causing *kokoi*, a mysterious serpent, to appear. She had a firm belief in her own power, and all the assistance she asked was the escort of a man to accompany her to the river, whence she undertook to produce the serpent. Moshesh, who was never averse to learn something himself, or to teach his people, gave the required permission, and ordered one Rapoho to accompany the old lady to the river. There, having made their preparations, they advanced boldly towards the Batlokoa, taking with them what they had prepared. The latter, however, did not fly as they ought to have done, but rushed on the pair, who immediately took to their heels, leaving their mysterious preparation to take care of itself. It does not appear to have troubled the Batlokoa very much, for they caught and killed the old woman. The man made good his escape, and the Batlokoa made the following song about the incident:

Malebaleba a Mamokhachane
(The childishness of those of Mokhachane)
A ntsa Kokoi, a ntsa sebata
(To call forth *kokoi*, *kokoi*, a savage beast)
A ntsa ntho ea basali, noha ea basali.
(And produced a woman's toy, even the snake of a woman.)

The Batlokoa then proceeded to invest the fortress, of which the

four entrances were guarded by Moshesh, his father, and his brothers. That on the east was guarded by Moshesh himself, with Sekonyela opposite to him; that on the west by Mokhachane, with Nkhahle over against him; while the two approaches from the south were guarded by Makhabane and Mohale, with Letlala and his Basia, and a large detachment of Batlokoa opposed to them. After several attempts had been made, without success, to take the place by assault, the Batlokoa thought to reduce it by hunger, and to this end proceeded to destroy all the crops. Moshesh sent two oxen to Sekonyela, with a prayer to spare at least one field, which he indicated, for seed grain for the coming year; but Sekonyela took the oxen and destroyed the grain and even the pumpkins. When the cattle came down to drink and to graze on the upper slopes under a guard of armed men, the Batlokoa always tried to capture them. Even the women had to fetch water from the fountain under guard, and at considerable risk of death and capture.

Nehemiah Moshesh relates how Nkhahle made a secret compact with Moshesh, whereby the latter was able to graze his cattle on the side of the mountain which he, Nkhahle, was besieging, which was out of sight of Sekonyela and his people.

The Bamokoteli used to roll huge stones down the slope towards the camp of the Batlokoa, but no damage was done, the Batlokoa simply striking the boulders with their weapons with cries of derision.

One may question the wisdom of Sekonyela in destroying the crops, because, as the siege went on, the besiegers were as short of food as the besieged. They had accordingly to weaken the investment by sending out foraging parties to collect food where they could. Even women, with babes on their backs, went back all the way to Sefate to get grain from secret stores there, which they hoped had escaped detection by the Matebele; but, as one of the besiegers has told us, not one of them ever came back. They were all eaten by cannibals, who waylaid all the roads for persons travelling alone or in small parties.

While Moshesh and his people were thus hemmed in, and death by starvation or surrender seemed to come nearer every day, there arrived among them one Motingoe, one of their own people, who had been living with the Bamantsane at Qiloane. He had heard of the long siege, and felt that he must visit his people. He seems to

have got through the lines of investment, though how is not stated. In the course of conversation, he suggested to Mohale that there was a much better country farther south, with few inhabitants, and a mountain which would make a strong fortress, and that it would be well to abandon Butha-Buthe to the Batlokoa and journey thither, if the thing was possible. Mohale having reported this conversation to Moshesh, the latter, having interviewed Motingoe, sent Mohale with him to verify the report; for, though he was much attached to the place of his birth, he had long since begun to see that his position was very precarious.

Mohale accordingly went, accompanied by Motingoe and one Ratsuba. On his way he inspected Peka and Kolonyama; but neither place pleased him. But when he saw the big mountain near Qiloane, he was quite satisfied with the possibilities of the place, and made haste to return and report to Moshesh; who, after consultation with his other relations, determined to move there if he could. But it was no easy matter, seeing how closely he was besieged by superior force, to move a tribe with women, children, and old people through the lines of an enemy, whom, by reason of his numerical inferiority, he could not hope to overcome. He accordingly thought of creating a diversion by summoning to his aid the Zulus of Sepetja, the clan of brigands and cannibals who, not long before, had formed a plan to murder him, and who quite recently had killed his friend Lethole. If only he could get the Batlokoa thoroughly embroiled with a formidable enemy, there might be a chance for him to get away; and he could think of no one but Sepetja. The latter was a large-minded ruffian, who cared nothing whom he was fighting or whom he was helping, so long as the profit was good. Moshesh accordingly sent messengers to invite Sepetja to attack the Batlokoa by night, dilating on the vast number of cattle they possessed. After some delay they came, and surprised Sekonyela's camp. It was a fierce fight, and the Batlokoa, being taken by surprise, suffered heavy loss, even women were killed, including Ntlokholo, the mother of Mokotjo, Sekonyela's grandmother. There was a great panic among the Batlokoa, Sekonyela being absent at another of their camps with one of his young wives and without his weapons, as these were with his chief wife. However, seizing the spear and shield of a young man, he rallied his Batlokoa, and flung himself with such fury on the enemy as to turn the fortune of the

fight, killing many of them, and driving them out of the camps where they were collecting the cattle.

The Zulus retired to a little rise to the east of Butha-Buthe, where they began to re-form, having left a great number of dead on the field of battle. But the Batlokoa attacked them again, and pursued them as far as the Qalo. From there they returned just as the sun was rising.

Moshesh and his warriors were much impressed by the valour of the Batlokoa; who, as they returned and threw the captured weapons of their enemy upon the ground, shouted to the besieged, "Well, have we not driven the destroyers from among you?" To which the Bakuena replied, "True; but you are even as they, who come to besiege us without a cause."

All that day and the next the Batlokoa were occupied in burying their dead, the number of which was very great. So great indeed was their loss, that Sekonyela decided to abandon the siege and moved off towards Bocheletsana. He did not remain there, however, because Nkhahle and his people had gone to live at Leribe for a short time, and, in order to be near them, Sekonyela went and occupied the mountain of Tsikoane, for he had seen at Butha-Buthe the advantages of the possession of a natural fortress.

Now that the way was open, Moshesh lost no time in putting into execution the plan he had made of migrating to Thaba Bosiu. The way was long and dangerous, and, in order to avoid the Batlokoa, it was necessary to take the more difficult route *via* Lipetu—a road which is in places so steep and rugged that, even to-day, no one travels it who can avoid it. They passed through the valley of Mate and Menkhoaneng, crossing Malaoaneng and Pitseng, and passed the night at Pshoabane, near the latter stream. Next day, as they were traversing the rugged pass of Lipetu, Mamila, the elder sister of Moshesh, together with Maneko and Mamakhobalo, Moshesh's wives, got left behind, because one was ill and the two others far advanced in pregnancy. Old Peete, Moshesh's grandfather, was toiling slowly behind them, together with Mabea and others, when a band of cannibals attacked the stragglers, thinking to capture the women. These, however, were saved by Rachokochea; who, raising the alarm, defended them with great spirit until help came. But it came too late to help old Peete and those who were with him; for all that the rescue party found was their blood and some garments.

Meanwhile, the wanderers pushed on, for there was no waiting in those times. When they arrived on the heights of Motapo and saw the cornfields below them, Moshesh issued strict orders to respect these fields. But as the people passed through, they were so hungry that it was impossible to stop some pilfering and damage to the crops, though such stragglers were at once ordered to join the ranks. Moshesh, notwithstanding the fatigue of the journey, at once proceeded to take possession of the mountain, and make all secure against attack. This work occupied him far into the night, and it is probably for that reason that the hill came to be called Thaba Bosiu ("the Hill of Night").

On the following day he set his brothers to work to fortify the various approaches to his fortress, placing one in charge of each, and reserving that of Rafutho for himself and his father.

But notwithstanding the chief's strict order, it was found impossible to prevent the starving people from assuaging their hunger and that of their children in the cornfields of None. Now None, chief of the Bamantsane, was chief of the place, being in effective occupation before Moshesh arrived. He was related to Moshesh, and his superior in rank, as has been shown in the first period of this work. Moreover, and what is very much to the point, he was in considerably superior force, so that it will readily be understood that it was no part of Moshesh's policy to quarrel with him. He therefore endeavoured to make amends for his people's fault by apologising to None, and sending three head of cattle to emphasise his apology. None, however, was not to be appeased, but he took the cattle and slaughtered them there and then. He then planned a raid on the cattle of the Bamokoteli, but in the fight which ensued he fared badly, and was taken prisoner. Moshesh, however, respecting his rank, would not allow him to be in any way maltreated, and accepted a ransom for him of seventeen head of cattle. But hostilities did not cease, Moshesh's brothers being the chief offenders. At this time Seephephe, the father-in-law of Moshesh, died. After a long fast he had eaten freely of *likhobe tsa mabele*, and, being old, he failed to digest it and died in great pain. Moshesh's brother, Posholi, being a very superstitious man, insisted that the grain the old man had eaten had been bewitched by None, and bitterly reproached his elder brother for having spared him when he had him in his power. He accordingly organised an attack on None, and men, women, and children rushed

to secure a share of the plunder. Moshesh sent Makoanyane to try to stop Posholi, but the thing had got beyond control. The starving people had already seized baskets of grain and helped themselves as they thought fit.

Makhabane drove the Bamantsane into the defile of Mahebeng, where many were killed and much grain, which was sorely needed, was destroyed.

None's position had by this time become untenable, so he and his migrated to Korokoro, where Makhetha, son of Monyane, had settled. Later they went farther south, as we shall see hereafter.

When Moshesh arrived at Thaba Bosiu he had five sons: Letsie, Molapo, and Masopha by his great wife, Mamohato; Neko and Makhobalo by his second wife; he had also three daughters. Shortly after his arrival another son was born to him, who was called Sekhonyana, after the son of Zwidi, the great Zulu chief. The mother of this child was the third wife in order of rank.

These are the chief houses of Moshesh: the first, that of Mohato, called Moreneng; the second, that of Neko, called Hlokotsong; and the third, that of Sekhonyana, called Mahebeng.

CHAPTER VIII

OCCUPATION OF KOOANENG AND YOALABOHOLO BY THE BATLOKOA

WE must now leave Moshesh firmly established at Thaba Bosiu and in possession of the adjacent cornfields of None, and return to the Batlokoa, whom we left at Tsikuone. They did not find this place very suitable, the part of the mountain of which they thought to make a stronghold being rather circumscribed and egress from it not easy. So Sekonyela cast his eyes across the Caledon to the famous old fortress of Kooaneng, and the hardly less strong and more spacious adjacent mountain, Yoalaboholo.

At Kooaneng there dwelt Khoabane, chief of the Marabe. These were of the family of Mokheseng, twin brother of Monyane. The father of Khoabane was called Marabe, and the tribe called themselves by his name; and Kooaneng, the mountain fastness on which they dwelt, they called Marabeng. It was by reason of the invasions and the security the strength of the place afforded that Marabe moved thither from Lihloareng.

Sekonyela first occupied Yoalaboholo, which is so near to Kooaneng that people on one hill may talk to people on the other without very great effort. As soon as he was settled, he began to annoy the Marabe by every means in his power. He prevented their stock from grazing and their women from gathering grass for household purposes. But as the Marabe still held on to their fortress, which was too strong to be taken by assault, Sekonyela had recourse to other means. He caused his brother Mota to hold a dance on the far side of Yoalaboholo, while he himself set an ambush for the Marabe on the near side. These, when they heard that the Batlokoa were giving themselves up to festivity, rejoiced and said to each other, "To-day shall our cattle graze their fill, and our women even shall cut the grass without fear." But no sooner had the women and the cattle got far enough away for his purpose when Sekonyela, being apprised of the fact by a signal fire, lit by watchers on Yoalaboholo,

rushed with his warriors from where they were hidden and cut off their retreat. He seized all the cattle and killed the women. The bereaved Marabe now saw that their position was unbearable, so they fled under cover of the night, in order to join Moshesh at Thaba Bosiu, with whom indeed they had long before come to an understanding. But owing to the state of the country it was not yet possible for Khoabane to join Moshesh, the road being beset by cannibals and masterless men, roving about seeking whom they might devour. He accordingly had to go to Qhaba (Modder River). Only one man remained on Kooaneng. He was a Motlokoa of the Mokhalong branch, who had long lived with Khoabane. At daybreak he shouted to his fellow-tribesmen on Yoalaboholo that all the Bakuena had fled, whereupon Sekonyela took possession of the stronghold, which he held until, years after, he was ousted by Moshesh. But much water had to flow down the Caledon before that event took place.

Well might Mantatisi, the war-worn queen of the Batlokoa, sigh with relief when she saw the strength of the place and say, "Now, at last, have I found a place where I and my people may rest in safety." When at the beginning of her journeyings, she had said to Nkhahle, when he invited her to remain with him, "Nay, I must go farther to find a place where I may dwell with my people—we do but sojourn with thee now." Well, now she had found what she sought, and it was given to her to die there before the downfall of her son and the people she had served and loved so well.

Moshesh had been established at Thaba Bosiu some three weeks before these events took place at Kooaneng, and as he began to increase by collecting round him the fragments of tribes and broken men whom war, famine, and cannibalism had scattered far and wide, so likewise did Sekonyela enjoy a period of comparative quiet, which he made use of to frustrate the efforts and plans of Moshesh.

CHAPTER IX

MOSHESH AND THE BAHLAKOANA AND OTHERS

WHEN Moshesh arrived at Thaba Bosiu, he found in the neighbourhood, at Korokoro, Lepheana, chief of the Bahlakoana, who had been living there for about two years. He was not the lawful chief of these Bahlakoana, that position belonging, by right of birth, to his elder brother Ntai. But the position was thrust upon him by stress of circumstances, as he was the only one capable of saving the tribe from the dangers that beset it. Moreover, Ntai was quite content that it should be so, and showed no jealousy in the matter. Lepheana lost no time in placing himself and his people under the protection of Moshesh, accompanying his offer of allegiance with a present of two head of cattle. He was the first chief of a broken tribe to place himself and his people under Moshesh.

Then arrived upon the scene Makhetha, son of Monyane, who, as we have seen, had inflicted a severe repulse upon the Amangwane at Sefikeng; and, dreading the vengeance of Matuoane, a sample of which he had seen inflicted on the unfortunate Batlounge, he fled to Korokoro. He was very indignant when he heard of the submission of Lepheana to Moshesh, and punished him by taking some of his cattle and driving him from Korokoro. He even seized the grain which the Bahlakoana had harvested and stored. The Bahlakoana fled to Makhoarane, and old Makhetha took possession of the mountain, at the foot of which their village stood, near where the Roman Catholic mission-station of Roma now stands.

Some weeks later Khoabane, who had been driven out of Kooaneng by Sekonyela, arrived with the fragments of his tribe. He was indeed in evil case, and had suffered greatly, not only at the hands of Sekonyela, as we have just seen, but on his way towards Qhaba (Modder River) he had been very severely handled by the Amangwane, who killed many of his people, men, women, and chil-

dren, and had taken many of his cattle. Being desirous of joining Moshesh, he crossed the Caledon at Jammerberg, and arrived at Korokoro, where Makhetha was. While he remained at Korokoro he found that the few cattle he had left were rapidly getting fewer. Night after night some disappeared, being stolen by Makhetha's sons. Khoabane sent to report to Moshesh, who sent his brothers Mohale and Posholi with their warriors to meet Khoabane, and escort him and his property safely to him. On their way back with Khoabane, Makhetha's sons again tried to steal, though their father had tried to prevent them; whereupon Moshesh arrived in person. Speaking about his sons, he reproached Makhetha, saying, "Have they not stripped Lepheana and his people of all they possessed? Have they not stolen Shale's cattle? Have they not robbed Khoabane secretly and by night? and, even now, are they not trying to steal more of his cattle?"

But though Khoabane was protected by the strong hand of Moshesh, the sons of Makhetha continued to persecute Lepheana; and Moshesh resolved to punish them. His intention was to drive off all their cattle without bloodshed. "In order to succeed in his plan," says Nehemiah Moshesh in his notes, "he left his father in ignorance of it. This is how he came to descend the mountain Thaba Bosiu by the eastern side. In the morning he instructed his warriors, and told them that he was not making war upon Makhetha, but was merely punishing his incorrigible sons for their misdeeds against his people. 'Makhetha,' he said, 'is one of my uncles, and I have no desire to kill his people unless they compel me to do it by fighting against us.'"

Moshesh divided his force into six parties: one under Makara, to guard the road to Thaba Bosiu; that of the *Matlama* of Moshesh, under the orders of Makoanyane; that of Neko, led by Thafeng; that of Mahebeng, under the orders of Thebile. These were to remain on the heights near where the Roma Mission stands; while Moshesh, with the parties under Posholi and Mohale, went round the plain beyond the pasturage.

When the cattle of Makhetha came out to graze, and the old man himself, as his custom was, was watching his own herd of one hundred choice animals, the Bamokoteli appeared from all sides and drove off all the cattle in a very few minutes. Makhetha himself was taken prisoner by Moholobela, a warrior of Posholi, and, by Moshesh's

orders, was conducted in all honour to his old friend Mokhachane at Thaba Bosiu.

All the cattle having been taken, Posholi, Mohale, Makara, and Khoabane received each a share, but the greater number were distributed among the warriors, so that they might have milk for their children. Moholobela, however, received from Moshesh and Mokhachane eighteen head as a ransom for the old man, Makhetha. It was by such acts of clemency and justice that Moshesh gained the ascendancy which was his over the people.

Makhetha, when he was set at liberty, left with his sons and people; and, after a short sojourn at Thaba Tsueu, settled at *Thabana-tsa-bara-ba-Makhetha* (Beest Kraal), in the Free State. After his departure in 1825, Moshesh ordered his brother Mohale to occupy the mountain of Korokoro. But Moshesh's brothers Posholi and Makhabane were no better than the sons of Makhetha, and it will be seen hereafter how, without the knowledge of their elder brother, they attacked Makhetha three times.

CHAPTER X

STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE AMANGWANE AND MAHLUBI—END OF PAKALITA

WHILE Moshesh was establishing himself at Thaba Bosiu, and Makhetha, moved by jealousy, was working against him, Matuoane and Pakalita maintained their incessant war. The first had settled at Senyotong, having driven out the Bahlakoana; while Pakalita settled at Mabilela. For over two years Pakalita repulsed the reiterated attacks of the Amangwane, his people being so numerous that, according to their foes, the veldt was black with them, and they covered the ground as do locusts. Their perpetual warfare did not, however, prevent them from worrying and harrying the neighbouring tribes of Basuto, who suffered heavy losses in life and cattle at their hands, as we have already had occasion to note in the cases of the Bamonaheng, the Lihoya, the Baramokhele, the Batsueneng, and others, who, at one time, occupied the Caledon Valley as far as Hlohloloane and Mesoboea. Indeed, these Matebele may be said to have devastated the whole country between the Caledon and Makeleketla (Winburg), and killed the sons of Nkopane, who were living at Mahasane.

Moshesh meanwhile endeavoured to secure the goodwill of Matuoane by sending him a tribute of some cattle.

"As for us Amangwane," says Moloya, "we went from Senyotong to fight Pakalita. At first we were repulsed, and many of us were killed. It was humiliating to us to be repulsed by those who at one time were our servants, so we went over to Mekuatleng, and there we fought them without ceasing for over three months. We attacked Pakalita three times from our new base, but were beaten back each time. In March 1825 we attacked him for the last time, or, rather, it was Pakalita who attacked us. He recaptured all the cattle we had taken from him. At this time Matuoane had only a small number of soldiers with him—these were the unmarried men who formed

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his bodyguard, Ushee, and the principal regiment; the rest of his force, including all the married men, had gone foraging. The Mahlubi attacked us in the afternoon in such numbers as to cover the country. They burned the village of the Ushee at Mekuatleng. We were so few that we could do little to help ourselves, so we waited and watched until our foragers, who had heard the alarm, came to our aid. We were then three regiments strong—namely, the Ushee, the Izize, and the young Inzimbi. We fell upon the Mahlubi there near the rock which stands in the valley between Mekuatleng and Lishuane. We drove them before us in their bands against the rock. Suddenly we heard a rallying cry indicating where the chief was, and immediately flung ourselves upon him. He was slain there. The ground was black with Mahlubi dead. We returned to our dwellings, drank some beer, and from that time the Mahlubi were again our servants."

Mahlomaholo, the son of Pakalita, however, declined to come under the yoke of the slayer of his father. He therefore left the country with a good number of the survivors, and joined Moselekatse north of the Vaal. Setenane, another son of Pakalita, went back to Chaka, who had him killed.

Matuoane had now become the supreme power in the country, and at once sent an army to the south to subdue the people and collect plunder. These warriors crossed the Orange River at Matateng (Hanglip), and attacked the Batsueneng at the rock where we left them a short time ago. The battle was a desperate one, many of the Batsueneng were killed and many of their cattle were captured.

On their way back with the spoil, the Amangwane went by way of Thaba Tsueu, thinking to look up Makhetha, for they owed him a grudge for having defeated them at Sefikeng. But, fortunately for him, Makhetha and his sons had already departed for the south, so the Amangwane merely plundered, and led away captive such of the Bamonaheng as remained at home, including the person who told us the tale.

As for the Batsueneng, who had been ruined and plundered by the Amangwane, they first attacked Makhetha where he was at Beest Kraal, in the course of which fight Pati, son of Khiba, was killed. But, finding no resting-place there, the Batsueneng went westwards to Bethany, where they had the misfortune to encounter the Griquas of Adam Kok and the Korannas of Piet Wetvoet.

Khiba's warriors fought with the utmost gallantry, and killed many of the enemy; but their spears, clubs, and battle-axes were of no avail against the guns of the enemy, who defeated them with great slaughter. The old chief, Khiba, who must have been between one hundred and five and one hundred and ten years old, and several of his sons were among the slain.

This was the end of the Batsueneng as a corporate tribe; some of the survivors went to work in Cape Colony, acquiring sheep, goats, and even cattle, in payment for their labour, with which they returned to Basutoland in 1836 or 1837, when they went by the name of *Ba-anya-poli*—that is to say, people who live by their goats, drinking their milk, eating their flesh, and clothing themselves with their skins. Others found refuge with other chiefs, the majority coming under Moshesh, who placed them first on the Platberg (Makulukameng) and afterwards between Masite and Qeme.

Those of Khiba's sons who escaped the massacre were Moiloa (alias Ralefikanyane), Rasekuai, Kotoane, Motsueneng, and others. Pati, the eldest, having been killed in the fight with Makhetha, Moiloa took Mankoe, the widow, in order to raise up seed to his brother. Four sons were born, viz. Lamose (alias Amos), Malgas, Basi (alias Barnabas), and Lebamang (alias James). If the tribe had not been broken up, the man who would be chief of it to-day is Josias Khiba, schoolmaster at Masitisi. It is to him, and to his friends and relations, that we owe the information from which we have been able to compile the history of the tribe.

CHAPTER XI

MOHLOMI'S DESCENDANTS AND PEOPLE

LET us now turn northward to the centre of the country, and see what became of the children and people of the famous Mohlomi. We have seen, just before his death, how exercised in mind he was concerning their future, and have noted how incapable were any of his surviving sons of preserving the people in the terrible time that was before them. The sequel proved that it was indeed so. There is no act of valour to be placed to the credit of any of them, and, save Moyakisane, second son of the fifth wife of Mohlomi, they all seem to have gone under without a struggle. Moyakisane was a quiet, respectable man, without much energy or courage, and no ambition. He had neither the rank nor the desire to take charge of the tribe; which, in the absence of a chief, was easily scattered abroad. One section, that of Makhetha, as we have already noticed, even joined the Batlokoa and followed Sekonyela on his pilgrimage of war. But others went home impoverished, only to be pillaged again, first by the Mahlubi, then by the Amangwane, and later on by the Griquas and Korannas. But with a pitiful persistence they clung to the lands of their fathers, hidden away in small numbers in caves and on the mountain tops. Maliepollo, the beloved wife of Mohlomi, followed the fortunes of Moyakisane; who, driven thereto by hunger, committed the one act of bravery which we have hinted at above. It was on this wise. The cattle of Matuoane were wont to graze at will wherever they listed, the terror of his name being sufficient protection against these wretched fugitives; and one day Moyakisane seized a fine herd, and made off with them to the Mountain Hlohloloane (Clocolan), where he entrenched himself. "It is as well," he said, "to die under the spears of the destroyers as to perish miserably of hunger." But he was not destined to die just yet. He defended the mountain with entire success, rolling huge blocks

of stone on the besiegers below, to such good purpose that they abandoned the siege.

It was about this time that Masilo, son of Letele, was killed by a lion. He was the son of the woman who, as has been related, was given to Letele by Maliepollo, in order that the house of his dead brother Mokhoaetsi might not die out. This woman was killed by a Bushman about a month after having given birth to another son called Quane, who, later on, was called Klein Ian Letele. He was reared by his grandmother Maliepollo. It was after the birth of this child that Moyakisane made his escape with the captured cattle to Koesberg or Qethoane.

As for Letele, he fled in a state of destitution to his relative Moshesh, who, says Nehemiah in his notes, "received him with much kindness, treating him not as a fugitive but as a member of the family, showing his respect for him by receiving him into the royal house of Mohato, *Moreneng*." Afterwards, wishing to give him definite rank, Moshesh placed Letele at the head of the counsellors of his third house, that of Sekhonyana, called Mahebeng, and in command of the regiment of that name. He even married a wife for Letele, paying the dowry, as the latter was ruined.

It was in order to be near his uncle Makhetha that Moyakisane went to Qethoane, but after his fight with the Batsueneng, Makhetha moved back to Thaba Tsueu. At Qethoane, Moyakisane found the Mofokeng chief Nkuruo, who had arrived before him from Kueneng, having left his son Sefali behind. The latter, it may be mentioned, had all his cattle taken by the Bamokoteli, and he and all his company, being driven thereto by hunger, became cannibals. Besides these Bafokeng, Moyakisane found at Qethoane a considerable number of Bushmen, who, for a long time past, had made the caves of that mountain a place of resort.

CHAPTER XII

ADVENTURES OF THE BAPHUTHI, AND THEIR SUBMISSION TO MOSHESH

As we have already seen, the Maphetla and Mapolane migrated to Cape Colony, but Moorosi and his father Mokuoane did not go with them. They went to live with the Pondomise, while others of their people remained with the Bushmen in the caves on the Tele and Blekana Rivers. These latter were Lipholo, Mahopo his father, Thobai his brother, and Motemekoane, uncle of Moorosi. Being tired of the Bushmen and their way of life, they went to the colony to take service with the white farmers. But these would have none of them, and drove them away. They accordingly returned, and leaving their women and children to the care of Thobai, they went back and raided all the cattle on the inhospitable farm.

"During our absence," says one of them, "our women and children suffered considerably from cold during a snowstorm, being unable to make fire in the usual way, that is, by rubbing one piece of wood against another [*ha hana nkuka*, 'the fire refused to come']. The use of flint and tinder was still unknown to us, though it was known to the Bushmen. It was on one of those cold nights in April, when with much difficulty they had succeeded in making a fire, that we arrived with the cattle." The women were about to utter cries of delight, when Motemekoane imposed silence, and announced that their father Mahopo was no more. It appears that the old man had perished in the snow. His feet were frozen and he could not longer walk. For a while they carried him, but, being pursued by the white people, they dropped him in the snow, and fled with the cattle.

Two of the cattle were promptly killed for food, and their skins spread out to dry in the usual way—pegged into the ground to prevent shrinking as they dried.

Next morning, when the herd went out to graze under the care of small boys, they were seized by the Bushmen, who, as owners of

the place, claimed them. The Bushmen drove off the herds, and shot their poisoned arrows into the cave where the Baphuthi were. Mabotsoa, sister of Lipholo, received an arrow in the chest and died of the wound; another struck Motemekoane in the neck, but he had a necklace of beads as well as some fat of the slaughtered oxen round his neck, so that he suffered no hurt. The Baphuthi spoke amicably to the Bushmen, who ceased shooting, but they claimed the cattle as lords of the soil, and the Baphuthi had to submit. Motemekoane and Lipholo were, however, allowed to retain, each of them, one cow as a reward.

The Bushmen went home with the cattle, and Lipholo and Motemekoane followed them. When they arrived, they had the pleasure of meeting their relations, Mokuoane and Moorosi, with their people, who had returned from the country of the Pandomise, but, sad to relate, empty-handed. This neighbourhood was a great rendez-vous of the Bushmen from all the region round about. Later on it became a farm occupied by a European, called by the natives *Raleotoana* ("Father of the Short Leg"), probably because one of his legs was shorter than the other. It is said that the town of Dordrecht now stands on this farm.

From the caves of Lady Grey, Moorosi, Motemekoane, and their people raided the Kaffirs of Cape Colony, and returned with some stock. On this occasion, Moorosi praised himself, saying, "*Thiba khomo, li le seshollo li lekana Morakoe (Ntabanyane) le Tseuo*" ("Turn the cattle; they are of a quantity sufficient for Morakoe and Tseuo").

The Bushmen wanted to claim these cattle too, but when they appeared, Moorosi and Motemekoane, having now made themselves shields after the manner of the Kaffirs, against which the arrows of the Bushmen could do little damage, drove all the cattle into the kraals, and prepared for battle. But there was no fight. A discussion ensued, in the course of which the Bushmen were led to understand that those whom they had hitherto considered their servants had now become their masters, and they went home, quite satisfied with three head of cattle as a present.

From that time forward the Baphuthi ceased not to wage war upon the Kaffirs, and were generally successful, returning invariably with captured cattle, but not without loss of life.

They left the caves of Lady Grey and moved to Nkoa Khomo

(Lundean's Nek), on the border of Basutoland and Barkly East district of Cape Colony, as being a more convenient spot for their raids on the Kaffirs. From there they made a most successful raid on the Tambookies of Kobo-e-ngoka, and, on its completion, Tseuo, eldest son of Motemekoane, was circumcised. This was in October 1823, and afterwards they began to cultivate Kaffir corn, near a river which since that time has been called Mabele ("Kaffir corn"), Mokuoane having procured some seed grain from friends at Maphutsing. In the following spring, 1824, as they were sowing a fresh crop, there appeared among them the cannibals of Motleyoa.

This Motleyoa was a very bad lot. He was of the Bamaiyane tribe, and was at one time a counsellor of Lepheana, chief of the clan of Bahlakoana who lived at Mabilela before the invasions drove them from their homes, scattered, broken, and starving. Motleyoa gathered about him twenty-six broken men like himself of various tribes—Bahlakoane, Bafokeng, Baphuthi, Bamaiyane, etc.—and, having taken to cannibalism, at first from necessity, but afterwards from choice, they roamed about the country seeking whom they might devour. In the beginning of 1823 they had their lair in the caves of Kubake (Mohale's Hoek), after the Mapolane and Batsueneng had left the place.

The "game," as they were pleased to call their human victims, not being very plentiful there, they had to go in a body to search for it at a distance. They found plenty south of the Orange River, where cannibalism was still unknown, and held high festival on the banks of the Silver Spruit. From there they went up the Tele to Nkoa Khomo, where they fell in with the Baphuthi.

The latter were herding their stock, and, being taken by surprise, the battle went against them. Motemekoane, Shokhoa, Likhane, and another were killed, and the cannibals pursued the rest to their village, from which the women and children had fled. Old Mokuoane had a bad fall in trying to escape, which dislocated his shoulder; and Moorosi had barely time to drive off and save three oxen and four cows. The cannibals, after devouring the bodies of the four men they had killed, returned to Kubake with all the cattle of the Baphuthi.

As for the Baphuthi, they fled to Kraai River, where they remained for some months. In January 1825 they went back as far as Litapoleng, whither Lipholo had gone before the raid of the cannibals on Nkoa Khomo. From there Mokuoane was able to go to Nkoa

Khomo to see and tend the Kaffir corn which he had sown before the raid. On his second visit to the field he found that the cannibals had moved from Kubake, and were settled at Nkoa Khomo with their families, and all the cattle they had captured from the Baphuthi a few months before. He returned to Litapoleng without having been seen, and immediately called a council of war. It was decided, if possible, to entice the cannibals into an ambush, and for this purpose a volunteer who would go and beguile them was necessary. Naturally there were not many applicants for such a dangerous job, but eventually one Nqathane, whose brother was one of the cannibals, consented to go for a consideration of ten head of cattle. He happened to be suffering from a recent wound in the hand, which circumstance he turned to his purpose very cleverly. Some of the Baphuthi accompanied him as far as a mountain which overlooked the village of the cannibals, and waited there to see what would ensue. Nqathane went straight on and boldly approached Motleyoa, to whom he complained that Lipholo had taken all his property and injured him personally, as the state of his hand could testify. He also mentioned, incidentally as it were, that Lipholo had many cattle. The cannibals at once asked if he would guide them to Lipholo's place. "I desire nothing better," he said, "for Lipholo has used me very ill," and he pointed his spear towards Litapoleng. This was a pre-arranged signal to those on the mountain that the cannibals had taken the bait, and they immediately returned to inform Moorosi, who made his preparations to entrap them. Every one was ordered out of the village, and the fighting men were hidden in the rocks around. By and by the cannibals came, and seeing no one about in the village, thought that the Baphuthi were asleep in the huts. One of them, called Motholo, struck a hut with his club, praising himself about Moorosi and Sepere as though he had already killed them, while the rest shouted in approval. While they were thus occupied, the Baphuthi, shouting their war-cry, rushed upon them from behind, killing four and scattering the rest, and Nqathane, seizing his brother by the hand, dragged him from among the cannibals to a place of safety. The Baphuthi captured several women who were with the cannibals, for these, being as fond of human flesh as the men, used to accompany the latter on their hunts in order to share in the feast and to cook it.

Moorosi pursued the cannibals to Nkoa Khomo and recaptured all

the cattle. Next day he followed them down the Tele as far as its junction with the Orange at Patlalla Drift. There Lipholo captured Motleyoa's wife, and Moorosi shouted to her husband, who had already crossed the river, "Now hast thou seen what we are able to do."

The Baphuthi returned from there and immediately reoccupied their old village at Nkoa Khomo.

As for Motleyoa he went his way, and in order to revenge himself he went and reported to Moshesh that beyond the Orange River there were some few people who possessed far more stock than was fitting for them.

Meanwhile Moshesh, whose power had been increasing since his arrival at Thaba Bosiu, was not averse to extending his borders, and gave a ready ear to the story of this ruffian. He accordingly sent his brother Mohale to bring the Baphuthi to book. But they were a bit late for plunder, for, in the meantime, the Tambookies of Koboengoka had made a return raid on the Baphuthi and captured all their cattle, including what Moorosi had taken from them the year before, so that when Mohale arrived there was nothing to take.

When the Baphuthi saw him and his army, they fled; but the Bamokoteli, or Basuto (as we may now begin to call them, in contradistinction to the Baphuthi), shouted to them not to be afraid, as they had only come to see Lipholo, son of Kotseli.

Whereupon Lipholo answered, "Here am I," and went to them, accompanied by Moorosi, Mokuoane, and Sepere. The Basuto had already pillaged everything in the huts; and, having failed to find any cattle, were taking away the women and children. The Baphuthi begged Mohale to have mercy and not ill-treat them, so Mohale gave them back the covering of which they had been deprived. Towards midday the Basuto left, taking the women and children with them, and such small plunder as they had been able to find; but they did not destroy the dwellings of the Baphuthi. Old Mokuoane and Lipholo followed them, crying for their families, and promising to ransom them with hoes and beads, which Moorosi undertook to forward by messenger. Mohale relented, and towards evening Mokuoane and Lipholo returned with all the women and girls. The boys, however, were taken on to Thaba Bosiu. Mokuoane and Lipholo followed them, being desirous of making submission to Moshesh, and recovering the boys. They were received well enough;

but though Mokuoane said, "I have a young man who kills game, and will send thee the skin," the boys remained at Thaba Bosiu as prisoners or hostages.

Reduced to absolute misery by all these disasters, Moorosi and Sepere went off again to Kaffraria to seek what they might find. The cattle stolen by one of Sepere's men was the first to arrive at Mabeleng, as the village at Nkoa Khomo came to be called. Among these was an enormous ox of a yellow colour, with long horns, decorated by carving, and bending over and outwards till the tips were near the muzzle. It presented such a grotesque and ferocious appearance that it took fright at its own reflection in the water when it went to drink. Mokuoane took it with three other head of cattle to Moshesh as a token of his submission, and said, "Here, chief, is the skin I spoke of."

The chief was so satisfied with the ox and the submission tendered, that he called a meeting of chiefs, counsellors, and people to present Mokuoane to them. An ox was killed in honour of Mokuoane, Moshesh expressing the hope that he would live till he was bent with age ("*U tla hola u bo u khokhobe*"). Mokuoane took the fat of the entrails and, as a token of respect and according to custom, made a cord of it, and wound it round the neck of the Princess Mathe, Moshesh's daughter and sister of Letsie. All the boys were then set at liberty, and Mokuoane returned with them, on condition that each one should pay a ransom to him who had captured him. We knew one of these who, twenty years later, discharged this obligation by the payment of a goat.

CHAPTER XIII

FLIGHT OF THE BATAUNG BEFORE THE BATLOKOA, THEIR WARS BEYOND THE VAAL WITH THE BAHURUTSE, BAROLONG, AND OTHERS

In describing the Lifaqane of the Batlokoa, we mentioned that on their approach the Bataung of Moletsane fled across the Vaal with all their belongings. They even took with them the poles and mats of which their dwellings were constructed. Let us now follow their course and see what became of them.

They were very numerous, perhaps numbering 20,000 to 25,000 persons, some of their villages, like that of Moletsane, containing 1,300 or 1,400 huts.

Crossing the Vaal above the junction of the Tikoe, they appear to have travelled northwards without altering their course, as if they were well acquainted with the country and the people in it; which was indeed the fact, because they had come from that direction, and the inhabitants being of the same origin as they, they had kept up the connection and were desirous of seeking refuge among them. They accordingly went to the Bahurutse, hoping to find rest among them; but these, having recently been severely handled by Sebetoane, and frightened at the number of the Bataung, seem to have opposed their advance, after the manner of the Edomites when the children of Israel sought to pass through their land. The Bahurutse drove back their brethren of the Bataung, and out of this arose many and disastrous wars, waged against them by Moletsane; in which the Bahurutse paid dearly for their churlishness, the Bataung being better warriors than they. It is difficult to say whether at this time the Bahurutse were at Kurrichueneng, the cradle of their race, or whether they were already at Mosiga (or Mosika); but wherever it was, the Bataung made terrible havoc among them, destroying whole villages, massacring multitudes of people, and carrying off many

herds of fine fat cattle and sheep, which successes Moletsane celebrated in the following *lithoko*:

Mohhakhana, mo ngaparela tsoana.
(Thorn, stick into the black cow.)
Mokhalo se ngape lefokla.
(Thorn, stab not the cow which is fat and barren.)
Tsiami oa Ramotsokoane,
(Tsiami [himself], son of Ramotsokoane.)
Mophathi a phathega isa Lefurutse
(Ravisher, who has taken all that was Lefurutse's.)
Tebetebe, rekella Ra-Moeletsi!
(The father of Moeletsi take all)
Mahlatsaane a oele kaofeyana:
(Almost all the flocks have fallen [into my hands])
Ho oele linku! ho oele lipoli! ho oele likonyana!
(Have fallen the sheep, have fallen the goats, have fallen the lambs)
Li oele mahlatsaana a Lefurutse.
(Have fallen all the herds of Lefurutse [into my hands].)

Some years after these terrible wars, Mr. P. Lemue, having become one of the missionaries of the Bahurutse, came to hear of these happenings from their chief, Mokhatla. He wrote an account of them in the *Journal de Missions*, 1840, p. 403, in which he said that Moletsane had, by his wars, gained for himself a sad reputation among the inhabitants of the country.

Returning from there to the south, the Bataung made war upon Matlabe, a Morolong chief who lived at Thabeng (Buisfontein), in what is now the district of Potchefstroom, for the following very questionable reason. It seems that Lebona, a half-brother of Moletsane's, had been guilty of improper conduct with one of Moletsane's wives, and was ordered to leave the tribe. He accordingly departed with his belongings, and went to join Matlabe at Thabeng; who, at the secret request of Moletsane, caused him to be killed. The Bataung were very indignant at this; and Moletsane, hiding his own share in the business, made war upon Matlabe to satisfy his people. He killed many of the Barolong, and would have killed Matlabe also had the latter not fled with his personal belongings to Khunwane, to seek the protection of Matlakoe, the supreme chief of the Barolong, to whom he was related. The Bataung, however, followed him up and attacked the Barolong, who were in great force. The battle was long and bloody, but the Bataung conquered in the end, killing the chief Matlakoe and a vast number of his people.

Much cattle fell into the hands of Moletsane, who went south with them to wage war on the Barolong of Sifunelo. As for Matlabe, he escaped alive, and, furious at the duplicity of Moletsane, went and joined Moselekatse, whom two years later he persuaded to attack Moletsane and drive him and his tribe as far as the Modder River.

It was in April 1824 that the Bataung overthrew the Barolong of Sifunelo. The Wesleyan missionary, Mr. S. Broadbent, had then been living for about a year with the Barolong. He had built himself a stone house consisting of two rooms, and, in spite of the rumours of war, he remained at his post until, his health failing, he left with his wife and family in the waggon of a passing missionary on April 22. It was two days after this that the Bataung, having dispersed the Barolong and looking round for plunder, came upon this house. It was the first time they had ever seen anything of the kind, and thought it must be some sort of fort. The chief held a council of war, at which it was decided that the bravest men must advance upon it, for who knew what might be hidden inside? In such estimation was the valour of those who advanced upon the house held by their fellows, that the names of some of them have been preserved and handed down to posterity. They were Chakane, Mathabeng, Mokhampanyane, Ralepao, Mokhabe, Koloko, and others. The doors and windows were smashed in with great stones cast at them, and as no one came out, the heroes went warily in. There they found many things of interest whereat they marvelled greatly, viz. tables, chairs, beds, boxes, iron pots and pans, crockery, linen, men's, women's, and children's clothes, books, pictures, sugar, coffee, rice, and even a telescope, but this last-named article they smashed immediately, being highly suspicious of the glass at each end, which they took to be the eyes of something uncanny. A pair of the reverend gentleman's nether garments caused great curiosity: at first they thought they were a pair of bags sewn together, as indeed in a sense they were, but they could not see the use of bags like that which could hold nothing. The shoes and boots, the use of which they might have guessed, puzzled them, and they cut them up. They were delighted with the softness of the linen, and some coloured calico prints and a dog-chain took their fancy. There was a large pistol on the wall, which they took to be a whistle, but, in order to make it less cumbersome, they thought to burn away the wooden stock, holding it in the fire by the barrel. But the thing was loaded

and the heat of the fire exploded the charge, which lodged in the stomach of the man who was holding it, and so he died. The table-knives were very welcome, but they had no use for pocket-knives as they could not open them.

They also found some bags of gunpowder, which some thought was seed, and some thought was medicine. They could not decide what it was until one savant threw a quantity in the fire in order to test it. They soon discovered that there was some witchcraft about it, for they were blown away from the fire, round which they were seated, and severely singed. The fire itself was scattered and extinguished by the explosion, and after the one blinding flash they were left in darkness. From that time the house of the missionary came to be called *Ntlo ea Sethunya* ("the House of the Detonation").

After his victory over the Barolong, Moletsane remained for some time in that country. It has been said that he returned to the Bahurutse, but we hardly think so, because Sifunelo, the chief of the Barolong, called the Bergnaars (Bastards of Griqualand West) to aid him to get rid of Moletsane. The Bergnaars came, and there was a sanguinary battle. The Bastards were mounted and armed with guns, to which kind of fighting the Bataung were utter strangers; so, though they fought long and bravely, inflicting heavy losses on the victor, they had no chance of success. Mophethe, the father of Moletsane, was killed. Women were captured and maltreated, including Mamoretlo, the queen of the tribe. Even the lobes of their ears were cut off or torn through, so that their earrings might be seized the more quickly. Tsabalira, the chief commander of the Barolong, the dearly beloved brother of Sifunelo, was killed, a loss which so afflicted the chief that, even after victory, he could not bear to remain upon the scene, and retired down the Makwasi River for a long distance.

The Bataung also left, but their departure was not the consequence of defeat. They recrossed the Vaal on their way to the country they had left, but, before reaching it, they took refuge for a while at Hlalokoe, among the Korannas, whose chief was Ra-Noso. While there, Moletsane received a message from Moakabi, the Koranna chief, negotiating for an alliance between them, and conveying the information that he was being followed up by the Griquas, who would certainly make war on him and his people. Moletsane was glad to accept the overtures of the Koranna chief, especially as he knew that

the information conveyed to him was in the main correct. He therefore left Hlalokoe, and, travelling up the Ntha (Valsch River), encamped at Mosika-Nokana, and from there on to the Tikoe (Vet River).

Hearing that the Griquas had indeed followed him up, and were encamped at Bolibeng-ba-Likubu (Kroonstad), Moletsane, in weariness and despair, addressed his people, saying, "*Kayeno re Khathetse, a re emeng! ha ba re bolaea, ba re bolae, ha re phela, re phele*" ("To-day we are tired, let us halt; if we are to be killed, let us be killed; but if we are to live, let us live"). It was about the end of the year 1825 that the Bataung were attacked by the Griquas, the chief of whom was named Koelman, but called Kulubane by the natives. By the aid of their muskets they took the cattle of the Bataung without much trouble. But while they were dividing the spoil, each one being intent on securing as much as he could for himself, Moletsane fell upon them. Kulubane himself was killed, and the survivors scattered, while the Bataung captured all their cattle, as well as some horses and guns, giving rise to the saying, "*Meyo e meholo e ne e bolae Kulubane*" ("Too much wealth was the death of Koelman"). In this manner the Bataung, for the first time, acquired guns and horses, but it was some time before they learned how to use them.

After all these adventures, which occupied the space of two years, Moletsane and his people returned to their homes. But during that short space of time many and grievous had been their losses—warriors innumerable killed in battle, and women, children, and old people who fell victims to fatigue and exposure, and to the wild beasts that followed the track of the wandering tribe, in order to devour the sick and weary, who were perforce left to perish.

CHAPTER XIV

MOSHESH'S GROWING STRENGTH AND HIS TROUBLES WITH THE AMANGWANE

WE must now leave the Bataung for a brief space in order to see what was happening to Moshesh in the meantime. On the one hand, he was extending his rule and bringing more and more people under his influence; but on the other, he was sore let and hindered by Matuoane, who, after the death of Pakalita in 1825, became the paramount power in the country; and it was only by paying him large and frequent tribute that Moshesh was able to purchase his tolerance. Even Basuto, broken by war and starvation, in their eagerness to find a strong protector, joined Matuoane, and were marked with the distinguishing mark of the Amangwane—that is to say, a short piece of reed was thrust through the lobes of their ears, which served at once as an ornament and a receptacle for snuff. Every three months at least had Moshesh to pay this potentate several head of cattle, in order to be allowed to live. But his exactions did not stop there. He was always inventing pretexts whereby he could extract more and more cattle from Moshesh, by alleging imaginary grievances against him. The following is an instance of his methods. One of his minor chiefs, called Mateleka, incurred his displeasure by entering the house of one of his wives by night, and, fearing the consequences, fled. Matuoane sent the slayers after him to kill him, and they found him in the valley of the Thupa Kubu and slew him there; but Matuoane, hearing that they had not buried him properly, sent them back to do so. When they got there, they were unable to find the body, and Moshesh was accused of having stolen it, in order to make medicine of it. He denied all knowledge of the matter, suggesting that it had been taken by cannibals or eaten by wild beasts. But his denial availed him nothing, and he remained under the accusation; which after all, according to A. Sekese, was not without some element of truth, for Moshesh, hearing

MOSHESH'S GROWING STRENGTH

that Matuoane was about to attack him, had indeed made use of certain parts of the body for the purpose stated—a practice which was common enough among the Basuto in those days.

Again, about the time of the arrival of a certain Mokuena, Mphutlane, who came to join him from the north, Matuoane sent to Moshesh to say that "he desired to eat a quail," which meant that Moshesh was to send him some cattle. Moshesh sent some, but the Matuoane said he was still an hungred; and a counsellor of his, Khabeko, said, "How is this, chief, that thy vassal waxes fat on his cattle there on the mountain? Is this thing pleasing to thee? As for me, I think his cattle should all be taken."

This of course was duly reported to Moshesh, and it did not add to his comfort; but he still persevered, though the demands on his resources became more frequent and exacting, and he began to feel very unsafe in the neighbourhood of such a tyrant. One of the wives of Matuoane, visiting Thaba Bosiu, was received by Moshesh with the utmost honour and hospitality. He gave her presents, put a collar of brass round her neck and bracelets on her arms, gave her red clay powder and perfume for her toilette; and, when she returned, presented her with a fine cow, "in order," he said, "that thy children, my sister, may drink of my milk; and that thou, their mother, may make of the white cream of the milk an ointment wherewith to anoint thy hair, thy hands, and thy feet, after the manner of the daughters of chiefs."

But all these attentions were of no avail. Matuoane was really growing jealous of Moshesh's increasing power, and was only waiting for a suitable opportunity to put an end to this *Mosothoana* ("little Mosuto") who owned so many fine herds of stock.

Moshesh was too shrewd not to see how things were shaping; indeed, some of the many Basuto who were living with Matuoane kept him very well informed of what was going on in the court of the latter. So, driven thereto by a sense of the danger threatening him, Moshesh decided to place himself under the protection of a greater than Matuoane. He accordingly decided to tender his submission to Chaka, the terrible son of Senzagacona, and the only power of which Matuoane stood in awe. With this end in view he took council with his friend Mofeli, chief of the Mahlapo clan, as to what kind of presents would be most acceptable to Chaka. Mofeli suggested ostrich plumes, the feathers of the crane and the finch, and

otter and jackal skins. Moshesh at once set about obtaining these commodities, giving cattle in exchange, and when a great quantity had been collected, he sent them to Chaka, by the hands of his faithful messenger, Khoho, and others, with a message of submission and a prayer to be taken "under the wings" of the great Zulu chief.

The messengers, according to instructions, passed by Mofeli's place, in order that the latter might assist them with his advice, and send two of his men to introduce the mission to Chaka.

Chaka received the mission most favourably, and, addressing his people, said, "To-day I have received as my subject a Mosuto called Moshesh, who dwells on a mountain. Never more shall I make war against him." Addressing the messengers, he said, "Say to Moshesh, that when he sees my armies, he must collect his flocks and herds at the foot of his mountain, and my people will pass them by." Moreover, Chaka sent fifty head of cattle to Moshesh by the hands of Khoho, and told him to return without delay to fetch a hundred more, which he had taken from Faku, and which he desired to present to Moshesh.

Rumours of this act of diplomacy did not fail to reach Matuoane—indeed, some of his people had seen emissaries of Chaka at Thaba Bosiu—but he did not cease his exactions, which in the end proved his undoing, as we shall see later on. Meanwhile, however, in order to keep our story as it were up-to-date, we must return to the Bataung, who, it will be remembered, had returned to their old home after two years of wandering and war.

CHAPTER XV

FLIGHT OF THE BATAUNG BEFORE MOSELEKATSE

THE Bataung had not been long established in their homes when news came that Moselekatse was advancing upon them. Fortunately for them, the news was timely, so that Moletsane was able to move away with all his belongings before the arrival of this formidable Zulu. Being anxious to get beyond reach of his attacks, he went north to Thaba (Buisfontein), the ancient home of Sifunelo and the other Barolong.

A few days after the departure of Moletsane, a travelling missionary, the Rev. Mr. Hodgson, came to Motloangtloang, the principal village of Moletsane. Hearing from some Bushmen that every one had fled for fear of Moselekatse, he occupied himself, while his horses were resting, in looking over the village and counting the huts. He found there were from 1,200 to 1,400 of them in that village alone. Towards evening on that day, March 4, 1826, he came up with Moletsane beyond the Vaal. The Bataung had never seen a white man before, but they received him well, though not very cordially. He recognised, among their goods and chattels, several articles which they had looted from the house of his colleague Mr. Broadbent two years before. It is not stated that he was able to recover these, or that he made any attempt to do so; but he secured from Moletsane and his counsellors a promise that they would never molest a missionary in his work, and would not attack the Barolong so long as the latter did not molest them. Relying on this promise, the missionaries resumed their labours among the Barolong at the station Makwasi, or Matloasi. But the promise, which on Moletsane's side was only conditional, did not help them. Sifunelo would not, or could not, leave the death of his brother, Tsabalira, unavenged; and Moletsane, foreseeing this quite plainly, made preparations for the attack which was sure to come. The result was a final great battle, which took place seven months later, three miles north of Makwasi.

While the Bataung were marauding about the country, during

the month of August 1826, Barend Barend and his Griqua hunters were returning to Griquatown from the land of the Bamangwaketsi, being compelled by drought to pass through the country of the Barolong, instead of taking the direct route. While on their way, travelling by easy stages, messengers came to Barend from the chief Tawana, on behalf of the Barolong, to implore his aid against the Bataung. Barend consented, and next morning he and his hunters arrived at Sifunelo's place. He found it in such a state of panic and confusion that for a moment he thought that all was over, and indeed it looked like that. Sifunelo and a thousand warriors came to Barend, saying, "If you do not help us, we perish." The cause of the panic was the arrival of a man who had been captured by a foraging party of the Bataung two hundred strong, and forced to guide them to the outposts of the Barolong. But the Bataung, seeing the waggons of the Griquas afar off, fled in alarm, whereupon the prisoner made shift to join his people.

After sunset, Barend Barend sent six mounted men to reconnoitre. They returned in a very short time, and reported that the enemy was near at hand. Strong patrols were sent out to get in touch with the enemy, but these showed no disposition to retire, until a few shots were fired among them, and then they decamped, the Griquas following them for some little distance. One of the Bataung, being left behind by his comrades, was surrounded by the Griquas, who sought to take him prisoner and get some information out of him. But he refused to surrender, and faced his foes with indomitable courage, his shield and battle-axe in one hand and his spear in the other. So bold was his attitude that the Griquas feared to close with him, until one of them fired a gun over his head. He fell, and they made a dash at him; but he sprang up, unhurt, and put them all to flight.

As it was now late, the patrols returned to their waggons, having narrowly escaped an ambush into which the pretended flight of the Bataung had been calculated to draw them. At dawn, six more scouts were sent out; but only two returned, the other four having been killed by the Bataung, who saw them approaching, and captured and slew them.

One day after these skirmishes, September 26, 1826, the Barolong and Bataung faced each other, the Barolong having had to advance about three miles to meet their enemies. Seven or eight

Griquas were with the advance guard to hearten them and dishearten the enemy. But the enemy were not so easily disheartened. Like a wave of the sea they surged on the Barolong, who fled before them. Only Sifunelo and his personal following held their ground for a few moments, during which seventeen of the bodyguard fell, among them three of Sifunelo's brothers. Except for the Griquas, they would have been annihilated; but these advanced at the critical moment, and stopped the attack on Sifunelo by musket fire. The assailants, however, only diverted their attention from Sifunelo to his cattle, which a large party of the Barolong were trying to rescue. These Barolong would have been massacred to a man had not the Griquas come to their aid. As it was, all the cattle fell into the hands of the Bataung, who drove them off, notwithstanding a futile effort of the Barolong at recapture.

In the evening, when the survivors of the Barolong met at the waggons of the Griquas near the river, it was, says an eye-witness, very affecting to see the meeting of families after the cruel events of the day—the joy of those whose members returned, and the grief of those whose members had perished. Sifunelo was as one overcome with grief. "I am left alone," he said, "and I very nearly perished. All my brothers are gone." But, notwithstanding his misfortunes, he, Tawana, Gontsi, and others, in voices trembling with emotion, expressed their gratitude to Barend for all that he had done to help them. Without his aid, they said, they must all have perished; for they had learned from prisoners that the intention of the enemy was to surround the town and massacre all within it.

Next morning, some of Barend's men, who had been devoting their attention to the cattle rather than to the battle, returned, having recaptured seven herds of cattle. With a rare generosity he restored all these to the Barolong, keeping only two head to replenish his commissariat.

This defeat left Sifunelo utterly broken and sick with fatigue and anxiety. He dared not remain where he was, because he knew he would not be able to sustain another attack, should the Bataung make one. He knew not whither to go, but it was plain that he could not stay at Makwasi. He therefore moved along the right bank of the Vaal, and halted temporarily at Mohlana Pitsi (Platberg).

The poor missionaries, who had spent the last eight months in rebuilding their station out of its ruins, had to abandon it and follow their people.

CHAPTER XVI

THIRD INVASION FROM THE EAST OF THE DRAKENSBERG

LEAVING the Bataung in possession of the land of the Barolong, we may now return and see the effect of Moshesh's diplomacy on himself and his oppressor. Chaka had always had the intention of sending an army after the rebel Matuoane to bring him to book, but had hitherto put off doing so, owing, no doubt, to more pressing business nearer home. The acquisition, however, of a useful auxiliary near Matuoane served to hasten matters; and that is no doubt why he received the submission of Moshesh with such satisfaction. Moshesh, too, in making it, was without doubt alive to these considerations, and, with his usual acumen and long-headedness, turned them to his own profit. Accordingly, when he received a message from Chaka, asking why the supply of feathers and skins had ceased, and stating that it was a shame that the regiments of the king should be reduced to the feathers of the barndoor fowl for decoration, he replied that there was now a mighty chief in his neighbourhood who prevented his people from obtaining these things, and who, moreover, was eating him up by the amount of tribute he exacted.

As Moshesh well knew, this was quite enough to move Chaka, and he at once sent an army of three regiments, under the command of Dingaan and Nhlanguana, against Matuoane. It was about the end of 1826 that this army crossed the Drakensberg.

At that time the country east of the Roodebergen, in the valley of the Phofong or Little Caledon and in the Lower Mechachaneng, was occupied by three small clans of Basuto—viz. that of Tsehlo at Marute; a fragment of Makhoakhoa under Puso (Rafatse) at Masoeung; and Nkhahle with his Batlokoa at Sehleke, for he had to leave the neighbourhood of Sekonyela, because he had incurred the displeasure of the latter by certain sarcastic remarks concerning the manner in which Sekonyela led his herdsmen.

These clans were in the line of route of the expedition against

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Matuoane, and suffered accordingly, the Makhoakhoa first. Several women were killed, among whom was the widow of Lethole, Mamatela, and Mafatse, the wife of Puso, and all their cattle were taken. Tsehlo tried to assist the Makhoakhoa, and did succeed in prolonging the fight, but the end was the same. He also tried to help Nkhahle, where the Zulus of the third regiment had slain some women, including Mamotsetseli, chief wife of Nkhahle. But this attempt was futile too; and on the same day his own wife was killed and his cattle captured, as well as that of the Batlokoa. All this cattle were sent at once to Chaka, and the Zulu army went on its way against Matuoane.

They must have passed by Sekonyela at Yoalaboholo without molesting him, probably thinking the adventure too hazardous, for they went straight to Hlohloloane, where some of Matuoane's adherents were living, under Zulu or Zulunga, son of Mafu of the clan of Mahaula. This Zulu was Matuoane's doctor, and an influential man. Dingaan attacked him in February 1827. He fled on to the mountain, ignorant of the strength which was opposed to him, and tried to stem the attack by rolling down stones on the stormers, killing two of them. The men of Chaka shouted, "You may have these two dead, but make the most of the night, for that is all that protects you," and spent the rest of the daylight in examining the approaches to the mountain. Next morning the attack was delivered in loose formation, in order to avoid loss by the stones and boulders showered upon them. But, forming near the summit and shouting a war-song, the Zulus rushed the place, killing Zulunga and all his people.

Satisfied with their victory, the Zulus crossed the Caledon at Maseru Drift, in search of the cattle of the Amangwane, which were then scattered about in various herds from Masite and Makhoarane and on to Kolo, Mafeteng, Thabana Morena, Siloe, and even farther south, Matuoane himself being at Ngope Khubelu (Blasball Spruit).

The Zulus halted at Qeme, passed on to Masite and Thabana Morena, and attacked the Amangwane at Likhoele. They were not very numerous, but their discipline and valour were of a high order, and they easily defeated the Amangwane, who fled towards the Caledon. Matuoane crossed the river in haste, and camped on the spot where later the mission of Beersheba was erected. During this time the Zulus ravaged the country as far as the Cornet Spruit, where it joins the Orange. They even went as far as Matateng (Hanglip), and, cross-

ing the Orange River, arrived at the Rock of Khiba. From there they returned slowly. Hearing of their approach, the Amangwane retired on the Modder River, but Matuoane, being near Thaba Ntso, collected his forces around him. Hearing that the Zulus were taking all the cattle, the Ushee Regiment remonstrated with Matuoane, saying, "Shall so small an army take our property?" But Matuoane knew his enemy, and dared not resist. Moloya, a man of the Ushee, gives the following account of his regiment's experiences:

"When we arrived at Kolonyama [Vier Voet], our regiment proposed to attack the Zulus, but the regiment of the White Shields [the married men] refused to join, and went elsewhere to capture cattle. But they did not escape defeat; for the first regiment of the Zulus fell upon them and put them to flight, while we, soldiers of the Ushee, were fighting near Ladybrand against the rest of the Zulus. We were very weary, having fought all day; but on our return, we encountered the first regiment of the Zulus, who had defeated our White Shields, near the reed bed between Modderpoort and Ladybrand. We joined battle with them, and Dingaan received a spear-thrust in the chest. Well was it for us that they were as weary as we, and we sank upon the ground for very weariness, being able to slay no more, and cursed each other as we sat there. At last the Zulus struggled to their feet and staggered off like drunken men, driving the cattle before them, and we had not the strength left to stop them."

Many warriors of both sides fell on that day, and, for years afterwards, the Basuto used to pick up fragments of weapons among little piles of human bones.

After this sanguinary battle Matuoane retired across the Caledon to his headquarters at Senyotong, and there, out of the fragments of the White Shields and other regiments, he formed the regiment of Inzimbi ("iron"), which, together with the Ushee, he sent, two months later, to raid the Tembus of Cape Colony, the chief Jozana being in command of the expedition. A large number of cattle were taken for commissariat, which gave the expedition the appearance of a migration. Moloya, before quoted, gave the following account of it to Mr. J. M. Orpen:

"We passed Kolo, and the country between that mountain and the Orange River, which we crossed, and arrived in the highlands of Barkly East. From there we descended on Kubuncuku, the grandfather of Gangalizwe. The Tembus and their cattle were spread over

a wide country. We had sent out our spies, and we commenced killing our cattle. The spies returned. They hurried us. But the Tembus had already seen where we had slept. They fled. We chased them three days. The fourth day at sunset we saw the back end of their flying troops of cattle entering the bush, where Tsomo and Kiba join. But it was only part. The general said we must return. On the second day of our return march we began to fall and die of hunger. None were lean, but they sat or lay down to die. They cried to those passing, 'Greet the chief for us; we die here by his orders.' Every day men fell out and died; it was in the month of May [1827]. The Ushee had seven cattle left before we killed them all; these were kept for the son of the chief. One morning near Kraai River we came upon five men driving thirty head of cattle. That was a help; each company took one, and so famished were we that nothing but the bones were left. On interrogating the men, we learned that they belonged to Mokuoane, father of Moorosi, and that they had stolen these cattle from the Whites.

"We continued our journey, men dying of hunger every day, until finally we rejoined Matuoane at Qeme. He considered that we had done what was wanted, and had spied out the land; but soon after he saw that those who had taken part in the expedition began to die in a mysterious manner, only those who had been near the son of the chief, and had had occasionally a bit of meat, were not affected by this strange sickness.

"Matuoane went to the village of his mother, and sent us to recuperate near Berea, where Luka now lives. We went, leaving many dying men behind us. We were dying, we said, from a disease which we had caught in the country we had just come from, and for that reason the chief would not allow us to go to our homes or mix with other people. We remained by ourselves until June 1827. We were supplied with beer, and fat oxen were sent us to kill, and we had to bathe every day. Matuoane came to see us, for at that moment there was peace in the land."

When his regiments had fully recovered from the sickness, Matuoane sent messengers to Moshesh, saying, "I am about to send one of my regiments to make war on Makhetha; but fear not thou, we come not to attack thee." The Amangwane did indeed attack Makhetha, and, according to an eye-witness, they were driven back; but, nevertheless, they returned with some cattle and prisoners, whom they

absorbed into their own tribe, marking their ears after their manner, as before described.

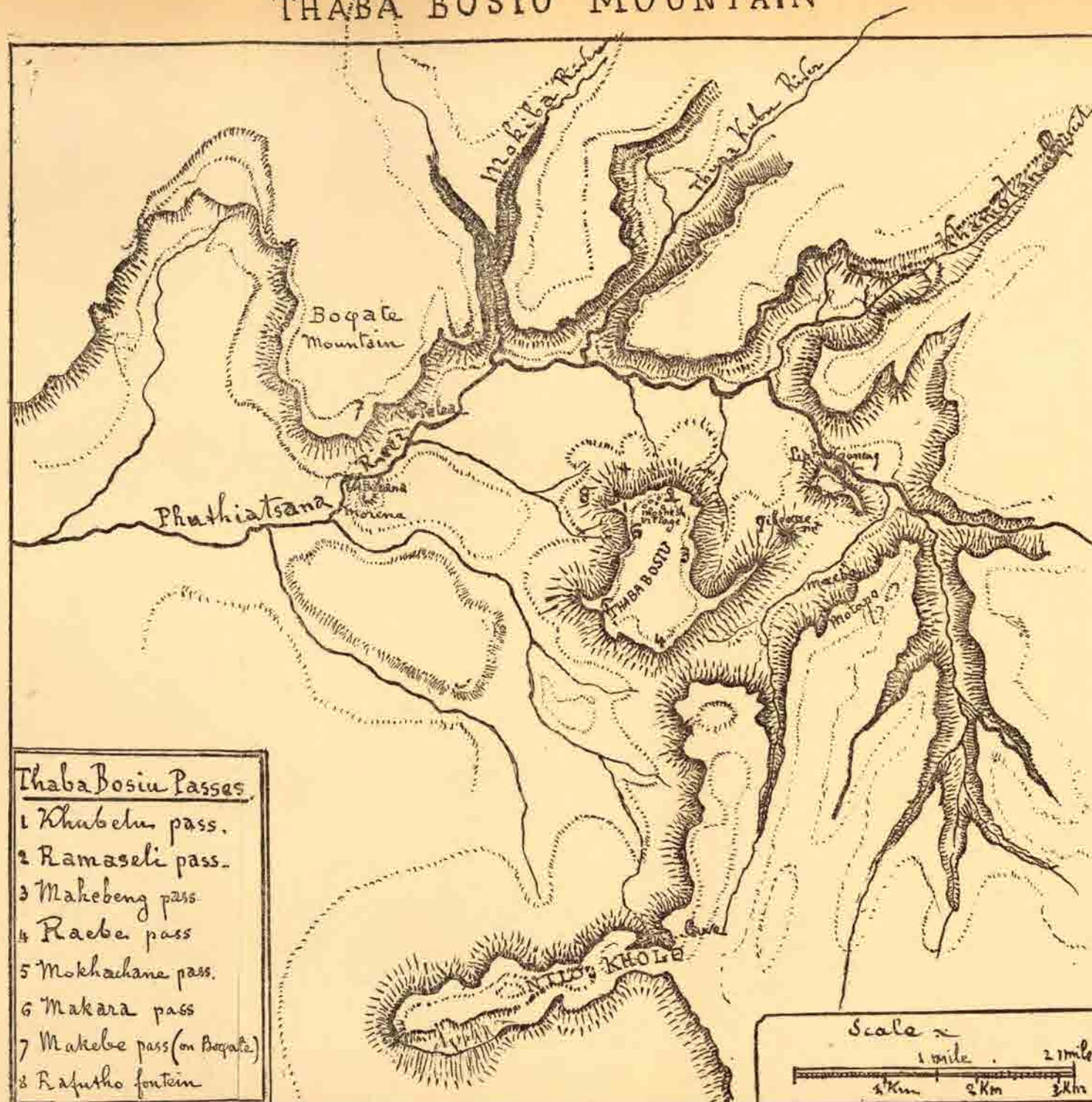
After the fall of his father, Mahlomaholo, son of Pakalita, took refuge with Moselekatse; but trouble broke out between them, and he had to fly. His flight, and pursuit by Moselekatse, became known to Matuoane by rumours of unusual clouds of dust. He sent three regiments to see what the matter was. Among these were many Mahlubi, who, after the fall of their chief, had been absorbed by the Amangwane; and these, by cunning, managed to divert the pursuit of Moselekatse from the son of their late chief, and draw it on to the Amangwane; with the result that Mahlomaholo escaped, and Moselekatse attacked the Amangwane. But the latter, not feeling strong enough to meet him, drew off, and attacked Mahlomaholo at Mautse. But the attack was futile, and Mahlomaholo crossed the Drakensberg with his Mahlubi, and went warring to the south-east as far as Mata-tiele. There he encountered the Amabaca, and his attack was so sudden, and made in such icy cold weather, that the Amabaca, taken by surprise and paralysed with cold, were badly beaten, and much cattle fell into the hands of the son of Pakalita.

The Amabaca had to retire in order to reorganise and recuperate, and then they attacked the Mahlubi, massacred men, women, and children, and recaptured their cattle and many more besides.

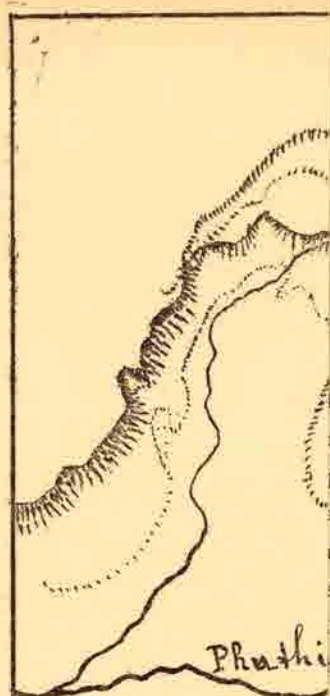
Mahlomaholo returned by the way he had come; and, with the fragments of his following, placed himself under the protection of Sekonyela, with whom he remained until the fall of the latter in 1853, when he shared his fortunes, and followed him into the district of Herschel, where he lived to a great age.



THABA BOSIU MOUNTAIN



Drawn by Rev. G. Baltzer B.A. for the History of the Basuto, Ancient and Moderns



THINGS GIVEN MORE
DISTINCTLY.

kiba River.
 pa Kubu River.
 ate Mountain.
 amolane Spruit.
 thitsane River.
 a Village.
 bana Morena.
 hokoaneng.
 ane.
 ba Bosiu.
 hesh Village.
 ba.
 apo.
 y-Kholo.
 e.

Elevated ground.

Thaba Bosiu Passes

- 1 Khubelu pass.
- 2 Ramaseli pass.
- 3 Makebeng pass
- 4 Raeba. pass
- 5 Mokhakane pass.
- 6 Makara pass
- 7 Makebe pass (on Baga)
- 8 Rafutho fountain

Drawn by

about in wild confusion. Moshesh himself hastened to the plateau and shouted the alarm cry there, and on the edge of the rocks where all might hear it.

When all the people were assembled, according to Nehemiah, Moshesh addressed them, saying: "I tell you that to-day Matuoane wishes to prove whether, among his peoples, the Basuto or the Amangwane are the better men. Be brave, therefore! The Matebele say that the Basuto have spoiled their shields by fighting with stones. The Amangwane are armed with spears, and you have your clubs; let me not see you throwing stones at the men of my chief. I shall fight the enemy with you, fearing lest peradventure Matuoane has ordered an assault."

The detachment of the enemy, who were coming by way of Thupa Kubu, were on the point of crossing the Phuthiatsane when Moshesh sent Makume, Phea and Motoboli to bewitch the ford by means of potent medicines and charms, and the Amangwane, being very superstitious, feared to cross there and were forced to make a detour in search of another ford. Eventually they effected a junction with the others at the spot where the mission station now stands.

Another column of the Amangwane went down to Makebe, and, crossing the plain, encamped at the foot of the mountain below the village of Mokhachane.

The enemy having now taken up their positions, Moshesh, after final instructions to commanders, descended in person to lead the attack against them; realising apparently that principle of all strategy, that he who remains to be attacked is already half beaten. He was leading his own band, the Matlama, and was supported by his brothers Posholi and Makhabane, and his friend Makara, with their respective contingents. But, all told, their number was small indeed when compared with that of the enemy.

As Moshesh descended to battle, he realised the disparity of force, and spoke to his sons Letsie and Molapo, saying, "Remain you here and gather many stones, so that if we be overcome, you may still defend the pass."

It is interesting to follow the tactics and movements of these two armies: the one, confident of success by reason of numerical superiority and military prestige; the other, inspired by a quiet courage and determination to do their best, for they well knew that if defeated there would be no hope of mercy for them. So confident were the

Amangwane of victory, that vast quantities of beer had been brought to the field in order to celebrate it.

In order to provoke the enemy to imprudence, Moshesh sent Ramayoang to ask them the question, "Who are you?" They replied with curses, and two warriors came out of their ranks to slay him, whereupon he retired. Moshesh then sent Boleke with the same question. He advanced to within ten paces, and began to shout in their faces "*Boleke! boleke! boleke! Tee, tee, tee.*" But the Matebele laughed only, and two other warriors were sent after him, and he fled. Then a group of the enemy advanced, and Moshesh sent his regiment called *Mollo* ("fire"), under the command of Mokoloko, against them, and drove them off in confusion. One of the Amangwane then stepped out of the ranks, and reproached his comrades, saying, "Why do you bring derision on the shields of your chief?" The fight then became general. The Amangwane re-formed their ranks, and charging under shield scattered the *Mollo* regiment and flung themselves on the main body. One of them, in his enthusiasm, attacked the chief Toloana, and snatching his small shield from him, raised it aloft on the point of his spear, shouting, "What kind of shield is this!" He was at once killed. At that moment the regiment of Matlama, who had remained hidden in a fold of the ground, with Moshesh at their head, fell upon the flank of the enemy with incredible fury. One of Moshesh's Makhoakhoa, Ramafula by name, was killed by one of the enemy, who immediately fell under the spear of Moshesh. For a time the battle raged furiously, the Basuto displaying such indomitable courage that, notwithstanding their numerical superiority, the enemy began to give way. The Basuto pressed their advantage, and soon the enemy were in full retreat. Moshesh then led a party down a ravine in order to cut off their retreat, and killed great numbers of them. Makoanyane, too, pursued them with great effect as far as Tsuili-tsuili, near Berea, and with his own hand slew ten, giving no quarter.

Simultaneous attacks, which were delivered on the other approaches to the mountain, were defeated with heavy loss to the enemy. Many of the Amangwane perished on that day. Some of them sank exhausted and feigned death, covering themselves with the blood and entrails of their dead comrades.

The girls who remained on the crest of Boqate, seeing the defeat of their people, fled precipitately, leaving the beer they had brought for the refreshment of the victors.

The two regiments which had gone round to attack Mohale at Korokoro fared no better. They succeeded in killing only one man, and in capturing a few calves which were grazing at the foot of the mountain. It was a very shamefaced mob of fugitives which returned to Matuoane at Senyotong, and they did not get much solace from him, for he derided them, saying, "I had no wish to attack my friend and subject who used to pay me tribute, but ye would have it so, and now that he has seen our weakness, he will pay no more."

It was a great day for Moshesh. None knew better than he the important and far-reaching effects of this victory, which put him at once beyond fear of the exactions of his powerful neighbour and the necessity of paying him tribute. He caused a national rejoicing to be held, celebrated by dances, sham fights, and national songs. He also distributed among his warriors a large number of heifers, cows, and oxen.

CHAPTER XVIII

MATUOANE'S LAST RAID, ITS RESULT, AND HIS DEATH

MATUOANE, who had now suffered, simultaneously, two very humiliating reverses, assembled his warriors at Senyotong, apprehending an attack by Moselekatse. The latter, however, contented himself with attacking those of the Amangwane who lived at Hlohloane (Clocolan). He carried off their cattle in considerable number, and burned some villages, including that of Mohasana near Winburg. Hearing of this, and thinking that possibly the Zulus of Chaka had returned, the Amangwane scattered from Senyotong. Some went to Mabula, while the rest, with Matuoane, crossed the Caledon and took refuge at Qeme. When, however, they learned for certain that it was only Moselekatse, Matuoane sent three regiments in pursuit of him, but before they had gone very far, he recalled them, saying, "Moselekatse is my man; leave him alone: there are plenty of cattle before us," alluding to the raid into Cape Colony which he was contemplating.

After this the Amangwane reassembled at Senyotong, but they did not stay there long, for in January or February 1828, Moselekatse reappeared suddenly in the night and carried off a great number of cattle. Sore amazed at the audacity of his former subject, and humiliated beyond measure, Matuoane and all his people left again for Qeme, being this time fully persuaded that it was now time for him to move hence. It is easy to understand his reasons; they are indeed obvious. He had existed all along on his military prestige, and that was gone. Chaka's punitive expedition had inflicted heavy losses in men and cattle; Mahlomaholo had severely defeated his armies at Mautse; his defeat at the hands of Moshesh was a terrible blow; and now there appeared on the scene a new and formidable opponent. On the other hand, there were the fat herds of Cape Colony, which he hoped would prove an easy prey, and formed an additional inducement to him to leave a country which he now realised was no longer a place for him.

It is said that he informed Moshesh of his intention, and that Moshesh advised him to remain. The older men of his tribe also opposed the idea, saying, "There will be more war. We have been fortunate in conquering some, and establishing ourselves in the country; let us now be satisfied to live on grain. Chaka came and departed; Moselekatse did likewise, and, should he return, we can then consider what to do." Peche, the brother of the chief, also joined the opposition, advocating in preference submission to Moselekatse. Even the mother of Matuoane was by no means favourable, but after some thought she said, "We had better go, because he is sure to kill us all."

Accordingly they took the road by way of Makhalleng and Kubake. Many Basuto followed them, says Nehemiah, hoping to secure some of their cattle while they were on the road. Even Moshesh went as far as Likhoele with that end in view, but, though he lost some men, he returned empty-handed. So ended Matuoane's connection with Moshesh, and from that time forward he ceased to have dominion over him.

From Kubake the Amangwane crossed the Orange River, some at Phatlalla; others under Peche at the ford of Adam Kok; others again at the ford of Matateng. From among these last many Basuto who had been taken along against their will deserted.

Matuoane's people were made up of other tribes besides his own, especially Mahlubi, whom he had subjugated and gathered together, a very great multitude of men, women, and children—so great, indeed, that they covered the whole country from Herschel to Masitisi. He did not stay to fight any one, but was ever marching on. Notwithstanding this, two events occurred which remained engraved on the memory of those who saw them and recounted them to us. The first was a great grass fire. That year the grass between Palmietfontein and Hohobeng was very long, and there were locusts in great quantities. Some of the emigrants who were eating locusts must have lit their fires without due care, for suddenly a gust of wind set fire to the grass, which was as dry as tinder, and a terrible conflagration ensued. Numbers of people and cattle perished in the flames, and so terrible was the disaster that Peche, when he heard of it, could not refrain from sending the following message to his elder brother: "This calamity is a new sign that we are acting against the wishes of the Shades of our fathers."

The other event was an exploit of the Baphuthi. Mokuoane, with

his sons and some people, was living then at Bolepeletsa, a small natural fortress with but one approach, and that very difficult of access. Moorosi, his son, seeing all the cattle of the Amangwane, could not resist the temptation to help himself. He seized seventy head and, before he could be stopped, drove them up into the fortress.

Matuoane, of course, sent a commando to recover the cattle and chastise the robbers, but in vain did they attempt to enter the stronghold, trying to scale the defences by getting on one another's shoulders. Mokuoane and Setlho shot them down at leisure with poisoned arrows, while the other Buphuthi threw heavy stones down at them with which the women kept them supplied. Matuoane's soldiers, being pressed for time, gave up the assault as hopeless, and, leaving many dead upon the field, went off to follow their people, who had started on their march many hours before.

The moving multitude crossed the Wittebergen range, some by way of Nkoakhomo (Landeau's Nek), some by way of Blekana, and others by other passes. Traversing the highlands of Barkly East, they encountered very severe weather. Many of them perished in a blizzard, and no wood was to be had for firing. Matuoane had cattle killed, in order that the people might cover themselves with the hides, and others were able to build themselves little shelters of reeds. But many people died there, especially women and children.

Descending from this lofty plateau, they arrived at a spot not far from the Tembus of Kobo-e-ngoka. There they slew cattle and made shields, after which they began to capture the cattle of the inhabitants without being attacked. The Tembus, however, shouted to them, "Wait; ere another moon be spent, we shall be with you!"

The following is the story as related by a survivor: "They did indeed attack us once in the open plain, but they were few, and we slew nearly all of them, and as we thought little of them, we did not trouble ourselves to spy out the land, but were settling down quietly. Suddenly one day the alarm was made that the white men were coming, and so it was. We were in three divisions, and the chief himself was advancing to direct the battle. He arrived during the night, and at dawn the battle began. For the first time we heard the thunder of cannon, and saw the white soldiers coming out of the forest. There were but thirty of them [commanded by Major Dundas. This was on July 24, 1828, at the source of the Umtata]. The Tembus, however, were numerous. Only seven of our companies took part in the fight, and a

large number of our cattle were taken. But that of the Ushee Regiment had not been touched. The Tembus went off with the cattle, and the white soldiers retired, whereupon we pursued the Tembus and recovered our cattle. Then we returned to our encampment, and began to build and to cultivate. We went forth from time to time and helped ourselves to the seed grain of the Tembus, hearing no word of the white men, as they had returned to their homes. But we were not allowed to rest for long before the British soldiers appeared again. One day at early dawn we heard again the thunder of the cannons; of course at that time we knew not what it was. Then we saw a file of waggons, drawn by what we took to be hornless cattle, and also men riding on the like. We had never seen horses or mounted men before, and were sore amazed. Moreover, the country was black with Tembus, as though a cloud had obscured the sun and thrown its shadow on the ground. We formed line along one of the banks of the Umtata. The Tembus rushed upon our cattle, but we repulsed them. It was then that the white soldiers opened fire upon us. We knew not then what it was; we heard a terrific noise, and saw fire and smoke, and deadly burning things pierced and killed us where we stood. It was very terrible to us, as we had only our spears and shields, and could not reach the enemy, who killed us from a distance. Time after time we tried to charge, but our men were killed before they got near enough to strike. Having killed many of us, and taken nearly all our cattle, our enemies went off, leaving us in peace."

This battle took place on August 26, 1828, and the British commander was Colonel Somerset, who had with him a mixed force of Regulars and Volunteers.

After this disaster Matuoane returned to Basutoland, sick at heart and sorrowful. Most of his people remained where they were, and their descendants still live in Cape Colony. Only a small number of true Amangwane accompanied the chief. They crossed the Orange River near the confluence of the Makhaleng, passed by Makhetha, who was then living at Mathebe, where Ramabilikoe lived later on. They paused for a while near Thaba Bosiu, where Moshesh, as was his wont, was kind and considerate to them. He invited Matuoane to settle at Qeme, but he refused, saying, "No; I go to one who is able to enrich me quickly." He spoke of Dingaan, whom he had wounded near Ladybrand, and who had killed his brother Chaka shortly before.

Passing Yoalaboholo, Sekonyela set an ambush for him, after having

sent him a present, the bearers of which were merely spies. Having learned all he wanted to know regarding Matuoane's strength and position, and lulled him into a mistaken sense of security, Sekonyela attacked him at dawn in the cave where he and his weary followers were resting. There was a bloody fight, Matuoane's men, weary and surprised as they were, fought bravely, and towards evening Sekonyela retired, and Matuoane passed on his way to Dingaan with few men and a few cattle, which he presented to Dingaan. Dingaan received him well, and gave him more cattle than he received, and sent him back to his old home, telling him to reoccupy it and to drive away any who had taken possession of it in his absence. But later on Dingaan called him and his people to him and massacred them all.*

So died Matuoane and all who were with him. During his lifetime he had brought ruin, devastation, and death to many thousands of people and over a vast tract of country; and it is hard to feel much pity for him.

As he passed Thaba Bosiu he left one wife and son, Izikale, behind him. Moshesh took the boy under his care, and later on gave him a village of his own.

* Another account of this incident is as follows: Moshesh having compassion on Matuoane, invited him to remain near him, but Matuoane answered and said, "No; I can be killed by a chief, but not by a servant." And he went to his death. When he came before Dingaan the latter bared his breast, and pointing to the scar of the wound he had received at Ladybrand from the spear of Matuoane, said very gently, "Knowest thou that wound, son of Masopha?" Without any hesitation or faltering came the answer, "Yes, Chief, I know it; it is mine." These were the last words of Matuoane, for at a sign from Dingaan he and all that were with him were there and then put to death.—J. C. M.

CHAPTER XIX

FURTHER HAPPENINGS TO THE BAPHUTHI

HAVING thus followed Matuoane to his bitter end, we can now return to the Baphuthi, who, since the submission of Mokuoane before described, may now be considered to be the subjects of Moshesh, detached and semi-independent no doubt, but bounden subjects all the same. They were few in number and very poor, but they were very industrious, and in order to earn an "honest" living, and to pay proper tribute to their chief, they never ceased their cattle-lifting raids in Kaffraria, which they continued with an energy and industry worthy of a better cause. Mokuoane, cattle-thief as he was, was also something of a philanthropist. All the region round about was at that time peopled with ruined and starving refugees, broken men of various tribes, living like hunted animals, a danger to themselves and their neighbours. Leaving his son Moorosi in charge of tribal matters, Mokuoane went about the country collecting these waifs and strays, persuading them to come and join him and his son, promising them shelter, food, and peace, as well as protection against the cannibals and robbers who infested the country. In this way he collected many starving fugitives and their families, with the result that the number of his adherents increased very considerably.

When at Thaba Bosiu Mokuoane saw the great advantage to be derived from living in a natural stronghold, which gave exemption from sudden surprises. He accordingly decided to make his home at Bolepeletsa, where he had so successfully resisted the Amangwane. Bolepeletsa is an isolated hill, some 300 feet high, situated at the junction of the Motjanyane and Tele Rivers; having but one approach, through three enormous boulders, one of which lay across the other two, forming a rude arch or gateway through which cattle could only pass in single file.

Moorosi, Sepere, and other Baphuthi followed the Amangwane in their exodus over the mountains, after the manner of jackals following

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the lion in order to pick up some prey. But none came their way, and, during their absence, Morahanye, son of Makhetha, came to Bolepeletsa with about twenty-six armed men. There was in the stronghold only Mokuoane, Setlho, women and children, and, among the latter, some small boys such as Tseuo, Raisa, and Cheliba. Morahanye gained admittance by pretending to Mokuoane that he was pursuing the Amangwane with a view to stealing cattle from them. Mokuoane received them hospitably, and gave them some grain for food; telling Cheliba to see to the cooking of it, and generally to their comfort. Morahanye, however, misused the trust and hospitality of which he was the recipient, and, while the food was being prepared, went from hut to hut, pretending to be in search of a daughter of Nkokoto, but really to find out whether the fighting men of the Baphuthi were in truth absent. Having satisfied themselves on this point, they killed the boy Cheliba, who was cooking their food, whereupon the inhabitants of the stronghold fled, jumping over rocks and precipices. Old Mokuoane had a bad fall, and again dislocated the shoulder which three years before had been put out of joint on the occasion of the attack by the cannibals of Motleyoa.

Morahanye and his men drove off all the cattle. They did not, however, do any further damage. They were intercepted on their way north by Posholi, who at that time was sojourning at Tulumaneng, but managed to get away with a portion of the spoil to their home at Beest Kraal.

This was all very grievous to the Baphuthi, but it was still worse when Moorosi, and those who were with him, returned from following the Amangwane without any booty at all. Two months later, however, they began raiding in Kaffraria again, with very fair success, and not only made good their losses at the expense of the Tembus, but were able to extend hospitality to all who came to their country.

One of their raids was known by the name of "*Ke Khokhotso-antso*," in reference to an ox captured; another, "*Hori oa rasephokoana thamaha*."

CHAPTER XX

EXPEDITIONS OF MOSHESH AND MOOROSI IN KAFFRARIA—TREACHEROUS ATTACK ON THABA BOSIU BY SEKONYELA

AFTER the departure of the Amangwane, Moshesh was the central figure in the region in which he lived, and many who remained behind, some without a chief, more still without a family or means of subsistence, sought refuge with him. He received them all very cordially, but, owing to his own poverty, he was not able to help them with cattle to the extent he would have wished. When, therefore, Moorosi suggested to him the advisability of a raid into Kaffraria, a country with which he was well acquainted, in order to make good the deficiency, Moshesh accepted the suggestion with alacrity, seeing in it a means not only of helping his starving people, but of putting an end to cannibalism.

Thus it came about that some few months after the return of Matuoane to Zululand, Moshesh with a few hundred warriors, and Moorosi as guide, left for Kaffraria on a cattle-raid. They carried their provisions with them, which consisted of scorched meal and a herd of slaughter-cattle.

The raid was entirely successful, owing to the sudden manner in which it was made. The chief, Tawana, and his people fled precipitately, and Moshesh returned with over a thousand head of cattle. This was in September 1828, before Letsie was circumcised, and the Basuto signalised the capture by the saying, "*Ke Khomo tsa Bathepu*" ("It is the cattle of the Tembus").

The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Richard Bourke, gives the strength of Moshesh's force at 7,000 men; but this is impossible. At that time Moshesh had only a few villages round Thaba Bosiu, besides the large ones he had upon it, and his total strength could not possibly have been more than a thousand fighting men, and is more likely to have been about half that number. The Baphuthi, too, were at that time quite insignificant.

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This raid was so satisfactory that a few months later—that is to say, in the beginning of 1829—Moshesh organised another, conducted also by Moorosi, who, from long practice, had become a past-master in the art. At this time Letsie, Mafa, Jobo, Makuai, Morai, Moholise, and Motintinyane, as well as many other lads, were in the circumcision lodge, and there were few left on Thaba Bosiu, save those who were in charge of this business, and some old men who were in charge of the women and children. Moshesh tried to induce Sekonyela to accompany him on the expedition, which he was undertaking in order to "clothe his son," as he put it. But Sekonyela declined, whereupon Moshesh sent his messenger, Khoho, to Sekonyela, to request him to supervise the circumcision lodge, as his eldest son was among the initiates, and this Sekonyela consented to do.

Now at this time there dwelt on Thaba Bosiu a Motlokoa called Mokakailane. He had fled, so he told Moshesh, from Sekonyela in consequence of an intrigue which he had with one of the chief's wives, but in reality he was a spy of Sekonyela's. Moshesh received him and even gave him a wife. When the expedition started, this worthy, having excused himself from joining it on the plea of sickness, immediately reported to Sekonyela the defenceless state of the place. "The cattle have been left in the care of women," he said; and Sekonyela at once left for Thaba Bosiu with an army. Before, however, he reached Thaba Bosiu, word of his approach came to Ratsiu, an uncle and counsellor of Moshesh. The Batlokoa came on in three parties, and at early dawn one of them, with Sekonyela at the head of it, scaled the mountain without any opposition, the traitor Mokakailane acting as guide. For greater freedom they had left their clothing at the foot of the mountain, at the spot where, later on, Masopha, son of Moshesh, had his village. Having reached the village of Maqhatseng, they killed an old man, Rataba by name, and took the cattle out of the kraals. They also captured many women, including Mamohato, the great wife of Moshesh, and Masekhonyana, and pillaged the houses. Old Mokhachane saved himself by pure luck, and a presence of mind which enabled him to profit by it. As he had no time for flight, and was physically unable to fly if he had it, he began by throwing all his household goods and medicines, bags, horns, etc., in the courtyard (*lelapa*) of his house, to give the appearance of a hurried departure. Then he hid himself inside the hut, so that when the Batlokoa entered the *lelapa*, and saw everything scattered about, they left, imagining

that the place had already been looted and that there was nothing left worth taking. Another band of Batlokoa broke into the circumcision lodge, but the young initiates fled, taking with them the cows which they had been milking. After burning the Mophato, the Batlokoa tried to take these cows, but Letsie and the other initiates attacked them with such vehemence that the would-be raiders were fain to give it up.

Meanwhile Ratsiu had not been idle. As soon as he heard of the approach of the Batlokoa, he spread the alarm on all sides, and by this time those of Moshesh's people who did not live on the mountain had begun to arrive in considerable numbers, and had recaptured the cattle of Makhabane, of which a third band of Batlokoa had possessed themselves.

During this time Sekonyela was taking his ease in Moshesh's chair of state, without any idea of the counter-attack which had already begun. He was, however, suddenly recalled to his senses by the news that many of his warriors had been killed, and that the rest were fighting for their lives. Then, all too late, he hurried down the mountain by the path of Rafutho, causing the cattle and the captured women to be driven before him. At the spot where the mission-station now stands, he encountered the rescue party of Basuto under Ratsoane and Pelea, who, hearing that Sekonyela was carrying off their women, including the queen Mamohato, attacked him with such fury that the Batlokoa began to give way; whereupon the captive women threw themselves upon the ground in order to avoid being carried away in the rush. The Basuto drove the Batlokoa across the Phuthiatsana, right through the herds of captured cattle as far as Sefikeng. From there they returned with the cattle. Others came up with Mokakailane at the cave of Thupa Kubu and slew the traitor there.

Moshesh returned in due course from his raid on the Amaxosa with a fine lot of cattle, which were called "*Khomo-e-Monyatsana*." He was naturally very indignant at what had taken place in his absence, and sent the following rebuke by the mouth of his messenger Khoho, together with four head of the captured cattle. "It is a prey which has fallen to my spear, and, though I send it to thee, I marvel greatly that the *mophato* which I left in thy care has been burned. Whence came the fire that burned it? Moreover, I heard that some of thy people have been killed; how came they to be slain? I ask these

things of thee, Sekonyela." Sekonyela bent his head in shame, and answered never a word. (Narrative of Azariel Sekese.)

But although he had suffered no great damage and his raid had been entirely successful, the result of this incident was to cause Moshesh to refrain from distant expeditions for the time being. The Baphuthi, however, had no such anxieties, and continued their cattle-raids with great perseverance. Thus, some months later, Moorosi and Sepere raided the Tembu chief Maphasa. Just before delivering their attack at dawn, they encountered seven girls who had gone to draw water. These they murdered, lest they might alarm the village, and then delivered their attack. They were entirely successful, and returned with a large number of cattle. Later on Bushmen of Moorosi, being fired by his example, stole two horses from a farmer near Dordrecht. One of these Moorosi sent to Moshesh by the hand of Lipholo, with instructions to teach the chief how to ride it. It was the first horse that Moshesh ever owned, and he was delighted with it, though at first he was rather reluctant to trust himself on its back. He got over this, however, and having mounted awkwardly enough, maintained his balance by means of two long sticks which he held in either hand. Lipholo led the horse about gently, having no better bridle than a bit of olive wood for a bit, with reins of plaited grass. Moshesh, however, in due course became an excellent horseman.

CHAPTER XXI

MOYAKISANE AND LETELE, SONS OF MOHLOMI

ALTHOUGH the family and tribe of Mohlomi had suffered severely at the time of the invasions, we must try not to lose sight of them. Moyakisane, as we have seen, had taken refuge at Qethoane, after having so audaciously captured some cattle from the terrible Matuoane. Then they fell upon very hard times, and had to live by hunting and the milk of these cattle, and Moshesh, taking pity on them, arranged with some of his people to place in his charge (*mafisa*) a herd of cattle, on the milk of which they might feed their children and themselves. It was a courteous and a kind action, and it also provided some sort of safety for the stock, as Qethoane was out of the way of the raids of the Korannas, for those were the days of the ancient law:

"That he should take who has the power,
And he shall keep who can."

According to Nehemiah, 700 head were sent about the middle of the year 1829, while Letele was still at Thaba Bosiu, in command of the Mahebeng, the regiment of the third royal house.

Now Makhabane and Posholi, being loyal if indiscreet supporters of their elder brother, were very jealous of all who for any cause might seek to question his right to the position he was making for himself. For this they had ruined None and continued to persecute Makhetha, and now they turned their attention to Moyakisane. After the departure of the Amangwane, says Nehemiah, Posholi and Makhabane, unknown to Moshesh, attacked Moyakisane and Nkuruo, and swept off all their cattle, but without killing any one. On their way back they sought a quarrel with old Makhetha, who, however, having seen them pass on their forward journey, had watched them by his spies and was ready for them.

In the morning Posholi, as he passed, sent two of his messengers,

named Mocholi and Ramoposhole, to him with a dog which he had taken from Moyakisane, and a message saying, "Keep him till I come to fetch him." The messengers found Makhetha's people already under arms, and Ramoposhole fell under their spears, while his companion Mocholi was captured and bound, so that he might be killed at leisure after they had fought Posholi, which they at once proceeded to do.

Makhetha's people were divided into three corps of Bantu, while a fourth consisted of Bushmen archers. Posholi and Makhabane had but one corps each. Makhetha, however, was beaten with a loss of eight killed, including his son Ntai. This was the third occasion upon which the sons of Mokhachane attacked the Bamonaheng. Moyakisane and Nkuruo did not attempt to retaliate, and, a little later on, Makhetha, embittered and worn out by repeated aggression, jealous, too, no doubt, at the waxing power of Moshesh in contrast to the waning of his own, crossed the Caledon with his sons and people, and made friends with the Korannas. It is said that he incited them to attack Moshesh, and it is true that after the attack they made on Thaba Bosiu under Pii, some of Makhetha's sons were found among their dead. They seem to have acted as guides, and this is why, according to Nehemiah, Makhabane and Posholi again attacked Makhetha without Moshesh's knowledge beyond the Caledon. They fought him on the banks of the Mohokatsana (Wilgebosch Spruit), where he was slain by the hand of one Pokane, who had special orders from Posholi to account for him. All the cattle of the Bamonaheng were captured, and the sons and followers of Makhetha were scattered abroad. Most of them sought refuge in Cape Colony.

When Moshesh heard of the thing he was very wroth, and cried out in his indignation, "Who has given Posholi the right to slay a man of rank? Let him be seized and slain!" But the people interceded for Posholi, and also for Pokane, who had only obeyed orders, so that their lives were spared.

At the close of this year, Letele, elder brother of Moyakisane, who had hitherto been living peaceably at Thaba Bosiu, began to say that he ought to be moving to Qethoane to join his brother. Moshesh tried to dissuade him, because he did not want to lose him, and because he knew that Letele, being the senior, would at once begin to dispute the chieftainship with Moyakisane. He said that if Letele desired to leave Thaba Bosiu, he could place him at Qeme, and would even give

him some men of the Mahebeng regiment, of which he was captain, to live with him. But the fate of his uncle Makhetha, hitherto unavenged, hung heavily on the mind of Letele, and inspired in him such a profound distrust of Moshesh's brothers and the Bamokoteli that he declined all Moshesh's proposals. Up to the moment of his departure Moshesh showed him every consideration, and treated him with great kindness; but he went all the same and joined his brother Moyakisane.

It was in the following year, 1830, according to Nehemiah, that Moshesh decided to recall the cattle which he had lent to Moyakisane. He left, accompanied by twenty-three young men on horseback and about thirty warriors on foot. He reached Qethoane in the evening and spent the night with Nkuruo, for the death of Makhetha was heavy on his conscience, and it was hard for him to take the hospitality of the nephew of the old man who had been killed by his brother. During the night a messenger arrived from Letele and Moyakisane to summon Moshesh's host. They had plotted to avenge their uncle's death by killing Moshesh, but Moyakisane would not consent, remembering past kindness. He had no objection, however, to making off with the vast herd of cattle committed to his care, and that same night he left with all 700 of them, crossing the Orange River above Aliwal North. Moshesh returned to Thaba Bosiu, without making any reprisal, though Moyakisane had left all his women and children behind. He derived no benefit from his capture, however, as before three months had passed, the whole of it had fallen into the hands of the Korannas.

It is then that Moyakisane, with all belonging to him, including Maliepollo, wandered south over the Stormberg to beyond Grahamstown. There at Theopolis they came under the influence of the Gospel. Klein Jan Letele went to school, where he learned to read and write. They remained there earning their living until 1835, when all the Basuto were ordered to return to their own country, the Cape Government being apprehensive of their joining the Kaffirs, who were then in rebellion.

CHAPTER XXII

THE MAKHOLOKOE AND MAHLAPO

(a) THE MAKHOLOKOE

THE tribe of the Makholokoe was, as we have seen, a large and important one. For over 200 years they lived in the district of Standerton, on the right bank of the Vaal. They lived there fairly peaceably, until dispersed by Matuoane in 1822. But after the departure of the Amangwane, the Makholokoe went back to their old place. A year later Moselekatse attacked them, killed many and took much cattle. The chief Mokete and Sefanyobatho, his grandson, were killed in the fray. Shortly before Mokete's son, Phoka, had been killed by a lion, but his widow escaped from the hands of the Matebele, and fled to Besekase, carrying with her her little son. She found shelter with Mofeli, alias Molapo, chief of the Mahlapo; with whom she remained while her son grew up and married Sime,* daughter of Polane, chief of the second branch of the tribe.

The deaths of Mokete, Phoka and Sefanyobatho allowed the second branch to overshadow the first, and, probably in order to reinstate Molohe, whom he had brought up, Mofeli attacked the former, who were at that time under Polane, and took a large number of cattle from them. Polane was killed in the fight. In their flight the Makholokoe encountered the Bahlakoana of Nkokoto, and attacked them with fury.†

When the storm of the first Lifaqane had somewhat subsided, Molohe, being the chief of the clan, tried to collect his father's people; but the Boers had arrived upon the scene by this time, and drove him out of his village. He fled to Wetsi, son of his uncle Polane. After

* Evidently a mistake. Sime was the son of Polane, and Molohe married his daughter, that is to say, the granddaughter of Polane.—J. C. M.

† They were severely defeated by Nkokoto, who took three herds of cattle from them.—J. C. M.

this he made another attempt to establish himself at Thaba Kholo, near Bethlehem, but the Batlokoa drove him from there. He returned to Wetsi, but did not remain long with him, and after a short time he placed himself under Moshesh. It was then that Letlatsa, alias Machobeni, grandson of Polane, murdered in cold blood certain of Molohe's people who were coming to join him. He also assassinated Rantekoane and some of his people for having, as he alleged, betrayed his father Tsuisi to the Matebele. After this murder he fled to Natal for fear of Moshesh, who had marked him out for vengeance. A year later, in 1852, he entered the service of Mr. J. M. Orpen, who was surveying the farm of Mr. Cornelius de Villiers on the banks of the Mill River, Orange Free State. This farmer and the chief Lesaoana Makhabane were the initial causes of the war of 1864.*

(b) THE MAHLAPO

In dealing with the Makholokoe we have had occasion to notice these people; and it will be well now to describe them briefly, as they came to play a considerable part in Basutoland affairs in the second and third periods of this history. They are a clan of Matebele, and at the time of which we are writing lived on the right bank of the Vaal at Besekase, where there is a sort of natural bridge over the river, formed of rocks approaching each other so closely from either side that natives were able to cross without difficulty with the help of a few branches bridging the space between them. Mofeli, alias Molapo, son of Mafohla, was ruling over them at the time, and he and Moshesh became good friends, each of them rendering the other important services as occasion offered. It was he who, as related, assisted Moshesh to come under the wing of Chaka, to whom he also was tributary, and Moshesh called his second son after him.

When Mofeli was old and perceived that his days were numbered, he sent to Moshesh, saying, "Behold, I have a son called Mahlakala.

* Owing possibly to their intimate relations with the Mahlapo, many of the customs and practices of the Makholokoe differ from those of the other Basuto. Their law of succession, for instance, is that of the Mahlapo and other Matebele.

It has always been the practice of the Matebele to impose their laws, customs, and language on tributary peoples, while the Basuto have never done so. The cases of the Bafokeng of Ntsuanatsatsi on the one hand and of the Mahlapo on the other are good illustrations. These Bafokeng are now Matebele (Tembus) in every respect; while the Mahlapo are just as much Matebele to-day as they were when they first came under Basuto rule.—J. C. M.

O son of Mokhachane, my friend, I commend him to thy care when I shall be no more." It was, as we have seen, with Mofeli that the young widow of the Makholokoe chief Phoka took refuge with her child Molohe, and it was Mofeli who made war on the second branch of that tribe, killing many of them and capturing much cattle. After the death of Mofeli, and during the time of his son Mahlakala, the Mahlapo sustained a severe reverse at the hands of the Swazis of Rapotsa. Those who escaped the massacre took refuge at their stronghold, Besekase; and among them was Mahlakala. A heavy mist aided their escape. They were again attacked, and this time Mahlakala was wounded and his people put to flight. As Mahlakala was flying before his enemies, being sore weakened by his wound and about to fall into their hands, a thunderbolt fell between him and them, causing them to recoil in fear, for they believed he had brought it by magic. And indeed it was remarkable, for the sky was clear except for one small cloud above them. But ever since Mofeli's death, the Swazis ceased not to harass the Mahlapo, so the latter left Besekase and went to live at Konoane. There they came into contact with the Boers, who accused them of stealing their cattle. The chief was summoned to appear before them, but sent his chief warrior Mokako instead, with instructions to pretend that he was the chief. They made a prisoner of Mokako, but later on discovered their mistake. Meanwhile Mahlakala left Konoane by night, but the Boers took some of his cattle. "The report that we heard of the Boers robbing the Zulu chief Mofeli [Mahlakala] is quite true. They took a great quantity of cattle and sixty children. The parties sold each child for a horse. Pretorius, it is said, disapproved of this, and was busy with the affair when the Natal explosion took place [1838?]. Mofeli followed them to within a few miles of their residence, when his men turned back. The Boers got up a commando of a hundred men to attack him for doing so, but their hearts failed, and they returned. This was just as the Natal War broke out" (J. M. Orpen).

Before this, however, Mahlakala had told his people of the refuge his father had provided for him with Moshesh, though circumstances had hitherto prevented him from availing himself of it. Among other things, there was a dispute among his brothers about the chieftainship. One of them attacked another, but Mahlakala arrived in time to recapture the cattle which Makopoi had taken. Kholoane, the other, fled to Chaka, who, however, refused to take up his quarrel, and

on his return he found his village in flames, having been set fire to by Mahlakala. This was probably about 1827 or 1828.

Long afterwards, when Mahlakala was on his way to Basutoland, he was attacked by the Makholokoe of Mafehleng, who captured his cattle. But Moshesh, who had been warned of his approach, sent his son Molapo to meet him. The latter sent his son Josefa with Makotoko, son of Makhabane, who, having arrived at Rapule, rushed on the Makholokoe and put them to flight. All the cattle were recaptured and restored to Mahlakala. This took place in the year 1857 or 1858.

Moshesh placed Mahlakala at Nkoto under the care of Sehloho.*

* The Mahlapo tribe are now living on the right bank of Liphelaneng under chief Joel Molapo. They still, however, preserve their Matebele customs, characteristics, and language.—J. C. M.

CHAPTER XXIII

INVASION OF THE MATEBELE OF MOSELEKATSE

CANNIBALISM was drawing to its close among the people, and, after the departure of the Amangwane and the repulse of Sekonyela, Moshesh was beginning to breathe freely on his mountain stronghold, when new and formidable enemies swooped down upon his country. From the north came Moselekatse, and from the west the Korannas, who, being mounted and armed with muskets, were formidable foes and had already done great damage to the Bechuana tribes.

What Pakalita and Matuoane had been to the Basuto of the Free State plains and the Caledon and Orange River valleys, Moselekatse was to those who lived north of the Vaal, viz. the Bafokeng-ba-kuena, Bakhatla, Maphuthing of other branches, Bapeli, Baphiri, Banare, scattered clans of Batlokoa, Bataung, Batloun, etc., most of whom he reduced to misery. And though it is perhaps somewhat without the purview of this history, it may be well to devote a few lines to a short biographical sketch of this man of blood.

Moselekatse was the son of Matshobane, chief of the small tribe of the Ndwandwe. The Ndwandwe were conquered by Zwedi, who, however, after their submission, allowed them to remain under Moselekatse. Then Zwedi, in his turn, was conquered by Chaka and fled to Evande, where he died, and whence his son Sekhonyana was driven by Chaka to find his death in the country of the Amashangana. Moselekatse, however, though their vassal, remained under Chaka for the time being, and some of Sekhonyana's people came and joined him after the flight of their chief.

It was soon after his circumcision that Moselekatse sought permission from Chaka to wash his spear in the blood of a tribe of Basuto, whose chief was Ra'nisi. Chaka gave permission, and sent his messenger Qozo to see and report how Moselekatse conducted operations. These were entirely successful; many Basuto were killed, and a large number of cattle taken. On the return of Moselekatse, Chaka demanded the

spoil; but Moselekatse, being full of pride, sent him but a few head and an impudent message. Then Chaka sent other messengers, whom Moselekatse put to shame by cutting off the plumes of their headgear, and sent them back with messages more impudent than before. These messengers having departed, Moselekatse began to reflect upon what he had done; and being sure that Chaka's vengeance would be swift and terrible, he retired into the forest, where, having fortified himself, he had good hopes of being able to sustain an attack by Chaka's Zulus, and even beat them off, after which he might depart at his leisure.

But Zeni, the brother of Moselekatse, fled secretly by night and showed to the men of Chaka where his brother had gone, and how he might be reached. Moselekatse, however, had arranged a place of meeting far in his rear, where his people might reassemble in the event of his present position being forced, and whither the women, children, and cattle had already been sent. When therefore he saw that the Zulus were in possession of the approach to his stronghold, he retired to this place, and, sending the women, children, and cattle on before in a north-westerly direction, he delayed and fought a series of very successful rearguard actions until the pursuit was abandoned. Having to pass through the country of Nyoka, a tributary of Chaka, Moselekatse sent an embassy to offer him his submission. Nyoka, however, being suspicious of him, sought to capture him, whereupon Moselekatse destroyed him and his people, slaying even the women and children, and captured all his cattle. After this Moselekatse attacked some Basuto of the tribe of the Maphuthing, who were tributary to Chaka. These fled to Sembane, a chief of Nyawa, who had already received orders from Chaka to intercept the rebel. Sembane accordingly assembled the fighting strength of all the clans and tribes round about, and went forward with a strong force to attack Moselekatse, who was resting for a while in the region from which he had driven the Maphuthing. Sembane's strength was five times as great as that of Moselekatse; but the warriors of the latter, knowing full well that defeat meant death to every one of them, fought with a desperate courage, and, notwithstanding their numerical inferiority, repulsed them with great slaughter, many being driven over the precipices into a deep ravine, where they perished. Moselekatse was distinguished by his personal prowess, as well as by his plume of white ostrich feathers. After his victory he utterly destroyed Sembane and the Maphuthing, and seized all their stock.

Leaving behind him this devastated country, Moselekatse went and attacked Makotoko, son of Mokotatsie, and independent chief of the Maphuthing of the branch of Khoasi, who, in consequence of inter-tribal war, had separated from their compatriots and joined the Bapeli. Makotoko and his people lived in a beautiful valley on the banks of the Steelpoort River, where, at a later date, the Boers of the Transvaal had to deal with his son Mapoch, or more properly Mapogo.

Makotoko joined with Sebindi, a neighbouring chief, in order to repel this invasion, and, as they went to meet the enemy, they drove before them a herd of white cattle in order to raise a cloud of dust. But Moselekatse saw through the ruse, and ordered his people to charge into the advancing cattle, waving their shields in order to frighten them and turn them back upon their owners. Then, taking advantage of the confusion produced in their ranks by the stampeding cattle, the Matebele flung themselves upon the allies and killed a great number of them, while the remainder scattered and fled, leaving their homes and villages in the hands of the destroyers. Moselekatse and his people took possession of them with the more satisfaction as there was much food stored in them. Shortly afterwards Makotoko and Sebindi made their submission, but though for the moment their lives were spared, their women were reduced to slavery, and the men were enlisted and sent with others to find a certain Ramolisa (otherwise Somaliso). They could not find him, and on their return two regiments were sent to look for Makotoko, who was believed to be in hiding. He was found and killed by impalement, as well as all who were supposed to be faithful to him, and the wives and children of these victims were given over to the warriors of Moselekatse.

Having destroyed many villages and ruined many tribes, the Makhelokoe among others, Moselekatse set up his headquarters at Mohlahlantse, on the right bank of the Ntse-bohloko (Apis River), not far from its confluence with the Limpopo. Ere long he proceeded to the north-west, and attacked the Bapeli, "who defied him at Matamoga and Marema," says Mr. Arbousset; and four years passed before they heard anything more of him. Indeed, they made a national song in his derision, viz., "It sleeps; it is tired, the evil beast; its roars trouble us no more."

Moselekatse, however, was not asleep; he was merely occupying himself in the subjugation of the Maphuthing of Ratsebe, and had by no means forgotten the Bapeli, as they were soon to learn. These

Maphuthing are those who fled across the Vaal before Ramohotsi at an early period of the Lifaqane.

In 1826 Moselekatse returned with forces greatly increased by refugees of the people of Zwedi and Sekhonyana, who had been scattered by Chaka, and appeared before the Bapeli town Makhoarane. He took the town and sacked it, slaughtering a great number of persons and capturing all the cattle of the Bapeli. Six months later he again made these people, who had once defied him, feel his displeasure. He sent one of his officers, Ketzane by name, at the head of a regiment to seize all the men of Matamoga and bring them to his place of residence. "He made them," says Mr. Arbousset, "construct a palisade of mimosa poles, five feet high, round his harem, which at that time comprised forty-four huts, and measured about a mile in circumference. These unfortunate Basuto (for the Bapeli wore the breech-cloth from which the Basuto get their name) had to work all day cutting down trees and transporting them long distances, without any of the tools or appliances necessary for the task. No food was given them, and when they sank exhausted by hunger and fatigue, other of their countrymen were brought in to carry on the work.

While this work was going on, in June 1827, Moselekatse left to pursue Mahlomaholo, son of Pakalita, who, with all his people, was escaping from his authority, which they disliked. How he abandoned this pursuit and, in January or February 1828, turned on the Amangwane at Hlohloloane, and afterwards at Senyotong, has already been related; by which latter action he unconsciously played into the hands of Moshesh, by ridding him of a dangerous neighbour.

In November 1829 Moselekatse received the missionary Robert Moffat with great rejoicing. Mr. Moffat had come with two of Moselekatse's chief Indunas, whom he had sent to Kuruman to make the acquaintance of the missionaries and learn as much as they could about the white people. After having passed about ten days with Moselekatse, Mr. Moffat returned laden with presents, the chief himself accompanying him a good way on the road. At about the same time Rev. James Archbul went to see the Matebele chief.

Kaffir corn had been sown that year, but while it was growing a troop of mounted Griquas armed with guns came to attack one of the outlying villages. They killed a number of Matebele and took some cattle, but though they were repulsed, they suffered no loss, owing to the inability of the Matebele to come to close quarters.

During the winter of the second harvest, June 1830, Nhlanganiso deserted, in order to join the Zulus. In his flight he met a Zulu army under Dingaan, and took service with them as a guide. Some of Moselekatse's villages, those of Ndinaneni and Nkungwane, were taken by surprise at night. News of this came to Moselekatse, who took the field with his regiments. He would appear, however, to have retired before the Zulus without offering battle; for the latter pillaged his town and massacred many of the inhabitants. They also set free the miserable Bapeli wood-cutters, and sent them to their homes.*

Moselekatse retired to the north of the mountain Mlula, which spot later on became famous as the stronghold of Sekukuni. His retirement was probably due to the fact that, at the time of the attack, five of his regiments were absent on an expedition against the Mashona chief Mgibe, beyond the Limpopo and Umzingwane Rivers, where they killed many people and captured many cattle.

While these five regiments were still absent, the forces of Barend Barend, composed of Bergnaar's Griquas, Korannas, Barolong, and Bahlaping, attacked several of the outlying villages of the Matebele, killed the men, and carried off the women and children and all the cattle within reach. They returned by the way they had come, and, in their pride, at their first halt gave themselves up to merrymaking and dividing the spoil. They feasted long and slept soundly, many of them never to wake again, for though they had been warned that Moselekatse would certainly pursue them, they thought little of it. During the night the regiment of the *Amahlopo* (married men), who had been sent in pursuit, came upon them and massacred them all, save a very few who managed to escape unobserved owing to the darkness. The women, children, and booty were all recovered, as well as sixty guns, and many horses, with saddles and bridles, which were captured from the enemy.

But this victory, complete as it was, did not satisfy Moselekatse. He resolved to punish these people at their homes, and accordingly sent three regiments against them. These came upon an encampment of Griquas on the banks of the Vaal and slew every one of them, men, women, and children, with the exception of one girl and two boys. The girl was the daughter of Peter David, the successor of Barend Barend. Some waggons and oxen were also captured and taken to Moselekatse.

* It was on this occasion that Dingaan was first called by the name Manomolele ("liberator").—J. C. M.

In the same year, 1831, Moselekatse sent an expedition against the Makholokoe and other tribes—viz. the Lihoya, the Baramokhele, the Batlokoa, and Bamokoteli. These raids were all the more deplorable as there had been three years of drought, and the people were already well-nigh starving, living on roots and grass seed, and such little milk as they were able to get from their famine-stricken cattle. In this way the Lihoya, and the Baramokhele, who lived in small communities, scattered here and there, were reduced to utter misery. From the neighbourhood of Mekuatleng the Matebele ravaged all the country up to Thaba Ntso, where the Baramokhele dwelt, under Phupjoane, son of Mosololi. These were utterly despoiled, and Phupjoane fled to Thaba Phatsoa (Zwart Langberg), where he died of misery. His son Mpholo succeeded him, and had better fortune than his father, for he was able to remain on this mountain, which, like so many others in these parts, has a grassy plateau on the top and is a kind of natural fortress.

Enriched by the cattle they had captured, the Matebele next attacked the Batlokoa at Khoro-e-betloa, but as they were approaching they were perceived by a woman who had been to draw water at an unusually early hour of the morning. She raised an alarm, and the Batlokoa were in time to defend the pass, killing two of the foremost Matebele. As, owing to its nature, the stronghold of Sekonyela could only be taken by surprise, the Matebele abandoned the attempt, and went off to attack Moshesh at Thaba Bosiu. Their intention having been surmised by Sekonyela, or having become known to him by other means, he was kind enough to send a swift messenger to warn Moshesh.

The attack was made in March 1831, and the following account of it is taken from Mr. E. Casalis in *The Basutos*, p. 22:

"At a little distance from Thaba Bosigo is a charming little river winding its way among willow trees. On the borders of the stream the troops of Moselekatse halted to recover from the fatigues of a march of more than a hundred leagues.* From the top of the mountain they might frequently be seen bathing, arranging their military ornaments, sharpening their javelins, and towards evening executing their war-

* Mr. Casalis has used the term "Zulus" instead of Matebele, which is the correct one. He also, in talking of their journey of over a hundred leagues, doubtless means the distance from the point from which they started a series of journeys hither and thither which covered a considerable period of time. The distance travelled on the last journey from Sekonyela's was about fifty miles.—J. C. M.

dances. The Basutos on their side did not remain idle. They carefully barricaded the breaches that time had made in their gigantic citadel. The assault was made simultaneously upon two opposite points, and was at first terrific. Nothing seemed able to arrest the rush of the enemy. Accustomed to victory, the Zulus advanced in serried ranks, not appearing to notice the masses of basalt which came rolling down with a tremendous noise from the top of the mountain. But soon there was a general crush—an irresistible avalanche of stones, accompanied by a shower of javelins, sent back the assailants with more rapidity than they had advanced. The chiefs might be seen rallying the fugitives, and, snatching away the plumes with which their heads were decorated, and trampling them under foot in a rage, would lead their men again towards the formidable rampart. This desperate attempt succeeded no better than the former one. The blow was decisive. The next day the Zulus resumed their march and returned home to their sovereign. At the moment of their departure a Mosuto, driving some fat oxen, stopped before the front rank and gave this message. 'Moshesh salutes you. Supposing that hunger has brought you to this country, he sends you these cattle that you may eat them on your way home.'

"Some years after, being at Cape Town, I saw there some deputies of Moselekatse. On asking them if they knew the chief of the Basutos, they replied quickly, 'Know him? Yes! That is the man who, after having rolled down rocks upon our heads, sent us oxen for food. We will never attack him again.' And they kept their word."

In March 1832 Mr. J. P. Pellissier, of the Paris Evangelical Mission, having had occasion to visit Moselekatse and to remain three weeks at his place, had an excellent opportunity of studying this famous chief. He describes him as follows: "He is a young man of middle stature, full-faced, and of good physical proportions. His forehead is round and open. Ambition, suspicion, and an expression of most extraordinary absent-mindedness are imprinted on his features. He has an interesting countenance and an agreeable smile. He received me most graciously and with every proof of friendship. The only distinction between him and his subjects is his distinguished and dignified appearance, and the sternness of his expression. The changeableness of his mind is phenomenal, as he will affirm with a yes or negative with a no from one moment to the other. Of a character so gloomy that he trusts no one, not even any of his own subjects. He

has no fixed abode—hardly has he been a few days in one place before he wants to depart from it. Montesquieu says, with truth, 'Despots are the slaves of fear.' He is capable of committing the most heinous crimes at the very moment in which he is flattering one—he makes a statement, and acts in direct opposition to it; to-day he lifts you up into the clouds, and to-morrow he will plan your death. When he is plotting mischief, he seems most at rest; and in order to wage war with the more success, he begins by proposing peace. He and his people are plunged in the deepest ignorance; they have no comforting ideas as to any existence after death; it is impossible to meet with a more savage people—no clothes whatever cover their bodies, which are absolutely naked. Polygamy flourishes among them, the chief himself having more than two hundred wives" (*Journal des Missions*, 1833, pp. 13-15).

Soon after the departure of this missionary, the Matebele went westward and scattered the different tribes of Bechuana, destroying the work which the missionaries had begun among them. But Moselekatse's attention was now directed to the Boer immigrants, who were not only possessing themselves of his cattle, but, what was more serious, seemed inclined to settle in his country. This is why, on August 1, 1836, he attacked the Boers who were camping on the banks of the Vaal, and again on September 1, when the Matebele killed every one of them in the encampment, viz. fifteen men and five women, and captured five waggons, seventy-four oxen, and a number of horses as well as other spoil.

On October 2, 1836, an expedition was sent under Nkalipi and Gundwane to attack some Boers who had fortified themselves on the banks of the Tikoe (Vet River). They captured all the stock of the farmers, but at a heavy loss to themselves, for many of them were killed by rifle fire. On January 17, 1837, the Boers, being reinforced, attacked in their turn some villages of the Matebele near Mosika, and killed many of their foes, capturing a large number of cattle.

Moselekatse now came to see that the spears of his warriors were of little use against the rifles of the Boers, and decided to emigrate with all his people. He moved north-west to Maroko with the intention of settling there, but after suffering another defeat at the hands of the Boers, he crossed the Limpopo, and, accompanied by only one man, was for some time a fugitive, wearing a ragged old skin over his shoulders as disguise. He was followed at a short distance by a few men escort-

ing some women and cattle. He passed by the hills of Molipe, only twelve miles distant from the camp of Gaberones, and from there on to the hills of Mochudi. At that time the Bakhatla were still taking refuge with their relations the Bapeli. The chief of the Matebele pursued his way along the Notoane River to its junction with the Limpopo at Palla, whence he followed the latter stream on the left bank. He crossed the Mahalapye and halted at Tswapong Hills. There his warriors rejoined him with such stock as they had been able to save from the Boers.

From Tswapong Hills Moselekatse made reconnaissances in various directions. Some of his people went towards the Makalaka, while others overran the adjacent parts of the Kalahari. Finding nothing to attract them there, they went northward, and came to the country of the Balalimo, where, having driven out the inhabitants, they made use of the ripe crops. While these events were taking place, Moselekatse himself had departed in a north-westerly direction, but the commanders concerned sent him a report about it. Another regiment had meanwhile attacked the people of Ndawana (Tawana), who lived in a country full of reeds. The Matebele captured some cattle, but the men of Tawana pursued them and, attacking them twice by night, inflicted heavy loss upon them. "All the adult males who fell into the hands of the Matebele at Bolalimo were killed, but the females and young people were enslaved. In this manner the Matebele become masters of the country" (J. M. Orpen).

CHAPTER XXIV

INVASION OF THE KORANNAS

THE Korannas were the descendants of the Hottentots who lived at the Cape before the appearance of the Portuguese in 1510. On the arrival of the Dutch in 1652, Qora, chief of the Hottentots, was killed in opposing them, and soon afterwards the whole tribe, under the orders of Eikomo, his son, left for the north-west.

They crossed the Nieuwberg Range, and settled in the country which a century later came to be known as the districts of Richmond and Victoria West. Towards the end of the eighteenth century, however, the Boers, waging a war of extermination against the Bushmen, and advancing from Graaf-Reinet more and more to the north, forced the Hottentots beyond the Orange River. Their advanced parties crossed the river at the spot where Hopetown now stands, where they encountered the Bahlaping, whom they reduced to starvation by robbing them of their stock. Here they were joined by others of their race, called the Springboks, and the most influential man among them was chosen as captain of the whole. This was Jan Bloem, a German by descent, and an evil-doer; who, with the aid of his gun, had already enriched himself by seizing the cattle of his neighbours. From Hopetown they resided for a time near a spring, which ever since has borne the name of Bloemfontein, called after this rascal, and where the capital of the Orange Free State was afterwards erected.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century other Korannas, divided into several branches, crossed the Orange. The principal branch was that of Taaibosch; another, and an offshoot of it, was called Linx; and a third Toovenaar, from which sprang a fourth, known as the Gaap or Katse. The country they entered upon, divided by the Vaal, was as yet uninhabited, save by the Bushmen who occupied it but sparsely.* The Korannas had relations with them, but were by no means friendly.

* This may be said of the lower reaches of the Vaal, but at Bloemfontein they were certainly in close proximity with Bantu.—J. C. M.

Toovenaar's and Katse's people ascended the Vaal and settled on the banks of the Hart River. Others emigrated into the country which was afterwards to be known as Griqualand West, owing to the arrival of the Griquas from Cape Colony. The latter were poor, but they had guns, which they sold to the Korannas for cattle. The Korannas, being warlike, went north in search of adventure. Armed with their guns, they attacked the Bahlaping, the Barolong, the Batlaro, the Bakuena, the Bahurutse, and other tribes, very much to their own profit, owing to the superiority of their weapons. They remained in friendship with the Griquas, who continued to supply them with firearms in exchange for cattle and slaves, viz. Bushmen, women and children. Other Korannas settled on the Riet Spruit, the chief among them being Piet Wet Voet, a brigand of the worst possible type.

During the first quarter of the nineteenth century the Korannas never ceased harassing the Barolong, raiding their cattle, and even driving them from their homes at Taung to their old place at Khunwane in the north.

Having ravaged the Batswana, the Korannas turned their attention to other Basuto. Indeed, it was Sifunelo, father of Moroko, who implored their aid against the Bataung of Moletsane, as we have already had occasion to remark.

After their encounters with the Bataung, which were not entirely one-sided, the Korannas began attacking the Basuto here and there all over the country. They also attacked the Amangwane at Senyotong. Only one of this lot of Korannas was mounted and in possession of a gun—the rest were on foot; but they took numbers of cattle, and drove the herds before them. The Amangwane followed, not daring to attack for fear of the extraordinary monster composed of horse and rider, and the fire of the gun. It was only when the ammunition was expended, and the horse knocked up by galloping to and fro after the cattle, that they dared to approach, stabbing the horse with their spears. As the animal fell, their surprise was great to see it and its rider fall apart, and it was only then that they realised that the two together were not one animal. It was too late, however, to hope to recover the captured cattle.

The superiority of their weapons, and mobility, enabled the Korannas to go raiding in parties of only eight or ten men, and the Basuto were seldom able to protect their property from foes who appeared suddenly, as it were, from nowhere, slew their herds from a distance, and

were gone with the booty before a force to resist them could be assembled. Besides cattle, the Korannas captured numbers of women and children, whom they sold as slaves to the farmers for cattle, guns, and ammunition. Maliepollo, widow of Mohlomi, had her cattle lifted in this way by the Koranna Conrad Buis, near Clocolan.

At the beginning of 1827, after the war between Sifunelo and Moletsane, a band of Korannas, in search of plunder, came and camped at some distance from the Bataung, who were observing them, without the Korannas being aware of their presence. Moletsane seized the opportunity, surprised them at night, and, after killing a good number, captured much booty, including horses and guns.

The Makholokoe of Sehami and of Marobele fell in with a band of Korannas at the junction of the Vaal and Orange Rivers; and, though only six of these had guns and horses, the rest being armed with bows and arrows only, the Makholokoe were severely handled; many were killed and others captured. Those who escaped returned north to Makate, where they joined others of their tribe, under Tsuisi, who had just been defeated by the Bahlakoana of Nkokoto.

The Batlounge of Moshabesha also suffered at the hands of the Korannas, who attacked them when they were flying before the Amahlubi, slew Moshabesha, and captured women, children, and cattle (*Basuto Traditions*, pp. 55-7).

It was some Korannas and Griquas, in alliance with, or employed by, the Bahlaping, who, as we have seen, defeated the Bahlakoana of Nkharahanye, killing many with guns, and driving others into the swollen Vaal, where they perished in the flood.

It was Adam Kok with his Griquas and Korannas who crushed Moletsane in 1828, forcing the latter and the survivors of his people to take service with them.

After raiding the cattle of Ramonyaola and Ramaseli, and attacking Makhabane at Ntlokholo, a band of Korannas under Nthako, son of Potsane, attacked the stronghold of Mohale at Korokoro. They dismounted to scale the mountain, leaving their horses under a guard at the foot. Mohale, seeing this, detached a strong party to capture the horses, while his main body held the fort. The horses were duly captured and the attack failed, and, their retreat being cut off, the Korannas were all killed, save only a few Bushmen who got away. A son having been born to Mohale about this time, he called his name Potsane in memory of the event.

Hendrick and his Korannas had planned an attack on Thaba Bosiu, but Moshesh, having got wind of it, decided to forestall it. He attacked and surprised them in their camp and killed every one of them, save Hendrick and another, who escaped in the dark. Moshesh returned with much spoil, including guns and horses.

A few months later, in September 1830, the Korannas made another attack, in the course of which Rakuabatsane, Rabooi, and Tsuete were killed.

We have already mentioned the raid of the Koranna Pii, led by Makhetha's sons, and its consequences to the latter.

From Thaba Bosiu the Korannas attacked Sekonyela at Yoalaboholo, where the Batlokoa were much discouraged by the death in battle of Lehahao, a brave and trusty leader.

About the time of the attack of Pii on Thaba Bosiu a son was born to Moshesh, who was named Pii in consequence. He is, however, better known by the name of Sofonia, by which he was baptized.

Korannas of Piet Wet Voet, guided by Kompi, attempted to raid the Baphuthi of Mokuoane about this time. But when they drew near to Bolepeletsa, where the Baphuthi lived, they were observed from the hill-top, and during the night Moorosi fell upon their encampment on the bank of the Tele at the drift. Several were killed, leaving their guns and horses in possession of the Baphuthi, and the rest fled. But Moorosi lost some cattle later on to another band of Korannas, led by the Amaxosa chief Mokooqo, alias Danster, in consequence of which Moorosi left Tulumaneng, and settled on a high hill in the valley of the Motjanyane, where he felt more secure. Meanwhile the Korannas, having committed two other raids on one of the Baphuthi named Lipholo, and on Qoashu, a Mosuto living on the site of what is now the Masitisi mission-station, Moorosi came to the rescue with Sepere, and followed up the raiders. He found them encamped at the junction of the Orange and Tele Rivers, without being perceived himself. Sepere crossed the Tele to cut off their retreat; and at dawn Moorosi fell upon them. Two were killed, and the rest escaped across the Orange River, some by clinging to logs of wood, others by swimming. Moorosi and his Baphuthi returned with the plunder, which consisted of four cattle, sixteen horses, seven guns, and a like number of powder-horns, in addition to the cattle which he recaptured from the robbers.

During the winter of 1831 the Korannas of Piet Wet Voet made a

determined attack on Ntlokhlo with a view to capturing the cattle which were collected there for the winter. Ntlokhlo is a spacious and lofty cave in the side of the hill about a hundred feet above the level of the plain. To reach it one has first to climb a steep and rugged path, and then to pass through a narrow and tortuous path between the rocks for about a hundred yards. The difficulty of the approach, while it made for the security of the actual stronghold, made it at the same time more difficult for the occupants to collect their cattle from the valley below, especially when the raiders were armed with guns. Many Basuto were killed before they were able to get near their enemy; Mopeli, a brother of Moshesh, had a finger shot off; and the result was a heavy loss of cattle.

So demoralised were the Basuto that Moshesh thought to purchase immunity by paying tribute to the Korannas, as he had formerly done to Chaka and Matuoane. He accordingly sent some cattle, but his emissaries were badly received and condemned to death. Two of them, however, effected their escape. The raiding continued, and no one felt safe. To such an extent was it carried on that Moshesh resolved to put an end to it once for all, by crushing Piet Wet Voet in one big battle, if he could manage to arrange it. It was not, however, till 1836 that he was able to carry out this plan.

CHAPTER XXV

CANNIBALISM

CANNIBALISM was such a factor of misery during the times of Lifaqane that we think it well to devote a special chapter to it. From small beginnings it spread over the whole country between the Orange and the Vaal, depopulating the land, and stopping all friendly intercourse between tribes and villages. Murder and robbery were the order of the day, and people dared not move about except in large armed parties. Even then, if the party were not large, it would probably prefer to travel by night to avoid enemies. But even at night the man-eaters lay in wait, and more often than not succeeded in capturing caravans.

Cannibalism is a sort of mental aberration brought about by the pangs of hunger, which render a man incapable of realising the horror of it, or of anything except his own suffering and misery. Those who became addicted to it formed themselves into secret associations, as much to justify themselves as to encourage each other. These associations were numerous, and each one had its leader, who, of course, was the most ravenous and blood-thirsty of the lot. For all that it is improbable that the idea of eating their fellow-men would have occurred to the South African Bantu had the example not been set by strangers from the north. In the first period of this work it is related how the Bavenda, who came from the sources of the Kassai, practised the custom of eating prisoners of war. They kept up this horrid practice until quite recently, and news of it, no doubt, filtered through to the cis-Vaal tribes, through the Bakhatla, who, as we have seen, had intermarried with them, and through the chief-errant Mohlomi, who visited them, as before related. No doubt Mohlomi, who was a great raconteur, often related what he saw on that memorable journey. Indeed, it may have been the memory of it, acting on his brain, as

well as second sight, which caused him to exclaim as he lay dying, "After my death a cloud of red dust will come up from the east, and will devour all our tribes. The father will eat the son," etc. It is also to be noted that the first Basuto to set the example of eating human flesh were offshoots of those very Bakhatla of Tabane who had conquered and intermarried with the Bavenda. They evidently knew of the practice of the Bavenda, and, being rendered desperate by the loss of their cattle and crops, did not hesitate to adopt it. They hunted their fellow-creatures, caught them in traps, and declared all they caught to be prisoners of war. The Bamaiyane were not slow to follow the example of the Bakhatla; but it must be admitted that they were in some degree driven to it by the cynical taunt of the Bamokoteli, who, after robbing them of all they had, shouted after them, "Go ye, and eat people." Moshesh, in after-time, admitted that he and his people were to blame for this. He even expressed his regret for it in the presence of Rakotsoane's cannibals in August 1843, when he said, "We, the masters of the country, did drive you to live on human flesh, for men cannot eat stones. You ate my father, but before that I had eaten yours [meaning all their means of subsistence]. Oh, let it all be forgotten!" (*Journal des Missions*, 1843, p. 366).

About this time, 1822-3, there arrived at Lihlatsoaneng, near Leribe, the remnants of the once-powerful tribe of Bafokeng, the Makholo-koane, now shattered by war. They, however, possessed some cattle, and Moshesh was weak enough to allow his brother Mohale, who had been ruined by the Batlokoa, to replenish his kraals at the expense of these Bafokeng. This he did so effectually that, after the raid, the Bafokeng found themselves absolutely destitute. They therefore left Lihlatsoaneng next day, and crossed to the right bank of the river; but that night the men recrossed, and hid themselves so as to lie in wait for passers-by, mostly women and children, who, early in the morning, were in the habit of repairing to the river-banks in search of edible roots and bulbs, *monakalali*,* as they are called. The Bafokeng waited till their victims reached a kind of narrow-necked peninsula, formed by a bend of the river, and then, cutting off their retreat, captured them all and drove them across the Caledon, to a cave in one of the spurs of Mautse, facing Leribe. Here, notwithstanding the children's cries and the wailing of the women, they slaughtered, skinned, and ate them, without pity or remorse. They dressed the skins as they

* Monakalali—*Cyperus ustulatus*.

were in the habit of dressing the hides of animals, and made dresses for their women and breech-cloths for themselves.

The Bamaiyane took to man-eating after having been ruined by the Makhoakhoa chief Lethole; the Bafokeng of Ratjotjosane and his father Mokhithi having undergone the same process at the hands of Moshesh, and the followers of Makakana at the hand of the Letebele Sepetja. All these, as well as some Mazizi, became most blood-thirsty man-eaters, and, with lairs at Sekubu and elsewhere, were a terrible scourge to all and sundry.

At the end of 1822 Mangane, now the district of Bloemfontein, was infested by cannibals. Part of the Batsueneng of Khiba, after being driven from their homes at Mesoboea by the Amangwane, fell victims to them; Khamali, their chief, and some of his men being caught in traps like beasts and slaughtered.

In the very heart of the country at Sefikeng there lived the Bakhatla chief Rakotsoane, a voracious man-eater, who ruled over several villages of cannibals. Mr. Arbousset describes him as follows: "Rakotsoane was a very strong man of gigantic stature, whose fierce eyes were hidden under dark, bushy eyebrows."

In a cave near Mohale's Hoek there dwelt, for a time, a brotherhood of twenty-seven man-eaters, whose leader, Motleyoa, has already been noticed in connection with the Baphuthi. The havoc this gang committed in the country south of the Orange River is beyond conception. The path, well trodden even in those days, which leads over the defile of Thaba Linoha towards Maphutsing, passed close to their cave; and many unsuspecting wayfarers fell into their hands, being trapped, or clubbed from behind. For instance, in 1825 the chief Moorosi sent three messengers to Thaba Bosiu, only one of whom returned, the other two having strayed into Motleyoa's larder. Again, some famished people, two men, four women, and a boy, who were travelling to Mokuoane for relief, were attacked on the road. One of the men, Sefehle, clubbed his assailant and got away; the other, Mabokoboko, slipped from their hands, whilst the boy passed between the legs of his captors and escaped. But the four women were killed and eaten.

In the valley, between the plateaux of Popa and Korokoro, there stands an enormous naked rock, very difficult of access at any time, but especially so in wet weather. This rock is famous by the infamy of another counsellor of Lepheana, Raboshabane by name. At the

beginning of the invasions he established himself on this rock, and persuaded the people to store their grain on it in his charge, assuring them (which indeed was true) that nobody would be able to seize it there. As soon, however, as it was safely stored, Raboshabane, having stopped the only entrance, threatened to kill and eat any one who attempted to get it back. Things went on like this for some considerable time, the starving people below crying for their food, and Raboshabane waxing fat upon it on his rock, until Motleyoa appeared on the scene. He had heard of the fatness of Raboshabane from a miserable scarecrow of Makhetha's people whom he was about to devour, and, as fat people were getting very scarce, it sharpened his appetite exceedingly. Accordingly one dark and stormy night he and his men ascended the crag, and found Raboshabane asleep in his hut. Motleyoa called, "*Tsoha Raboshabane*" ("Raboshabane, come forth"). "*Ke rona beng ba Mabele*" ("It is we, the owners of the grain"). Raboshabane tried to defend himself, and wounded one of his assailants with a spear; but he was soon overpowered and killed and eaten on the spot, and his head was stuck upon a stake.

Early next morning there arrived some of Makhetha's people with meat, which they were offering in exchange for grain; but Motleyoa showed them, and then threw down at them, the head of Raboshabane, whereupon they all fled from that neighbourhood, gathering their flocks and herds as they went.

Motleyoa threw Moliehe, Raboshabane's wife, and Thakane her daughter over the precipice, but he allowed her son Neme, a youth with a broken leg, and also Raboshabane's mother to go free. This Neme is the person of that name mentioned in the chapter on Circumcision. They at once made for Thabana Tsueu, near Kubake, where they joined the Bahlakoana of Lepheana. This Neme was personally known to the writer, and had been a man-eater too.

As the lawful owners of the grain had long since gone, and Motleyoa himself was unable to carry it away, and probably had no use for it if he could, he offered it to Moshesh with a view to getting into favour with that rising chief. Moshesh accepted it, not for his own use or that of his relatives, but for distribution among those Bamaiane and other Bakuena whom misery and want had driven to cannibalism; for he was already alive to the evil, and was busying himself with schemes of reform.

On the banks of the River Nkoe (Cornelius Spruit) and even at Sefate, there were whole villages of cannibals, whose main food-supply was derived from the numerous refugees who fled across the mountains from Chaka. The number who thus perished is immense.

While Moshesh was besieged at Butha-Buthe, and provisions grew scarce among the besiegers, a number of women of the Batlokoa, some of them with babies on their backs, set out for their former homes in search of grass seed (*moseeka*) or any other food that offered. As they did not return, eight of their husbands went to see what had become of them. They found that they had all been devoured; and of the husbands, only two returned to tell the tale, one of them being Mabokoboko, who told it to the writer. He and his companions were surprised and surrounded by a band of Bechuana cannibals from the Kalahari, who had established their head-quarters in the fastnesses of the Wittebergen. Mabokoboko was fortunate enough to kill one of his assailants and to wound two others, and so made his escape. His companion escaped in a similar manner.

On the Kuakuatsi (Rhenoster River) there dwelt a fragment of the Baramokhele, who subsisted solely on human flesh. At Maboloka, over twenty years ago, we came across an old woman who must have been about 105 years old, whose husband had been devoured by these people, descendants of Sefatsa, son of Tsukulu.

Near Harrismith there lived the cannibals of Mahlapahlapa, but these were not Basuto. This Mahlapahlapa was either devoured by his own people or exchanged by them for another victim. His son Mokakatooe was killed in battle, and was succeeded by his brother Palule, who as late as 1836 still ate human flesh in his lair on the Tugela River.

It would be impossible to name every place where cannibals collected. It may be said that at one time they were everywhere; even as near to Thaba Bosiu as Thupa Kubu, and Machache; which mountain, indeed, takes its name from a man-eater who dwelt there. There were many thousand natives of nearly every tribe who became cannibals. The sole exceptions were the Batsueneng of Khiba, who retired to Cape Colony with their cattle before the invasions; the Bamokoteli, who, owing to the genius of Moshesh, were able to hold their own; and the Baphuthi of Mokuoane in the south, who, though few in number, were able, owing to the difficult nature of the country in which they lived, to save their crops and retain some cattle.

It must be remembered that in the early days the staple food of a pastoral people was milk supplemented by grain. Therefore when the invasions came, and the cattle were captured by the enemy, people had to fly from their homes and fields, cultivation ceased, and they were in grievous case. Even the game, which had been abundant, disappeared before the invading hordes, but the beasts of prey remained, and throve exceedingly on the liberal diet so lavishly provided for them. Women with babies on their backs, dragging little children along with them when flying before the enemy, have testified how they had to abandon their offspring to wild beasts, or wilder men, when they were unable to follow any longer; and how they themselves escaped at the cost of cruel sufferings, subsisting for weeks on water and roots, if on nothing worse. One wretched woman, when converted, sobbed, "I am indeed a murderess, for I have eaten the fruit of my own womb."

Cannibalism as practised by the Basuto was indeed a madness. All human instinct, all reason, fellowship, intellect, everything in fact which raises the human being over the brute beast, became extinct or obliterated. They practised cruelty for its own sake and the pleasure it gave them, torturing their victims in a fiendish manner before dispatching them. Children were butchered or roasted alive under the eyes of their parents, or vice versa; women in the presence of their husbands. They would bind the hands of captured people, and drive them before them as they would cattle. If any one resisted, he was killed and eaten at once, to save the trouble of driving him. The women of the cannibals were just as blood-thirsty. They would frequently accompany their husbands on the man-hunt, so as to miss no part of the feast.

When, as it sometimes happened, many victims were captured at one time, the fattest was eaten first, and the lean ones were forced to eat the flesh in order to fatten them. Sometimes a young woman would be spared for sexual purposes. One such, a tall, thin woman, lived to relate her experiences. She was captured with some others near Teyateyaneng, and driven to a cave near Cana, where all who were in good condition were devoured that evening. She, however, was spared for the purpose stated, and later on escaped.

If no victims were forthcoming, wives and children were eaten, but, owing to superstition, not as a rule by their own husbands or fathers. It was thought better to exchange them for others. But

this was not always possible; and, if he were hungry, the scruples of the cannibal would speedily be overcome, whether the victim was wife, child, or comrade.

One Salai related the following to Mr. Arbousset: "One day, more fortunate than my wife and two children, after a desperate struggle on the southern slopes of Makhoarane, I escaped from my captors. Exhausted, I sat on the top of a high rock, and from there I saw a party of travellers attacked by cannibals. They killed their victims as they would sheep, giving the usual twist to the neck before cutting the throat. After skinning and cutting up the bodies, each of them took a portion, and repaired to their den to devour it."

Another man, Mokapakapa, told the same authority how he became a cannibal, and lived for four years on human flesh. He was running away, he said, with his family from an enemy, travelling by night to escape observation of the cannibals, when the party fell over a cord stretched across the path. Immediately the man-eaters were upon them, bound and gagged them, and drove them to their lair with shouts and blows, after the manner of cattle-drivers. On their arrival they were received with shouts of "Food! food!" the children being alluded to as "tender lambs," their mothers as "cows," the servants as "oxen," while the narrator himself was designated an "eland." The family and servants were killed in his presence, skinned and cooked in earthen pots, or grilled on the embers. He himself, owing to his extreme emaciation, was allowed to live as a servant. He was given a garden to look after, and was cruelly beaten if it got damaged in any way (*Relation d'un Voyage*, pp. 113, 114).

Here is a song that the cannibals used to sing while dancing round a victim before dispatching him:

Re malimo, re ya batho.
(We are cannibals, we eat people.)
Re u ya, re ya batho.
(We eat thee, we eat people.)
Re ya bokoana ba ntja,
(We eat the brain of a dog.)
Le ba ngoana e monyenyan.
(And that of a little child.)
Re ya menoana ea batho.
(We eat the fingers of people.)
Re ya senyabela sa motho.
(We eat the fat of mankind.)
Mosoang-soanyane oa malimo,
(Thou toy of the man-eaters.)

U molahatsoana.
 (Thou delicious morsel.)
Pshang! pshang thaka tsa me!
 (Strike! strike him down, my comrades!)

Mr. Arbousset relates how the cannibals used to sacrifice human victims to the Shades for the benefit of the growing crops. A fat young man of short stature was generally chosen for the purpose. He was either bound or made drunk with beer, and taken to the fields. There, as they said, he was sacrificed for seed. His blood, having been allowed to coagulate in the sun, was burned together with his brain and frontal bone, with the flesh appertaining thereto. The ashes were scattered over the field, and the rest of the flesh was eaten (*Relation d'un Voyage*, p. 118).

The cannibals depicted in this story do not seem to have been in want of proper food. They were possessed of growing crops, and must have had seed to sow. They also must have had grain to make the beer; and there are other indications that human flesh had peculiar attractions to those who had tasted it. Though at first they took to it from necessity, they adhered to it from choice. We have had occasion to notice the Bavenda with whom it was a delicacy; and there is the case of the wife of Makara, who, after having been ransomed, returned to the man-eaters, of whose diet she had partaken during her sojourn with them. The infamous Motleyoa, too, does not seem, latterly at any rate, to have been absolutely without proper food, or to have cared to utilise the grain which he took from Rabashabane.

During the war between the Boers and Basuto, in 1865-8, an old man, the son of a cannibal and a cannibal himself in his youth, created a most painful impression upon the writer and his wife by repeatedly telling them that, should the war last much longer, and starvation ensue, he and his companions would resort to human meat, and that they would begin by white people. When asked, Why with white people? he replied, Because they ate salt, sugar, and other nice things, and their flesh would be better seasoned. He accompanied this explanation with suggestive signs, licking his lips, and showing a fine set of voracious-looking teeth, while his companions, who were evidently not without appetite for such a feast, joined him in a hearty laugh.

When Mr. Arbousset and his colleagues arrived in Basutoland,

cannibalism was still practised. In the course of his travels he was able to judge of the extent of country where it was in vogue. He computed the number of practising cannibals between the Orange River, the Drakensberg, and the Vaal at from 7,000 to 8,000. The cannibal clans of Leribe and Futhane alone numbered 4,000 souls, scattered about in a number of hamlets, the largest of which was Leribe. During the invasions they led a roving life, was laying travellers here and there. To cannibalism he attributed the chief cause of the depopulation of the country.

In our turn, seventy years later, let us endeavour to consider the ravages caused by these man-eaters. Let us estimate the number of cannibals at a minimum, say 4,000. Say each one ate one person a month, and we arrive at the total of 48,000 persons eaten during one year; and during the six worst years, between 1822 and 1828, at the appalling figure of 288,000 people devoured by their fellows. If we allow for those eaten during subsequent years, it is easy to arrive at a total of 300,000. If to this number we add those killed in battle, drowned, starved to death, devoured by wild beasts, the thousands who left the country for Cape Colony and elsewhere, and those who remained behind and held their own through it all, notably the Batlokoa and Bamokoteli, we arrive at a total population of which an estimate is given in the first part of this work.

Let us conclude this chapter of horrors by quoting part of a public confession made by one Makonosoang when converted. It will serve to convey an idea of the conditions of life during that terrible time. "Oh, how vile I was! I sucked wickedness with my mother's milk, and the depravity of my parents. Later on came the terrible wars, ruin, and starvation. I lived on roots, grass seed, and even ate pot-clay to try thereby to stay my hunger. The hand of the Amangwane was heavy on the land; all the tribes were at war with each other, and every one was a fugitive. Day by day men began to eat men, and I too tasted human flesh. From that time I shunned my fellows, dreading to be eaten too. What horrible days followed that on which I cut off the arm of my mother's brother and cooked and ate it! I also ate my father's brother, every bit of him, and many others. Even as Ezekiel saw in a vision the dried bones of a whole nation draw near to each other and assume form, so, with terror, do I see the bones I have picked reunite with their fellows and rise up in judgment against me.

I see the figure of one with a reim* round his neck; another rises from the earth with my knife in his breast; a third appears without an arm; while another indicates an old pot wherein I cooked his flesh. Woe is me, I am afraid! I am *Kholumolumo*, the horrible beast of our ancient fable, who swallowed all mankind and the beasts of the field" (*Journal des Missions*, 1856, pp. 92-4).

* Reim: a strip of hide used as a cord —J. C. M

CHAPTER XXVI

PURIFICATION OF PEETE'S GRAVE

A REMARKABLE function, occasioned by cannibalism, deserves to be recorded here. It will be remembered that Peete, grandfather of Moshesh, had been eaten by cannibals of Rakotsoane, on the occasion of the retreat of the Bamokoteli from Butha-Buthe in 1824. During the turbulent period which followed it was not possible to hold the usual purification ceremony, as described in the chapter on Purifications, and the then unprecedented manner of his death rendered the purification of his grave unusually complicated. But the Basuto are not easily defeated in matters of ceremonial, and this is how they managed it, when, after the departure of the Amangwane, a certain period of comparative tranquillity was vouchsafed to them.

What brought matters to a head was the fact that Moshesh's eldest son and heir had arrived at the age of seventeen years, and it was high time that he was circumcised; but, on the other hand, it was not possible for him to undergo this rite while his ancestor's grave remained in a state of defilement.

The normal ceremonial was simple enough, as those who have read the chapter on that subject will remember; but the question was, what was to be done in a case like this, where there was no grave to purify?

Rakotsoane and his cannibals were accordingly summoned to appear at Thaba Bosiu, which they did with much misgiving; and indeed Mokhachane and others very naturally demanded their death. But this was not to Moshesh's mind. At that time he could ill afford to lose any man, so, bringing to bear the ingenuity which rarely failed him at critical moments, he observed that to do that would be to recall Peete from his grave, and that, to his mind, the better plan would be to rub the purification offal over them all, as to all intents and purposes they were the tomb of the departed. The chief's view of the matter prevailed, and next morning an ox was killed, and the cere-

mony of purification carried out in due form, Rakotsoane and his companions being treated as a grave and their lives being spared.

By this act of clemency, supplemented later on by a gift of cattle, Moshesh was able to turn Rakotsoane and his people from their evil ways.

For such an important event as the circumcision of the heir-apparent a quantity of cattle were necessary, for the acquisition of which Moshesh, on the advice and with the assistance of Moorosi, undertook his first raid into Cape Colony. This event, together with the circumcision of Letsie, enables us to state with some accuracy that the date of the purification of Peete's tomb was during the spring of 1828.

Though the power of Moshesh was always used to its full extent to stop cannibalism wherever his authority extended, it still existed in out-of-the-way places, and as late as 1836 Mr. Arbousset visited some cannibals in order to preach to them. He was fat and well-liking, and these epicures made no secret of the fact that, had he not been Moshesh's missionary, they would gladly have devoured him.

CHAPTER XXVII

MOSHESH—HIS FIRST STEPS TO POWER

THOSE who have followed this history thus far will not have failed to note how, slowly but surely, step by step, Moshesh came to the front. From his early manhood his ambition was "to become a chief," as he himself expressed it, and indeed he had all the qualities which go to make one. He was at once fearless and cautious; very wary of entering upon a quarrel; but having once embarked upon one, he carried it through with an intrepidity which nothing could daunt. He could see farther ahead than most men; and, no matter what checks he encountered, he never lost sight of the end in view. Being one of the most astute men of his race and time, he was quick to realise the practical advantages of a policy of benevolence and mercy, quite a new thing in those wild days, when people were ruled by force and fear.

Early in life, too, he perceived the disadvantages of the old system of tribal independence; seeing in it possibilities of abuse of power by a multitude of chiefs with no central overlord, and, more important still, a lack of cohesion in resisting a common foe. He had already conceived the idea of federating all the clans and tribes, and establishing a uniform code of law and equity among them, when the national convulsions of the Lifaqane came, and afforded him the opportunity of creating a kingdom for himself instead.

These appalling events contributed not a little to the tempering of a character naturally strong and supple. Patience, humility, carefulness, were required in a high degree, and in these qualities he excelled all his contemporaries, even the mystic Mohlomi, who lived in a period of comparative peace and in a position into which he had been born. Mohlomi had no national convulsions to face as had Moshesh; and, if he had, it is doubtful whether they would not have overwhelmed him. Moshesh had sat at his feet, and learned from him the value of benevolence, and patience, and much else that was invaluable to him in after-life; but these qualities, though excellent,

do not by themselves make the practical politician ; and Moshesh was that before everything else.

He saw clearly, as we have said, that the old system of scattered, independent tribelets, with no tribunal save that of the spear for the settlement of inter-tribal quarrels, and no cohesion against a common foe, must come to an end, and from the beginning sought to federate them. To this end he made overtures to neighbouring chiefs, most of whom refused, saying, " Moshesh wants us to federate because he has no people." Lethole alone joined him, as we have related elsewhere.

The failure of his negotiations showed Moshesh that he could not depend upon his neighbours to assist in resisting the storm which he saw was coming, and therefore had recourse to diplomacy. He sent peace-offerings, as we have seen, to Matuoane, and to Pakalita, with offers of surrender and allegiance. He had done the same thing shortly before to Letuka, the Mofokeng of Mabula, who was advancing on him at the head of a great force. Among others to whom he paid tribute were None and Moselekatse, and even to the Korannas; and when the overlordship of Matuoane became too irksome, he sent tribute to Chaka. Indeed, this seems to have been the keynote of his foreign policy, viz. conciliation where possible, and resistance to the death when it failed.

He never retaliated on those who despised his warnings and refused co-operation when it was so badly needed ; and a notable instance of this far-sighted generosity was when Shekeshe attacked him, and he sought, in vain, the aid of his cousins of Mpiti's clan. But when they, in turn, were attacked by the same enemy, after Moshesh had repulsed him, Moshesh came to their aid and rescued their cattle which had been captured. This act of magnanimity secured to Moshesh the adherence of the whole of Mpiti's clan.

He possessed in a high degree the sense of justice, and, from the beginning of his career, set his face against violence and robbery. This policy, strange to say, instead of doing him harm, increased his popularity, at a time when most people were robbers. On one occasion, when some of his relations intercepted the flocks of Matsabatse's clan, who were flying before the Basia, Moshesh angrily ordered them to be restored, and those that had been slaughtered to be paid for ; and we have seen how he rescued Makara from his fellow-tribesmen. It was on this occasion that he made the famous law, " Let no man molest the traveller or take his goods." In

this way did Moshesh build up his power and gain the admiration of his fellows.

Soon after the departure of the Matebele of Moselekatse, Moshesh called a *pitso* (public meeting) and said, " Much trouble has happened to our tribe, and our property has been spoiled by many enemies. Now therefore I say, let all debts among us be forgiven this day ; and let no one take the property of another for a debt contracted before to-day." Notwithstanding this decree, one Botsane sought to prosecute some of his relations for payment of an old debt, whereupon Moshesh condemned him to death.

Moshesh was abstemious, avoiding strong drink, and even snuff and tobacco, his theory being that the use of these things was unbecoming in a ruler, inasmuch as it induced an undesirable familiarity with his subjects. His brothers, however, were men of quite a different stamp. They were uncouth, arbitrary, and brutal too.

Another characteristic of Moshesh was his love for little children, in whom he recognised all that was innocent and good. He spent much time with them, but this did not prevent him from associating with old counsellors of his father noted for their wisdom, from whom he could learn something.

Three of these men fanned the suspicion, which his own robust common sense had already aroused in his mind, as to the good faith of the witch-doctors, and it was resolved to put these gentry to the test. A metal hoe, a very valuable bit of property in those days, was hidden, and a witch-doctor was called to say who had stolen it. After throwing his bones, this worthy declared that it had been stolen by Moshesh's grandmother, and it was then made clear to Moshesh, by his three advisers, that the throwing of the bones was only a pretence, and that the wizard was guided, not by the position in which they fell, but by what he knew of the suspicions and jealousies subsisting between his client and his neighbours.

This occurred a few months before the famous Mohlomi visited Butha-Buthe, when Moshesh hastened to see him and drink of his wisdom. We may be sure that what Moshesh heard from this wise man strengthened his suspicion of the witch-doctors, and encouraged him in his determination to expose them and subject them to further tests. Two are recorded as having taken place some years later at Thaba Bosiu.

On the first occasion Moshesh ordered his three counsellors to

accompany him to a witch-doctor, whom he said he wished to consult about a sick person. The usual fee, an ox, was driven in front of the party. When they arrived at the witch-doctor's, the children of the latter came to meet them, shouting, as was the custom, "What is this that we see? What is this that we smell?" and retired before them, whereupon the witch-doctor himself came out to meet them. After the usual preliminaries, in which the cause of the visit was explained, the doctor threw the bones, and produced some extraordinary things, which he affirmed had been extracted by his magic from the patient by a very painful process. Custom decreed that the magician's words must be received with applause, and Moshesh and his companions gave vent to it by tapping the ground with their sticks. Whereupon the magician, after further consultation of his bones, declared that three of those present had bewitched the patient. Of course there were loud and indignant protests, but the magician persisted in his accusation, adding, "I have seen you by my magic." Moshesh thanked the witch-doctor, and, after handing over the ox, departed with his companions who had been accused of witchcraft. On the way home, Moshesh said to his uncle Ratsiu, "Believest thou still in these people? Lo, this man accuses some of you of witchcraft; but who is ill, or who ails aught at our home?" Ratsiu replied, "It is because he could not see."

On the next occasion Moshesh tested a famous witch-doctor, Seleka Phatsoane, in a similar way. After the usual formalities above described, Seleka came to meet the party, wearing a jackal-skin kaross. After a few leading questions he threw his bones and said, "You have seen a miracle." Moshesh and his men having signified their consent and approval in the usual manner, the wizard went on, "What you have seen is blood"—again they tapped the ground with their sticks—"and there are those who killed the man," pointing to some of Moshesh's companions. "Yes, those are the murderers." Of course they all protested their innocence, but the magician persisted, saying, "It is indeed so, verily it is so." Moshesh then rose and said, "Enough, thou hast spoken. Take this ox; it is thine." Then, turning to his men, he said, "Come, let us go."

On the way home he stopped, and addressing his uncle Ratsiu, he said, "Well, what thinkest thou now? Thou hast heard Seleka, the greatest of all the magicians. Tell me, who is dead at home whose blood has been shed?" And Ratsiu replied, "Chief, thou

hast seen." And the others shouted, "Yes, the chief has seen truly; there is no witchcraft and no witch-doctors." Thus, after the manner of Mohlomi, did Moshesh delight in exposing these charlatans and throwing discredit upon them.

In view of the foregoing it is not easy to account for Moshesh's action in allowing the old woman at Butha-Buthe to attempt to bewitch the Batlokoa by means of *Kokoi*; and, later, to doctor the ford by which the warriors of Matuoane intended to cross and attack him; but beliefs that have been bred in the bone are difficult to eradicate entirely. It is true that on both occasions he was in dire straits, and it may well be that, though he disbelieved in the thing himself, he not unreasonably, and on the second occasion rightly, thought to profit by the credulity of his enemies. He was afterwards, however, often ashamed of having resorted to witchcraft on these occasions, especially when he saw how the witch-doctors, encouraged perhaps thereby, continued to exploit and swindle his people. He therefore determined to study these things for himself; and for some time he devoted his attention to the so-called spells, philtres, charms, poisons, etc., in order to see if there was really anything besides fraud in the practice. In order to test the matter thoroughly, he chose a young captive Kaffir girl as the subject of experiment, and subjected her to the spells of one Chapi, a witch-doctor of repute, who had come with him from Butha-Buthe, whether with the concurrence or at the instigation of the latter we know not. What is certain, however, is that the young girl suffered nothing from the spells which were cast upon her, though she did suffer from the effects of what she drank. The thing, however, which the chief never doubted, or sought to inquire into, was the cult of the Shades of the departed.

It was during this period, and especially that which followed his cattle-raids into Kaffraria with Moorosi, that Moshesh set himself to abolish cannibalism. He gave the cannibals cattle, and encouraged them to till the soil, forbidding them to eat his people. He treated them with much compassion, and by this means was able, little by little, to wean them from their horrid practice. But those who were beyond his sphere of influence continued to subsist on human flesh for some years more.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MOSHESH'S LONGING FOR PEACE AND ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST MISSIONARIES

WHEN Moshesh was in the fifth decade of his age he began to long for rest and peace, so as to establish such order and public safety around him as would enable exiles to return, found villages, and resume their normal occupations; but this was not possible so long as the Korannas continued their depredations on all sides.

Hearing one day that a certain Griqua was hunting in his neighbourhood with some companions, Moshesh called him to him. It was a certain Adam Krotz. He was a man of great stature and of a colour as black as a Mozambique slave. He was, moreover, a member of the Church of Philippolis. Moshesh asked him if he also suffered by the depredations of the Korannas?

"No," replied the hunter.

"Without doubt it is because you have guns. Could you not get me some?" said the chief.

"No," said the hunter; "there is something better than that. We have among us servants of God, who teach us to live well and fear evil. The Korannas fear them and trouble us no more. That is what you need, Moshesh, and not guns."

After other conversations and mature consideration, Moshesh entrusted this Griqua with one hundred head of cattle, wherewith to procure for him these men who were able to bring him peace.*

Soon afterwards Adam Krotz and his companions returned to Philippolis, driving with him the one hundred head of cattle, but on the way, as he related some years later to my colleague, Mr. F. Maeder, he fell in with Danster and his band of Korannas, who attacked him and carried off all the cattle of Moshesh. So that when he arrived at Philippolis, all he could do was to deliver the chief's message to Mr. Kolbe, who at that time was the missionary at Philippolis.

The Griqua hunter must have duly reported the loss of the cattle

* Mr. Casalis in his book *Mes Souvenirs* gives the number as two hundred head.

to Moshesh, for, so eager was he to possess messengers of peace, that he sent, it is said, two more lots of cattle. One, says Father Norton, S.S.M., consisting of twenty head, fell into the hands of a Bushman of a clan called by the Basuto Makhonokholo.

Nothing daunted, Moshesh sent thirty head more by a Bushman, who killed the herds and kept the cattle. Later on, he settled this matter by taking two daughters of this Bushman as wives. Upon receipt of these girls, it is said that Moshesh, in token of his satisfaction, gave permission to their father to hunt elands in the mountains.

This story is confirmed by the fact that among the wives of Moshesh were two Bushwomen, the one Rosaleng, alias Qea, was the daughter of this Bushman; and the other Matseola, alias Mamokoana Seqha, was presumably a near relation.

But although the cattle failed to arrive, the message of Moshesh to Mr. Kolbe was not without effect; for, a few months later, there arrived at Philippolis three young French missionaries. They had been sent by their Society, the Paris Evangelical Missionary Society, to the northern tribes; but finding these had been destroyed by Moselekatse, they were at a loss to know what to do. Their satisfaction was therefore great when they heard from Mr. Kolbe the urgent appeal of a chief, until then unknown to them, who was so desirous to have with him messengers of the Good News, that he cried to them from the top of his mountain, "Come to us and help us." The proofs of his sincerity were such that MM. Th. Arbousset, E. Casalis, and C. Gosselin felt bound to respond at once. Moreover, Mr. Lemue, who was returning to the north with his wife, encouraged them strongly to follow the guiding of the Lord, without even consulting the Committee. As a measure of precaution, however, the three young missionaries left one waggon and a portion of their baggage at Philippolis, and departed bravely with two waggons in an easterly direction, in search of the chief who had called them. One of the vehicles belonged to their guide, Adam Krotz. They had to travel more or less at random for twenty-three days, as they did not know the geographical position of the country where they were going to live.

Arriving at Lekhalo la Botau, or "Nek of the Lions" (*Modder Poort*), the missionaries had the pleasure to meet messengers from Moshesh, with his eldest son Letsie, a young man of twenty-one or twenty-two years of age, at their head, who had come to welcome them in the

name of his father and his people. Letsie was not able to remain long with them, as he had to return to report the fact to his father, but some of his men remained with the waggons as guides. As for Letsie, says one story, he was afraid to sleep there, where the lions had just devoured two of the goats which they had taken from Thaba Bosiu for food. He slept, it is said, somewhere about the spot where the town of Ladybrand now stands.

Moshesh, hearing of the approach of the three servants of God, was very joyful, and gave orders that they were to be received with every demonstration of joy, and those warriors who had guns were ordered to fire them in salute.

It was on June 28, 1833, that the missionaries arrived at Thaba Bosiu. They were received by Moshesh and all his people with transports of joy, with great demonstrations and frank cordiality. It was then they learned, for the first time, that the people were called Basuto.

A few days after their arrival, and notwithstanding several degrees of frost, the chief came down from his mountain, and went with the missionaries over twenty miles in search of a suitable site for a mission station. One was found at Makhoarane, which fulfilled the requirements of such an establishment, and was chosen on July 9. It was called by the missionaries *Moriya*, in the firm hope that God would provide for the advancement of his work.

The missionaries at once set to work to build themselves a little house, allowing the youngest among them to return to Philippolis to fetch the waggon and baggage which they had left behind. When Moshesh heard of this decision, he was so glad that he rose up and said with emotion, "Now I believe that there is a God, for a great blessing has been vouchsafed to me. I never really believed that you would be content to remain among my people." He promised at once to send his son Letsie with his circumcision mates to take care of the mission. In effect, after a few days, a band of young men of nineteen or twenty years old arrived from Thaba Bosiu with Molapo, the second son of Moshesh. They were all under the supervision of Matete, maternal uncle of the young chief.

In terminating this second period of the history, we need only add that at this time the son of Mokhachane was forty-eight years of age. He had already about forty wives, and had about him only a few thousand adherents.

APPENDIX TO FIRST PERIOD

NOTES ON THE RELIGION, SUPERSTITIONS, SOCIAL, CIVIL, AND POLITICAL LIFE, LAWS AND CUSTOMS OF THE ANCIENT BASUTO BEFORE THE BEGINNING OF THE SECOND PERIOD

HAVING now recorded as much of the ancient history of the Basuto as we have been able to collect, we propose before going farther to devote a few pages to the above subject, treating all the tribes as a whole; for though politically independent of each other, they were all parts of one people, with the same social organisation, the same usages and customs, the same religious beliefs, and the same superstitions.

§ I. RELIGION OF THE EARLY BASUTO

There is a danger, in studying this subject, of confounding beliefs which a savage people have acquired or evolved for themselves in the course of ages, with those which, in its infancy, it took from the common cradle of the human race; and this we shall try to avoid by examining first what we have been able to discover bearing some resemblance to religious truth among these people.

And indeed it is very little. There are no myths, and few legends of a religious nature. They seem to have lived from generation to generation entirely for the present, troubling themselves little about the past and less about the future; so that although some of their customs suggest that, at some remote period, they had some share in Divine revelation, there are only the vaguest traces of it to be discovered among them now. They seem to have lived for many centuries in the same state of barbarism, without changing their manners or belief, unless for the worse; and so absorbed were they in present needs and pre-occupations that religious tradition became dim, and the idea of God so obliterated that, at the time of which we are writing, there was nothing of religion among the people beyond

a lively fear of bad spirits. And yet, is there not a trace of something higher in the legend of Tlake, the first man, and in that of Leoba with his message of eternal life, mentioned earlier in this history? So that the Basuto, in common with other primitive peoples,* would seem at one time to have had something more than the vague superstitions which, in their blindness, they evolved for themselves.

We may say that all African savages have almost completely forgotten the promise of a Saviour. Now, "by losing this promise," says Fred. de Rougemont, "the Blacks have lost the hope of some day seeing their miseries end; with that last hope disappeared faith in the goodness and mercy of God; and with the loss of faith ceased also the moral energy necessary to change their way of living. This is the distinctive trait of the savage's religious life."

The missionary Mr. R. Moffat once asked some natives if they had ever heard anything of God? They all replied in the negative, except one old woman, who declared that once, in her youth, she heard mention made of *Molimo* (God), but that she did not know what was meant.

According to another missionary, Mr. S. Rolland, "the Basuto use the term *melimo* to designate their ancestors, and attribute to them a divine power for good and evil, and a dignity similar to that which they enjoyed while on earth; so that it is only the spirits of great chiefs, who deserved well of their people and country, who are accorded divine honours." "This worship," says Mr. E. Casalis, "has nothing vague or indefinite about it: it is a homage rendered to past generations; it is a real adoration." "Moreover," says Mr. Rolland, "by *Molimo* the Basuto designate the Great Lord Creator of their several tribes."

It was doubtless the remembrance of an ancient faith, and the power derived therefrom, which induced the witch-doctors, after a long and painful initiation, to pretend to have the power of making rain, healing the sick, casting out devils, smelling out those who practised witchcraft, and, by becoming priests of a sort, pretending to re-establish communion between God and man.

It is also, no doubt, to sources of original verity that they owed

* E.g. the descendants of Cus in Ethiopia, who before the Christian era believed in God and looked for the coming of a man to save others; and the Pahouins of the French Congo, who before the arrival of missionaries had an idea of one God, and the expectation of the coming of a white man, His son, to remind men of the Divine laws and show them the way of life.

their firm conviction of the immortality of the soul—a conviction which they show in their burial rites, in the worship of the spirits of the departed, in their sacrifices to them, and in certain figures of speech which they still use.

Among the Bahlaping there is a faint trace of the memory of one God, invisible, wise, and powerful; but among the ancient Basuto He was, for the most part, regarded as a malignant spirit, invisible and wicked; a pitiless master, residing in a subterranean cavern, always working evil, to whom they attributed all their ills and sufferings.

But still there were among them thinkers like the mystic Mohlomi, to whom it was given to know that there was in existence somewhere a Supreme Being, a mighty and invisible Power which ruled all things.

Mention has already been made of the ancient prayer, "*Melimo e mecha rapelang Molimo oa khale*" ("New gods, pray for us to the God of old"), in which the old Basuto used to invoke the Deity through the mediation of the spirits; which would seem to point to an idea of the necessity of mediation between God and man. The following instance, when the prayer was used under trying circumstances, is worth relating in this connection.

An old man of the Mapolane, who was born about the end of the eighteenth century, told the writer how, in his youth, when hunting with some comrades, they came suddenly upon two lions. Being few in number, and not being prepared to hunt lions, they fled in different directions. In his flight, our informant fell over a precipice, just as the lion was about to seize him, and lay unconscious for some time. When he came to his senses, he found himself in a terrible plight. The lion, indeed, had not followed him so far, but it might find him at any time, and he was far from any habitation, and unable to move, as one of his legs was broken. In his anguish he prayed, "O new gods, pray for me to the God of old that He may help me." This was all he was able to say, but he kept on repeating it till he was rescued by his comrades next day.

He was an old man when he was converted, and in telling the story of this adventure he used always to say, in conclusion, "Now I know the God of old, the Almighty, to whom I prayed without knowing who He was. He has again saved me from death, through Jesus Christ my Redeemer."

Judging by such traces as these, it seems not unreasonable to

suppose that at some period or other in the distant past the ancestors of the Basuto had some sort of knowledge of, or belief in, one God, powerful and pitiful. The idea of mediation through the spirits of those who, by their fame and merit in this life, might be supposed to have influence with the Deity, may also have been inherited, or it may have been evolved later by themselves.*

The Barolong, the parent tribe of many other tribes, would seem, however, to have at one time invoked the Deity directly, to judge by the following evening prayer, which has been preserved by *Le Journal des Missions* of 1843 (p. 478).

*Morimo oa borare
Ke letse ke sa ya,
Ke letse ka tlala,
Ba bangue ba yele
Ba letse ba khotse.
Leha e le mocha
Le sekomenyana
Nka itumela.
Ke bilsa Morimo,
Borara mogolo.*

God of our fathers,
I lie down without food,
I lie down hungry,
Though others have eaten
And lie down full.
Even if it is but a polecat
Or a little rock-rabbit
(Give me) and I shall rejoice.
I cry to God,
Father of my ancestors.

But if the Basuto had ever any definite religious belief, it left them long ago. Perhaps the terrors and troubles of the Lifaqane helped to stifle and destroy it. At any rate, when the first missionaries arrived, they found that the old tradition was fast disappearing and giving place to unbelief. Mr. Casalis gives expression to this state of mind when he says, "The Basuto talk of God, and offer sacrifices, without appearing to attach any religious idea thereto. 'We have learned this from our fathers, but we do not know the reason for it.' This is the answer they give to questions on the subject" (*Sechuana Grammar*, 1841, p. 22).

§ 2. CONCERNING LIBOKO (TRIBAL EMBLEMS) OR "TOTEMS"

We have often had occasion to mention the *seboko* (plural *liboko*) or tribal emblem of this or that tribe, and indeed there is no savage tribe without something of the sort from which they believe that

* The idea of a mediator is quite in keeping with the present-day methods of these people. Few Basuto will approach a chief directly with a request for something they desire. They will always try to enlist the services of a mediator to speak for them to the chief, as they put it. Even in the most ordinary every-day transactions with each other a mediator is desirable.—J. C. M.

they derive their existence in some inexplicable way. Sometimes it is a plant, or metal, sometimes an animal, sometimes certain stars, which they hold sacred.

But the Basuto do not seem to have ever sacrificed to these emblems: they honoured and venerated them to the extent of singing and dancing in their honour; they glorified and praised them, and swore by them.

As we have just seen, the Basuto, by the term "Molimo" ("Invisible Being"), mean to convey, when they think about it at all, the idea of a great Lord, Creator of their various tribes. Mr. Rolland says: "They fix his dwelling in the earth, whence he has caused all the tribes to emerge. The place where they emerged is a marsh covered with reeds. Each tribe claimed precedence of rank and seniority. When they came out, each tribe received a different animal as an emblem which would be for it a god-protector. These animals are held sacred by the Basuto up to this day. Their stock bear its mark as a sign of protection. They put it on their shields, on their domestic utensils, on their skin mantles; they swear by these animals and by them conjure *lithotsela* [evil spirits]. If any one ate such an animal during famine, he was looked upon as sacrilegious and worthy of punishment by the gods. Moreover, if any one found the animal which represented his coat armour [*ses armes*] dead in the field, he would approach it backwards, open the cranium, take out the brain and anoint his eyes with it for fear of being struck blind should he neglect this duty" (*Journal des Missions*, 1844, p. 474).

The emblem of the Bakuena is the crocodile (*kuena*). They consider themselves under its protection, calling it their father, and swearing by it (*ka kuena*).^{*} "They dance in its honour," says Mr. Lemue; "it is, no doubt, in order to appease the fury of this redoubtable amphibious animal, that these people praise its strength and ferocity in their songs. In this they resemble the ancient Egyptians, who rendered it divine honours. Moreover, the Bakuena believe that to destroy a crocodile is to infallibly spoil the rain" (*Journal des Missions*, 1844, p. 54).

The first Bakuena lived between the Mariko and Limpopo Rivers, which were full of crocodiles. The Bataung began their tribal existence in a district infested by lions. The Lihoya, after leaving

* They also throw into the graves of their dead a handful or two of *kuena* (wild mint).—J. C. M.

the parent tribe (the Baralong), settled in what is now known as the district of Winburg. The Maphuthing, on leaving the parent tribe, settled in a mountainous district where the *phuthi*, or duiker, abounded. The Batlounge swear by the elephant (*tlou*), the Batsueneng by the *tsuene* (baboon), the Batlokoa by the *quabi* (wild cat), the Bapeli by the porcupine (*noka*); the Baphuthi by the *phuthi* (duiker), etc., etc. Each tribe had its own *seboko* or emblem, and each of them occupied a district, which, while they remained there, was known by the name of the animal of their worship. De Rougemont notices some connection between this custom and that of the *nomes* (administrative districts) of ancient Egypt, as well as between these animal gods and the animals which symbolised the great divinities of Mitsraïm. He goes on to say: "But for a long time the natives have lost all memory of the symbolism of their early beliefs. Like other savage peoples, they worship animals without knowing any longer why they worship one more than another; and, in the long series of centuries, the choice, in a number of cases, is made for reasons connected, not with old traditions, but with the peculiarities of the beasts—their capricious ways, and their unlooked-for movements, not less than the strange resemblance of their characters with the passions, the talents, the virtues, and the vices of man; the formidable strength of the one, the ferocity of the other, the grotesque shapes of these, and the deadly venom of those" (*Peuple primitif*, i.).

Sometimes, as we have seen, in consequence of cleavage, the separatists have chosen a new animal as *seboko*; but it is worth noticing that it has always been a wild and never a domestic animal. There is no more respectful form of address, whether to a chief or a commoner, than that which alludes to his *seboko*—e.g. E. Mokuena! E. Motaung! E. Mophuthi! etc.

But what meaning could all these expressions of respect, praise, veneration, and even adoration have in the minds of the ancient Basuto, if these different emblems were not symbolical of the same Invisible Being? just as the Ark of the Covenant was for the Israelites of old the symbol of the presence of God in the midst of His people. The word *seboko* means that which one praises, that which one thanks, the Being to whom gratitude is due. It is a derivative of the verb *ho boka*, to praise, to give thanks, to thank.

It was not enough, it would seem, for the Basuto to have to depend solely upon the mediation of the spirits of the departed with the

Invisible One—for, after all, they were but men like themselves who had become invisible. They wanted something more tangible, something they could see, wherewith to symbolise the *Molimo oa khale*—the God of old—Himself, to which they could address their prayers for aid and succour in their undertakings and dangers, and their thanks for benefits enjoyed.

When the children of Israel made them a golden calf as a symbol of God, and sacrificed before it, eating, drinking, and dancing, in honour of the Deity symbolised, they were doing something very similar to the practices of the Basuto, when at their various feasts and function they eat, drink, and dance in honour of the animals by which, as their *liboko*, they symbolise the Invisible Being.

Moreover, the golden calves which Jeroboam set up, the one in Bethel and the other in Dan, symbolised the same Jehovah, not separate Jehovahs; so that Jeroboam did not break the first, but the second Commandment. He offended the Almighty by representing Him in the form of an animal, and causing Him to be worshipped after the manner of the pagans, by noisy and coarse ceremonies. This was idolatry, but it was not polytheism. In the same way the Basuto, with their numerous symbols of the same Invisible Being, which they worshipped with noisy and coarse ceremonies, were indeed idolaters, but by no means polytheists. But let us conclude this dissertation with another quotation from de Rougemont. "If," says he, "the ancient symbols are essentially religious, it is because antiquity brought back everything to God" (*Peuple primitif*, i. 52).

It may have been the remnant of an ancient and forgotten fear of God which caused each tribe to dread to offend the sacred animal by which, without knowing it, they symbolised Him—"The Unknown God," to whom the Greeks of Athens, inspired possibly by a similar sentiment, erected an altar at which they sacrificed and worshipped (Acts xvii. 22, 31).

"The Bataung," according to Mr. Arbousset, "would never kill a lion, unless they were driven to it by sheer necessity; and then only with profound regret; and they feared to look upon it when dead, for fear of being struck blind. But if the thing had happened unavoidably, they rubbed their eyes carefully with the hide, by way of excusing themselves, and, in order to prevent imaginary dangers, as well as to show respect. They would not eat the flesh, though other tribes did so with relish, for fear of eating an ancestor" (*Ex-*

ploratory Tour); and Mr. Casalis says: "That is why purification was necessary after the commission of such sacrilege."

Dr. Livingstone also bears witness to this, in speaking of the Bechuana. "Never," says he, "would the Bechuana eat the animal which had given its name to the tribe, and they would answer by the word *ho ila* (to dread, to fear) if ever there was a question of killing one."

Mr. Arbousset, in discussing the Bafokeng of Mangole, says: "They recognise each other by their great veneration for the *letsa* (Rhebok), and especially for the wild vine (*morara*), a climbing plant of which the branches spread over the highest trees till it seems to stifle them. The Bafokeng of Mangole did not mind taking advantage of the shade of the vine, but they never touched the fruit, and still less would they use the wood. On the contrary, if some stranger did use it as fuel, they feared to use even the embers to light their own fires, but would religiously collect the ashes, placing them on their foreheads and temples in sign of sorrow. This respect, so punctilious, has something in it which resembles the worship which the ancient Gauls paid to the mistletoe" (*Relation d'un Voyage d'Exploration*, p. 212).

Other Bafokeng who venerated the hare (*'mutla*) would, when they caught one, assemble in the village court, and then, beginning with the chief, they would, each in turn, bite the end of the animal's ears; then they rubbed their foreheads with the carcase, as if by that means they could be endowed with all the virtues and material benefits which their *seboko* was able to grant.

The Batsueneng of Khiba have a legend of how the wife of a chief, hitherto barren, had been made to conceive by physical contact with the body or skin of a baboon (*tsuene*). According to some, the baboon was used, being the *seboko* of the tribe, while according to others, it was by reason of this incident that the tribe took the baboon for its *seboko*, the child born being called Motsuene, and the tribe called the Batsueneng.

When cleavage took place in a tribe, as it so often did, the section which broke away invariably, but not always, adopted another *seboko*. When the Batlokoa separated from the Bakhatla they adopted the *phaha* or *quabi* (wild cat) instead of the monkey (*khatla*), their old *seboko*, and attributed to it all the characteristics of cunning, activity, ferocity, and courage with which they were most liberally

endowed. Indeed, no tribe had a more suitable *seboko* than the Batlokoa. Ramokhele, separating from his tribe the Bataung, abandoned the lion (*tau*) and adopted the hippopotamus as the *seboko* of his tribe. Kuena, in similar circumstances, changed the eland (*phofo*) for the crocodile (*kuena*), perhaps on account of his own name; and his tribe were henceforth known as the Bakuena. These mark the ears of their cattle with an incision resembling the jaws of this animal up to this day. The other offshoots of the Bakhatla, the Bapeli, the Makhelokoe, the Maphuthing, and the Basia, chose, each of them, a new *seboko* when they left the parent tribe.

The Bamangwato were at one time Bakuena, but one of the founders of the tribe, having a favourite wife of the tribe of Seleka, who revered the duiker, adopted that as *seboko* for himself and his people, in order to please his wife.

But all these changes do not seem to have made any stir or religious commotion among the people. They seem to have come about as a matter of course, and of little consequence, showing, if nothing else does, that the *seboko*, after all, was but a symbol, and that one animal was as good as another for the purpose of symbolising Him who created them all.

But the cult of *liboko*, or totems, was not peculiar to the Basuto, or even to the Bantu. In some form or other it is common to most savage peoples, even to the aborigines of America. Mr. Hammond Tooke, in the course of an article on the Hereros in the *South African Monthly* for December 1907, draws an interesting parallel between certain Arab tribes and the Hereros. He says: "We have just seen that in archaic times female kinship ruled in Arabia. Each kin had its stock name, and stock emblem or totem, which descended from mother to child. All the members of a totem tribe believed that in some mysterious way the life of a tribe was derived from some animal, plant, or natural object (more frequently an animal) which was held sacred. Thus, the Banu Anmar held sacred the panther; the Banu Kilâlo, the dog; the Banu Debâlo, the lizard; the Banu Sid, the wolf; the Banu Wabr, the lyrax, which the Bedaween of that tribe refuse to eat. In the same manner, the Ora Herero are divided into castes or *Eandas* (clanship-family name), from which they descend, not through the father, but through the mother. In accordance with this system, which they cannot account for, they take the name of certain natural objects or animals to which they

say they are related." All this, with the exception of the female descent, might with slight variation have been written of the Bantu.

§ 3. CONCERNING SPIRITS

We have already had occasion to notice the customs of the Basuto to invoke the services of the spirits of the departed as mediators with the *Molimo oa khale*—the God of old. This cult, which seems to have existed among them since the most ancient times, bears some resemblance to that of the Shades among the ancient Romans. In fact, the word used by the Basuto to denote these spirits is *seriti*, a shade, or shadow. They are a sort of tutelary genus like the Penates and Lares of the Romans. The word *seriti* is applied to all shades, good and bad; but there is also the belief in a kind of ghost, or evil spirit, which wanders about the earth to torment the living. This is called *sethotsela*, plural *lithotsela*. The *liriti*, or shades, are the objects of a regular system of sacrifices, songs, and prayers.

Famous chiefs who, in their lifetime, were said to have been kind and humane towards their people were believed to be in touch with, and especially favoured by, the Shades, and after death became, as Shades, powerful intermediaries and intercessors with the ancient God; and, as such, were the objects of much prayer and supplication. But the devotions of the Basuto were more often in the form of sacrifices and purifications than prayer by word of mouth. Nevertheless, they were very zealous in their belief, credulous even, and were ever very particular about forms and ceremonies. Almost all their national feasts and functions were in honour of the Shades, who were felt to be present and taking part in them; especially if, as was generally the case, they were of a religious nature. A portion of the food was always put aside for them. "*Pha balimo ya le bona*" ("Give to the Shades and eat with them") is the saying; but, sad to relate, their share was very small. The Basuto, notwithstanding their credulity, were a practical people, and no doubt realised that disembodied spirits did not eat much.

"To the cult of the Balimo," says Mr. Casalis, "is joined the idea of personal preservation: every Mosuto attributed the prolongation of his days to the pains he took to assure himself of the favour of his ancestors" (*Journal des Missions*, 1844).

But all this outward piety does not seem to have had much effect

upon the morals of the people, or to have been any deterrent to robbery, fraud, or the shedding of blood. "Their idea of religion seemed to be summed up," according to de Rougemont, "in the words, 'Let the gods take charge of my fortune, I will be responsible for my morals'" (*Peuple primitif*, i. 73).

The Basuto have an ancient faith in the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body; the worship of the dead proves the former, and their burial ceremonies the latter. There is, however, no trace whatever of any prayers, sacrifices, etc., for the dead, all these being to the dead on behalf of the living. The dead, or perhaps the departed would be the better word, were not believed to suffer any remorse, or indeed any punishment for evil committed on earth; but it was believed that they had physical wants, that they ate and drank, and pursued much the same occupations, and enjoyed the same pleasures, as they did when on earth. The state of the departed, indeed, was thought to be, in some sort, a repetition of their earthly life.

A small heathen boy near Masitisi being about to die, a Christian woman went to visit him, and expressed her sorrow to see him so ill, and so near the time when he would not be there to herd his father's cattle. "True," said the dying boy; "but I go to help my grandfather. I shall herd his calves." These calves had died from rinderpest not long before, and he firmly believed that he would find them with his grandfather beyond the grave, and take them out to graze as he had taken those of his father before he fell sick.

Mr. Casalis says on this subject (*i.e.* the abode of the departed): "The imagination of some persons adorn this abode with valleys that are always green, and people it with speckled flocks and herds without horns and immortal like their possessors. But the generally received opinion seems to be, that the Shades wander about in silent calm, experiencing neither joy nor sorrow" (*The Basuto*, p. 247).

But this belief in a future state with material wants and occupations never induced the Basuto, as it did so many other savage peoples, to send a number of wives, servants, etc., to accompany dead chiefs or persons of note to the spirit-world.

When a Mosuto dreams of his father, after the death of the latter, he firmly believes that he has been the object of a supernatural visitation occasioned by some neglect or shortcoming of his own. He is seized by what he calls "a conscience" (*letsualo*), and, in his conster-

nation, has immediate recourse to the witch-doctor, who is believed to have intercourse with the Shades, and will say to him, "I am troubled in my sleep by the shade of my father." The doctor will probably tell him that the shade of his father complains of his neglect, and that he must therefore kill an ox or a sheep of a certain colour. This done, the gall will be sprinkled over the person haunted by the spirit of the defunct, and upon the grave of the latter, with this prayer: "Oh, let us now sleep in peace and trouble us no more." It is a queer way of laying a ghost: but no doubt those who practise it believe in its efficacy, or they would have given it up long ago.

When a newborn child dies, the spirits of the mother's relations are supposed to have taken it. The mother must therefore be purified by the sacrifice of a black sheep.*

§ 4. SORCERY, WITCHCRAFT, AND SUPERSTITION

Besides the cult of the Shades and the veneration of the *liboko*, the Basuto have for many centuries groaned under the yoke of witchcraft; and superstitions without number forced them to be constantly running to the witch-doctor, to the material profit of the latter, for medicines, amulets, sacrifices, and purification for the protection of their persons and property against sorcery and evil spirits. And although these blind superstitions seem to us to be ridiculous enough, to the early Basuto they were a very terrible reality, keeping them in a constant state of fear and apprehension. They also had the effect of brutalising an otherwise kindly people, and inducing a moral torpor which incapacitated them for all progress.

They used to wear round their necks a collection of queer-looking objects strung together in the form of a necklace. Perhaps a root or two, bones, claws, the bladders of some small animal, a bag of snake-skin containing some potent charm, all of which were supposed to possess magic power, and were probably bought from some witch-doctor for valuable consideration. There would also be the *litaola* or divining bones, which were in constant requisition. Whether it was a question of hunting, or searching for lost stock, the bones, being thrown on the ground like dice, would indicate the direction

* It is interesting to note that among the Basuto goats are never used for this and similar purposes unless specially ordered by the doctor. With the Zulus, on the contrary, it is always goats and never sheep.—J. C. M.

in which to hunt or search. In the case of suspected infidelity of a wife, the bones would either clear her character or show the husband where to look for his supplanter. If a person were sick, the bones would say if he or she were bewitched, and indicate the sacrifice necessary to exorcise the evil spirit. Sometimes charms were worn on the head, such as a snake-skin twisted round it, beetles, and the inflated bladders of small animals attached to the hair. The snake-skins would, they believed, protect them from their enemies, the beetles would render them prolific. Jackals' bladders were a strong protection against witchcraft, and therefore much esteemed; for of all the evils which might befall, there was none of which the early Mosuto had a greater dread than witchcraft. Not only did they wear these charms upon their persons, but even their houses and villages had to be protected by charms and potent medicines.

The men had their own special charms for male requirements, some for family life, some for success in war and the chase; the women, for all the various contingencies peculiar to their sex. The young of both sexes, and even infants, wore charms to protect them from sickness and all evil, and to make them grow.

There was almost no occasion in the lives of these people into which superstition and the dread of witchcraft did not enter. To witchcraft, magic, and the malignant influence of evil spirits they attributed all their ills, and the unreasoning fear thus engendered was the cause of much injustice, cruelty, and wrong.

§ 5. WITCH-DOCTORS AND RAIN-MAKERS

(a) Witch-doctors

"The *ngakas*, or diviners," says Mr. Casalis, "are the active agents of the Prince of Darkness. A *ngaka* combines the offices of diviner, rain-maker, priest, and physician. The mysterious charms which he carries on his person place him in communication with the dead, whom he has the power to evoke. He is the natural ally of the chief, whose arbitrary acts he consecrates; the preceptor of the young, who pass several months under his care while being prepared for circumcision. His occult science brings hope to the invalid who thinks himself the victim of witchcraft; to the cultivator who fears drought, hail, the voracity of the birds for his crops; to the herdsman who is in despair at seeing the hyenas defy his stick and his dogs.

"The young wives to whom the sweets of maternity are denied, assemble, fearful and panting, around the dwelling of the astute magician, who pretends to nothing less than omnipotence. It is plain that such important attributes carry with them some profit to those who exercise them: they can boast of a cupidity at least equal to that which at all times has distinguished their like" (*Journal des Missions*, 1839).

Should a chief contemplate a warlike expedition, he would consult with one *ngaka* as to the bulbs and roots wherewith to make the medicine necessary to success, while others prepared a specific composed of crabs, which they dried, reduced to cinders, and then pulverised. Of this they made an ointment, which was supposed to make the warriors invulnerable.

If a person got seriously ill, one of these men was called, and his first care was to ascertain, by means of the divining bones, who had bewitched the sick person, for until this was done no physical remedy could be expected to be of any use. Once the culprit was denounced, he was abominably tortured and made to pay a heavy penalty. Remedies were then applied, which consisted of herbs and roots which had certain medicinal properties. It was also necessary to offer a sacrifice in order to purify the patient of all impurities with which the person who had bewitched him had defiled his body, and also to propitiate the Shades.

Naturally enough, a phenomenon so terrifying as the lightning was the cause of much speculation among the old Basuto, and various opinions were held about it. Some thought that when a person was killed by lightning it was a sign that the Shades wanted him, and it was not well to mourn for him; but in general the lightning, especially when it was accompanied by a storm, was usually connected with a bird called *tlali*. The origin of this idea was that sometimes a seabird was driven inland by a storm, and would fall exhausted on a plain or mountain-side; which bird, being unknown to this inland people, was called *tlali* (lightning), for they believed it caused it, as well as the thunder, by beating the rocks with its wings.

The following story illustrates this theory and the superstition of the natives, in this case Baphuthi, on the subject. It was related to us by one Philemon Seboka, an old man of Masitisi, as a personal experience of his own. We give it, as nearly as we can remember, in the English of his own words.

"Long ago, when I was still a little boy living at Maphutsing, my comrades and I were herding our fathers' cattle. There had been a storm, and it was still raining. As we followed our cattle, we saw a bird, like unto a vulture, sitting on an ant-heap. We ran towards it, and I, getting there first, struck the bird on the head with my stick, and so we killed it. We never saw a bird like this bird. Its body was rather short for so big a bird; but its wings were so long that one of them covered two of us. Its eyes were large, and like those of an owl. We marvelled at its strength and ferocity, for before we killed it, the cattle, being attracted by a strange smell which came from it, came near to it, but the bird drove them away.

"When the rain ceased, we brought it to the village. One of us took it on his back, and four others supported the extended wings, two on this side and two on that. The bird was heavy, but we were very proud, and in this way we approached the village. When we were yet a little way off, the men saw us, and stopped us by cries and gestures. The old chief, Mokuane, in great fear, ordered us to return and throw the bird away. He sent quickly for a *ngaka*, who knew how to work the lightning, and I and my companions were shut up in a hut which stood by itself outside the village, as if we were defiled.

"The doctor arrived, and began straightway to work us with his medicines. They were of two kinds: with the one he sprinkled us, and with the other he inoculated us, for, without knowing it, we had carried the lightning on our backs and nearly brought evil on the village. After this purification we were allowed to enter the village and go home.

"As for the bird, it was cut up into little pieces, and the doctors came from all the region round about to buy the pieces, and for each piece they paid a goat. For, said they, we shall now make medicine that will vanquish the lightning."

This little story serves to show how these people allowed themselves to be cheated by the witch-doctors, who bred such fears in order that they might be called to allay them, to their own great profit. They created needs for their services in almost every act and phase of existence. A man could not sleep in his house for fear of magic, fire, or lightning, and therefore the *ngaka* must be called to doctor it. His services were needed to insure the fidelity of wives and husbands, and also to assist illicit lovers in attaining their desire.

Indeed, it was not uncommon for a witch-doctor to sell medicine to a husband and to a paramour at the same time in respect of the favours of the same woman.

If a baboon should get on the roof of a hut, or if a bird of ill-omen, such as a crow or an owl, happened to perch on it, purification was necessary, and some person would be accused of bewitching the house. If a night-attack by enemies was feared, or if a man was apprehensive of harm at feasts where one might expect to meet strangers, the witch-doctor would restore confidence by inoculating him with infallible medicine, so that he could sleep in peace or join the festive crowd with a sense of security. The witch-doctor would also (for valuable consideration, of course) guarantee a man against all accident which might befall when hunting or travelling. If a man had a case against his neighbour, the witch-doctor would help him to win it by means of charms, medicine, or inoculation, which would thereby incline the court in his favour. In fact, the only thing which the witch-doctor did not pretend to control was death, and when that occurred he would say, "Who can strive against the invisible ones?"

His power, however, in the ordinary affairs of life was never questioned. Was it not he who could fertilise the earth by burning plants of a mysterious virtue, the reins of an eland, the skin of a hedgehog, or the dung of a sheep? When the smoke of these offerings was blown by the wind over the ground under treatment, it was a sign that his medicines had been blessed and the crop would be abundant. Was he not able also to protect the crops against hail, birds, and locusts?

It would take too long to enumerate all the powers which the witch-doctors claimed to possess. Suffice it to say that there was no circumstance in life with which they did not pretend to be able to deal; and if any one doubted it, he was careful to conceal his doubt, for the witch-doctor was not a man to quarrel with in that superstitious age.

(b) Rain-makers

Among the witch-doctors were certain who specialised as *rain-makers*; and in a dry country like Central South Africa, these were in great request.

When the services of a rain-maker were required, it was customary

to summon him stealthily and by night, lest, peradventure, the suspicion of the rain-god might be aroused, for the idea was to force from him, by the art of the rain-maker, the rain which he was holding back. The messenger must therefore go with care, he must not turn back or stop to quench his thirst by the way, and when he neared the abode of the rain-maker it was necessary to bathe in some stream before delivering his message.

When, in response to the call, the rain-maker arrived at the village to which he was summoned, he would shut himself up in a hut reserved for such mysteries and called *sefahla*. There he would have pots of water drawn from some special fountain, and some fuel. He would boil the water, adding thereto plants and roots of miraculous virtue, and powerful to work on the rain. When the water boiled, he would stir the decoction vigorously with a churning-reed, so as to make it froth, the steam being the means of transmitting the virtues of the plants to the clouds, which would so agitate them that a plenteous rain could not be withheld. Perhaps the steam was also symbolical of the prayers by which the more famous spirits were invoked. If rain fell, the rain-maker would receive a reward of several head of cattle, and the people would express their gratitude by a dance.

But when, as no doubt often happened, the arts of the rain-maker failed to bring the rain, the chief would be asked by him to assemble the people for what was called a *molutsoane*, a hunt on a neighbouring mountain. A beast of a certain colour would first be sacrificed, and early in the morning the people would start driving the cattle before them to the top of the mountain. It was customary to show their discontent by destroying all the shrubs they happened to come across, to throw stones into dried pools and water-courses, and to kill all the game that came within reach. But it was forbidden to return with any game without first disembowelling the animals and throwing the entrails into a watercourse. Towards mid-day they would return to the village, the cattle driven pell-mell in front, and the women wailing and repeating many times the following or a similar prayer:

Soloane he! ve batla pula!
Helele! pula e kae?
Morena, re fe pula.
Re sala ka mehla re nyoriloe,
Le likhomo le nyoriloe.
Soloane, pula e kae?

O Soloane! we seek rain!
 Oh, where is the rain?
 Lord, give us rain.
 We remain always thirsty,
 The cattle too are thirsty.
 Soloane, where is the rain?

If this did not succeed, the women would try in their turn; and this was the way of it. All the matrons had a domestic utensil called *lesokoana*. It was a kind of stick used for stirring porridge and cooking generally—a porridge-stick, in fact; and this homely instrument was, it would seem, held capable of producing effects as miraculous as the magic wands of the ancient wizards.

In times of drought the women and girls of outlying villages would plan together to steal and carry off the porridge-stick of the queen, the great wife of the chief. For this purpose they would gather at the chief's village, and, having removed every garment which might impede their movements, would seize the porridge-stick and make off with it with joyous cries. Of course the women of the chief's village would pursue them in order to rescue the ravished porridge-stick; but always in vain, for the ravishers used to take the precaution to leave certain of the more active of their number at various points on the line of flight, so that there would always be a fresh woman to relieve a tired one, and run on with the porridge-stick until the pre-arranged destination was reached. There they would give vent to prayers and invocations such as the following:—

*Re tsua bona Mohlomi—
Mohlomi, o kokometse.
Tsuloane, pula e kae?
Pula! re bala pula!*

We have just seen Mohlomi—
Mohlomi, who sits alone.
Tsuloane, where is the rain?
Rain! we want rain!

Mohlomi, as we have seen, was a chief famous for his benevolence. He was also a rain-maker of great power. Tsuloane (or Soloane, as he is called in the former prayer) was an ancestor who was supposed to hold high rank among the immortals.

The Rev. Mr. Willoughby, a missionary among the Bamangwato, relates that in former times it was customary when the rain-maker failed for the chief, as a last resort, to kill a perfectly black ox at the tomb of Mathibe, the most ancient of their chiefs, who is reported to have killed himself by poison. All true Bamangwato, men, women, and children, were called to assist at this sacrifice. The whole of the flesh was consumed on the spot, each one partaking, from the highest to the lowest, including little children. The interior of the animal was buried in the tomb of the dead chief; and then came the prayer: "We have come to beg rain by means of this ox: here it is, O Chief, our father!" And they sang the rain-songs and danced around

the grave. Then they raised a great shout: "*Pula! pula! pula! Kgosi, re shuele re le batho ba gago*" ("Rain! rain! rain! Chief, we are dead who are your people!"). And they returned home, singing songs of rain as they went (*Notice on Totemism*, p. 303).

All this gives some idea of how terribly the old Basuto used to suffer from drought and consequent famine. When everything had been tried in vain, the rain-makers and the people used to cut themselves with knives in order to show their misery. They would roll in the ashes and rise up uttering weird cries; and after religious dances, in which all took part, they would sing melancholy airs, and again give vent to cries, groans, and lamentations, which they kept up day and night, together with this or a similar prayer:

*Ke le ngoana oa Molimo, ka ota.
(I am a child of God, yet I starve.)
Molimo, o mocha rapela oa Khale.
(New god, pray to him of old.)
Rapela, Nkopane Mathunya!
(Pray, Nkopane Mathunya!)
Rapela, Mohlomi Matsie!
(Pray, Mohlomi Matsie.)*

Rain and drought were such important factors in the lives of the early Basuto, when it was not possible to make up for a bad harvest by importing grain from elsewhere, that we have thought it well, even at the risk of prolixity, to dwell upon the subject. To-day a drought means financial loss and considerable hardship; but at the time of which we are writing it meant death by starvation to many, and famine to all. Not only did the crop fail, but the cattle died of thirst and poverty, and the game went elsewhere in search of water. In these conditions it is not remarkable that a man who was believed to be able to make rain was held in high repute; what is remarkable is that the faith of the people lasted so long in the face of many failures.

Much distress might have been avoided had the natives had the energy and forethought to cultivate more than was necessary for their immediate wants, and lay by a year's supply for the inevitable drought which they knew by bitter experience was bound to come sooner or later; but their hoes were few, very costly, and not very serviceable, and the only grain they knew in those days was millet, which takes nine months to mature.

§ 6. CONCERNING SACRIFICES AND PURIFICATIONS

(a) *Sacrifices*

These were under the superintendence of the witch-doctors, whose functions in this respect resembled those of a priest. They were of two kinds, viz.:

- (i) Obligatory sacrifices, demanded by use and custom; and
- (ii) Voluntary oblations, offered under special circumstances.

It is only necessary to enumerate some of the more important to show what a very considerable amount of property was sacrificed by the early Basuto to the Shades of their ancestors; but as they ate the greater part of the offering themselves, the institution was not unpopular.

(i) *Obligatory Sacrifices*.—1. When a woman became pregnant, a sheep was sacrificed in order to render the gods propitious to her; the skin of the animal was dressed and made into an apron, which served to screen her from witchcraft.

2. At the birth of the child the father offered another sheep, by virtue of which he took formal possession of the child and placed it under the special protection of the family gods. The fat which covered the entrails of the victim was stretched and coiled round the neck of the infant.

3. On the recovery of the mother, he again had to offer a sheep, the skin of which was made into a *thari* (a portable cradle), in which the mother would carry the infant on her back. If the mother had gone to her parents for her confinement, which was usually the case in first confinements, this sacrifice was made on her return to her husband's home, and was called *koroso* (the home-coming).

4. On the circumcision of a child, of either sex, the father had to offer a sacrifice.

5. When a girl was declared nubile, another had to be offered, to place her under the care of the Shades.

6. At every marriage an ox had to be sacrificed by the father of the bride, so that the Shades might look favourably on the marriage. The parties were sprinkled with the gall, and the fat of the victim was wrapped round their necks and wrists.

7. When a person died, an ox called *khomo ea mohoba* (ox of purification) was offered at the grave; not for the benefit of the defunct, but for the purification of all his relations and those who might have

become defiled by contact with the corpse in the course of the obsequies. After the funeral, the flesh of the ox was eaten by all present, and, in the unlikely event of any of it being left over, it had to be burned with fire before the sun rose next day.

8. Besides these sacrifices of blood, there were also obligatory sacrifices of cereals. These were made at harvest time, and the owner of the crop made his oblations in the following manner:

(a) "After the grain was thrashed and sifted," says Mr. E. Casalis, "it was left in a heap on the threshing-floor. It was necessary, before it could be touched, to proceed with a religious ceremony which recalls the offering made by the Israelites to Jehovah of the first-fruits of the earth. The owners of the grain brought to the threshing-floor a new pot, and boiled some grain in it. When it was cooked, some handfuls of it were thrown on the heap with these words: '*Ahe, melimo; le hosasane le re fe bohobe*' ('Thanks, gods; to-morrow also give us bread'). This having been said, the year's crop was accounted pure and fit for use" (*The Basuto*, p. 250).

(b) Moreover, in the centre of the threshing-floor each Mosuto made a hole twelve or fifteen inches in depth and diameter; and all the grain which in threshing fell into this hole was the portion of the household gods. It was called *mabele a leoa* (the fallen grain). Immediately afterwards this grain was made into beer (*yoala*), which was offered in the evening to the household gods without being strained. It was left for their use during the night as a drink-offering, and in the morning the family and neighbours assembled to drink "what the gods had left." But it was strained by the hostess before the arrival of the guests. Then, after a word of prayer, asking permission of the gods to drink their beer, it was duly drunk, and, every one being satisfied, thanks were returned before dispersing.

9. It was obligatory for chiefs to offer sacrifice when contemplating a warlike expedition, in order to make his warriors invulnerable. Their preparation took three or four days, and included inoculation.

(ii) *Voluntary Sacrifices*.—These sacrifices were often very numerous, but only when special circumstances called for them. For instance:

1. On the occasion of severe illness, in order to invoke the gods in favour of the invalid and protect him from any magic which might militate against the efforts of the doctor who had been called to cure him.

2. On the reconciliation of two enemies, especially two chiefs, the sacrifice of a white ox was the correct thing, its colour being emblematic of the state of their hearts. When the animal was killed and opened, each one thrust his hand into the stomach and took out a handful of *mosoang*, then, seizing the right arm of the other near the elbow, slid his hand gently down the arm to the hand, and, grasping it firmly, said: "*Re tsuarane matsoho ka mosoang*" ("We have clasped hands with *mosoang*"). This was the binding ceremony in the act of reconciliation, and afterwards the flesh of the ox was eaten by all who had witnessed it.

3. On the occasion of two individuals contracting a close friendship, an ox was killed, and they rubbed each other's bodies with *mosoang*. This was equivalent to an oath.

4. In times of drought the rain-maker prescribed the number and kind of victims required by the rain-gods. These he disposed of as seemed good to him.

5. When dead ancestors appeared to the living in dreams; but this has been already dealt with.

It is curious to note the importance given to this *mosoang* in these sacrificial rites. There was nothing repugnant to these people about it. At the rite of circumcision they used it as soap for the head and hands, as well as for a mass of other purposes. They also used it to smear the floors of their dwellings, and places where they stored grain.

(b) Purifications

According to Mr. Casalis, there were five modes of purification—viz. by sacrifice proper, by inoculation, by ablution, by sprinkling, and by fire.

If it was intended to purify a sick person of any enchantment which might, perchance, have been put upon him by his enemies, and which was preventing his recovery, an ox had to be sacrificed at the grave of the ancestor it was desired to invoke; or, if that was too far off, a stone was fetched from it for the occasion.

For an irregular conception—that is to say, a conception which took place at a time other than that appointed by custom for this purpose, e.g. before the former child was weaned—the woman had to be purified. The blood of the victim was made to flow over her body, and this was supposed to regulate the irregularity. Children

born in such circumstances, without recourse having been had to this ceremony, were regarded as ill-begotten, and likely to bring evil on their parents, their neighbours, and even upon the tribe. They were, therefore, not allowed to live.

Another sacrifice had to be made on the return of a warlike expedition in order to purify those whose hands were soiled with the blood of those they had killed. This had to be done before they returned home, otherwise there would be a curse on such houses as their shadows had rested upon, or on any person who came in contact with them. They also had to cleanse themselves by ablution.

By Inoculation.—In the absence of bottles, which were, of course, unknown, the ancient Basuto were wont to keep their medicines, whether liquid or powder, in a horn. Each tribe had a special tribal horn, in which was kept a medicine, the component parts of which were known only to the chief, the tribal doctor, and a few of his initiates. This medicine was credited with extraordinary virtues: it purified the defiled, put an end to past evils, and was a protection against future accidents. It was composed of divers evergreen shrubs, including mimosa thorns; lion's claws; some hairs of a lion's mane; tufts of hair taken from the base of the horns of a bull, the emblem of strength and fecundity; the skin of a snake; the feathers of a hawk, or other bird of prey. The flesh of certain animals was added, and the whole was burned, or rather carbonised, with much ceremony. The carbon was collected in the horn; an ox was killed to consecrate the mixture, and its gall added its virtues to it. The fat which covered the intestines was rolled up, and served as a cork. This precious medicine was kept by the chief, and people were inoculated with it as occasion demanded. How they escaped blood-poisoning is a mystery. The shrubs used were the same thorny bushes, the branches of which, being interlaced, formed an effective barrier against the material inroads of evil beasts, and perhaps this may account for the faith reposed in the medicine made from them as a protection against the ghostly attacks of evil spirits. According to Mr. Casalis, "This belief in the inoculation of the virtues of certain substances is the principal cause of the mutilations which the natives sometimes inflict on the corpses of their enemies. The bleeding pieces which they bring from the battlefield are used in the composition of a powder, which is supposed to communicate to them the courage, skill, and good fortune of their adversaries" (*The Basuto*, p. 257).

If an epidemic broke out, if public business went wrong, if war threatened, the people were called together, and the chief, armed with a sharp instrument, made a small incision in each man's temple, and inserted a little of the mystic powder taken from the tribal horn. The village had also to be doctored, which was done by sprinkling some small pegs of wood with the powder, and driving them into the ground at various points round the village. When a chief changed his residence, this formality was especially necessary. It was called *Ho thakhisa motse* (to peg the village). It was a safeguard against all magic, sorcery, and even against an attack by human foes.

Preparation for war was not complete without inoculation from the horn, which made the warriors brave and invulnerable.

By Sprinkling.—Another method of doctoring the people was by sprinkling. The substances used were much the same as those of the horn, only the powder was dissolved in a considerable quantity of water. When a public purification was decided upon, it was usually the chief who prepared the fluid. For this purpose he and his doctor would retire to the *sefahla* (secret place), and when there would stir the mixture till a sufficient quantity of froth was produced. Then, with some of the froth on his head, he would return to where the people were assembled, and the doctor would sprinkle them with the froth, using the tail of an animal for the purpose. Huts, standing crops, and cattle were also sprinkled in this manner, when occasion seemed to demand it.

Ablutions were performed on return from war. It was absolutely necessary to purify the warriors of the blood they had shed, lest, peradventure, the Shades of those they had slain might pursue them and trouble their sleep. If, as was often the case, the returning band was a large one, the witch-doctors had an ingenious method of saving themselves trouble. They would make the warriors stand in a stream, and then throw some of the mystic powder into water higher up the stream. The warriors then washed themselves and their arms in the water, and this was supposed to have the same effect as the more laborious methods of sprinkling and inoculating; and no doubt it had! But if they had already been purified by sacrifice, this ablution, though advisable, was not absolutely necessary.

By Fumigation.—Cattle captured in war had to be purified by *fumigation* before they could be allowed to mix with the herds of

their captors. They were collected at some suitable spot, and subjected to the smoke of burning branches.

Fire was used to purify a person who had defiled himself by walking over a grave, or even having his foot upon it. A small fire was lighted, and the feet of the defiled person were singed in the flame.

The Basuto were very punctilious about these purifications and sacrifices, and had a firm belief in their efficacy.

§ 7. MODE OF BURIAL

Among the ancient customs which the old Basuto practised with such punctilious care, there was none to which they were more attached, or more careful to preserve, than those connected with the burial of the dead; and the manner of it, which they had learned from their fathers, and which resembled that of the Bushmen, made it necessary to proceed with the burial as soon as life was extinct.

The demise was made known to the neighbours by piercing and lugubrious cries. The matrons of the locality would assemble round the hut of the defunct, and give themselves over to lamentation, speaking in praise of the departed and of the loss sustained by the community by reason of his death.

While this was going on outside the hut, the man in charge of the obsequies would close the eyes of the deceased, and bend the limbs into the required position while they were still warm and supple: the legs were bent and drawn up against the body into a crouching position, and firmly tied with grass ropes; the arms were also bent at the elbows, and from the elbows upwards tied to the sides; the hands were covering the face, as if to support the head, which was resting on the knees. The attitude of the body when thus tied up was very similar to that of an unborn child, which may have something to do with the origin of the practice. But if perchance post-mortem rigidity had taken place, the tendons of the limbs were cut, so as to make them pliable. A mantle of dressed skin was thrown over the shoulders of the body and tied round the waist and the trussed-up legs. Sometimes sandals were put on the feet and a skin cap on the head, but no ornaments.

While the body was being prepared in this manner, the grave was being dug. It was a round hole, perhaps three feet in diameter, and about four feet deep. When all was ready, the body was taken

out of the hut, through a hole cut in the wall opposite to the door. It was carried in an ox-hide by the man in charge of the obsequies, assisted by those who had dug the grave, and placed in the grave in a sitting position, care being taken to turn the face to the east. The grave was closed by a flat stone, which fitted into the hole just above the head of the body, and on the top of this the earth was rammed.

But before closing the grave, two important things had to be done. The first was to place in it, by the side of the deceased, a little seed of pumpkin, grain, sugar-cane, etc., also a little thatching-grass, the pipe or the snuff-box of the deceased, according to his manner of using tobacco; sometimes the thong, and the pot which he had used in milking, were also put in the grave. If the deceased were a female, besides the seed, her porridge-stick and churning-reed were also put in. The second was a religious ceremony. An ox was killed for the purification of those who had taken part in the funeral, the members of the family, and the implements used. The gall-bladder was attached to one of the wrists of the person who prepared the corpse; then every one present, even the children, would throw a handful of *mosoang* (chyme, *χυμος*) into the grave, saying to the defunct, "*U re roballe!*" which, being freely translated, means, "Rest in peace, and trouble us not!" The skin and the head of the beast were the perquisite of the master of the obsequies; but the flesh was eaten by those present, old and young, and finished in the course of the day. Then the cattle of the deceased were made to pass over the grave, which thereafter remained sacred to the family.

In time of famine, those who died of starvation received no sepulture. No one would bury them, because there would be nothing wherewith to purify themselves after contact with the body.

Much importance was attached to the practice of providing the deceased with seed and grass, the idea being that souls of the departed went to a kind of Hades, or Paradise, where they lived more or less as they did on earth, and would therefore require seed to sow, and grass wherewith to build dwellings for themselves and their children when they followed them. The ancient Egyptians believed that the souls of the departed used to visit the bodies in the grave, and out of respect for them used to place near the grave miniature dwellings made of glazed earth, in which they put some food, a bed and chair in miniature, for the use of the visiting soul. The customs of the

Bantu, above described, and their ideas on the worship of the Shades, on the sojourn and occupation of souls in Hades, seem to suggest that at some remote period their ancestors were in contact with the descendants of Mitsraim, before they began to spread themselves southwards.

The period of mourning lasted several months, during which time the family of the deceased kept their heads shaved, and suspended from their necks one or more metal beads instead of the usual ornaments. The widows and orphans wore round their heads a single cord of plaited grass. Moreover, if the deceased happened to be a person of consequence, all the beer-pots of the village were put out of use until his affairs had been arranged. Then the interdict would be removed, and a large amount of beer would be made and consumed. This was called *yoala ba lipitsa* ("the beer of the pots").

Visits of condolence were always paid to the bereaved family, and continued for days, weeks, and even months after the demise. But they were not very consoling, the words being mostly polite platitudes; but the great thing was to have come, often a long journey, in order to show sympathy with those in mourning.

It is to be feared that, in their haste to bury their dead, the old Basuto buried a good many persons before they were really dead. Mr. Casalis relates a case where, to his own knowledge, a woman was actually buried alive. She could not, however, have been tied up very securely, and the stone perhaps was not very heavy, as she was able to move it and struggle out (*The Basuto*, p. 203).

§ 8. TRIBAL RULE

All these tribes had the same form of government, the same laws of inheritance and marriage, the same superstitions and language, differing, perhaps, in detail here and there, but identical in fundamental principles—which is another proof that they all spring from a common source.

Not being able to get at the beginning of things, we must only go back as far as we can, and we shall here endeavour to describe the system of government which we find working as far back into the centuries as tradition will take us, and which, with very little modification, is at work to-day.

The chief of a tribe may be said to begin his official life at his

circumcision—that is to say, long before his father vacates the office. In the same *mophato* he finds a number of lads of his own age, sons of his father's mates (*lithaka*), and these are henceforth his mates, adopt his *mophato* name, and go through life with him as counsellors, officers, messengers—his eyes and ears among the people. They would marry about the same time, and their children would be about the same age; and when the eldest son of one chief came to undergo the rite in his turn, the eldest sons of his father's mates would go with him, and remain his till death. The second son would be accompanied by the second sons of his father's mates, and so on. Thus it came about that at an early age every son of a chief of any importance had the nucleus of a following, which increased according to his popularity, his father's favour, or other circumstances; and sometimes, as we have seen in the course of this history, younger sons have been in a position to secede from the parent tribe and form tribes of their own. That this did not happen oftener is probably due to the ties of blood which bound the young chief's mates to those of his elder brother. They had no chieftainship to quarrel about, and would lose, rather than gain, by separation from their relatives.

When the son of a chief reached a suitable age, he left his father's village with his following, and set up a village of his own, generally near his maternal uncles, who were supposed to nurse and serve their sisters' child; and in this way it sometimes happened that the eldest son of a secondary wife had more people than a younger son of the great wife, as the latter's maternal uncles would be with his elder brother. One son of the chief, however, remained at home. He was called *Mosalalapeng* ("he who remains in the home"). He was usually a younger son of the first wife, and his duties were to assist his father in every act of chieftainship, to represent and act for him, and support him in his old age. During the father's lifetime his influence was great, greater even than that of the eldest son, and second only to that of the old chief himself. But when the latter died, he was apt to be left in evil case, as when acting for his father he had probably contrived to disoblige his brothers, especially the heir, and had now nothing to fall back on but the bounty of the latter.

The chief, then, with the assistance of his mates and uncles, ruled the tribe; so that, although no doubt before families grew into tribes the rule was patriarchal, as far back as our knowledge takes us we find it, though still in a degree patriarchal, rather tending towards

an oligarchy—under one chief, it is true, but a chief who did not rule alone.

Besides the counsellors already mentioned, there were other functionaries, not the least important of which was the tribal doctor, who had to advise and direct all spiritual, sacrificial, and religious matters. There was also the *Molaoli*, or captain of the host, sometimes called Mohale. He was chosen for his courage and skill in war, and was usually a near relation of the chief, often the son called *Mosala-lapeng* above mentioned. His duties were to command the fighting strength of the tribe, which consisted of every man capable of marching and bearing a shield. Sometimes the chief himself filled this office.

In the early days there was plenty of room in this vast country for every one, and clans and tribes settled where they pleased, without let or hindrance; but later on, when the country began to fill, by reason of natural increase and immigration, chiefs became concerned to secure their rights over the country they considered their own, and in this way the land came to be considered the property of the chief, cultivators holding their fields as lent by him; but pasturage remained common.

The chief, as we have seen, acquired his authority by right of birth, though there are cases on record where the chieftainship has been usurped, or acquired by circumstance. His functions, powers, and privileges were many and great.

He administered justice with plenary powers; all authority was vested in him alone. He could summon the tribe to *pitsos* or meetings to discuss internal questions; or call together the heads of the people to decide a question of peace or war. He had the right to the labour of his people at certain times, and to impose upon them, in extraordinary circumstances, a tax in cattle (*sethabathaba*), either to pay an indemnity or for some other tribal purpose.

The arrangements for all religious and national ceremonies were in his hands, and carried out by his authority. Nothing could be done without him. Even the crops could not be reaped until he had tasted the first-fruits.

It was by his order that the rain-maker practised his mystic art; and the hunt called *Molutsoane* could only be held on his initiative.

It was he who ordered a hunt for big game, to procure food for his people and skins to clothe them withal. Individuals had indeed a right to their own kill, but the first animal killed belonged to the

chief, as did also the heads of those killed by his own family. The chiefs found in those hunts of big game a valuable means of asserting their authority, which they were careful to make the most of. X

All rights over trees, reeds, and thatching-grass (*liremo*) were vested in the chief, so that no one could build or thatch a house without his leave. But though this was so, and chiefs were especially jealous of these rights, they never used them for pecuniary profit.

The person of the chief was, of course, inviolable, and accredited doctors were under his special protection, in the event of the death of a patient, or candidate undergoing the rite of circumcision, or any other mishap which might occur to them in the exercise of their profession.

The chief was a very busy man. He used to spend the whole day in his *lekhotla* hearing complaints, discussing matters, or trying cases; to give him his due, he was accessible to the meanest, and the complaint of a poor man would always be heard. In ancient times he used to take his meals there with his people, and some chiefs do so to-day.

The *lekhotla*, or court, was a semi-circular structure, made of reeds, facing north-east or east, and with its back to the west or south-west, from which quarter comes the prevailing wind. It varied in size according to the importance of the chief. When a case was tried, the chief sat in the centre with his headmen and counsellors on either side, while the public who could not find room in the semi-circle occupied the open space in front. Women were not allowed in the *lekhotla* except as witnesses or parties in a case. No regular procedure was followed, witnesses and parties speaking when and as often as they pleased. Nothing was more congenial to these people than a complicated civil action or a well-defended criminal case. It was a tournament of wits, in which every one took part, the object being the stultification of a witness, or the conviction out of his own mouth of an accused person. All sorts of questions were allowed, and the idea of cautioning the accused against committing himself never occurred to any one, and would have been dismissed as ridiculous if it had. The utmost decorum and silence were observed all through a trial, except that now and then an extra shrewd question, which brought about the confusion of a witness or the accused, would elicit applause—to the great gratification of the questioner. When the case had been fully heard, the counsellors,

or indeed any one present, gave their opinion upon it, the lowest in rank first, and so on up to the chief, who spoke last, and whose decision was final.

There were usually only two modes of punishment—fine and death; though flogging was occasionally resorted to, in the case of juvenile offenders. The death-penalty was, however, seldom made use of by the Basuto—the national sense was always keenly averse to it; but for all that, persons who incurred the hatred of the chief were very liable to meet with fatal accidents when they took their walks abroad.

A person convicted of witchcraft was probably “eaten up”—that is to say, his property and family were taken from him, and he was driven naked from the community, to live or die, as fate might decree. That is why a person so accused seldom waited for his trial, but fled with such of his belongings as he could get together, with a view to joining some other chief. If he was unfortunate enough to be caught, his flight would be considered an additional and conclusive proof of his guilt. Cases, however, are on record where such offenders were allowed to go in peace, with their families and property. Sometimes, but rarely, torture was resorted to in order to extort a confession. All other trials were fair enough, and travesties of justice were rare; but in a charge of witchcraft the accused had a poor chance, and did well to fly if he could.

The sentences imposed were mild, but that was because they did not take a very serious view of crime, especially theft. Bribery was not unknown, but the publicity of trials made it difficult to practise. When a case was talked out, every one present knew all about it, and a miscarriage of justice would at once be noticed and commented on. If corruption did occur, the way of it was by bribing some influential counsellor to persuade his fellows and the chief to give the decision desired.

§ 9. SOME ANCIENT LAWS

It may be of interest here to notice some of the ancient laws, which show that the sense of justice was not absent among the old Basuto, though perhaps, sometimes, they may not have paid as much attention to it as they might have done.

Every man was obliged to give the chief a day's labour when

called upon. This was at least three times a year—at the seasons of ploughing, weeding, and reaping. The chief's call to *pitsos* (meetings) had to be obeyed, and any one absenting himself from these, or from the obligatory labour (*matsema*) without sufficient excuse was fined more or less severely, according to the temper of the chief. The cultivation of the chief's field of chieftainship, called *tsimo-a-lira*, was a tribal obligation in every able-bodied male; that of his other lands was an attention to the chief which it was not well to omit. But as beef and beer were always provided, and as these meetings partook of the nature of social gatherings, where people met, heard the news, and gossiped to their hearts' content, they were never regarded as a hardship. X

The young were taught to honour their parents, and any boy or girl who transgressed in this respect was severely punished. A boy was taken to the court and flogged until his offended father thought fit to ransom him by payment; and his comrades were forced to be present, in order that they might profit by the lesson. An offending girl was punished by the married women, who thrashed her with their leather girdles, pinched, and sometimes bit her. The women did the same to any woman who, through pride, refused to obey her husband.

Basuto were expected to help one another without looking for payment. If an ox fell into a *donga*, a hut caught fire, or an accident of any kind occurred, a cry of alarm would bring every one within hearing to help. As a corresponding obligation, a man was bound, when he killed an animal, to send some scraps of meat, such as the head and neck, to the men of the court, and when his wife made beer to send a pot or two to the *lekhotla*.

Every Mosuto was responsible for his neighbour. He was liable to be punished for any crime of his neighbour, if he neglected to report it to the chief. A father was responsible for all the members of his family until they married. A village was collectively responsible for each one of its inhabitants. If the skin of a stolen animal was found in a village, or the spoor traced to it, and the thief not caught, that village, collectively, had to compensate the owner, and to pay a fine "to clean the ground." That is why Basuto question strangers so minutely as to their comings and goings, and make everybody's business their own. They may seem unduly inquisitive, but the habit is necessary under tribal rule.

Strangers were always welcome, and their persons and property inviolate. Many such used to come from the east to trade hoes, arms, bracelets, necklaces, ear-rings, etc., against skins, ostrich feathers, and stock.

If any man saw two others fighting and did not interfere to stop them, he was held to be conjointly culpable if either was hurt.

If any man beat another man's wife, he had to pay one head of cattle.

Any man having carnal connection with the great wife of the chief was liable to be driven from the community or strangled.

Any man who seduced, or tried to seduce, an unmarried girl, had to pay two head of cattle; if she became pregnant, the penalty was six head; but if he afterwards married her, this was reduced to two head, over and above the regular dowry.

Any one caught in illicit intercourse with a married woman had to pay two or three head of cattle; but if the woman happened to be suckling a child, he had to pay one more, and the woman's family had also to pay one head for their daughter's fault.

There is a law of divorce among the Basuto, but it was little used in the olden time. If a woman left her husband without having borne any children, the cattle were restored to him, with the exception of the one pertaining to the maternal uncle, and the ox called *Moghoba*, which was killed by the father of the bridegroom when the bride was brought home. If she had children, the husband had to choose whether he would have *the children* or the cattle. It is curious to note that, in the restoration of such cattle, it was only the actual number paid that was restored. No account was taken of natural increase.

The maternal uncle (*malome*) had the right to a share of his niece's dowry; and was also expected to contribute towards the marriage of his nephews. He had other privileges and duties, some of which are noticed elsewhere.

Any person wounded by another had to be compensated, according to the nature and extent of the injury sustained; and if the man who wounded him desired to show regret and desire for his recovery, it was his duty to go and solemnly expectorate on the wound, and also to sacrifice a sheep. The first of these ceremonies is still in vogue, and is generally accepted as proof of the absence of malice aforethought.

Any one who caused the death of another had, as a matter of course, to pay ten head of cattle to the relatives of the deceased "to dry their tears." This was quite apart from any other punishment which the court, having regard to the circumstances of the case, might inflict.

Theft was punished according to the merits of the case: usually the thief had to pay fourfold—two to the court, and two to the owner (one in restoration, and one in compensation for the trouble caused). There was a saying, "*Pinyane ha e senye motse*" ("Petty theft destroys no village"), by which the Basuto used to justify their leniency towards this kind of crime; but if one of the culprits confessed and denounced his comrades, much ill-will would ensue, even to the extent of destroying the village.

Any warrior hiding stock captured in war, with a view to keeping it for himself, was held to be guilty of death; for the saying was, "*Ke lebelo le senyang motse*" ("It is booty which destroys a village"). And any person, in charge of cattle belonging to another, who tried to appropriate them for himself by theft or by means of false marks, was almost as severely dealt with.*

It was, and is, customary to reserve some grazing for winter pasturage, and the tracts chosen for this purpose were those surrounding growing crops, reed beds, and grass used for thatching, basket-making, and other purposes; so that, in protecting the winter grass, an additional safeguard was afforded to the fields against damage by cattle.

Doctors' fees were payable when the patient was reported cured. This was officially notified by the doctor leading him out of his hut and cutting his hair, which had been allowed to grow during his illness. The fee, which depended on the means of the patient, and might be anything between an ox and a fowl, was always punctually paid, owing to the respect and consideration in which doctors were held.

When a person died, it was necessary to notify the chief and his relations, especially the maternal uncle, who received one head of cattle. This was a social, and not a religious, custom. The personal effects of a dead man, such as his clothing, arms, hoes, etc., belonged to the maternal uncle; but his property was divided as explained here-

* The integrity of the Basuto in regard to property formally placed in their charge is very remarkable when contrasted with their laxity in regard to property the theft of which would not involve a breach of trust.—J. C. M.

after. In the case of a headman, or other important person, it was the duty of the heir to send an ox to the chief in reporting the fact.

Big game was considered royal game, and the chief claimed the right to any killed in the course of a hunt. Subordinate chiefs have from time to time claimed the right over big game for themselves, but the result of such claims has always been cleavage and disruption. The old proverb says, "*Phiri e yea moreneng*" ("The wolf is eaten at the chief's place"), and it was the duty of any one who killed a hippopotamus, a lion, a leopard, a buffalo, an eland, a wolf, or any large animal, to send the skin and a portion of the meat to the chief. To omit to do so was a serious contravention of law and custom, which rendered the offender liable to have all his cattle driven off.

§ 10. FAMILY LIFE; INHERITANCE; MARRIAGE; A MARRIAGE CEREMONY; OTHER FORMS OF MARRIAGE

The laws governing family life, inheritance, and marriage were the same among chiefs and commoners, the only difference being in the nature and extent of the interests involved. If, therefore, we take as an example the family of a chief, we shall also be describing that of a common man, so far as the circumstances of his life apply; and as all chiefs were polygamists, it will be well to touch upon that question at the same time.

The father was the head of the family, with his eldest son, when he grew up, as second in command. The father's authority was supreme, but by no means absolute. Each of his wives had a house of her own, and a kraal belonging to that house; and the father could not use property belonging to one house for the purposes of another, e.g. he could not marry a son of one house with cattle paid as dowry for a daughter of another house; and it was the business of the maternal uncle of the children of each house to see that its rights were respected. When the father died, the property of each house belonged to the eldest son of that house, whose duty it was to provide for his brothers, marry them, and start them in life. Besides the property vested in his different houses, a chief had always property of his own, acquired by inheritance or other means, which he could use as he pleased. At his death, this was inherited by the eldest son of the great wife, together with the chieftainship, and he, during his father's lifetime, watched this with a jealous eye, lest

perchance the father, as often happened, might be tempted by natural affection to endow unduly the house of some favourite wife. This was a fertile cause of strife and bad feeling.

If the first wife had no son, then the eldest son of the second wife succeeded, and so on. The eldest son of each wife (in the old days there were only four or five) was a chief, but the eldest son of the first wife was *the* chief. Each had his own village, or villages, and sphere of influence; and, if things went well, lived contentedly enough under the authority of the elder brother. But it was an authority of a very special and limited kind: they would address him and speak of him as "*morena oaka, moholo oaka*" ("my chief, my elder") with the very greatest respect; but if he ventured to infringe any of their rights, or interfere without invitation in their matters, they would be quick to resent it, even to throwing off their allegiance, and forming tribes of their own elsewhere, as we have seen in the course of this history.

Such, roughly sketched, are the salient points of the Basuto law of succession—a limited form of primogeniture. As long as there was plenty of room it answered well, and what it lacked in solidarity it made up for in freedom and elasticity. It is in a circumscribed country with a growing population that it is apt to fail. Ties of family and expediency, as before stated, bound younger brothers, through their mates, to their elder; but they were not indissoluble, or strong enough to bind against his will a junior who thought himself ill-treated, or whose ambition could not brook authority, however mild. It was infinitely preferable to the Zulu system, of one chief, absolute and despotic, and the rest nowhere: that made for solidarity indeed, but it also made for cruelty, tyranny, and bloodshed without end.

Marriage

Marriage was effected by payment to the bride's family of a consideration in cattle, called *bohali* (dowry). The amount varied with the times, and, according to Mr. Arbousset, at one time two or three head was enough. To-day it stands at fifteen to twenty head. The contract is public, and there cannot be too many witnesses to it and its fulfilment when the cattle are handed over. It is said that this custom degrades the woman, and places her in the position of a slave, and it is true that it is liable to abuse, and opens the door

to cupidity; while there is a danger of scant consideration being paid to the inclination of the girl. But these are evils from which our own civilisation is not free, and it is commonly reported that, in reigning families, personal inclination has always to give way to political expediency. It is very like that among the Basuto. In chiefs' families, marriages, especially the first, are political, and inclination, on the part of either party, is not taken into account.

The Basuto themselves deny with indignation the assertion that they sell their daughters, and their denial should not be brushed aside without examination. If it is examined honestly, and without prejudice, it will be found that, if it is a sale, it is a very peculiar one. It is true that valuable consideration is given, but there the resemblance to a sale in the ordinary sense of the term ceases. The woman, though married, is under the constant guardianship of her own family, through the maternal uncle, so often mentioned. Her husband may not ill-treat her, prostitute her, or sell her again when tired of her, as he might a slave, a horse, or a cow. *He has married her for life*, and that is the crux of the whole question. If he ill-treats her, she can run to her family, who will exact a penalty before they allow her to return. If she leaves him without just cause, he can demand the restoration of his cattle, and this gives her relatives an interest in her good behaviour. Another aspect of the question, which is often lost sight of by those who attribute the system to cupidity, is that there is really no profit in it, except in so far as the female population outnumbers the male; for, if a man gets cattle for his daughters, he has to pay them away again for his sons—a duty which no Mosuto will ever neglect. So that if the whole institution were done away with, it would make no financial difference to the people as a whole, and to individual families only in so far as the male or female element predominated in them. And be it remembered that there is no Mosuto who, expense notwithstanding, would not rather have sons than daughters. But if a man could get a wife without payment, there would have been no guarantee, in the then state of their morals, for the permanence of the marriage, the respect and consideration for the woman, the care of the children, or, on the other hand, for the good behaviour of the wife.

Mr. E. Casalis, after pointing out the evils of the system as he saw them, says: "Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, it cannot be denied that marriages by purchase, contracted in the presence

of witnesses of the several parties, has been a valuable institution for these barbarous people, who, from the absence of any settled principles of morality, might have fallen into a state of brutal degradation. From the time that a woman legally belonged to a man for his whole lifetime the family tie was formed. The parents are incited to vigilance from the fear of being obliged to accept a disadvantageous bargain in consequence of their daughter's misconduct; indeed, it is probable that, but for this custom, the children would not be cared for as they are" (*The Basuto*, p. 182).

To show that this system does not necessarily degrade the woman to the position of a slave or a chattel, one need only point to the many famous women of ancient and more recent times, such as Mantatise, queen of the Batlokoa, and many others who did not rule, who were all of them married according to it. The respect and obedience paid to them would hardly have been rendered to slaves or chattels.

In one phase there certainly does at first sight appear some trace of servitude, and that is that when a man dies his widow, if still young, is handed over to his younger brother. The reason for this is that, among the old Basuto, the family was the unit, and individualism, as we understand it, has only just begun to appear. A woman ostensibly and in fact does marry her husband, but theoretically she belongs, not to him alone, but to his family, who indeed have generally contributed to her dowry. A Mosuto even to-day, in mentioning the marriage of his daughter, will invariably say that she is married, not to "that man," but to "those people," mentioning the family; and as there is nothing which a family desires so much as increase, the death of a member of it is not allowed to interfere. The brother next in rank to the deceased is, accordingly, charged with the duty of raising up seed to his brother. The Basuto nowadays quote Scripture in defence of this custom; but the most that can be said for it is that it provides, automatically, a lawful and recognised protector for the widow, and a guardian for any minor children she may have borne to the deceased. It is difficult to say what in the old savage days would have become of such widows and orphans if some such custom as this did not exist.*

* It will readily be seen from the foregoing that the system of marriage by cattle, though not in itself a bad one, is quite incompatible with the Christian or civilised marriage. The utmost credit is therefore due to those missionary bodies who from the first have required their adherents to abandon all semblance of it in their mar-

Marriage Feast

We cannot close this section on family life without giving an idea of a marriage ceremony in the olden time, as well as a short list of the different forms of marriage which existed then, and which are still practised more than they ought to be, in view of the professed desire of the Basuto to progress in civilisation.

The details of this feast were numerous, but they were important, for at one time they each had a purpose; and though we cannot enumerate them all, we can still give an idea of the length of the ceremony and the rules which the Basuto observed with much consistency and still retain with great tenacity.

As we have seen, the father of the relations of the young man gave to the father of the girl a number of cattle, which had previously been agreed upon. These having been accepted, the father of the bride killed an ox, which, after their portion had been duly offered to the Shades, was divided, according to rule. One quarter, the skin, and the head were sent to the parents of the bridegroom. Those who had brought the cattle and were entrusted with the arrangements were also given a share, prepared on the spot, together with other refreshment. The feast of the bride and groom and the marriage guests (*baetsana*) took place in the evening. The entrails of the ox were the portion of the women, who smeared the walls, and cut grass for the thatch of the nuptial hut. The neighbours who crowded round got some meat and something to drink. The spouses were smeared with the gall of the animal, and in some cases the fat of the entrails was rubbed with a special medicine, and made into a collar, which was hung round the neck of the bride, descending as far as her chest. This appears to have allusion to the purity of

riages. The struggle against it must have been severe, and so deep-rooted is the *bohali* in the lives of the people that many worthy and well-meaning persons who would otherwise have joined them must have been prevented from doing so by their family ties. But their courage and perseverance have their reward in a church membership released from the bonds which the *bohali* places on those married or born in it, and free to follow their teaching without tribal or social hindrance. It is to be regretted that all the churches have not adopted this attitude. In tolerating *bohali*, as some of them do, in connection with the Christian marriage, they have no doubt taken the easier course and have secured adherents who would otherwise not have joined them. But the result is a membership bound on the one hand by the Christian marriage laws, and on the other by a binding family obligation which may, and often does, involve the control of Christian widows and children by pagan relatives.—J. C. M.

the maiden by reason of the whiteness of the fat. Wristlets were also made of the fat, and, having been duly medicated, were placed round the wrists of both parties, who were thereby solemnly recommended to the care of the Shades of their ancestors. After this they received the congratulations of their friends, and were exhorted to love each other for the rest of their lives. Special recommendations were addressed to the bride, to caution her against practising theft, witchcraft, and sorcery, as such practices would bring chastisement upon her and cause her to be sent back to her parents, to the dissatisfaction of all, especially the latter.

It may be that this distrust of the wife was a consequence of forced marriage against the wish of the girl, who might be supposed to avenge herself secretly.

The married couple and their friends (*baetsana*) of both sexes passed the night together in a hut feasting and filandering, and other things which cannot be described.

Next morning the bride, with her friends, went home to her parents for a time. When the nuptial hut was built, the bride left her parents and went with her friends to the mother of the bridegroom; but before reaching the village they sat down on a mat decked out with fat and ochre, and their hair shining with fat and antimony. The parents of the young man would then send an embassy of young girls with presents of beads, to persuade them to come to the village. Sometimes they would refuse, pretending that the presents were insufficient, or perhaps would start to come on the first invitation, but a little farther on would sit down again on their mat and refuse to move without more presents. These being given, they would come, without further hesitation, to the hut of the young man's mother. Their arrival was timed to take place at sunset. Food would be offered, but refused on the ground that they desired to pass the night fasting. (This was the first act of a little comedy they were playing.) At daylight next morning they would go together to the fountain, draw water, sweep out the house, grind grain, and make bread, together performing all the work which the bride in future would have to do alone. But when the food was cooked they would not touch it (this was the second act), whereupon the father would produce a goat, called the *kuai* (tobacco): it was only when it had been killed that they would consent to eat. Towards evening they would set about preparing the nuptial hut, after which the spouses and their young

friends would pass the night feasting on the goat, fooling and flirting, as before at the marriage feast.

Early in the morning the father of the bridegroom would present an ox, called *moghoba* ("the bringer"), to those who had brought his daughter-in-law, certifying by this act that she had been duly brought. Sometimes they would grumble, saying it was too small, and then a larger one would be given, which, having been accepted, was killed, and the quarters placed on a pack-ox and sent to the bride's parents. The bride and her friends would follow, but this time would only remain long enough to eat with her parents the meat of the ox. Then her friends would take her back to her parents-in-law, and leave her there. For several nights she would sleep in the hut of her mother-in-law, busying herself during the day with household duties, drawing water, grinding meal, sweeping the hut and *lelapa*, and cooking food. It was the custom to eat only fresh bread for the first few days; and then, after a decent interval had elapsed, the bride, with the permission of her mother-in-law, would place a pot of beer in the nuptial hut. This was the signal of her readiness to commence marital relations, and from that time onward she and her husband lived together in their own home.

Various Forms of Marriage

What we have just been describing is the normal, everyday marriage between two young people, the first marriage of a young man to the wife of his youth, which lasted till death; but there are other forms of marriage which are less pleasing to those who have the moral welfare of the people at heart.

1. A secondary wife was one which the husband chose for himself, without reference to his parents. He therefore probably preferred her to his first wife, but her children could not supersede those of the first wife.

2. If a young man of rank died before he came to be married, a girl was often married for him, and a brother was appointed to raise up seed for the deceased. This was what the Basuto call *ho nyalloa lebilla* ("to be married for the grave").

3. Something similar took place when the first wife of a chief had only daughters. A wife would be married for the eldest, who would be declared to be a man, the wife being handed over to the

next male relative of her female husband for the purpose of raising a family. The eldest son of this union was supposed to succeed his grandfather.

4. If a wife died still young and without issue, her sister, if she had one, took her place without further payment on the part of the husband, who, however, was supposed to make a small present to his father-in-law, and also to kill an ox, with the gall of which he and his new bride were sprinkled. A woman married in this way was called *Sehantlo*, and her children had all the rights which those of her sister would have had.

5. A widow who was left without children but in possession of cattle could marry a wife and get some male friend or relation to beget children for her. These children would be hers, and no one could contest her right to them.

6. Sometimes among the ancient Basuto a man might marry several wives, and live with them, without any one of them being recognised as the first. This would occur if the girl chosen to be the great wife was still young, and the other wives would be married on this understanding. Of course, normally, the great wife of any man was the wife given to him by his father, whether she was married first or not.

7. Also the first wife has been known to lose her rank and her children their rights by the fact that their mother was superseded by a woman of higher rank. Such a girl would claim all the prerogatives of her predecessor, and would require to be publicly proclaimed great wife and mother of the heir.

8. Marriages between parties nearer akin than first cousin were prohibited, but marriages between first cousins were frequent. In later generations they have been far too frequent and continuous, men marrying their cousins by both parents to the third and fourth generation, with very grievous results.

§ II. POLYGAMY*

So far, we have been dealing with simple marriage as practised among the Basuto, both ancient and modern. But inseparable from it is the practice of polygamy, and it is this, especially the

* The Basuto are all polygamists in theory, but the percentage of persons with more than one wife is small and decreasing. To-day it stands at about 12 per cent.

J. C. M.

manner of it, and not the mere marriage by cattle, which degrades and demoralises both men and women. However many wives a man may have, he seldom hesitates to form an immoral intimacy with his neighbour's wife, and neglected wives seek and find consolation elsewhere. Immorality has indeed always been penal by law and usage, but that has hardly checked it. Public opinion winks at it, and it is thought no disgrace for a man or a woman to have a *setsuallé* (intimacy) with a person of the opposite sex. If they are caught by the woman's husband, a cattle payment is indeed exacted from the man, but there is no social stigma left on either party.

Before the time of Mohlomi, Basuto chiefs, as we have already said, were content with four or five wives, often with only one or two. It was Mohlomi who, by his system of forming family ties with other tribes far and near, set the example of an unlimited polygamy. In fact, there is no limit, except his means, to the number of wives a man may have. For the purposes of description, however, they may be divided into three main categories, that is to say, taking chiefs' families as our model:

1. The great wife, the wife given to a man by his father. She stands alone among her fellows, and her position and dignity are unassailable, even by her husband.

2. Important wives married by the husband himself. These are women of position, and become the mothers of important men. They and their children take rank in accordance with the dates of their marriages.

3. *The Nguetsi*.—These are married as servants, and as such are attached to the houses of the more important wives, two or three or even more to each house, according to its importance. Perhaps the husband cohabits with such a girl for a time, or perhaps, if he is old, he does not even know her by sight. But she bears children all the same. She is lent to visitors, and forms intimacies of her own, as often as not with her husband's growing sons. Her children are considered to be the legitimate offspring of her husband, they bear his name, and are treated as cadets of the house to which their mother was attached.

Mr. Casalis says, with much reason: "But it is more especially in a moral point of view that its results are of a most afflicting nature. The women, being under no superintendence, and finding themselves in a position tending more to arouse the passions than to satisfy

them, have, in general, no respect for the bond which unites them to the man whose name they bear," and this is very true. Among the commonalty, however, the percentage of polygamists was never large, and the number of wives these allowed themselves rarely exceeded two or three, and there were none of the *Nguetsi* class among them. The word *nguetsi* means "daughter-in-law." It is given to these women because the daughter-in-law is a servant to her mother-in-law, and they are servants.

§ 12. CIRCUMCISION

(a) Boys

The origin of this rite is lost in the mist of antiquity. Herodotus attributes it to the Egyptians, who communicated it to the inhabitants of Ethiopia and Colchis; while Philon says that though the rite was obligatory for the priesthood, it was optional for the public at large. Diodorus says he found it practised among the Troglodytes, and it is related in the Bible how Abraham and his descendants adopted it by Divine command. This may be about 4,000 years ago, at which early period even the Canaanites did not know it.

The Bantu say they took the custom from the Bushmen, who, it is suggested, are the descendants of the Troglodytes of Mount Seir, and the Basuto have a tradition, supported by a circumcision song, which leaves little doubt as to the origin of the rite so far as they are concerned. There is also record of Bantu peoples in Equatorial Africa who are unlikely to have ever come in contact with Bushmen, and who do not practise circumcision. All things considered, therefore, it may be taken as fairly certain that the Bantu of South Africa learned the art of circumcision from the Bushmen.

But whatever its origin, the Basuto set great store by this institution. It is the base on which all their civil, political, and social life rests, and is, or rather was, to the idea of national security, what the cult of the *manes* was to personal well-being. It has always been the aim of circumcision to make the boy into the man, and a member and defender of the tribe. A man who was not circumcised was, at one time, thought nothing of, his parents would disown him, no girl would have anything to do with him, and he was called by

the insulting epithets of *Leqai* ("uncircumcised") and *Moshemane* ("a little boy").

One day when this subject came under discussion in a *pitso*, an old man suggested another reason for the existence of the rite among the Basuto. "Is it not," he said, "on account of the chiefs that the circumcision has been invented, in order to attach to them the young men of the same age?" It is certainly the fact that when the son of a chief comes to be circumcised, it is the correct thing for fathers of boys of the same age to have them circumcised with him. They became the nucleus of his future following and the nearest to his person. The candidates had to begin their preparation some weeks before the ceremony, under the direction of the diviner or some old man.

Those who officiated and assisted at the ceremony had to prepare themselves by abstaining from all contact with women for several days in advance, as well as by special purifications. The enclosure of the circumcision lodge, called the *mophato*, was constructed by the men of green branches, cut the day before, and carried on the day of the feast to the place where it was to be held, and the enclosure erected immediately, every one assisting.

It was generally in the months of February or March that these feasts were held. Oxen were slaughtered, and large quantities of beer were provided. The men danced while the candidates were brought in and divested of all clothing and ornaments, which were burned, as a sign that all childish things were now put away. Then followed the operation, which was performed, as in the days of Moses, with a sharp flint (Exod. iv. 25). On this occasion the rank of each of the initiates was emphasised, and genealogical precedence rigidly adhered to. "*E moholo o phatsoa pele*," says the maxim ("The eldest is inoculated first"), and if a boy were circumcised before a genealogical senior, though the latter might be his inferior or subordinate in worldly position, it was believed that the medicine with which he was inoculated would make him mad.*

* There is no such thing as social as distinct from civil equality among Basuto. Every individual is the superior or inferior of his neighbour. Each person is born into his place in the world and knows it. Genealogical precedence has been reduced to such a science with these people that it is hardly too much to say that if two Basuto were taken haphazard out of the street in Johannesburg or any large town, in a very few minutes they would have decided without cavil or dispute which of them was the senior.—J. C. M.

On the first day the initiates were cared for by the doctor, but during the four or five months of their initiation they were not allowed any covering, and were subjected to every kind of trial and hardship. They were taught to endure blows and wounds without murmuring. They had a special slang of their own, calling things by other names which they kept secret. They were trained to arms, and taught songs inculcating the precepts and relating the deeds of their ancestors. Before dawn they had to make long marches in procession by torchlight, singing quasi-sacred songs.

The master of the feast and the parents of the initiates were supposed to find food for the lads during the time of their initiation, but more often they had to live at the expense of the owners of neighbouring cornfields. They were given a kind of porridge to eat, in which, it is sometimes said, a little human flesh was boiled, in order to render them bold and courageous. They were also, of course, inoculated with the powder from the horn, with a view to rendering them invincible in battle.

An ancient circumcision song of the Barolong, preserved by the missionary P. Lemue, throws some light on the nature of the teaching given to the boys. It is a song in three parts, and twelve couplets of different length, with a different air to each, and a short refrain, which is repeated after each stanza twice, thrice, or even four times. The bard begins by reminding the Barolong that they are the lambs or descendants of a tribe of the north. This is the song:

I

1. The sheep are bleating—the sheep of the north
Seeking their lambs.
2. My young friends, don't you hear me?
I teach you the lessons of the law.
3. Lessons which I have myself received
From my elders, who said to me,
4. "Take care of the cattle, even to the last ox,"
Yes, my friends, even to the last ox which remains!

II

1. Let not the herdsman allow his herd to be captured,
Before he has been pierced by a barbed spear which sheds his blood.
2. When a traveller comes to you,
My young friend give him water to drink.
3. Fly not from the Bushmen, young friend! that man of might
Who disappears as soon as he has shot his arrow.

4. That the orphans of our people,
The sons of a man, may not say of their father,
He is old, let us eat (take) his herd.
5. The children of Tau, when their father died,
Remained together. It is for them that I sing.
6. I teach them my lessons, the lessons of the law
Which I received from my elders. I say to them,
Guard the cattle!

III

1. The well-taught man steals not.
Let the thief be put to death!
2. But the company of initiates—listen no more,
Each one is preparing to sing.
3. To-morrow at break of day
I in my turn shall be able to say:
I am now a man,
Behold me among the strong!

(*Journal des Missions*, 1854, p. 211.)

But among the instructors of these lads there were bad ones who taught them to despise all women, even their own mothers.

When a lad entered the circumcision lodge, he left behind him all childish things, even the name he had hitherto been known by. On the return of the initiates after their long months of probation, a great public feast was held in their honour; and the young men, who had now qualified themselves as men, citizens, and warriors, were received back into the tribe with songs and dances. Shortly before their relations had sent them new mantles, and they smeared their bodies with red ochre and fat, saturated their hair with grease mixed with antimony of a shining blackness, and daubed their faces with clay above the eyes and on the cheeks, so as to look their very best.

Such a batch of young men considered themselves, and were considered, to be attached to one another in a very special way. They were bound to aid each other in all their undertakings, and fought side by side in battle. If a young chief had been initiated with them, they bore collectively the name he had taken, and remained his faithful and devoted subjects till death.

It was thought that circumcision gave extra physical strength to a young man. At any rate, it was the dividing line between childhood and manhood. It, and it alone, made a youth fit for marriage, to sit in the *khotla*, to take part in public affairs, and take his place among the warriors.

On the day of the feast of exit, the young men left the place of mysteries, saying, "*Shano sala mona, batho ba ea hae*" ("Lies remain here, people are going home"), meaning that they returned home as men renouncing the vice of their childhood. Then the *mophato* was burned, and they were forbidden to look back at the spot where they were supposed to have left all the vices and follies of childhood. It is the duty of the maternal uncle of such a young man to present him with a spear for his defence and a heifer for his support. He presents him to the chief, who now, for the first time, recognises his individuality.

The hard treatment to which these lads were subjected during their initiation was, of course, intended to render them capable of enduring hunger and thirst, heat and cold, and to suffer pain, wounds, and even death, without murmur or complaint. But it often happened that delicate boys succumbed under the severity of the training, and others, unable to bear it, fled. Such a deserter was liable to be killed by his father, his uncle, or the chief. The following story was related by an octogenarian who was an eye-witness of the occurrence:

"I, Neme, went one morning, before sunrise, to my field to drive away the birds. Entering my *lephephe* [a small hut used as a shelter by those watching the fields], I saw there an initiate of the *mophato*. I recognised him at once, and ran to tell his father. When I told him, he answered not a word, but, throwing a skin mantle over his shoulders, followed me to the spot. On the way he cut some grass, which he plaited into a rope. When we arrived at my *lephephe*, he took off his mantle and threw it over his son, so that his eyes should not see the nakedness of the latter, and ordered him to rise. Then, with the rope, he fastened the mantle round the loins of his son, so that it would not fall as he walked, and, without a word of reproach, said, 'Follow me.' He led the way up the mountain-side, and soon they disappeared among the rocks. But I, Neme, uneasy at what I had seen, forgot about my crops and the birds, and watched the mountain to see what would come to pass. After a time I saw them appear on the top of the mountain, walking on a ledge towards a precipice. And then I saw the father push his son over, and the latter fall into the abyss. The unfortunate Mohlakoana had killed his son, judging that death alone could remove the shame which had been put upon him and his house."

Other stories go to show how deep was the attachment of the old Basuto to the rite of circumcision. Indeed, nothing angered them more than the refusal of the first Christians to allow their children to go through it: for, in the eyes of the old men, and indeed of all the people, the abolition of circumcision meant the decadence of the tribe; and the refusal of the Christians to continue the practice was an unheard-of thing, dishonouring to the ancient customs of their forefathers, and calculated to upset the fundamental principles of society.

In January 1843 Makoanyane, general-in-chief of the armies of Moshesh, two years after his conversion to Christianity, withdrew his nephew from among the candidates, which the old chief Mokhachane was preparing for initiation. As he was leaving, he received a blow on the head from a club. Turning, he saw old Mokhachane, with one hand holding his mantle, and in the other his club raised for another blow. "Chief," said Makoanyane, "strike, but say also why you kill me?" The old chief did not speak, but aimed another blow at the scarred old warrior, to whom he had often owed his life. Makoanyane offered no resistance, for fear of hurting the feeble old man, whom he respected as his chief, and a third blow of the club caused the blood to flow from the head of the Christian soldier. "My master," he said, "tell me why you kill me?" For answer Mokhachane drew him to the place where he kept his weapons and, seizing a spear, hesitated a moment, and then sat down, overcome by the efforts he had made. And Joshua Makoanyane, the terrible warrior, hero of a hundred fights and more, sat down by his side and spoke to him of the peace which is in Jesus Christ (*Journal des Missions*, 1844).

A second instance took place in March 1844. The heathen in the neighbourhood of Mekuatleng prepared a great circumcision feast, and collected all the boys available; they even tried to persuade the herd-boys of the mission-station to join. One of them did so, and abandoned his flock in order to attend at the place fixed for the ceremony.

When the Christians heard of it they were very indignant, and wanted to withdraw the boy at once. Mr. Daumas, the missionary, knowing the temper of the heathen, advised them to refer the matter to the chief, Moletsane, and abide by his decision. Moletsane did his best to dissuade them from the attempt, but, seeing them determined,

he rose and told them to follow him, promising to restore the boy to them. Many thought that the chief was only setting a trap for the Christians, and that they would all be massacred on the threshold of the mysterious enclosure. The heathen, too, were stupefied at the sight of the chief, followed by the Christians, passing the sacred threshold. They could hardly believe their eyes. The boy was restored without the least opposition, and conducted to the mission-station, to the great astonishment of every one. The Christians were filled with joy and the heathen with rage.

Makoana, one of the chiefs of the tribe, hearing of the incident, was much enraged, and came to Moletsane's to hold an indignation meeting. He called the people together, and shed tears for their ancient customs, which were being destroyed by this new religion, and so worked upon the feelings and prejudices of the people that a disturbance must have occurred, in the course of which the Christians might have been massacred, had not Moletsane soothed them with a few strong, well-chosen words, and then abruptly dismissed the meeting.

Exactly twenty-four years later a similar case occurred at Masitisi. A young man, who had been baptized, and whose father was a Christian, was enticed to the circumcision against the wish of his father. The latter promptly made appeal to his brethren of the Church. A special meeting was held, and the Christians were encouraged to go with the father to the mountain and help him to withdraw his son from the *mophato*. Most of the Christians objected, saying that such a course amounted to suicide. "For who had ever heard," said they, "of a lad, once admitted, being withdrawn before the proper time?" It was at this moment that old Neme related the story of the young deserter who had been killed by his father; and one Morephe, son-in-law of Moletsane, who had been present at the disturbance at Mekuatleng, related what had occurred there. But a brave old man, called Simon Tueba, refused to allow himself to be influenced by these fears, and, supported by four others, declared himself ready to go and withdraw the lad. This he did after some trouble with the chief of the *mophato*, and not without considerable risk to himself and his companions. They got back to the station about midnight with the boy, who was put into a secret cave until he had recovered from the operation, so that, the rights of the Christian father having been vindicated, the prejudices of the heathen and the

secrecy with which they surround the circumcision might be duly respected. But, notwithstanding the respect which was paid to these prejudices, we were not altogether out of danger at Masitisi. The rumour went about that the chief, Moorosi, was preparing to attack the station with several hundred warriors, and to punish our audacity and sacrilege by carrying off our cattle. Day after day bands of Baphuthi passed and repassed the station, brandishing their arms; but, according to instructions, no one replied to their insults and threats, and no special precaution was taken to protect the cattle. For about a fortnight it was a difficult task to prevent the Christians from being panic-stricken. As for Moorosi, he had too much respect for his missionary to desire to do him wrong—moreover, some of the Christians were relations of his; so not only did he leave us alone himself, but he allowed nobody to do us the least harm. All the same, our anxiety did not come to an end until the chiefs found it necessary to have recourse to the Church in their need for rain. For it was a time of severe drought, the crops were perishing, and the rain-makers were at the end of their resources. Their request was acceded to on the condition that they, the chiefs, should call the people together and join with the Christians in imploring help from God. Accordingly, on the following Sunday, a great multitude were gathered together, and, after an exhortation, fervent prayers were addressed to the Almighty, who, in His mercy, heard them; and on the following day an abundant rain fell, which continued for three days. It saved the crops, and put an end to the ill-will and bad feeling.

All this shows what a very important institution the circumcision was among the Basuto. It was indeed the foundation of their social system, and although it had lost its religious aspect, the Basuto still held it in the utmost respect, even to the smallest detail. They guarded it with jealous care, and surrounded it with severe laws. Without it, a man was a sort of pariah, without civil rights, so it is not astonishing that generation after generation of young men desired to pass through it in order to obtain the consideration from their fellows which it alone could give. But *autres temps, autres mœurs*; to-day it is no longer so. Several of the most important and popular chiefs in the country have never been through the *mophato*, and they do not seem to have lost anything in influence or prestige on that account.

(b) Girls

We cannot close this chapter on circumcision without a word about the circumcision of girls. But as everything connected with it has always been kept so secret, it will not be possible to give as many details about it as about that of the boys. All the same, some few particulars have been allowed to leak out which enable us to form some idea of it.

It is difficult to discover the least trace of such a circumcision among ancient races, Semitic or other, so it is not possible to speak of its origin or antiquity. Nevertheless it may be supposed, with some reason, that, like that of the boys, it came from the Bushmen.

If formerly the girls were very anxious to pass through the rite, it was because they were imbued by two false ideas—namely, that without it no man would marry them, and that they would be barren.

Long before entering, they were bound by rules as to diet and other practices.

Contrary to the custom of the men, to make the *mophato* of the boys far from the village, that of the girls was in the village, under the protection of the chief and the inhabitants. Their admission took place about the time of the new moon, and was the occasion of a great feast. They were conducted to the spring, and there the first ceremonies took place, one of which was to frighten them with an imitation snake.

About what the initiates are taught while in the *mophato*, very little has ever been allowed to transpire, and, to judge from appearances, their term of probation does not seem to do them much good. They are clothed with decency, though in a very grotesque way—with a short skin skirt reaching to the knees, and a girdle of grass ropes, called *likholokhoana*, round their waists, and a small skin mantle on their shoulders. They were smeared from head to foot with white clay, and covered part of their faces with a kind of veil, made of rushes. In their hands they carried reeds, with which they beat the time while chanting their songs, which are very monotonous and without harmony.

They used to take a malicious pleasure in waylaying the roads and fords of the various streams, in order to levy a toll on passers-by, which might be any little thing of nominal value. But if they did not get it, they would abuse the delinquent and throw things at him,

which, if they hit him, would, it was thought, bewitch him and even cause his death. So thoroughly was this believed in, that armed warriors, who had nothing wherewith to satisfy these damsels, would fly for their lives rather than meet them.

The treatment to which they were subjected while in the *mophato* was harsh, and sometimes those who were at all delicate died under it. Their faces, and sometimes their shoulders and breasts, were tattooed, symmetrically enough, but sometimes it was so badly done as to disfigure them. But that did not disturb them: the tattooing was the sign that they were no longer *mathisa* (uncircumcised) but *litsueyane* (circumcised).

The day before their exit from the *mophato* was devoted to the toilet. Their heads were shaved, all except the crown, where the hair was allowed to grow to its full length. This was well greased, smeared with a shiny black mineral, and brushed up on end; while the shorn part of the head, as well as the rest of the body, was smeared with fat and red clay.

If a chief's daughter happened to be among the number of the initiates, the feast of exit was called *thoyane*, and was much more elaborate than usual. Such a feast has been outlined in connection with the Baramokhele. The initiates, now called *litsueyane*, had to sit upright and sing all night, without moving the head, for if any stray lock of the frizzled upright patch of hair fell and rested on the shorn and greased part of the skull, the ceremony of that candidate's initiation was invalid, and would have to be repeated. Moreover, it was believed that any girl who fell asleep on such an occasion would become barren. Oxen were sacrificed to propitiate the gods, so that such a calamity might be averted. Happy, therefore, were the girls whose initiation took place in time of plenty, when their parents were able to provide much beer, for as long as that lasted, there would be no dearth of people to sit up with them and help them to keep awake and avoid dangerous movements of the head. After this last severe test the initiation was over and the girls declared nubile.*

* The *thoyane* varied slightly in form in different tribes, but the idea of it was the same. Among the Bahlakoana, for instance, the girls had to dance all night without resting their legs. Stripes of wet pigment were drawn longitudinally over the principal joints of the body, viz. behind the knee, in front of the hip-joint, and inside the elbow, so that if a weary candidate sat down, lay down, or even bent any of her limbs unduly, the smudged pigment would tell the tale when she was inspected in the morning. The nature of the operation is, of course, veiled in the strictest secrecy, and we

§ 13. CHARACTER AND MANNERS OF THE ANCIENT BASUTO

In dealing with this subject it is necessary to remember that we are speaking of a savage people, who for centuries had made no advance in enlightenment; devoted to the cult of the Shades, and the veneration of the Invisible Being symbolised by animals; of a people exploited by unscrupulous witch-doctors, who tried by every means in their power to keep them under the stupefying yoke of superstition, sorcery, witchcraft, and suspicion of one another; of a people, in fine, which has never known how to better itself, who lived from year to year without troubling themselves about the past or speculating about the future, or even interesting themselves in what took place among their neighbours, unless it happened to be a question of war with themselves. With a people living in such conditions, one can only be surprised to find so many fine qualities among the many bad ones which were the natural outcome of ignorance and superstition.

They could be energetic, resolute, and enterprising when under the authority of strong and capable chiefs, but when left to themselves they were indolent, apathetic, and negligent. They were easy to lead and govern, and gave ready and loyal allegiance to such chiefs as showed they deserved it.

They were kind and sociable in their dealings with each other, and showed a kindly interest in each other's affairs, which they used to discuss together with much sympathy. Their conversation was lively, and adorned with proverbs and other flowers of speech; but their arguments rarely degenerated into quarrels, except under the influence of drink, and this did not often happen, as they were, except on festive occasions, a sober people. They have a large number of proverbs, some of which are very pithy and full of good sense.

Their intercourse was marked by a cheery frankness full of good fellowship and freedom from restraint. They had a strong sense of humour, and loved a joke for its own sake; they could, on occasion, be very sarcastic too. They tried to please and make themselves

will not attempt to pry into it. It has, however, become known to medical men in the course of their practice among natives, and it is only necessary to say here that the effect of it was to strengthen a woman's power of resistance against violation. It is not improbable that this was the object of the institution, and one of the reasons why men, even married men, were so rigidly excluded from any share in the secret.—J. C. M.

agreeable in whatever society they found themselves, and were adepts at flattery when it promised to be profitable. They were respectful and tactful by nature, but when angry they could be rude and offensive. They loved to sing the praises of chiefs and famous warriors, and to tell of mighty deeds in war or the chase.

They thoroughly understood and practised the laws of hospitality in the most generous manner. The stranger was always welcome, and given every assistance possible.

But they had their bad qualities as well. They stole without scruple, and their morals were very lax; they were also jealous, and would cheat, lie, and slander without shame. Such crimes were punishable, so they knew quite well, when they committed them, that they were doing evil; but when once convicted and punished for any offence, the memory of it ceased to trouble the offender. It was paid for, wiped out, and his character cleaned. The word *sebe* (sin) was seldom used except in connection with sexual irregularities; but if these could be hidden or successfully denied, they were not considered sin. "*Leshano le pholosang le molemo*," says the proverb ("The lie which saves is good").

Moreover, the Mosuto, though kind and generous, was very selfish, too. Self-interest took the first place with him, and if he had to give way on any point, he would wait for years for a chance to get square with the man who had bested him, and he never forgot an injury. If he gave anything away, it was in the hope of getting it back with interest. In early youth they began to steal, big boys forcing small ones to hide what they had stolen, under threat of cruel beatings, which they would inflict in fields or caves where they used to play. Falsehood and deception were very common, one may almost say they were the rule, among the old Basuto; and, to judge by the following prayer of one of them, an old man who became a Christian, they were quite alive to the fact: "O Lord, we are such liars that even if the tail of a fish was sticking out of our mouth, we would swear we had not eaten it." For the rest, the old Mosuto was a reticent man, and it was always very difficult to tell what was in his mind.

Another marked characteristic of the old Basuto was their innate formalism. It never left them, except perhaps when greatly moved by love or hatred. It was noticeable in the practice of their customs and usages, in their relations with chiefs and neighbours, in their

language and politeness. Everything was superficial and nothing real. This is not surprising, as their impressions were not deep, their sentiments were not lasting. The buoyancy of their spirits was astonishing. They were easily cast down, and just as easily consoled.

Their formalism inclined them to exaggerate everything. Their joys and their sorrows, accidents, incidents, difficulties and wants, were always described as *makatsang* (surprising), *babatsehang* (marvellous), *tsotsehang* (frightful), etc. If an animal strayed into a man's field and ate a few heads of grain or trampled a few plants, it was magnified into a terrible disaster. Everything was destroyed, and nothing was left to reap. "Yo! bana baka ba tla ya'ng?" ("Oh! what will my children eat?"). If a Mosuto was sick, he believed himself to be the victim of witchcraft and *in articulo mortis*, while all the time he was probably suffering from the results of dissipation.

Such were these children of nature, who lived and died without their conscience being awakened by the voice of reason and justice. All the same, they paid much attention to the laws and customs which have been described.

One is agreeably surprised to see among such barbarians so much politeness, and so many rules of etiquette which were faithfully observed. There were rules for youths, for adults, for the chiefs, for all classes of the people, even for the *kholla*, and for all their ceremonies. The chiefs often addressed their subjects as *marena* ("chiefs"), *benghali* ("my masters"). If any one spoke to some one older than himself, he used a term of respect and affection; such as *nk'hono* ("grandmother"), *ntate* ("father"), *me* ("mother"). Equals called each other *ngoan'eso* ("my brother"). Intimates addressed each other as *'nake* ("my dear").

The parents of a young man had to observe strict rules of etiquette with regard to their daughter-in-law, and she, too, had reciprocally to observe similar ones in her relations with all the members of her husband's family. The young man, also, had to show respect to his wife's relations. A maternal uncle was always the object of great respect.

Politeness required that even the smallest gift should be received with both hands, and the word *ahe!* (thanks). To turn the back to any one, or to expectorate in front of a person sitting at meat, or to enter a house with a stick or any weapon in the hand, was a breach of good manners.

Every one was expected to announce to his friends the birth of a child, the marriage of another, sickness, death, or any event which might occur in his family. Moreover, it was not the thing to make such announcements in an offhand manner. It was necessary to sit down and make the announcement in a formal way, offering a pinch of snuff, and snuffing oneself, so that the details of the event might be decently and deliberately discussed. It was the good old time when everything was done deliberately and in good fellowship.

If a man killed an ox, he had to pay strict attention to *les convenances*, which required him to give the head and the brisket to his father, the neck to his maternal uncle, a hind leg to his elder brother, the back to his sister, a shoulder to his younger brothers.

As between young and old, brothers and sisters, men and women, chiefs and people, and in regard to visitors and strangers, the rules of etiquette were numerous and precise, and no one who considered himself decently brought up could fail to fulfil them. If he did he would be held in contempt as a mannerless person—"Ke motho ea se'nang mekhoha" ("He is a man without manners").

§ 14. MANNER OF LIFE; PURSUITS AND OCCUPATIONS; AND THE LONGEVITY OF THE ANCIENT BASUTO

We have only been able to sketch the history of these tribes as far back as the fifteenth century. Before that everything is more or less lost in oblivion. The migration from north to south of the continent must have taken up some centuries, and no doubt before that there was a long period of growth, during which the life of the young tribes must have been very simple, without much worth transmitting to posterity. It would appear, however, that since very ancient times the Bantu were not nomads but people of fixed abodes.

From the first the Basuto seem to have been agriculturists, herdsmen, and hunters. Their agricultural implements were very rudimentary: their hoes were barely as broad as a man's hand, with a short handle, and an ox's horn full of seed grain was about all that an able-bodied man could sow working from sunrise to sunset. Maize was not known, but there were two kinds of beans, sugar-cane, water-melon, several kinds of pumpkin, gourds, calabashes, tobacco, and hemp. Men, women, and children used to work together in the fields.

The men built the huts, which were made of thatching-grass, in

the form of a bee-hive; the thatch laid on poles fixed in the ground in a circle, with the tops bent in and lashed together. The men also were tailors, shoemakers, and dressmakers. They made clothing and sandals for themselves and their families in a rough-and-ready way out of the skins of animals, which they tanned and softened. The thread used was made of sinews, and they had a kind of punch to make holes with. They also made household utensils of wood, fashioned with some skill, such as porringers, basins, water-pots, and spoons. Spoons were made of horn and baskets of grass. Those who worked in metal made axes for cutting wood, axes of a lighter kind for battle, javelins and assegais; also knives, pointed and double-edged, something like daggers, and fixed into handles of wood or horn; spatulas of two sizes, the smaller for cleaning the nose, and the larger for scraping perspiration off the body. They made clubs of the wild olive and shields out of the hides of oxen. They made the sandals of the family of the skin of the antelope or the ox, and laces for them out of goat-skins stretched and softened. With these laces they also sewed sacks and leather bottles.

The women made the *thetanas* for themselves and their daughters. They also made the earthen vessels in household use, pots of various sizes for cooking, holding water, milk, or beer. Some of these were very large, perhaps three feet in height, and were used for beer at feasts. This pottery was baked in the open air in a fire of dried cow-dung, sheltered from the wind. Much skill and art were required. The women also made mats of rushes, on which the family slept, and which they sometimes stretched on poles to make a shade when the sun was very hot. It was also the women who made the finely textured rush mats for the reception of the meal as it fell from the nether millstone when it was ground. The stone they handled was a flint, oblong in shape and three or four inches in thickness, and the women used it after the manner of a rolling-pin to crush the grain upon the nether millstone. The millstone used by the Basuto, and the way of grinding, are exactly the same as known to, and worked by, the Egyptian women of old times. This can be seen represented by a statuette in the Boulay Museum. The duties of the women were to cook, to manage the home, to take care of the children. The word *mosali* (woman) means the one who remains at home, and shows that she was the custodian of all that her husband possessed in the house.

Fire was procured by rubbing a piece of hard wood upon a piece of tinder (soft, dry wood); their lamp consisted of a fragment of a pot filled with fat with a fragment of charcoal stuck in it.

Their food was plain but wholesome. It consisted, for the women and children, of porridge, made of meal boiled in milk or water, leguminous plants, pumpkins, beans, and sugar-cane; bread made of Kaffir corn, heavy but wholesome, which they soaked in fresh or thick milk; now and then meat, grilled in the embers, or roasted on a stick, on one end of which was stuck the piece of meat, while the other end was stuck in the ground near the fire. Sometimes the meat was stewed in earthen pots, one pot placed on top of the other to serve as a lid, and the joints smeared with fresh cowdung, to keep in the steam and keep out the smoke. But one of the chief articles of diet, of children as well as adults, was thick milk, which was kept in a skin bag. Their drinks were water and milk for the young; *leting*, a kind of mild beer, rather sour and acidulated, made of grown-out corn, and fermented with a kind of yeast. This was, *par excellence*, the drink of mothers, especially when nursing babies. There was also *yoala* (strong beer) for the men, made intoxicating by means of a second fermentation. In general, all food was eaten cold, which probably was better for them, and enabled them to live to a great age.

Their huts, their pottery, their arms and accoutrements, and their manner of life remained the same through the centuries, so incapable were they of improving their conditions while left to themselves.

Owing to their simple diet and healthy manner of life, most of their time being spent in the open air, the ancient Basuto lived to a great age. It is even said that old people of one hundred to one hundred and twenty years old were not uncommon; and, moreover, that their health and intelligence remained unimpaired up to the end of their days.

We do not hear of any epidemics among the ancient Basuto, neither is there any mention of cattle diseases, except that of 1817 called the *mamotohoane*. It was a sort of dropsy, which attacked cows just after calving. But although there were no epidemics, and people lived to great ages, it is not to say that there were no ailments. We hear of plenty of sickness, and the presence of so many doctors proves that it did exist, however good the general

health of the people may have been. Among these doctors were many impostors, but there were also some who had knowledge; these were generally specialists, who pretended only to cure certain diseases. There were others who studied doctoring for love of the science, and these had a considerable knowledge of diseases as well as of the medicinal properties of plants and roots. This knowledge had to be bought, and those who had it guarded it jealously. Several head of cattle was not too high a price to pay for the secret of a remedy of proved efficacy. Mokolokolo, the celebrated doctor of the Batlokoa, was always adding to his medical knowledge at the expense of his chief, who was fond of calling famous doctors from far and near, and purchasing from them, at a good price, the secrets of the remedies which had made them famous. The chief Mohlomi, too, had special facilities for acquiring proficiency in the art of healing, for, being rich and intelligent, it was his constant care, both on his journeys and at home, to acquire fresh medical knowledge in order to be able to do good to those about him.

Most of this information was furnished by Mathabatha, son of Mokolokolo, a doctor like his father, and inheritor of the secrets of his art as well as of his divining-bones. Although a doctor, he took part as a warrior in the battle of Lithako against Sebetoane in 1823, and several months afterwards in the campaign at Butha-Buthe against Moshesh. When Mathabatha was converted at Masitisi in his old age, he renounced all paganism, and began his new life by throwing the precious bones, which he had inherited from his father, into the Orange River. As a Christian, he was remarkable as much for the intelligence with which he grasped the principles of religion as for the zeal he showed in communicating them to others.

§ 15. INTELLECTUAL PREOCCUPATIONS OF THE ANCIENT BASUTO

From the intellectual point of view the Basuto were in no way inferior to the Bantu of other tribes. They loved to shine in conversation, and this, with a general desire to please, induced them to frequently veil their thoughts in metaphor, and to express their ideas in the form of proverbs and maxims; to qualify their flattery with amiable raillery and their mockery with suggested praise.

They have, to our knowledge, more than a thousand *maele*, or

maxims, and proverbs. Each generation had its own bards, who made and taught the national songs; almost all the chiefs who distinguished themselves in war or the chase sang of their deeds and composed panegyrics about them; mothers and grandmothers used to collect the young around them, in order to interest and instruct them by means of riddles, fables, and marvellous tales, sometimes lengthy, but very charming to the imagination of children.

This custom of artistic and metaphorical expression has existed among the Basuto since the most ancient times: it is very noticeable during the last two centuries under the chiefs Monaheng and Mohlomi, and especially under Moshesh. To Mokheseng (Ratlali), son of Monaheng, are attributed the circumcision songs and the songs of war; the famous Mohlomi excelled as a narrator, the adventures which befell him in the course of his travels in distant lands and among strange peoples forming his theme; Moshesh had, in a high degree, the gift of ingratiating himself with those strangers who visited him, as well as with his own people. His language, which was always well chosen and expressive, was full of humour and, at times, of irony. It was very difficult to get the better of him in an argument. He composed several panegyrics, which his men used to sing to the accompaniment of the *thomo* (a musical instrument), or which they would recite to any one who wanted to listen.

The Basuto think so much of these legacies of the wisdom of the sages of their land that they judge one's knowledge of Sesuto by the use one makes of their proverbs and maxims in conversation.

Their way of training the intelligence of the young was by asking them riddles and the explanation of enigmas, not merely as a pastime, but in order to sharpen their wits by making them think. All the same, we cannot expect to find much *finesse* in the enigmas of an ignorant people. Those which we are going to quote will show that among the old Basuto there was no sphinx like of Beotia, nor yet a Samson, whose riddles involved the death of his enemies. No, they were only simple word-games, by means of which the good old grandmothers sought to keep the children near them, and make them clever. It was the kindergarten, in which the little ones were taught to speak, and think, until the time came when civilisation opened to them its treasures, and taught them to read, write, count, etc.

As in the course of this history we have quoted several songs and panegyrics of warriors, we will abstain from giving others here.

Moreover, that kind of production is very difficult to understand, being full of hyperbole and far-fetched metaphor. But we shall compensate our readers by giving an old song of lamentation, and a *tsomo*, or tale, selected from among a great number.

PROVERBS

Lefu le qoleng ea kobo. Death is at the end of one's mantle (so near is it).
Seklapi se shuela metsing. The swimmer dies in the water. Moral: avoid dangerous pleasures and occupations.

Ngoana ea sa leng o shuela tharing. The child which cries not dies in the cradle (of hunger). Moral: do not hide your wants and troubles, so that they may be relieved.

Phokoyoe ho hola e itebelang. The jackal that is wary may live.

Metsi a macha a ntsa a khale. Fresh water drives out stale. Meaning: generation succeeds generation, the past being forgotten in the present.

Mo-oa-khotla ha a tsehisoe. What is said in the court is not blameworthy.

Noku li tsabana bophatsoa. Porcupines fear each other's spines. Meaning: that two persons jealous or suspicious of each other fear to meet.

Ngoana mo-hana ho yuetsoa o tsohela leomeng. The child who refuses admonition may get hurt.

Lekhotla ha le nameloe motho. The court lends itself to no man—viz. is no respecter of persons.

Moetsuoa ha a lebele ho lebala moetsi. A wrong is not forgotten, though the doer of it may forget it.

Moiketsi ha a lleloe. One who has brought trouble on himself is not sympathised with.

Mohhoa o tsuang ntlo kholo o ea ntloaneng. Manners come from the great house and pass to the small one. Meaning, that inferiors copy their superiors.

Ho hola ke ho bona. Lit., to grow up is to see one learns by experience.

Pelo ke motho. The heart makes the man.

Pelo ke seva sa motho. A man's heart is his enemy.

Khomo ho thusoa e itekang. The cow is helped which makes an effort—viz. one helps him who tries to help himself.

Sehole se setle ho 'm'a sona.—The cripple is beautiful to its mother.

Mollo o tsuala molora. Fire begets ashes. This is said of any one who is supposed to lack the good qualities of his parents.

U hametse khomo letanteng. You are milking into a leaky vessel. Meaning: what you say goes in at one ear and out at the other.

Leshano le pholosang le molemo. The lie which saves is good—the end justifies the means.

Tsuene ha e ipone likopo. The baboon does not see his protruding forehead—one is blind to one's own faults.

Shano ha le ruise motho. A lie enriches no man.

Motseha fuma oa ipiletsa. He who laughs at poverty attracts it to himself.

Morena oa shua; lebitso lea sala. The chief dies, but his name remains.

Lekhetso ke boroko le khotso. Taxation is sleep and peace.

Mosali ke morena.—Woman is chief. Meaning, that even a chief must respect her, and may not abuse or punish her, though she may have provoked him.

Lepollapolla le ya poli. The hasty person eats goat. But, *Lesisiteho le ya khomo.* The deliberate person eats beef. Or, *Ho bea litho ho hlaisa khomo.* Patience produces a cow (good results).

Khotso ke nala.—Peace is plenty.

ENIGMAS OR RIDDLES

Khomo e tsueu e robetse ntle? *Ke phoka.*

What is the white cow that sleeps outside? The dew.

Ntho e lebele e reng ha e fumana lengope leha ele noka e khutle? *Ke mollo.*

What is it that runs fast and cannot be stopped except by a river or a donga? A grass fire.

Batho ba bafubelu ba hobelang haholo? *Ke malakabe.*

Who are the red people that skip so much? The flames.

Moholoe a lutse, monyane a hobela? *Ke sefate le makala.*

The elder sits motionless while the younger dances? The tree and its branches.

Ntho e mathang ka mehla motsehare le bosiu? *Ke noka.*

What is it that runs continually, day and night? The river.

Monna ea yereng marungoana motsehare le bosiu? *Ke noku.*

Who is the warrior who carries spears day and night? The porcupine.

Ntho e se mang maoto le mapheo, e lebele le mahatsang e se nang ho thibelo a ke lilomo, ke linoka, le marako? *Ke lentsue.*

What is that which has neither legs nor wings, but which travels very fast, and is not stopped by precipices or rivers or walls? The voice.

Ke'ng e eang e khutlang ka mehla ka tsela e le ngoe? *Ke lehlafi la monyako.*

What is that which goes and returns always by the same road? The door.

Sephoko sa thaba se okametseng selomo? *Ke nko e okametseng molomo.*

What is the rock overhanging a precipice? The nose above the mouth.

Mohale ea yang lifate? *Ke selepe.*

Who is the warrior who overcomes trees? The axe.

Ke ntho efe e hlabang lintja ka metsu? *Ke noku.*

What thing is that which a dog cannot attack without being stabbed? The porcupine.

Leqhekoatsana le khumamene, thotaneng? *Ke seolo.*

Who is the old woman kneeling in the plain? An ant-heap.

MOURNING HYMN

According to Mr. Arbousset, the following hymn for the afflicted was formerly particularly dear to the widows, who were in the habit, when some one died, of meeting in an open space in the town to sing it in chorus, at the same time beating the ground softly with their feet and using a kind of tambourine made of an earthen vessel covered with the skin of a kid. The two first verses of this mournful hymn are as follows:

We are left outside,
 We are left for trouble
 We are left for tears,
 Oh if there were in heaven a place for me!

Why have I not wings to fly there?
 If a strong cord hung down from the sky
 I would cling to it, I would go up,
 I would go and dwell there.

The desolate widow adds to these lamentations:

Oh! foolish woman that I am,
 When evening comes I open my window,*
 I listen in silence, I watch,
 I fancy that he returns (her husband).

She whose brother has perished in battle, on the other hand, says:

If woman also went to war
 I would have gone, I would have thrown darts by his side (her brother).
 My brother should not have died;
 The son of my mother should rather have returned.
 He should have gone but half-way,
 He should have pretended to have hurt his foot against a stone.

At the conclusion all the women cry out in a loud voice:

Alas! are they really gone?
 Have they left us here?
 But where are they gone?
 That they can thence return no more
 To see us again,
 Are they really gone?
 Is hell insatiable?
 Will it never be full.
 (Th. Arbousset, *Narrative of an Exploratory Tour*, p. 239.)

FAIRY TALE

The following *tsomo*, or fairy-tale, was at one time, and is still, in great favour among the young people. There are various versions of it, and various names are given to the boy and the beast.

Kholumolumo and Litaolane, or Senkatane

Once all men perished. A prodigious animal called Kholumolumo devoured all mankind. Such a monster was he that no eye could see the whole of his body at one time. Only one woman was left upon the earth, and she escaped notice by hiding in a little shelter where calves were kept at night. There she conceived, though knowing

* A small opening left at the top of the entrance to the hut.—(Th. Arbousset.)

no man, and brought forth a son whom she called Litaolane, the Diviner, because round his neck was a string of charms. Wondering what would become of her son, and how she could preserve him from the Kholumolumo she went out from her shelter under cover of the night to cut some grass, whereon her child could sleep, and seek some food for herself. When she came back, she was filled with amazement, for, lo! during her short absence, her infant had grown to manhood. "Mother," he said, "where are the people?"

"My child," said the woman, "once there were many people in the world, but an evil beast has devoured them all."

"Where, then, is this beast?" said the young man.

"Close to us," said his mother. "Lower thy voice, lest he hear us."

But Litaolane, or Senkatane, as he is often called, feared nothing. He seized a spear and went straight to Kholumolumo, who straightway swallowed him up. But he did not die. With his spear he stabbed and stabbed the vitals of the Kholumolumo till the monster died. As he tried to stab and cut his way out of the belly of the Kholumolumo, he stabbed many people who were imprisoned there. A voice cried, "Strike elsewhere; thou hast thrust me with thy spear!" and wherever he struck he hurt some one. But after a time he cut his way through and made an opening in the carcase, through which all the tribes of the world emerged. At first there was much rejoicing, and great praise and honour were given to the deliverer of mankind; but after a time people murmured, saying, "Who is this who was born without a father and who never was a child? Come, let us kill him, for he is not as we are." So they dug a pit, and, spreading his mat over it, invited him to recline upon it, but he sprang backwards over the pit, and those who sought his destruction, in their eagerness to press forward, fell into it themselves, and were seen no more upon the earth. In this and other ways sought they to slay him, but, by his wisdom, he knew of their intentions before even they formed them and always confounded them. Several of them while trying to cast him into a great fire fell into it themselves. Then the rain-makers made magic that the hail might come and slay him. A mighty storm came and killed the children of the conspirators who were in the field, but the child of the woman who was with them suffered no hurt. One day, when some were pursuing him, he came to a great river, and changed himself into a stone. When his pursuers came up, one of them took up the stone and threw it across the river, saying,

"Thus would I kill him if he were to be seen." As soon as the stone reached the ground on the other side, Litaolane resumed his natural shape, and smiled fearlessly upon his enemies, who fled, uttering strange cries, for they were sore afraid.

§ 16. APPROXIMATE ESTIMATE OF THE NUMBER OF THE BASUTO AT THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

If the tribes of Magaliesberg and Bechuanaland are included in the count, it would not, we think, be an exaggeration to say that the total number must have been about three-quarters of a million. For during several centuries the Bantu could not do other than multiply. Their health was excellent, owing no doubt to a simple, healthy diet, an open-air life, and an excellent climate. They do not appear to have suffered from serious diseases, and being a prolific people, they must, in the natural course of things, have attained to a very considerable population.

But, all the same, it must not be forgotten that tribal warfare, and especially the periodical famines which struck at the productive portion of the population, *i.e.* the women and children, were powerful factors against increase. Moreover, few delicate children ever attained to maturity; numbers of people were killed for alleged witchcraft; numbers, too, fell victims to wild beasts; twin children were invariably killed at their birth, and infanticide was of frequent practice. Beer also was the cause of many deaths, not only from fatal riots and fights, but also from alcoholic apoplexy, caused by violent exercise in dancing after heavy drinking under a hot sun. Many people also lost their lives through having incurred the jealousy or hatred of the chiefs, who did not scruple to have a man made away with on the merest suspicion, or even to inspire fear of their power. Human life was thought little of in those days, and freely squandered.

All these causes encourage the belief that, notwithstanding the prolific nature of the people and the healthy conditions under which they lived, the population did not exceed the numbers given, which, in our opinion, is a maximum.

We have not included in our estimate the Basuto tribes living between the Magaliesberg and the Limpopo—that is to say, Bafokeng of the principal branch, other branches of the Bataung than those

we have dealt with, the Banare, the Banoha, the Bankoe, the Bamakau, the Baphiri, and numerous offshoots of the Batlokoa, the Maphuthing, the Bakhatla, and the Bapeli, who never came south. All these may have numbered some two or three hundred thousand people, the ruins of whose villages are still to be seen, and who were utterly destroyed by the blood-thirsty Moselekatse.

This is our estimate :

Bafokeng of the second branch, scattered about in	Souls
many small clans, say	40,000
Various clans of Bakuena	50,000
Bakhatla of Tabane (including Bavenda)	40,000
Bapeli (including those absorbed by them)	35,000
Makholokoe	25,000
Maphuthing	45,000
Two branches of Batlokoa (including immigrants)	40,000
Basia	15,000
Bataung and Lihoya	35,000
Baramokhele	10,000
Bahlakoana	40,000
Makhoakhoa	15,000
Batsueneng of Khiba	6,000
Barolong of Sifunelo	30,000
Maphetla	6,000
Mapolane	8,000
Baphuthi	3,000
Batloung from the north-west	1,200
Bamooyane of Tsehlo	2,500
Zulu refugees of Sepetja who came before the great invasions, perhaps	2,000
	<hr/>
	448,700
Plus the number of those between the Magaliesberg and the Limpopo, say	300,000
	<hr/>
	748,700

This finishes the first period of our history. The second, which deals with the period 1822-1833, is the history of the Lifaqane wars,

that is to say, of the invasions from the east, the west, and the north, of wars and massacres, of the overthrow of tribes, of famine and cannibalism, of the rise of new chiefs—in fine, of the period of blood and ruin which came to an end with the arrival of the messengers of the Gospel of Peace.

APPENDIX TO SECOND PERIOD

HISTORY OF THE CONQUEROR SEBETOANE

His birth and origin; his exploits and conquests; his death and his successors

PREFACE

THANKS to the information collected by my sons from chiefs and old inhabitants in the Bechuanaland Protectorate and Borotseland, to information borrowed from Dr. Livingstone's book *Explorations in Austral Africa*, and from the *History of the Marotse*, written in Sekololo by the Rev. A. Jalla, it has been possible for me to complete my own notes, and thus write the history of Sebetoane. It treats of his origin, his intentions, his long pilgrimage through the desert, his exploits, his battles, his conquests, his character, his death and successors, and, finally, of the end of the rule of the Makololo north of the Zambesi.

This history, moreover, sets forth that, however young Sebetoane was at the outset of his achievements, he already possessed the soul of a brave and dauntless soldier, and thus became the greatest warrior of his day between the Orange River and the Zambesi, while his contemporary and compatriot Moshesh was rising in Basutoland to the position of the wisest and most astute politician among the chiefs of South Africa.

SEBETOANE THE CONQUEROR

At the time of the invasions in 1822 the name Sebetoane was known only to the Bafokeng of his ancestor Patsa and their neighbours; for it was only a few months later, in the midst of the confusion of the tribes, that Sebetoane appeared and, with his relatives, initiated

the idea of migrating northward, from which direction their ancestors had come a few centuries before.

The Bafokeng of Patsa lived on the Kurutlele Mountain, on the left bank of the Tikoe (Vet River), but on the side of the mountain which faces the Tikoane (Sand River), and to the north-west of Ngoliloe, where Mohlomi had lived. Their neighbours were, on the one side, the Bataung of Moletsane, and to the south of them the Bamonaheng, still under Mohlomi's sons, and on another side the Lihoya. There were some seven or eight villages of them, under the chief Mangoane, Sebetoane's father, but many of them perished in the attack by the Batlokoa on Kurutlele in June 1822. It would seem to have been after this catastrophe that the martial instincts of Sebetoane, Mangoane's second son, came into evidence. The Bafokeng, overwhelmed by the superior force of their enemies, fled with such of their cattle as they were able to save. For some time they roamed about with their families, living on game, until they rejoined a large section of their tribe beyond the Vaal who had been ruined and driven from their homes by the Bataung of Moletsane some time before.

During these wanderings the eldest son of the chief Mangoane was killed by lions, and his brother Sebetoane succeeded to the chieftainship. His first act was to assemble all the Bafokeng beyond the Vaal, and, pointing out to them the danger they incurred in remaining in a country beset by foes and ruined by wars, reminding them too of the losses they had already suffered, suggested that they should migrate and seek a new home in the north. His suggestion was accepted by the people, and he lost no time in putting it into effect. He was joined by two other chiefs, Lekapetsa and Ramabusetse, who with their people came under his rule.

At this time Sebetoane was only about nineteen or twenty years of age, but he was brave and intelligent beyond his years, and had already given proof of his military qualities in the fight with the Batlokoa at Kurutlele. In person he was tall and wiry, and of a light tawny complexion. He was already married to Malikuku, a sister of Makhitsane, Moletsane's wife, and daughter of the Mohlakoana chief Ramatlakane. His mother was Maselloane, a relation of Mohlomi.

Sebetoane was of the great branch of the Bafokeng, called that of Mare, being descended from Mangole, third son of Mare (see

genealogical table of the Bafokeng, whose *seboko*, or emblem, was the *morara*, or wild vine, a shrub which they held in as much veneration as the Gauls and ancient Britons held the mistletoe).

It was at this early age that Sebetoane, having assumed the responsibilities of chieftainship, left the vicinity of the Vaal at the beginning of 1823 with his host of men, women and children, and cattle, making his way towards Lithakong, a large village where the Bahlaping practised considerable industries in the manufacture of karosses, wooden utensils, iron implements, arms, and ornaments, and which was a Mission station of the London Missionary Society. But shortly after their arrival they were overtaken by their old enemies the Batlokoa, who also had been roaming about the country, carrying death and destruction with them wherever they went. A great battle ensued, in which about five hundred warriors were killed on either side. Some of Sebetoane's cattle fell into the hands of the Batlokoa, but the Bafokeng got some booty in exchange, as well as a number of prisoners, including a young widow of the Batlokoa. This woman, who was called Setloutlou, fell to the lot of the young chief Lechae, who took her on their pilgrimage; but later on Sebetoane himself, having become enamoured of her, took her from Lechae, and in due course she became the mother of Sekeletu. Rumour has it that this woman was of the Makollo tribe, and that gradually Sebetoane's people came to be called the Makollo or Makololo, on account of the favour in which she was held by her new lord.

The town of Lithakong was burned by the Batlokoa, who, unable to go farther, on account of Sebetoane on the one side and Waterboer with his mounted Griquas and two thousand Bahlaping, under their chief Mothibe, son of Malehabangwe, on the other, returned and, as we have related elsewhere, proceeded to attack Moshesh at Butha-Buthe.

Sebetoane, however, immediately took his departure for the north, and, to his great satisfaction, was joined by a number of deserters from the Batlokoa—a very welcome augmentation of strength.

Leaving Lithakong in June 1823, Sebetoane forced his way through the Barolong country, after a battle at Khunwane, their headquarters, where he killed many of them. Farther on he encountered the Bamangwaketse, who hitherto had the reputation of being invincible. Sebetoane, however, defeated them in a great battle, in the course of which he himself was wounded, having at a critical moment had

to throw himself into the thick of the fight. Many of the Bamangwatsi were slain, and the rest fled with their chief Makaba.

A few days later, notwithstanding his wound, Sebetoane had to fight another battle with Litholeng, chief of the Bahurutse, who at Mosiga disputed his passage along the left bank of the Marico River. Having defeated Litholeng, he soon afterwards encountered and routed the Bakhatla at the junction of the Api (Ntsabohloko) and Limpopo Rivers.

These, and many other victories like them, seem to point to the conclusion that Sebetoane must have had with him a very considerable force, to which other tribes contributed their quota, for he defeated all the tribes he came across, without, however, seeking to take their country, but capturing their cattle, partly for food and partly in order to encourage his followers.

When he arrived at Molepolole he found the Bakwena of Motsoasele in confusion. Motsoasele had turned his people and relations against him by the irregularity of his conduct with their wives. The result was they rebelled and killed him, and deprived his son Sechele of his birthright. Sebetoane reinstated Sechele, and after some time went his way.

Later on he attacked the Batlokoa of Khosi, who had fought against Motsoasele. Khosi was killed at Tswete (a solitary hill near the Manokwe River, about nine miles east of Molepolole). The defeated Batlokoa took refuge in the north in the country of the Bamangwato, who were then ruled by Khame, the father of Sekgome. But the Batlokoa were not received well by the Bamangwato, who took many cattle from them.*

In pursuit of the Batlokoa, Sebetoane passed to the east of the Marutlwe Hills, near Shoshong, and from there he went to the Bonwanotsi Hill, where he rested his people for a time before crossing the Mahalapye River.

On two occasions during his journey Sebetoane had all his cattle captured by the Matebele of Moselekatse, but on each occasion he recaptured them, together with a goodly number of those of the enemy.

Sebetoane did not carry out his intention of attacking the Batlokoa

* These Batlokoa must not be confounded with the Batlokoa of Mantatisi. They are an offshoot which separated a century or so before this time and before Motsoasele went south.—J. C. M.

again. He offered them terms of peace instead, which they accepted, and agreed to accompany him to the north. He, in his turn, helped them to recover the cattle which had been taken from them by the Bamangwato, and to this end attacked Khari, their paramount chief, burned his village, and drove him and his people before him to the north. This village was among the Kutswa Hills, about nine miles south of Serowe.

But the Batlokoa did not all follow Sebetoane. Some of them returned to the south under their young chief Matlapeng, the father of Gaberone, while Lethage and his followers followed Sebetoane.

The Bamangwato flying before Sebetoane paused at Serowe and halted at the M'hisa River, but they had to take the road again quickly, for they heard that their enemy was close behind. They passed on to the salt-pans called Makharikhari, or Magadigadi, which name means "mirage," and on to the Mothebeli River. But Sebetoane was close on their heels, and they had to pass on to the north-east as far as Olo-li-phephe ("white-ant heaps"), north of the Botletle River, where at that time there were some lakes.

There they got a little rest from pursuit, because a Mochuana prisoner who had been acting as guide to Sebetoane escaped after leading that chief about the country for a day, and leaving him near the spot from which he had started that morning. The thirsty cattle stampeded in search of water; some ran back to Serotli pool; others found their way to Mashwa; while others again ran back to their former owners at Lophephe. But Sebetoane was able very soon to make good these losses at the expense of the Botletle, from whom he took some cattle with very long horns.

On nearing the salt-pans above mentioned, Sebetoane swerved from the track of the Bamangwato and crossed the Botletle at Sōwa, west of the spot where they had crossed it. Sōwa is said to have been one of the numerous lakes formed by the Botletle River towards the east, and which were fed by the yearly overflow of the Okowango marshes into the Botletle. It is in the neighbourhood of Sōwa that the waters of the Botletle lose themselves in the sand or are absorbed by the sun.

When the Bamangwato heard of Sebetoane's change of route, they returned to their homes at Serowe.

Sebetoane, having given up the pursuit of the Bamangwato, recrossed the Botletle at Tsienyane, sometimes called Rakops or

Rakopo, and took possession of the shores of Lake Kamadau; thence he proceeded along the right bank of the Botletle to the spot where the Thamalakana River (another of the outlets of the Okowango Marshes) divides itself into two streams, viz. the Botletle, flowing eastwards, and the Komana, flowing westwards. He travelled along the latter as far as Lake Ngami, and along the southern shore of that lake.

At that time Moremi I., chief of the Batawana,* lived at Kgwebe, about twenty miles south of the lake. Hearing of the approach of Sebetoane, he moved to Motlhaba-wa-namanyana, a sandy eminence on the western shore, keeping the Kgwebe Hills between him and the southern shore. Sebetoane advanced to Bolibeng, thence along the shore to Tsoketsane, where the Theoge River, also an outlet of the Okowango Marshes, enters the lake. There he fought Moremi on the Motlhaba-wa-namanyana, and defeated him, capturing many of the cattle of the Batawana.

Moremi fled northwards along the Theoge, which he crossed at Ntale (Andara), where Dibebe now lives, and built his village at Kabamokone, on the eastern bank of that river.

How long Moremi remained there is uncertain, but he eventually proceeded along the Molapo-wa-makwekana Valley to a point opposite Nkasa, which he left on his right; and then, keeping along the Motlhaba-wa-ponga (Punta), he arrived at the Kolatau Ford, there he crossed another Theoge which comes from the west—probably the Chobe—and built his village at Tshoroga, afterwards called Linyanti by the Makololo.

Meanwhile, after his victory at Motlhaba-wa-namanyana, Sebetoane had heard of certain white people living on the west coast, and being desirous of entering into communication with them, proceeded in a south-westerly direction towards Tama (Damaraland), pausing at Ganzi, Lotlhakana, Legata-la-tlou, thereby in all probability opening up the road which travellers from Lake Ngami to Fort Rietfontein use to-day.

Sebetoane would willingly have settled in that country, which was well watered, had good grazing, and pleased his people well, but he

* *Batawana* (Sechuana spelling): local orthography has been observed throughout—i.e. Sechuana for the Batawana and Sekololo for the Marotse. In this connection it may be noted that *Marotse* designates the ruling tribe; *Barotse* those ruled by them; *Borotse* the country; and *Serotse* the language.

was prevented by the hostile attitude of the inhabitants, the Matama, who were very numerous, and who, like the Bushmen, fought with poisoned arrows, and were adepts at ambush and all the arts of guerilla warfare. Hiding in the long grass and among the bushes, the Matama continually and successfully harassed the invaders, and in one encounter Sebetoane's little son, Khoanyane, was shot by a poisoned arrow, and thus, much against the wishes of his people, Sebetoane left these inhospitable regions and returned to Lake Ngami. Thence he proceeded northward along the Theoge to a point opposite the Solilo Hills. From there he followed in Moremi's tracks, with the intention of taking him by surprise. He crossed the Okowango Marshes and, advancing towards the Zambesi Valley, surrounded Moremi's people at Tshoroga (Linyanti) one evening after dark. At dawn next day he delivered his attack, which was entirely successful. Many of the Batawana were taken prisoners, and among them Sedumedi, Moremi's eldest son, Meno his brother, and Makgasana, the father of Oduda, who subsequently became one of Letsholathebe's wives.

Sebetoane remained on the banks of the Linyanti for two years, at the end of which period the Batawana whom he had conquered determined to escape from his yoke, and with one accord betook themselves to flight. Sebetoane pursued them, but without success, for the Batawana had dispersed and scattered in all directions, only to reassemble according to previous agreement at the Mababe Marshes.

Having arrived at the conclusion that the valley of the Linyanti was not suited to a pastoral people, Sebetoane crossed the river and went along it as far as its junction with the Zambesi. He forded the latter river near the rapids, now known by the name Mamboa, not far from Kazungula at the Mpalira Island.

When he arrived at the river, Sebetoane heard that two of the tribes on the opposite bank, the Masubiea and the Malea, were at feud. Sundano, chief of the former, showed satisfaction at the arrival of the strangers, and crossed the river in order to bespeak the aid of their chief against his enemies, the Malea, thereby affording Sebetoane exceptional facilities in the arduous task of transporting such a multitude of people and cattle across the Zambesi.

On an island in the river there dwelt the Batoka or Batonga tribe, who, shielded by their inaccessible position, lived on the plunder of travellers and fugitive tribes, whom they enticed to islets remote

from the shore, and having robbed them of all they possessed, left them to perish. Their chief, Mosokotoane, offered his services to Sebetoane to ferry his people across; but the latter, with his usual caution, insisted on Mosokotoane entering in the same boat as himself, and kept him there till all his people and cattle had been safely landed on the farther shore.

The Batoka were at that time a powerful tribe, and delighted in ornamenting their villages with the skulls of strangers. When Sebetoane made his appearance near the Great Falls, a large number mustered to cut off the heads of the Makololo, of which they intended to make trophies. But Sebetoane defeated them, and took so much stock from them that his people found it impossible to count the sheep and goats which had been captured. Sebetoane then travelled over the country extending towards Kafue, which is said to be a land of undulating plains covered with fine short grass with but few forests.

The Makololo, by which name we may now continue to call Sebetoane's people, liked this healthy and fertile region, but were not able to stay there long, for the Matebele of Moselekatse had crossed the Zambesi in the boats of the Batoka, and attacked them, capturing their cattle and their women. Sebetoane, however, rallied his men, pursued the plunderers, and, before they could recross the river, recaptured all their property. But, fearing another attack, Sebetoane took refuge in the land of the Mashikulumboe, who possessed an inferior and very small breed of cattle. The Mashikulumboe received them very badly, and soon began to murder them at night. Sebetoane therefore did not stay among them longer than he could help, as his great need and desire was a place where he could settle down and rest.

He was urged by a seer to go westward. This seer, Tlapane by name, for whom Sebetoane had great respect, appeared before him after a long absence. He fell into a trance, as their custom is, and waking up in ecstasies, cried, pointing to the east: "Sebetoane, I see a flame! Take care to avoid it, for it would burn you. The Spirits say to me, 'He must not go there.'" Then, pointing to the west, the seer said, "I see a town, and black people living near water whose cattle are of a reddish colour. The people are wasting away and will perish, Sebetoane; but thou shalt rule those black people, and after thy warriors shall have taken the red cattle, suffer them not

to slay the conquered people, for they will be thy people too, and their town shall be thy town. Spare them, therefore, that they may assist in building a new town for thyself. As for thee, Ramosenyi, thy town shall be utterly destroyed; if Mokari departs, he shall be the first to die. The Spirits willed that other tribes should have water wherewith to quench their thirst, but to me they have given naught but the drink of the rhinoceros. They call me, and I must go."

"The policy advocated by Tlapane," says Livingstone, "was full of wisdom; and the death of the prophet, and the two men whom he had named, and the destruction of their villages, having occurred shortly afterwards, it is not to be wondered at that Sebetoane implicitly complied with the advice given to him by the prophetic voice of Tlapane. The flame which the latter had seen was evidently the flash of the Portuguese weapons he had heard of, and the natives whom he had discerned in the west were the Barotse, or Baloiana, as they call themselves."

At that time the Marotse were divided among themselves, and were therefore unable to repel the invasion of the Makololo. Sebetoane, acting on the advice he had received, lost no time in leaving the inhospitable country of the Mashikulumboe, and he and his people ascended the Zambesi, crossed the Machili, the Ndjoko, the Luyi, all affluents of the Zambesi on the left bank, and, guided by one Muswa, who had a grudge against the Marotse, passed out on the Borotse Plain through the Gap of Kataba, near Sefula Hill. There the Makololo met the Marotse, who had assembled to intercept them.

"The chief Mobukwano," says A. Jalla, "had just been removed from Nalolo to govern Namuso when, in June, the rumour spread of Sebetoane's approach. Mobukwano at once informed those who were opposed to him, saying that as a common foe was so near, it behoved them to cease killing each other. And the rallying cry, 'The Makololo are upon us!' had the effect of joining together the men of Nalolo, Namunda, and Katema, as well as the chief's sons, to repulse the enemy at Kataba."

Sebetoane, on perceiving them, said to his warriors, "Behold, these be river people, and accustomed to the waters. Now, therefore, let us flee before them, so that we may draw them far from their river." Accordingly, when the Marotse approached and before even they had crossed the river, they saw the camp of the Makololo on fire, and the women and cattle in full retreat. Whereupon they

triumphantly exclaimed: "Lo! they fly before us. Now shall we eat these weevils! Now shall they fall beneath our war-clubs." They accordingly started in pursuit with much ardour, the young men running to turn the cattle and the women. In this manner they fell into the hands of Sebetoane, who was waiting for them, and many indeed fell under the war clubs, but the clubs were those of Sebetoane and those who fell were the Marotse. Sebetoane surrounded them and slew a great number, especially young men. It was this first great victory of Kataba that opened the road to Borotse-land to Sebetoane.

Shortly afterwards, during the dry season, Sebetoane made a campaign against the Barotse at Numboawata, crossing the Kokana on foot at Libumu on the way to Ngundu. But the following year Mobukwano gathered together a fresh army and attacked him at the Pool of Nea, not far from Ngundu. The Marotse, however, suffered another severe defeat, and many of them were killed. But they managed to capture some women of the Makololo, including Mamochesane, a daughter of the chief. The chief Mobukwano took great care of her.

The fugitive Marotse dispersed, some to join those of the north, who had refused to support Mobukwano; others escaped to the islands at Inyalunde and Inyandula. Mobukwano, almost abandoned, roamed about the country, and sought to hide himself at Mboelo, in the island of Lepu, where the cattle were hidden. Other of his people fled to the isle of Loyela at the confluence of the Nokana, or Kama River. As for the Makololo, they continued their march through Borotseland, and the water subsiding, Sebetoane crossed the river and settled temporarily on the banks of the Kama.

During the third year the Marotse of the north reassembled in order again to attack the Makololo. A battle took place before the Liondo, and the Marotse were again severely defeated and driven into the Pool of Limoloe. But Sebetoane, remembering the kindness of Mobukwano towards his daughter Mamochesane, ordered those of the Marotse who had surrendered to point out any sons of the chief who might be among them, in order that they might be taken proper care of. In this way Sebeso and Sepopa, uncles of Lewanika, and Ngela, son of Notulo, were saved and remained near Sebetoane. Other Marotse also became his adherents.

Hardly had Sebetoane possessed himself of the southern part of the

Borotse Plain when he found himself threatened by the Matebele, who, unable to forget the various defeats he had inflicted upon them, had followed him up with a considerable force, and were now waiting for him near the Zambesi. But the chief of Makololo caught them in a trap, and this was the manner of it. He secretly sent a flock of goats on to a large island in mid-stream, and also left a number of boats with boatmen on whom he could depend to ferry the Matebele across to the island to capture the goats. The Matebele readily seized the boats, and, not being watermen themselves, impressed the boatmen, who, as soon as they had landed them on the island, made off with the boats. The Matebele, being unable to swim, had to remain where they were, subsisting on roots after the goats had been eaten. Weakened by starvation, they became an easy prey to the Makololo, who in due course landed on the island and, having killed all the men, adopted the women and children, who henceforth became absorbed in their tribe.

The news of this disaster having reached Moselekatse, his warriors besought him for vengeance on the Makololo. Accordingly a large army was dispatched against Sebetoane, and in order to avoid the fate of the last expedition, they carried a number of canoes with them. But by this time Sebetoane had completed the subjugation of the Marotse, whose aquatic resources were now at his disposal. His young men, too, had also acquired experience in the management of boats and river navigation. Sebetoane accordingly voyaged down the river, touching at all the islands and maintaining such a blockade of the south shore as to make it impossible for the Matebele to use their canoes. Finally, having assembled his forces on the island of Loyelo, maintaining the while a close watch upon the enemy, Sebetoane suddenly crossed that portion of the river which separated them and marched straight to the Matebele camp, and said, "Wherefore do you seek to kill me? Never have I attacked you or done a wrong to your chief. *Ao!* The faults are all upon your side." The Matebele made no answer, but next day they had all disappeared, and the boats which they had brought from such a distance lay broken and useless on the bank. Of that great army only five men returned to their homes; the rest had fallen victims to fever, starvation, and the Batoka.

Other Matebele, of whom Ngabe was the chief, were travelling about in search of a suitable place to settle. They had their families

with them, and raided about in all directions on their line of march. They penetrated into Borotseland about the time when Mobukwano was trying to protect himself against the invading Makololo on the one hand and recalcitrant Marotse on the other. At this time Sebetoane was at Kama on the right bank of the river, some miles distant from the present Lukona, having so far not yet decided to settle in the plain.

The Matebele had skirted the forest in order to reach Kabombo and Liwena, returning by way of Nyengo. But everywhere they suffered disaster. Some were killed, others were captured by the Balubale and by those Marotse who had hitherto avoided the authority of Sebetoane by moving northwards in the direction of Nyengo.

The chief of the Makololo, on hearing of the approach of these Matebele, left Kama with his people and went to Mboela, skirting the forest on the west side. When Ngabe arrived opposite Lubambo, he sent a messenger to Mobukwano to ask him where was Sebetoane. Mobukwano answered by sending two messengers, who were instructed to guide him thither. The Matebele proceeded on foot, but the messengers followed in canoes. When they arrived near Lweti (not far from Senanga), the messengers deserted in their canoes and returned to their chief. As for the Makololo, they were watching the Matebele, who appeared to them to be suffering from hunger, and Sebetoane made use of their extremity to entrap them. Accordingly at some distance from them he caused some oxen to be slaughtered, and fires to be kindled whereon to cook the meat. Then suddenly, as if taken by panic, he caused his people to fly. The hungry Matebele no sooner saw this than, throwing their arms on the ground, they ran to eat the meat. It was then that Sebetoane fell upon them and massacred them all with the exception of the young people, whom he captured alive and embodied in his regiments. Ngabe himself, however, had remained with the women in the camp at Kalamba. When he heard of what had happened, he begged Mobukwano to suffer him to take refuge near him on the island of Loyela. Mobukwano consented, but the Marotse behaved treacherously. They conducted the women elsewhere, but they threw Ngabe and his men into the river, where they perished. Such was the end of these unfortunate Matebele. Mobukwana was very sad about it, for he had hoped that Ngabe would have helped him to overcome Sebetoane.

While Sebetoane was thus occupied with his enemies, Nalubutu

and other Marotse, says Mr. Jalla, proclaimed Imbua, son of Molambwa, king, and conducted him to Nyengo in the north. Other Marotse fled to Lukulu with Mambunda, where they made themselves a strong stockade of wood. From there they sent Mwica-oa-Matende to get Mobukwano away from Sebetoane, to whom he had made submission after the first victory of the latter over the Matebele. Mobukwano joined them in the absence of Sebetoane, who had gone to the Mambwawato and thence to Kakoma by river. Mwica-oa-Matende and Kasemona were with Mobukwano. They travelled by night and lay in hiding by day, and so were able to arrive at Lukulu, where Imasiku, son of Mobukwano, joined them. Some time later one of the wives of Mobukwano, and by his direction, gave him some medicine which she had received from Moni-Siengele, and in drinking it he died, poisoned. Imasiku succeeded him.

During the fifth year after his arrival in Borotseland, Sebetoane laid siege to Lukulu, and sent Mphephe, one of his relations, to make war on the Manyengo. But he was not fortunate in this expedition, because he did not follow the tactics of his chief. The battles were undecisive, and the famine was such that the besieged were forced to eat dogs.

In the following year the Makololo besieged Lukulu again. And this time Imasiku, fearing the hunger he had suffered the year before, fled by night. He and his managed to escape. They crossed the Kabombo, and reached Lukwakwa. By this victory, which took place in December, the Makololo became masters of all Borotseland.

Having subdued the chiefs of the country, Sebetoane lived for a time at Mokholosa, and then made his capital at Naliele. He was in the habit of leaving some of his people at every place at which he stayed any length of time in Borotseland, and Naliele was one of the last villages founded by him.

After many years of peace Moselekatse sent another great army against Sebetoane. The latter was at the time engaged in a punitive expedition against Sekute, chief of the Malea. On his return to Ngamboe (four days' journey above Sesheke) he heard that the Matebele had made alliance with Sundano, chief of the Masubiea, who had assisted him to cross the Zambesi, and that Moselekatse was even then advancing in Borotseland, the Matebele by land and the Masubiea by water. Sebetoane sent Malokunyane towards the Katonga to watch the enemy and report his movements, which he

did through Mothobinyana at Itufa. When Malokunyane arrived at Itufa, he sent word to his chief to come along, which he did, and as he was proceeding westwards on foot the Marotse accompanied him by water. Mothobinyana with his people awaited him on the other side at Itufa, with the news that the Matebele barred the road to the other side at Upa (between Senanga and Nalolo). Sebetoane notified his intention of attacking them next day, and though Mothobinyana advised against it, he crossed with several men. But as he found himself surrounded by Matebele scouts, he was forced to retire precipitately. In the hurry the canoe of Sebetoane upset, and Leshae, the husband of Maseketu, was drowned, but Sebetoane was saved by Masheke Namunda, who helped him to keep afloat.

Sebetoane then retired to the island of Loyela, where he collected his warriors, and placed Mphephe with the regiment of Makwa at the confluence of the Nokana. When the Matebele arrived, they were unable to pass to Ibolokoa by reason of the quicksand at Shemela; and Sebetoane being on the west bank of the river, he shouted to the Matebele, "Why do you always make war upon me? I have never attacked you, you are to blame!" During the night the Makololo captured the boats of the Masubiea and passed them on to the Marotse, and next day the Matebele returned to their place. The Masubiea, having destroyed the few boats that remained to them, fled by land, and Sebetoane, satisfied with this result, returned to Loyela.

A group of Matebele arrived at Sesheke enfeebled by hunger. Semalumba, by way of ferrying them across the River Mabozi, left them on an island, where they perished of hunger or under the spears of their fellows. Few of this great army of Matebele ever returned to their headquarters.

A third battle, called that of Namale, took place with another lot of Matebele at the Luyi, an affluent of the Zambesi on the left bank beyond Senanga. These unfortunate people fell into traps in crossing this river. All the wounded were killed, and the rest made prisoners.

Thus Sebetoane became supreme chief of all the tribes in that vast region, and, still more, he made himself feared by the terrible Moselekatse, whom he greatly distrusted. As the Batoka of the islands had assisted the Matebele to cross the river, Sebetoane made a rapid descent upon them, and drove them from positions which they had come to regard as impregnable. By this act he incidentally rendered a great service to the country generally, inasmuch as he

thereby removed a dangerous obstacle to peaceful travellers and traders desirous of penetrating into the great central valley.

"After this victory Sebetoane announced that the Zambesi would henceforth be his line of defence, and posted his villages at strategic points along the bank. He was aware of the minutest occurrence in the country, for he possessed the gift of gaining the affections of all, strangers as well as those of his own people. He was a friend of the poor, and supplied with food those whose appearance was puny; every one was fascinated by his affability and generosity, and one and all willingly gave him all desirable information, and his praises were sung afar" (Livingstone).

"Travellers returning to their homes said of Sebetoane, 'He is good, he has a heart, he knows how to rule.' Also the Marotse, the Matoka, and other races came to submit themselves to his jurisdiction, and all were well received. Some were even given important positions" (A. Jalla).

Unfortunately, friction arose among the Makololo, due to jealousy and bad will. But this was among those who had not come with Sebetoane from Basutoland. They even plotted against his life. Other envious persons were members of the family, and among them it is necessary to name Mphephe. Sebetoane had great confidence in this relative of his; he put him at the head of the circumcision rites, and placed him in charge of his cattle. When he left Borotseland to go to Linyanti or to war, he left Mphephe at Naliele as governor in his place; but later on Sebetoane noticed his actions, and placed his daughter Mamochesane in charge.

In 1849 or 1850 Sebetoane, having heard that certain white people desired to visit him, called a public meeting, at which he announced his intention to return to Linyanti. It would appear that he even thought of returning to Basutoland. But the people would not hear of that, saying they were tired of always wandering. Sebetoane, however, did in fact descend from Naliele to Sesheke, accompanied by his principal counsellors. From thence he proceeded to Linyanti, and when he arrived there he said, "*Ke bofelelo; ga ke sa tla tlhola ke ea kae*" ("This is the end of my wanderings; if I depart, whither shall I go?").

While he was at Linyanti there appeared before him certain Mambari (Portuguese half-breeds), who had eight guns for sale. The chief greatly desired to acquire these guns, but the traders refused

to part with them, except in exchange for human beings. The thing displeased the chief, and he was minded to refuse, but in the end he gave eight young prisoners of war for the guns. The Mambari were content to have opened up this avenue of trade, which for some time had been closed to them, and from that time they returned every year. On the occasion of their second visit they planned a warlike expedition with the Makololo, and it was agreed that the latter should receive all the cattle, while all the prisoners which might be captured were to belong to them. The Portuguese returned from this expedition with two hundred slaves. On their return the Makololo met some Arabs from Zanzibar, from whom they bought three guns in exchange for thirty small boys.

When Sebetoane moved from Naliele, he left Mpollo, his nephew, the son of his brother Matsela, in charge of the place. At Sesheke he left one Morantsiane, who had married his sister Mantsunyane, while Nalolo was under the rule of his eldest daughter, Mamochesane, a gay and gallant dame, who kept around her a powerful army of admirers with many followers.

While at Linyanti in February or March 1851, Sebetoane received from Dr. Livingstone a message to the following effect: "I am here on the Souta at Diatolas Ford; what must I do about my oxen, my horses, and my waggons?" The Souta is said to be a branch of the Linyanti or Chobe River, and to have water only when the latter is in flood. Livingstone is said to have been on the southern bank of the Souta, and Sebetoane twenty miles lower down. Sebetoane directed that the oxen be sent back to Mababe Flats, to be out of the way of the tsetse fly, and that the horses be swum across to an island which was occupied by one of his men named Moerane, and this was done. He sent his greetings to Livingstone and to those who accompanied him by the same Makololo by whom he had dispatched his original invitation, and arranged to meet at Sesheke, where the meeting actually took place.

"This chief," says the explorer, "might have been forty-six years old, with a fine stature, sinewy limbs, slightly bald, complexion and skin of the colour of coffee with milk in it, reserved, full of dignity in his manner, and very straightforward in his replies. He was the greatest fighting chief from the Zambesi to the Orange River; he confronted all war perils, and personally led his warriors into battle. In the presence of the enemy he would with his finger feel the edge

of his battle-axe, and remark to his followers, 'It is sharp, and whosoever shall dare to attempt flight shall feel the edge of it.' And indeed several cowards learned the truth of this remark by forfeiting their lives."

Sebetoane had been touched by the confidence placed in him by the missionary Livingstone, in proof of which the latter had brought his children with him. He therefore promised that Livingstone should visit every part of his territory in order to select a site for his mission station, but before anything could be done, Sebetoane fell ill with inflammation of the lungs, aggravated by an old wound which he had received in the battle of Melita. The previous year the Marotse had cured him of a similar attack by scarifying his chest extensively, but the Makololo doctors did little more than slightly scratch the skin.

"On the following Sunday after Divine service I went to see him, taking Robert, my eldest child, with me. 'Draw near,' said he to me, 'and see in what case I now am; all is over with me.' Seeing that he realised the gravity of his position, I thought it unnecessary to contradict him, but I spoke a few words respecting the life to come, and the hope which awaits us after death. 'Why speak of that?' said one of the native doctors who was beside the patient. 'Sebetoane will never die.' I did not insist, but after commending his soul to the Divine mercy, I rose to leave. As I did so he sat up on his bed and, calling a servant, said to the latter, 'Take Robert to Manku [one of his wives], that she may give him some milk.' These were the last words spoken by Sebetoane" (*Exploration in Austral Africa*, pp. 93, 94).

He was removed in a *mokoro* (a dug-out) from the island where he died to his home at Naliele, where he was buried in accordance with national rites. The missionary attended the funeral, and at the graveside exhorted the members of the tribe not to divide but to adhere to Sebetoane's heir—advice which all received with a good grace. "Sebetoane," says Livingstone, "was undoubtedly the greatest and best of all tribal rulers. His loss was deeply deplored by all, especially by us." A few weeks afterwards Livingstone and his family left for Cape Colony, on account of the health of his wife.

The more important of Sebetoane's wives were:

(a) Malikuku, the mother of Khoanyane, who was killed in Damaraland, and of Mamochesane;

- (b) Khongwanyane, who was childless; and
 (c) Setloutlou, the widow of Lechae and mother of Sekeletu.

He also had as minor wives: Mamahobe, Nthame, Moenyane, Tselane, Selie, Seiponi, Fumane, and Manku (a Letebele).

Mamochesane inherited his power by his express wish, for Sekeletu, his son, was still too young to rule.* She lived at Nalolo, where, as already during the lifetime of her father, she exercised authority. Her rule did not last long, however, for about a year after the death of her father, being tired of the responsibility and of the intrigues of her relative Mphephe, she abdicated in favour of Sekeletu. The latter, however, was most reluctant, and begged her to continue in power, promising to come to her assistance in any emergency that might arise. But Mamochesane persisted, and after a meeting of the people which lasted three days, she finally declined to retain the chieftainship, and, addressing her brother, said, "It is for you, Sekeletu, to rule and to increase our father's house." The matter was so forcibly argued that Mphephe and his malcontents lost all hope, and so it came to pass that a year after the death of the chief, Sekeletu, the son of the captive woman, became chief of the Makololo. Mamochesane, however, retained a certain amount of local authority at Nalolo. So that when Livingstone returned to the Zambesi on May 23, 1853, he found Sekeletu, then about eighteen or nineteen years of age, at the head of the government. Sekeletu was of a sallow, bronzed complexion, short of stature, and of a less prepossessing aspect than his father. Although at the famous *pitso* concerning the abdication of Mamochesane, Mphephe had maintained that Sekeletu was the son of his mother's first husband, without doubt he was really the child of Sebetoane according to the flesh.

After the *pitso* Mphephe went back to Naliele. He at once struck up a friendship with the Mambari slave-traders, and allowed them to hunt for slaves among the Matoka and Mashikulumboe. He himself sold them a few slaves, whom he had fattened on Sekeletu's cattle. He made a plot to murder Sekeletu, and even procured an axe for the purpose. Shortly after the return of Livingstone, Sekeletu and his counsellors, mounted on oxen, were going with the missionary

* The circumstances of his birth would in themselves be sufficient to preclude his inheriting any real authority, though he might of course acquire it by election or other means, as in fact he did. But the prestige of clean birth must always have been lacking.—J. C. M.

to Sesheke, when they met Mphephe and his people, who came running after them and, in defiance of etiquette, drew near to the chief with arms in their hands. Sekeletu, aware of his relative's intentions, rode quickly away and took refuge in the house of one Sime. That same evening he sent four of his men to kill Mphephe, which they did by decapitation, and buried him at some distance from the village of Sime.

When, after a stay of five months, Livingstone departed for St. Paul de Loanda on November 11, 1853, the young chief supplied him with numerous carriers and provisions, and also with a messenger whose duty it was to introduce him to the various sub-chiefs on the way, and instruct them to see to his sustenance and well-being, Sekeletu himself accompanying the missionary as far as the banks of the Chobe.

On his return from St. Paul de Loanda in August 1855, Livingstone went to see Sekeletu at Linyanti. After resting there a few weeks, making preparations for a fresh journey, Livingstone again set out on November 3, 1855, this time to descend the Zambesi to the east coast. Here again Sekeletu provided him with 114 carriers and provisions in abundance, and accompanied him himself as far as the Victoria Falls. The intrepid explorer reached Quilimane on May 2, 1856.

From the coast Livingstone returned to Europe, and returned with other missionaries, who, landing at Cape Town, proceeded to Linyanti overland, while Livingstone himself arranged to reascend the Zambesi and join them among the Makololo. These missionaries, Messrs. Helmore and Price, with their wives and five children, reached Linyanti in February 1860, after a most trying journey of several months across the desert, and were deeply disappointed at not finding Livingstone at the rendezvous.

It is said that, by reason of this disappointment and owing to the unhealthiness of Linyanti, they expressed a wish to go and settle somewhere near the Victoria Falls. But the chief was opposed to this plan. Under these circumstances they erected temporary shelters at Linyanti, and began to teach the people. Mr. Helmore, being an experienced missionary and possessing a knowledge of the native language, preached twice in the *kholla* to mixed congregations numbering over five hundred persons. The following week, however, one of their waggon-drivers fell sick with fever and died. A few days

later the two missionary families fell ill. Mr. and Mrs. Price, though hardly able to walk, nevertheless tended the Helmores and their children, but the fever carried off three of them. Mr. Helmore seemed to rally, and even went to visit Sekeletu, but the exertion was too much, for on his return he had a relapse and expired, following his wife and two children to the grave. The fifth victim was the Prices' only child. All these were carried off by fever during the first two weeks in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Price, with the two Helmore orphans left on their hands, and possessing, as yet, but a very imperfect knowledge of the native language, thought it best to leave the country. They apparently travelled to Lake Ngami, for Mr. Price brought to Letsholathebe two white children, a girl and a boy, whose parents had died at Linyanti. The names of these two children were Lizzie and Willie Helmore. Letsholathebe handed them to his principal wife Mamakaba, by whom they were cared for until they were fetched by the Rev. J. Mackenzie.

Mamakaba still possesses photographs, by a Brighton photographer, of a lady and gentleman said to be Lizzie and Willie.

It has been said that Sekeletu and his people looked on with indifference at the trials of the missionaries, and even seemed hostile to them, doing nothing to comfort or relieve them. But it is fair to say that at this juncture Sekeletu was himself suffering from leprosy, and was beset by the belief that his life was threatened by enemies and traitors who were practising witchcraft upon him. Some of the leading men in the kingdom were suspected, and some were put to death, together with their families. Even Morantsiane, the husband of his aunt, his father's own sister, was accused of having bewitched the chief by causing him to eat some doctored goat's flesh. He was even accused of having murdered his wife and a servant, as well as Pongoane, Sekeletu's steward. For this reason Sekeletu allowed no one but his uncle Mamili to approach him.

In shutting himself up after this fashion, and taking, so to speak, no interest in public matters, he gave rise to great discontent among his people, who were practically left to their own devices.

Moreover, a bad counsellor aroused the cupidity of the chief by saying that among the tribes of the south the property of strangers who died in the land belonged to the chief. Whereupon Sekeletu, hearing that Mr. and Mrs. Price were preparing to leave, claimed and

took all that belonged to the Helmores, as well as much that belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Price.

It is deeply to be regretted that the difficulties of the journey and other causes prevented Livingstone from arriving before Messrs. Helmore and Price, for the chief not having been properly informed of the arrival of these missionaries, and Livingstone not being there to introduce them, Sekeletu, having by reason of his malady become misanthropic, was suspicious of them. Mr. Jalla says: "It is said that they were put to the ordeal of *mwate* [poison]. It was given to fowls to drink, and they all died; then to dogs, who were killed by it; and at last to an ox, which was presented to the missionaries. These and their servants who ate of the flesh of this ox were all taken ill, and some of them even died."

A few words of explanation are necessary here. Suspicion is one of the most characteristic traits of the Bantu mind. It is not surprising, therefore, that the witch-doctors, influenced by superstition, acted as they did. *Mwati* was the medicine they used in suspicious cases. Fowls and dogs were used for the purpose. If they survived, it was a good sign; if they died, the augury was bad; but if some lived and some died, the case was still doubtful. In this case the double trial having justified their suspicions, they tried the *mwati* on the persons of the strangers, using an ox as the means of conveying it. The result was fatal, as we have seen. Again, in 1878 the Rev. Mr. Coillard desiring to see the king, Lewanika, he sent him some presents and asked permission to go to see him at Lealui. The presents having arrived in the absence of the king, the witch-doctors, being suspicious, tried the *mwati* on some fowls, with a negative result, as some died and some suffered no ill effects. The witch-doctors were puzzled. They dared not let Mr. Coillard see the king, and on the other hand they dared not drive him away. They accordingly took a middle course, pointing out the dangers of the road, owing to the swollen rivers, for it was a wet season, and persuading him to go home and return in the winter. The missionaries Helmore and Price were probably the victims of the superstition of the chief and his entourage, who all thought it right to protect themselves by the use of their *mwati* in regard to strangers who appeared to them all the more open to suspicion by reason of their wish to go and live far from Linyanti.

When Livingstone arrived some months later, he refused to believe

that his colleagues had been poisoned, preferring to think that they had died of fever. But when he saw the waggon of Mr. Helmore in the hands of Sekeletu, he became doubtful, and said to the chief, "If really thou hast slain the servants of God whom thou hadst invited, and hast stolen their goods, the vengeance of the Almighty will fall upon thee."

Five months later Livingstone and Dr. Kirk arrived at Sesheke, on the left bank of the Zambesi. Sekeletu happened at that time to be on the right bank, opposite to Sesheke, at the very spot where he had promised to establish Mr. Helmore and his friend. Hearing of the arrival of his father's old missionary, Sekeletu sent word to him to rest under the shade of the tree of the old public place, and gave him an ox for food.

Livingstone found that the country was in dire straits, and that the rule of Sebetoane was falling to pieces. Some young Marotse had given the signal for revolt by flying northwards and by killing a Lekololo on the way, in order to raise a feud between Sekeletu and Imasiku, the other being the chief in whose country they were taking refuge. Moreover, the Batoka of Sinamane had declared their independence, those of Monemba had done likewise, and Masotwane, the chief of Mosi-oa-Thunya, was also defying the authority of Sebetoane's son.

The cause of it all was not far to seek. Sebetoane had made a practice of treating all men alike. He had his sub-chiefs all over the country, whom he had appointed to rule the provinces and maintain law and order in the villages. He knew them all personally, and was in constant communication with them, and whether they were of his own people or of those who had come under his rule by conquest or other means he treated them all with the same generous consideration. Sekeletu, however, ignored them all, neglecting all business, and his agents did what they pleased, in defiance of local authority. He chose his wives and counsellors only from his own tribe, and thereby alienated all those tribes which his father's bravery and statesmanship had attached to his person. Moreover, many of Sebetoane's warriors and counsellors had died, some by fever and some in battle, and their successors were sadly lacking in the courage, loyalty, and devotion of the older men.

Sekeletu had, it is true, inherited the calm and simple manners of his father, but he had neither his wisdom nor capability as a leader

of men. Moreover, by giving himself up to superstition and the obsession that he was the victim of witchcraft, he gradually lost all interest and control of public affairs.

Forsaken by his doctors, who declared his illness incurable, Sekeletu was nursed by an old woman of the Manyeti tribe. Livingstone and Dr. Kirk, at the request of the chief and with the consent of the nurse, tried to procure him some relief. They met with some success, and the mental and physical condition of the patient improved a little. But they could not remain long enough to continue their treatment, and after a sojourn of one month they left Sesheke on September 17, 1860, to proceed down the Zambesi, with the object of gaining the coast as soon as possible.

Three years later—that is to say, in August 1863—the chief Sekeletu died at Linyanti, and was buried with the honours due to his rank. Soon afterwards pretenders arose. The first was his uncle Mamili, who, despite the grave charge against him of having bewitched his nephew, had the audacity to say, "The kingdom returns to me." He hoped to leave it to his son Litsoaniso. But the Marotse, the Matoko, and the Makololo would have nothing to do with him, and for that reason he began to kill their principal counsellors, some of whom fled to Mbololo to enlist his aid against Mamili and to urge him to accept the regency during the minority of Litali, son of Sekeletu. Mbololo asked for nothing better, seeing in the situation a means of realising his own ambitions.

Accordingly at the end of September 1863 he set out with an army in order to call Mamili to account. The fight took place before Linyanti, and Mamili was beaten and fled to Letsholathebe, where he was put to death. Mbololo took possession of the kingdom, the cattle, and the sons of Sekeletu, and a month later went to Sesheke. But pride led him to commit acts of cruelty, such as thrusting his spear into the feet of his boatmen to make them paddle faster. On arriving at Sesheke he placed a creature of his own as governor of the district, and removed the Makololo and their stock.

During the first month of 1864 Mbololo returned to Barotseland, and on the way he killed many who displeased him, that is to say, relations of the Marotse, Matoka, and others. Then the Makololo relations of those who had been massacred were desirous of giving the chieftainship to Litali or his brother Sesane, both sons of Sekeletu. But the Marotse and others refused, thinking to make use of the occasion to

revive their old prestige, and chose a chief of their own race. They at once sent to the north to Lukwakwa to seek Sepopa, son of Molumboa, and offered him the kingdom, and, pending his arrival, set to work to kill all who were opposed to his nomination. Towards the end of August Sepopa arrived, and was received with acclamation. He distributed the plunder taken from the Makololo among those who had proclaimed him chief, and placed his elder sister Kandundu at Nalolo to exercise authority there.

Mbololo, being stopped by floods, did not reach Naliele till June, and on his arrival gave orders that all the sons of the Marotse chiefs should be killed. Being detested by most people on account of his excesses, he thought of taking refuge among the Mambari; but in August, while he was still at Naliele, he found himself attacked by an army of Marotse from Lukwakwa under the command of Njekwa, chief counsellor of Sepopa. The Makololo made some resistance, and one of them, Soti, even wounded Njekwa, but all the same they were speedily vanquished. Mbololo, being wounded, ran and threw himself in the river, where he disappeared for ever.

This was the end of the reign of the Makololo, in August 1864, and for a long time the conquerors hunted for surviving Makololo in order to destroy them.

Sekeletu's two sons fell into their hands, and, in order to put an end for ever to the foreign rule, the Marotse bound the hands and feet of the unfortunate boys, and threw them into the Zambesi. But the women of the Makololo were collected with care, and distributed by Sepopa among his counsellors.

Two emigrations of Makololo to Ngamiland had taken place before then, the one under Mokhari, and the other under Lebuse. The first had escaped from Linyanti when Mbololo attacked that place, and among them was Maselloane, a widow of Sebetoane, and her daughter Selloane. They were well received and provided for. Next year, however, when Lebuse arrived with some Batlokoa and Makololo, the feelings of Letsholathebe had undergone a change, and he became apprehensive that the people of Lebuse might conspire with those of Mokhari against him, so, having told the travellers to camp where they were for the night and that he would confer with them next morning, he surrounded them while they slept and slaughtered them all. Lebuse himself was slain by Lithako, who boasts of it to this day. The cattle and the women were then captured and divided.

Maselloane became one of the wives of Letsholathebe, and gained great favour, out of which sprang so bitter a jealousy among the other wives that when Letsholathebe died she had to fly with other Makololo to Shuakae in the Okowango Marshes, and from there returned to Borotseland. There she enjoyed the hospitality of Ngwanawena, a son of Sebeso, who was a brother of Sepopa, and himself an uncle of Lewanika, the present king. She was, however, brought back from Barotseland to Ngamiland by the chief Moremi, and she is now at Tsau, where she is the wife of an old Lekololo, Ratumagole, who is one of our informants.

But for some years there was discontent with Sepopa. On the one hand, he was popular because he was open-handed and generous, and when the counsellors came to council they were given seats to sit upon, which pleased their pride. But, on the other hand, he had no fixed residence, being afraid of witchcraft, and he was so lax in his morals that no one's wife was safe, especially those women of the Makololo who had been distributed among the counsellors. So that, popular as he was, in July 1876 Sepopa had to fly in a canoe, where he met with a fatal accident, owing to the gun of one of his men going off while the latter was arranging the packages of the chief in the canoe. Three weeks later the chief died of the wound, and Ngwanawena was elected king. But he reigned only for a few months; for after many disputes Lobosi (alias Lewanika), son of Letia and nephew of Sepopa, was chosen, and became king in June 1878, though some were in favour of Ngwanawena, son of Sebeso, and another nephew of Sepopa. When he came to reign, Lewanika placed his elder sister Matauka at Nalolo, giving her some authority. His first counsellor was Selumbu, and he lived at Lealui. His policy was that of his uncle Sepopa, but he respected the wives of other people and also their goods. He made himself popular by his generosity, by the frequent feasts he gave, and by the amount of beer he distributed. He was born at Nyenga in 1842.

It was only a few weeks after the accession of Lewanika that the Rev. F. Coillard, missionary of the Paris Evangelical Missionary Society in Basutoland, entered into negotiations with the king with a view to founding a mission in his country. Although the king regarded the proposal with favour, it was not till after the revolution of 1885, which, for a time, deprived Lewanika of his power, that he received Mr. Coillard at Lealui. Soon afterwards the latter

was able to select the site of Sefula for the mission station, that of Sesheke having been in existence since September 24, 1885.

A thing which facilitated the instruction of these people by Mr. Coillard and his colleagues was the fact that the Makololo women who had been distributed among the Marotse had preserved their language, which, owing to its inherent superiority, soon became predominant.

GENEALOGICAL TABLES

OF

THE TRIBES DEALT WITH IN THIS HISTORY

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

THE study of the origin and descent of the families of the chiefs and the tribes of the Basuto is a thing which we have been especially anxious to undertake, for we have often noticed during our long residence in Basutoland how, with the march of civilisation, the knowledge of the natives on these matters has become more and more confused. We have, however, been able, with the assistance of old-men survivors of the time when oral tradition was still a living thing, to obtain some valuable genealogies. We have also, for the purpose of verification and comparison, had recourse to the assistance of intelligent descendants of the chiefs Nkopane, Mohlomi, Ramokhele, Khiba, Khoabane and Mokoteli, as well as to representatives of the Maphetla, the Mapolane, and other tribes in order to arrange in a satisfactory manner the genealogies of their respective clans.

At first these contributions were so contradictory that we often despaired of being able to arrive at a satisfactory statement of the true descent and relationship of the clans and tribes, but after much time spent in comparison and discussion, it has at last become possible for us to present a statement which, while complying with the demands of contemporary probability on the one hand and the authority of oral tradition on the other, may, we think, be accepted and handed on to posterity as the best obtainable at the present day.

We have been fortunate enough to have been able to refer to

Basutoland Records, to *Basuto Traditions*, and to the *History of the Native Tribes of the Transvaal* for verification and amplification of such genealogies as we possessed, as well as for information which we could not have obtained elsewhere.

With the aid of these genealogies we have endeavoured to frame a table with approximate dates showing the chiefs of the various tribes who were living and reigning at the same time. The dates given have been calculated by allowing thirty years for a generation, which in the case of the Bafokeng and Barolong brings us back to the tenth century in the case of the former and the thirteenth century in the case of the latter tribe. Everything points to their having come from Egypt or ancient Ethiopia: they seem to have crossed the Zambesi about the same time and during the eleventh or twelfth century, and for our own part we have arrived at the certainty that they are the parents of all the Bantu tribes of Central South Africa except the Hereros and Bavenda.

The tables given also show the descent of certain important tribes described in our book from the Bakhatla and Bahurutse, and through them from the Bafokeng and Barolong.

GENEALOGICAL TABLE

SHOWING THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN VARIOUS BECHUANA AND
BASUTO TRIBES

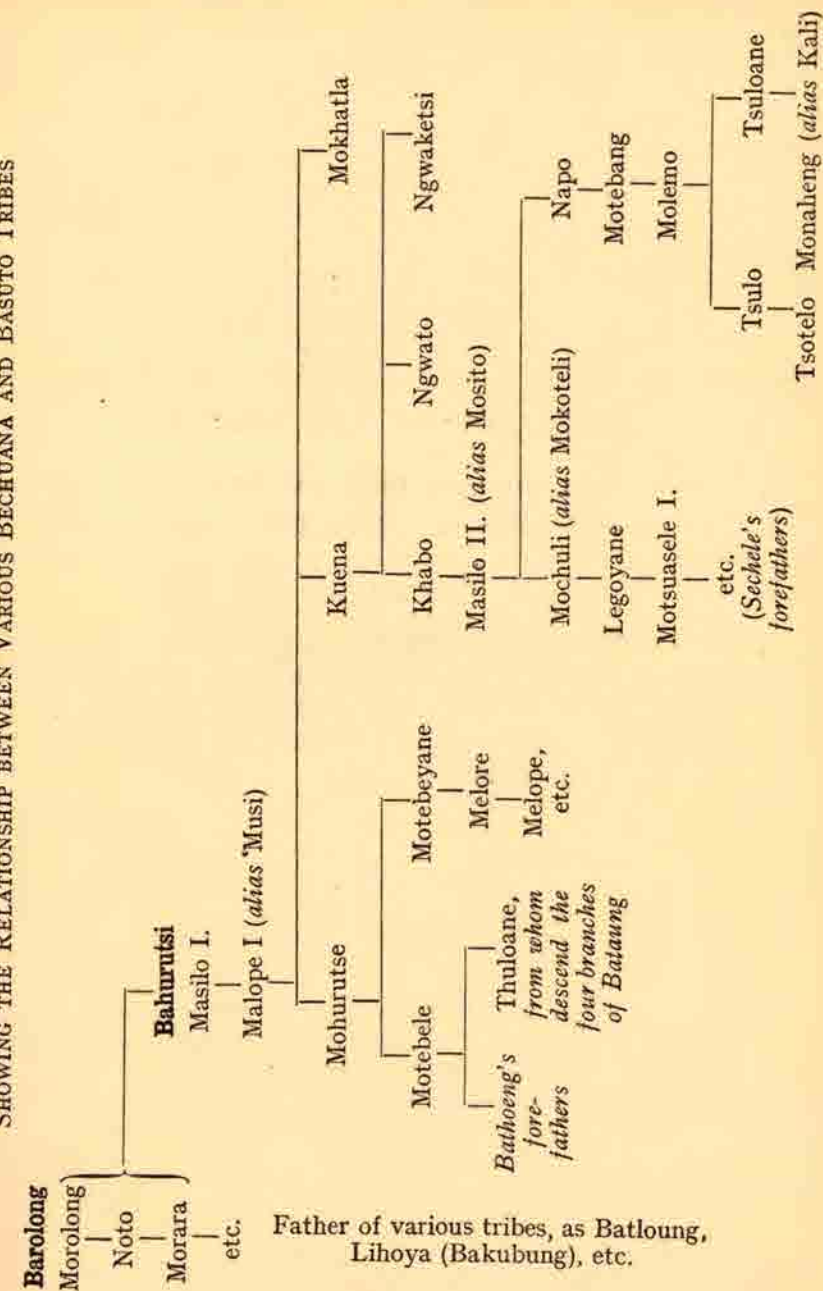
REMARKS

According to the Batawana of Lake Ngami, 'Musi had three sons, viz. Ngwato, Kuena, and Ngwaketsi. But this is a mistake, and we disagree with them, as 'Musi is no other than Malope I., who had three sons, viz. Mohurutse, Kuena, and Mokhatla. Kuena begat three sons, namely, Khabo, Ngwato, and Ngwaketsi. That is why the Bamangwato have always considered "Sechele as the head of their tribe and the chief of the mother tribe, from which they had broken away" (*Three Great Chiefs*, by Rev. Edwin Lloyd, p. 198).

Moreover, in the rite of circumcision the Bakuena have the precedence over the Bamangwato (*ibid.* p. 199), which fact bears out our statements and justifies, according to the *History of the Native Tribes of the Transvaal*, the pointing out of Kuena, son of Malope I., as being the father of Khabo, Ngwato, and Ngwaketsi.

GENEALOGICAL TABLE

SHOWING THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN VARIOUS BECHUANA AND BASUTO TRIBES



GENEALOGY OF THE BAKUENA

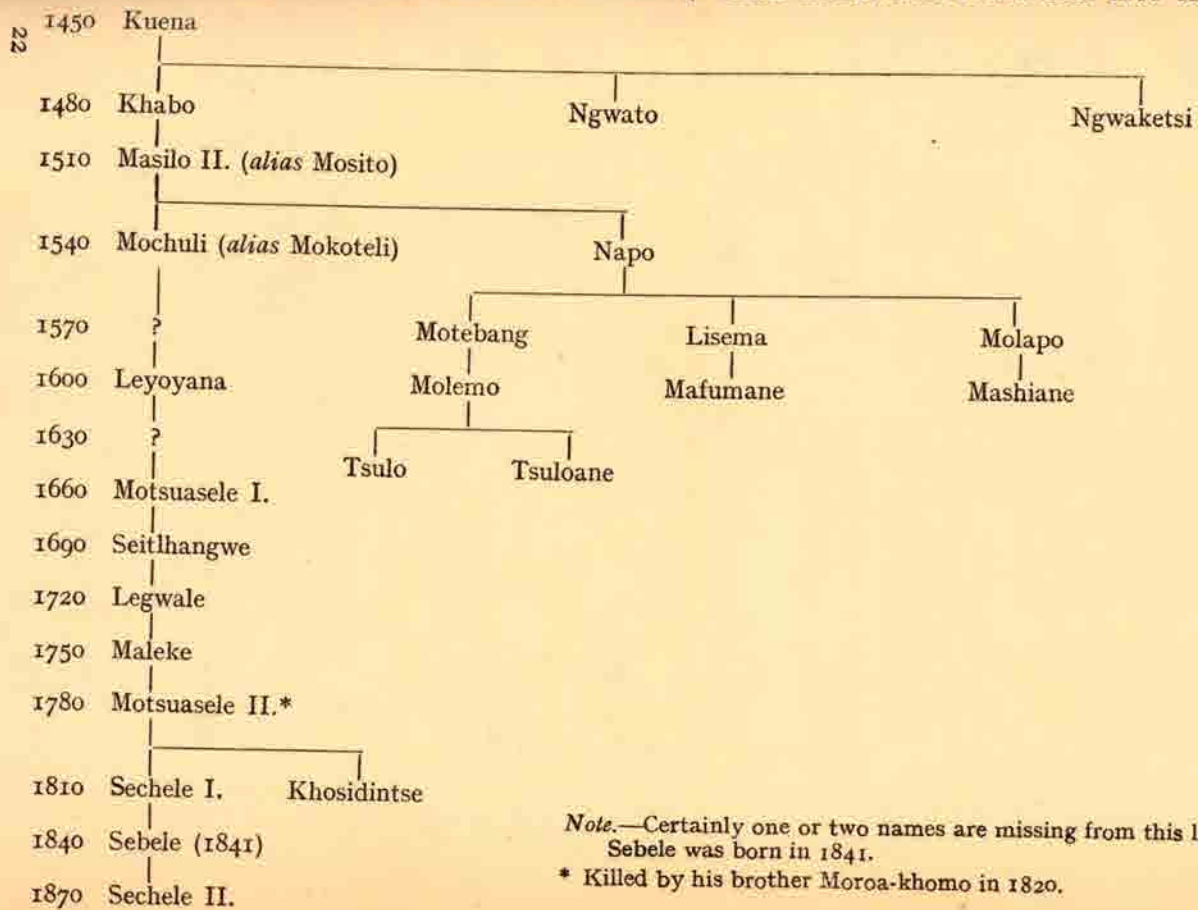
THE TRIBE DIVIDED INTO FOUR PRINCIPAL BRANCHES, WHICH AFTERWARDS SUBDIVIDED INTO MANY CLANS

REMARK

One of the first chiefs of the Bamangwato had a favourite wife, a daughter of Seleka; it is said that (whether for political reasons or in order to please his wife) he abandoned the *seboho*, or emblem of his tribe, the crocodile of the Bakuenana, and adopted that of the tribe of his wife, the *phuthi*, or duiker.

GENEALOGY OF THE BAKUENA

THE TRIBE DIVIDED INTO FOUR PRINCIPAL BRANCHES, WHICH AFTERWARDS SUBDIVIDED INTO MANY CLANS



THE BAFOKENG OF NTSUANATSATSI

REMARKS

1. We are indebted to Mr. J. M. Orpen for this genealogy, which he obtained fifty years ago from the chief Tjale. It has only been necessary for us to get the names revised by the chief Stoko and to bring the list up to date.

2. These are the Bafokeng of Ntsuanatsatsi, who, having lived for eight or nine generations among the Tambookies of the Fish River, became identified with them. On their return to Basutoland in 1848, they settled in the valley of the Motjanyane under the joint authority of Moorosi and Moshesh.

THE BAFOKENG OF NTSUANATSATSI

1540	U-Lezani	
1570	U-Gitje	
1600	U-Segungela	
1630	U-Mzale	
1660	U-Jembe	
1690	U-Guanca	
1720	U-Bayi	
1750	U-Ngopeni	
1780	U-Gopozi	
1810	U-Tjale	
	<hr/>	
1840	Stoko (Stockwe)	Martensi
1870	Voova	U-Namegwe
1900	Maama	

GENEALOGY OF THE MAPHETLA

REMARKS

These are the first immigrant Bantu into Basutoland, for which reason they were called *Maphetla* or Pioneers by those who came after them. They came from the banks of the Tugela, and were originally a family of the Amateza, clan of the Amazizi tribe. Their family was the Amavene (*monkeys*), or Batsueneng in Sesuto.

There is every reason to suppose that it was the father of Matjegane who led them across the mountains about the year 1600.

GENEALOGY OF THE MAPHETLA

1600	Ramatjegane				
1630	Matjegane				
1660	Mandlwane				
1690	Tzetza (1st wife) (2nd wife)				
1720	Mohame		Tlapane		Mokele
1750	Matlala	Motsuane	Ramalilimale	Matelile	Zola
1780	Nketsi	Palali	Likhoele	Mothae	Malilimale
1810	Tsulinyane	Moeki	Esaia Linake		
1840	Botho	Montso	Zakaria Linake		
1870			Enea Linake		

GENEALOGY OF THE MAPOLANE

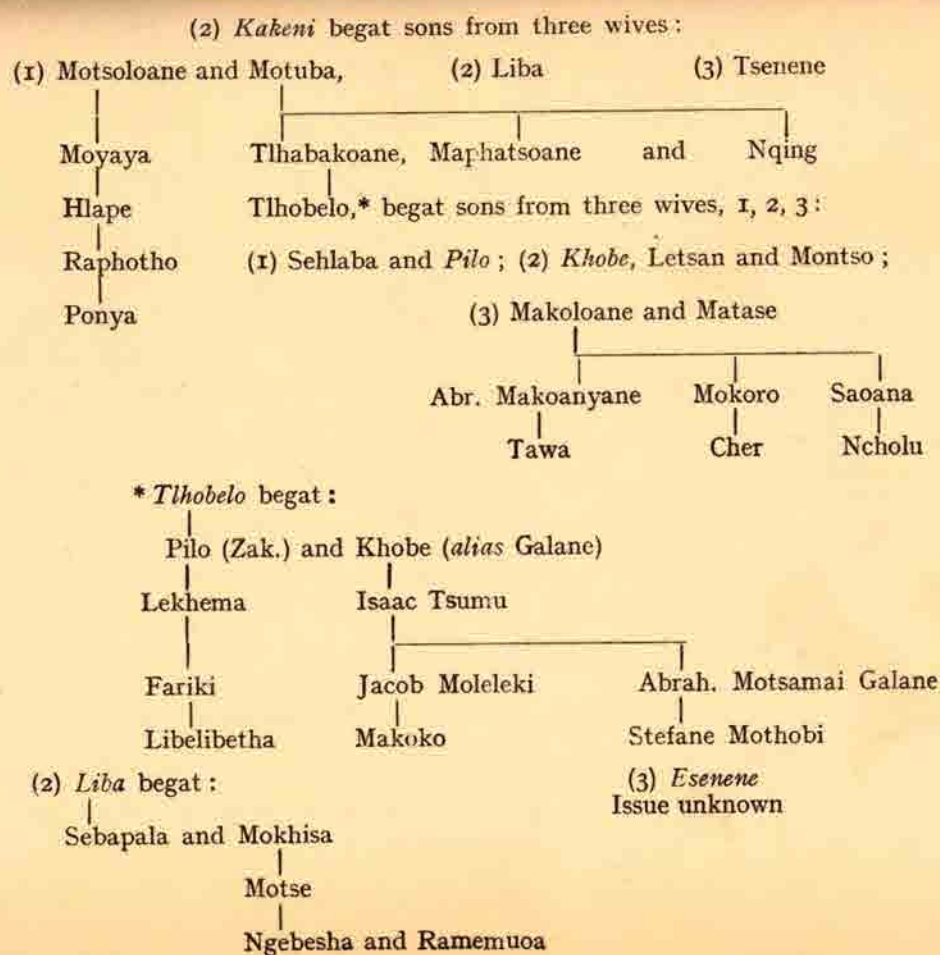
REMARK

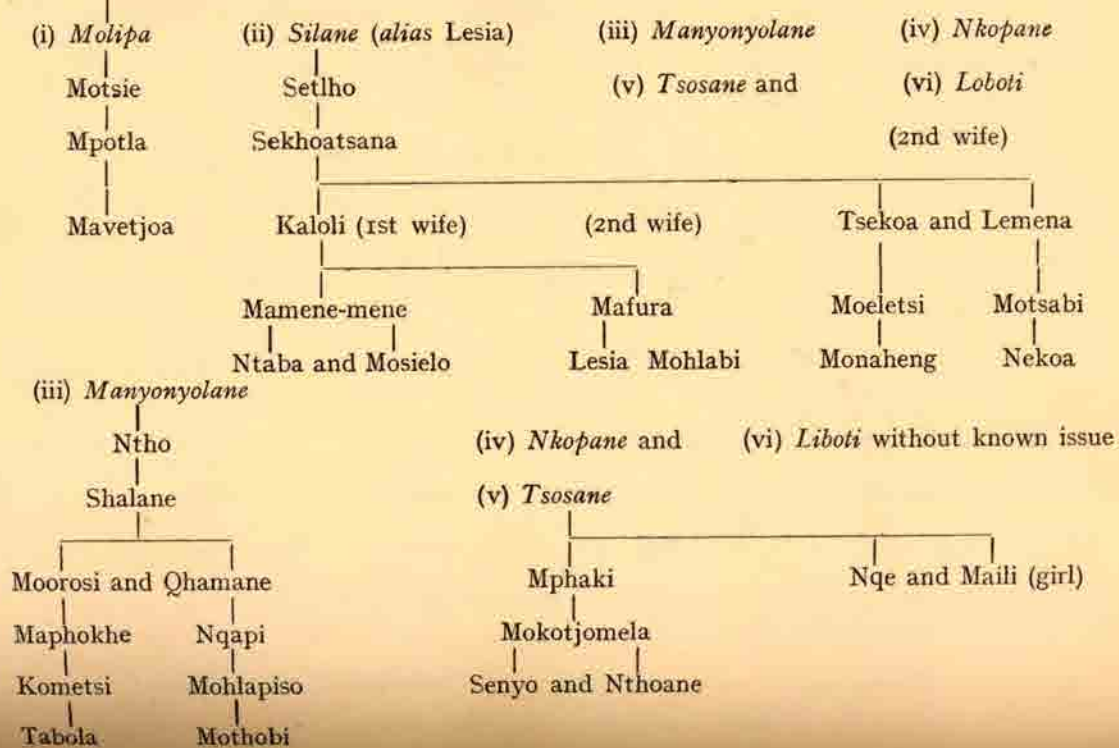
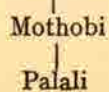
These are of the Amazizi tribe of the Bahalanga clan and come from the Tugela. They are divided into three sections according to the numbers of the sons of Mavu.

GENEALOGY OF THE MAPOLANE



GENEALOGY OF THE MAPOLANE—continued



GENEALOGY OF THE MAPOLANE (*continued*)(3) *Makuele* begat sons from three wives:(a) *Polane*, (b) *Phususu* and *Makaotse*; (c) *Putsoane* and *Maphika*.(a) *Polane*, had six wives from whom he begat the following six sons:GENEALOGY OF THE MAPOLANE (*continued and ended*)(b) *Phususu*, son of *Makuele* by his 2nd wifeAnd *Makaotse*, son of *Makuele**Qibiting* son of *Makuele*
Issue unknown(c) *Putsoane*, son of *Makuele* (by his 3rd wife)*Maphika*
Issue unknown

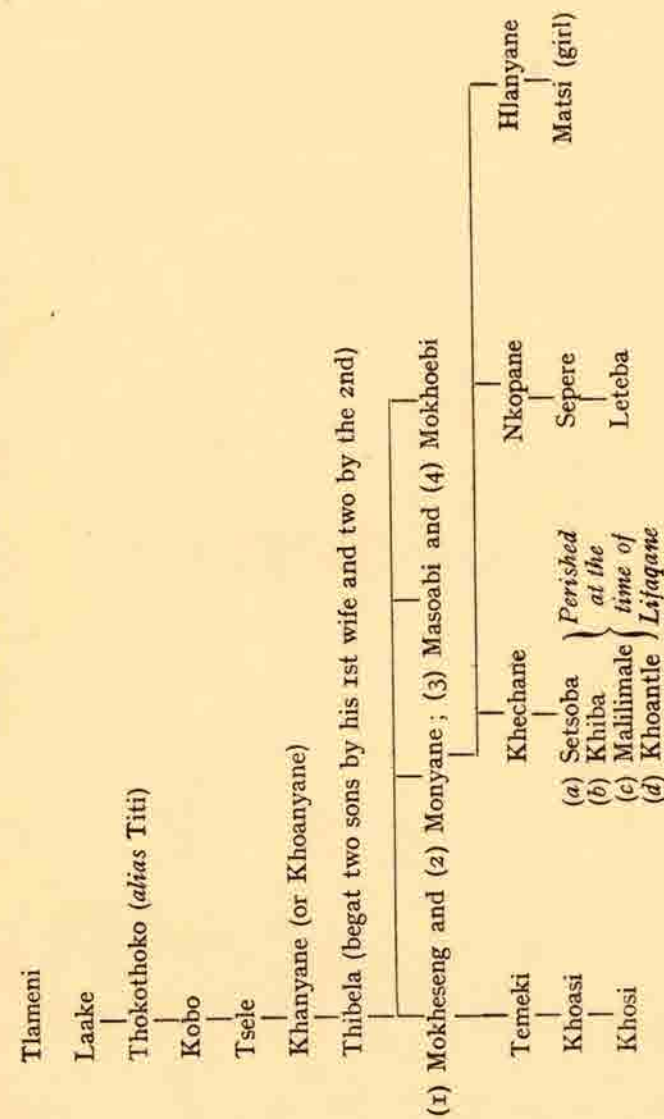
GENEALOGY OF THE BAPHUTHI

REMARKS

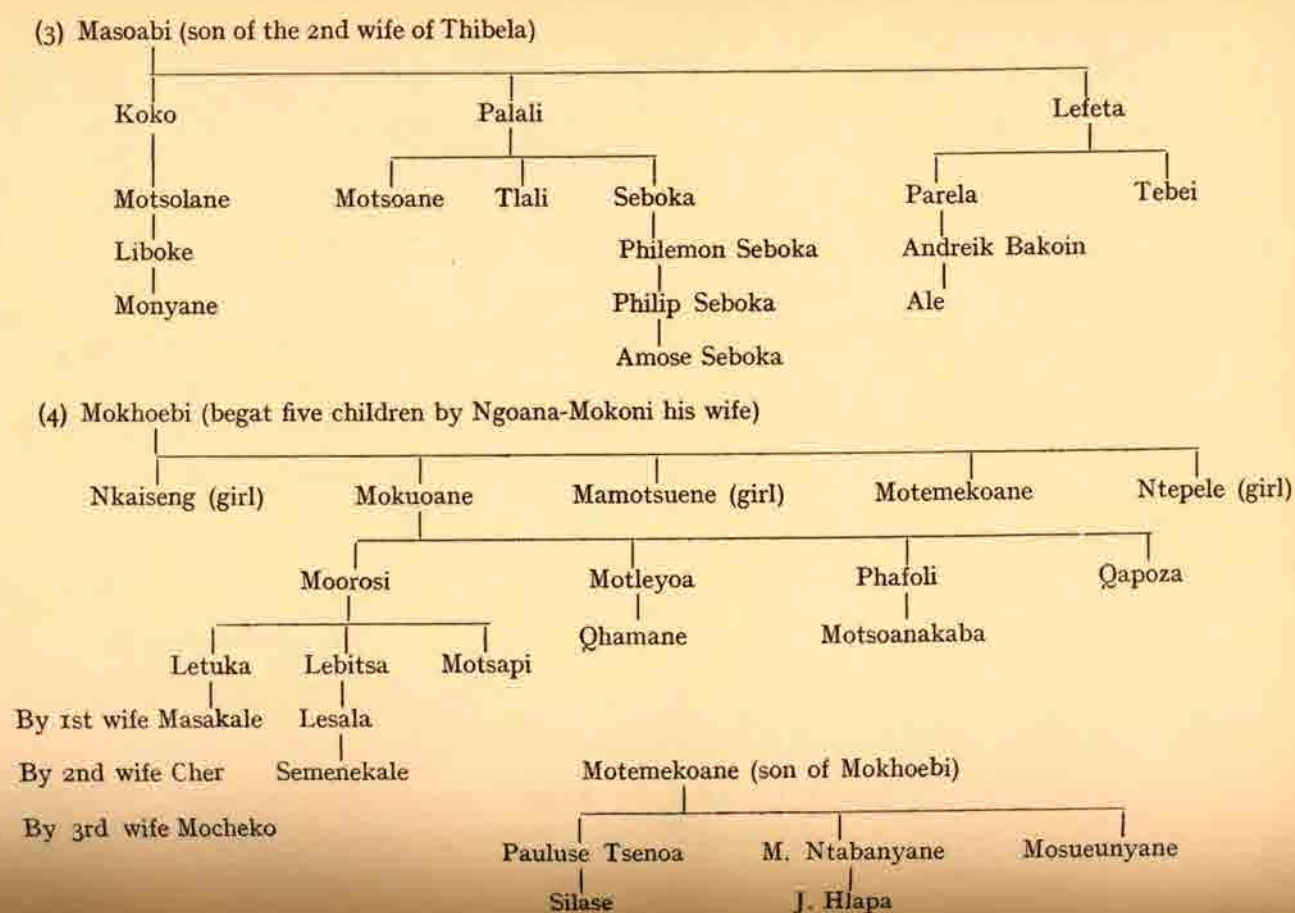
The genealogy of the Baphuthi was compiled by the late chief Moorosi himself, assisted by certain members of his family. It was completed later by his son Letuka and afterwards by his son-in-law Philemon Seboka. The name Tlameni which is at the head of the list is that of the place they came from and not that of an ancestor. Laake of Tlameni is no doubt the founder of the clan.

Monyane, second son of Thibela, had several sons by his first wife, such as Khechane *alias* Qalabane, Setsoba, Khiba, Malilimale and Khoantle, but all their descendants must have perished at Qalabane during the time of Lifaqane, for there are none left, save the descendants of one of the sons of the second wife, Nkopane by name.

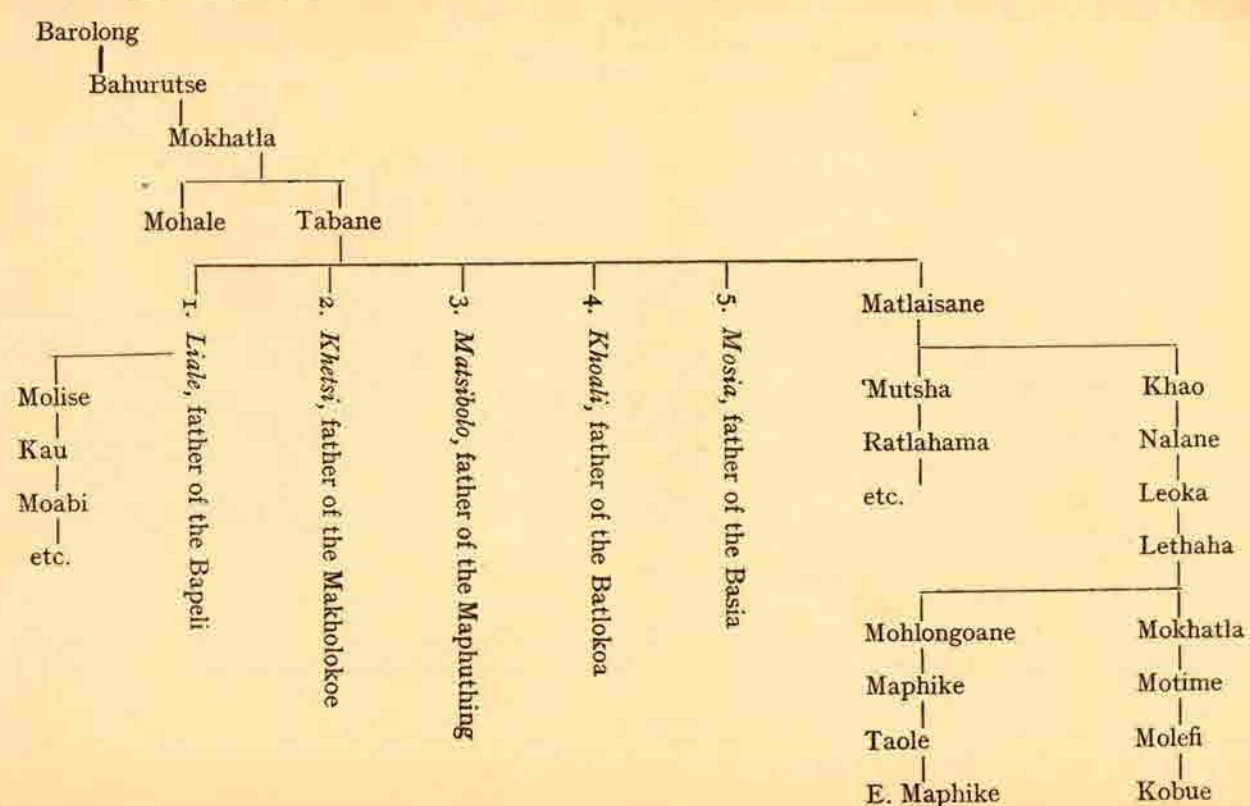
GENEALOGY OF THE BAPHUTHI



GENEALOGY OF THE BAPHUTHI (Conclusion)



THE BAKHATLA OF MAGALIESBERG OF THE FAMILY OF THE CHIEF TABANE



GENEALOGY OF THE BAPELI

REMARK

We have taken this genealogy from the *History of the Native Tribes of the Transvaal*, but we have had to modify it somewhat in order to bring it into line with historical facts.

GENEALOGY OF THE BAPELI

About
1540

1570

1600

1630

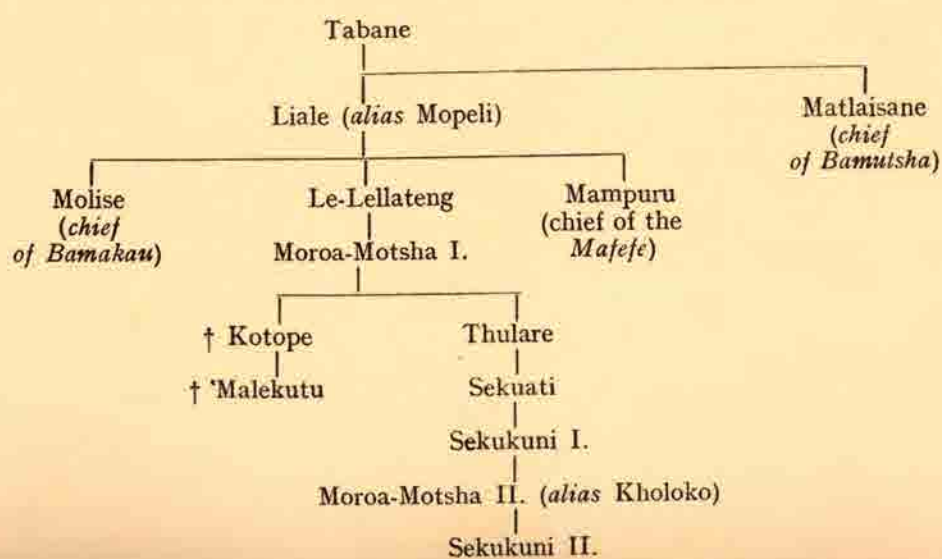
1660

1690

1720

1750

1780



HISTORY OF THE BASUTO

GENEALOGY OF THE MAKHOLOKOE

OBTAINED THROUGH J. C. MACGREGOR, ESQ. A.C., FROM THE SONS OF THE NONAGENARIAN MOLOPE, DECEASED IN 1902

About

1570

1600

1630

1660

1690

1720

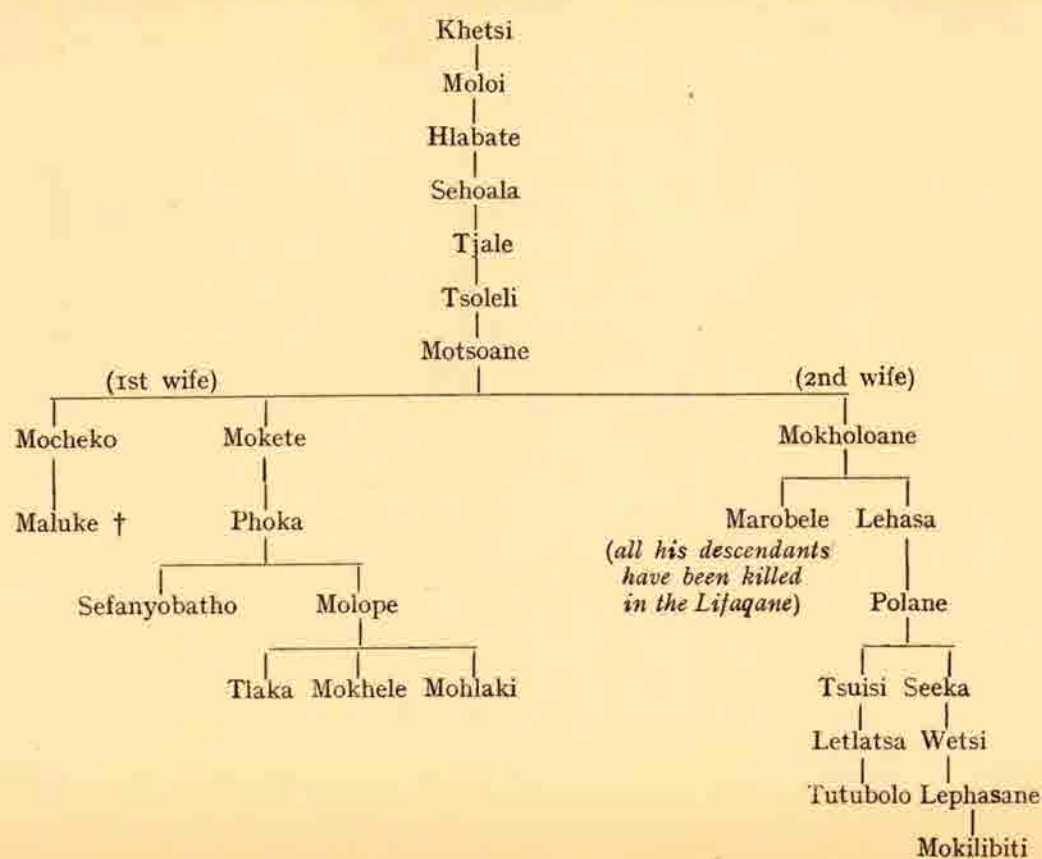
1750

1780

1800

1820

1840



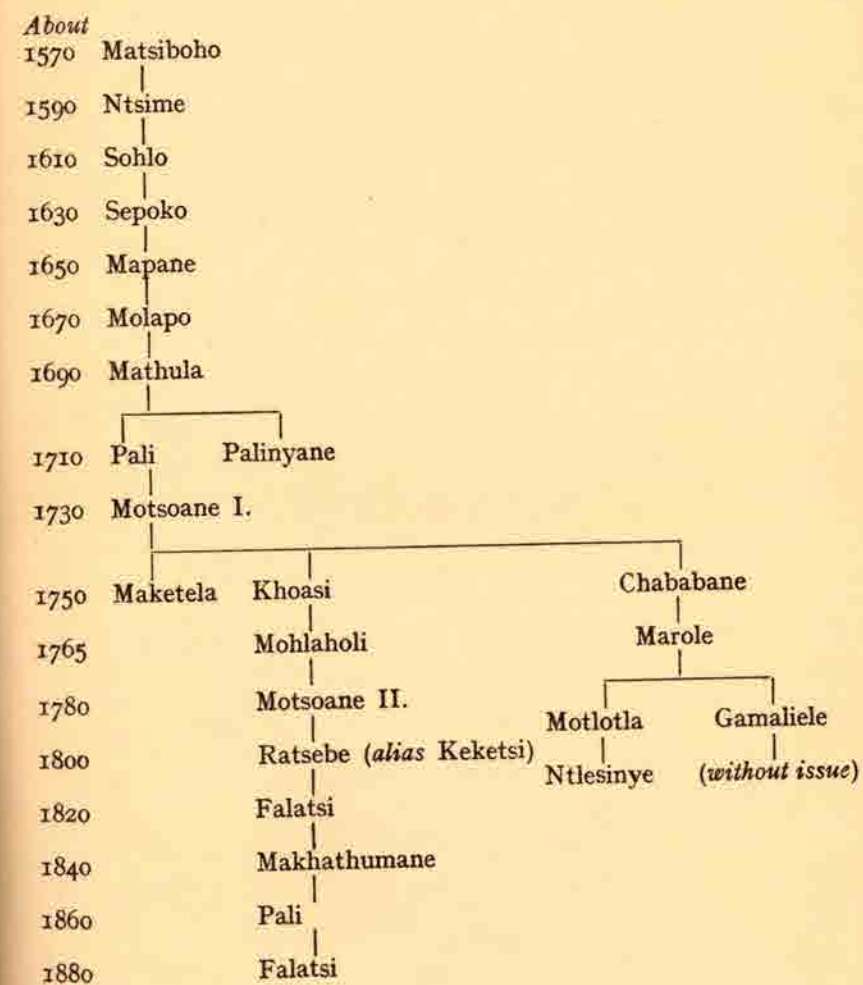
GENEALOGICAL TABLES

GENEALOGY OF THE MAPHUTHING

REMARK

Our dates between 1570 and 1800 have even less pretence to precision than elsewhere. The Maphuthing, like their cousins the Batlokoa, being always in the wars, the proportion of short lives among them would be considerable.

GENEALOGY OF THE MAPHUTHING



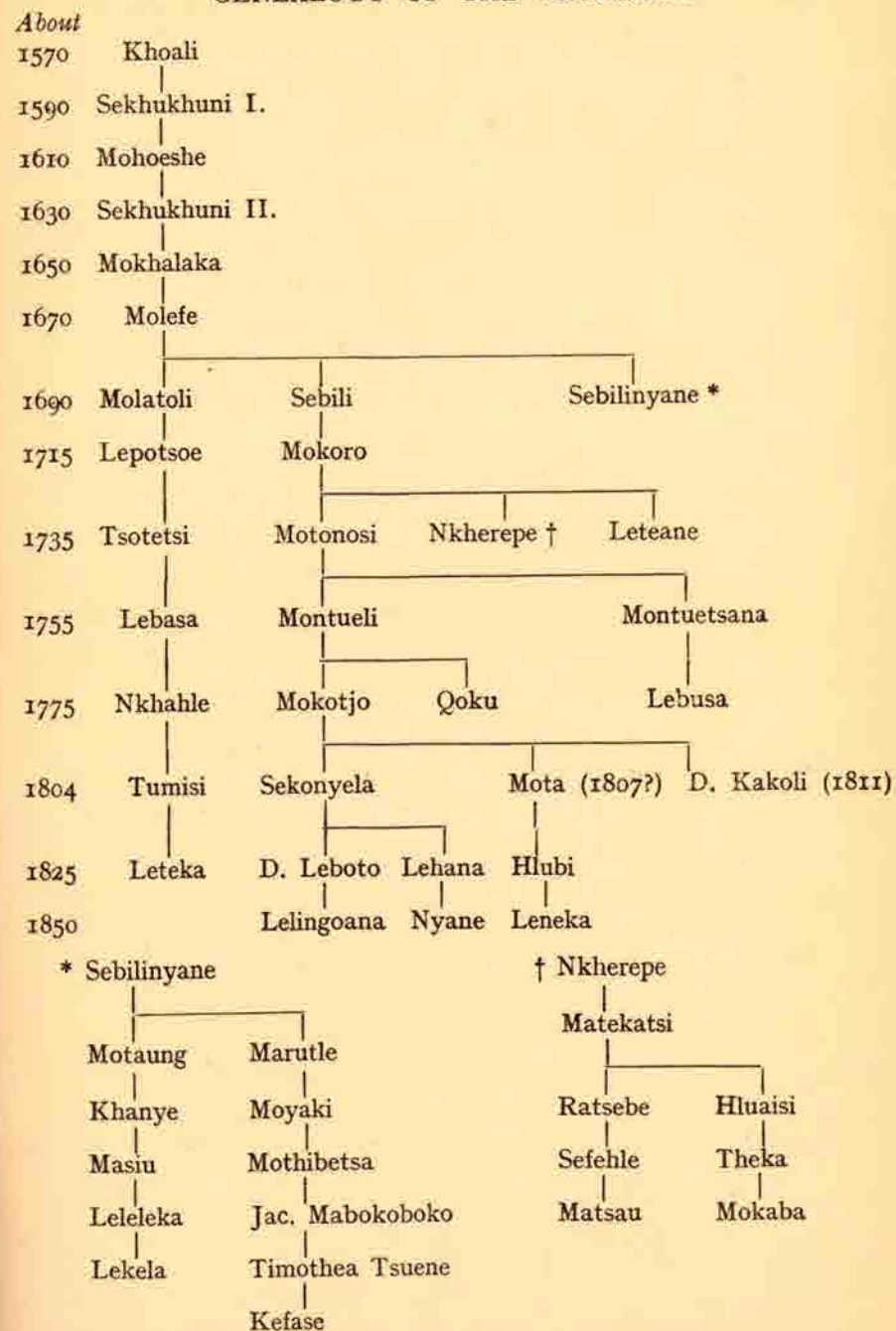
GENEALOGY OF THE BATLOKOA

REMARKS

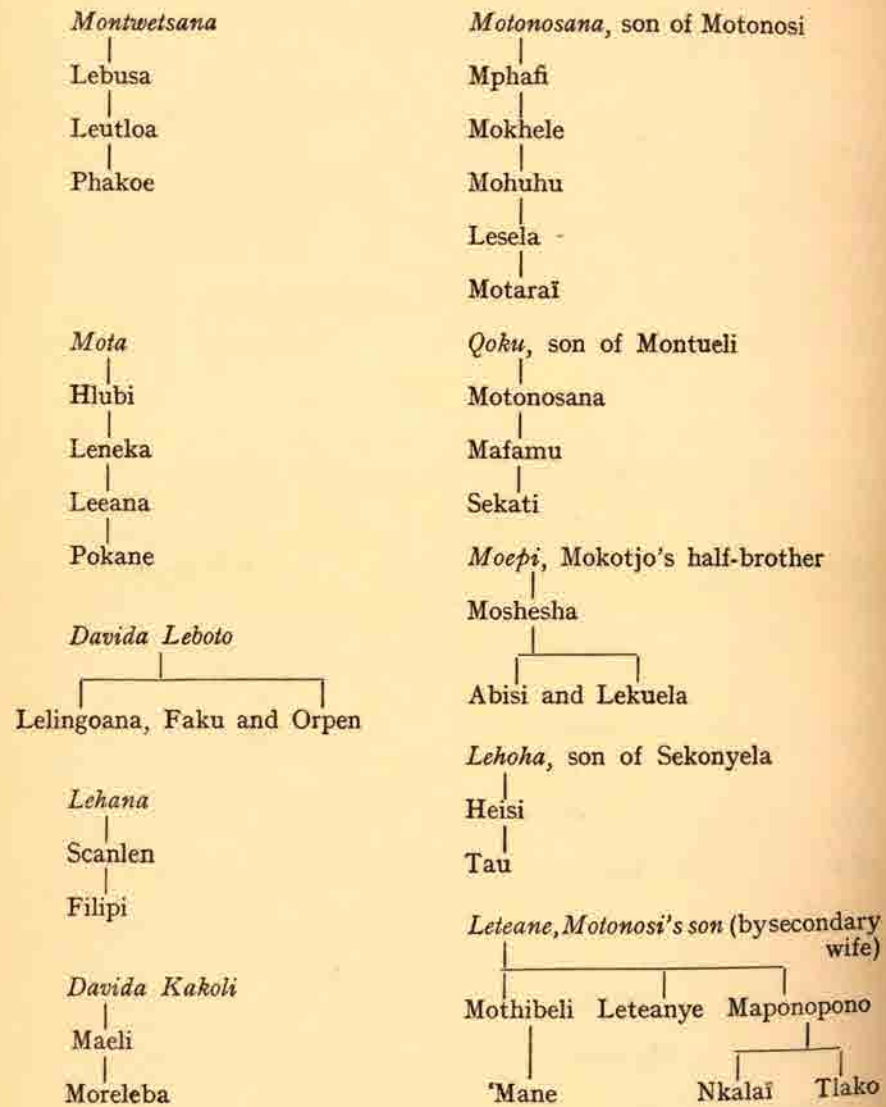
The lives of the Batlokoa chiefs were very short—so short, indeed, that their famous doctor, Mokolokolo, buried no less than five of them, from Sebili to Mokotjo inclusive. For this reason we have not been able to allow more than twenty years for a generation, except from 1775.

The greater part of the genealogy is taken from that published by the chief Hlubi, son of Mota, but completed by the chief Kakoli, son of Mokotjo, and Jacob Mabokoboko, grandson of the chief Marutle.

GENEALOGY OF THE BATLOKOA



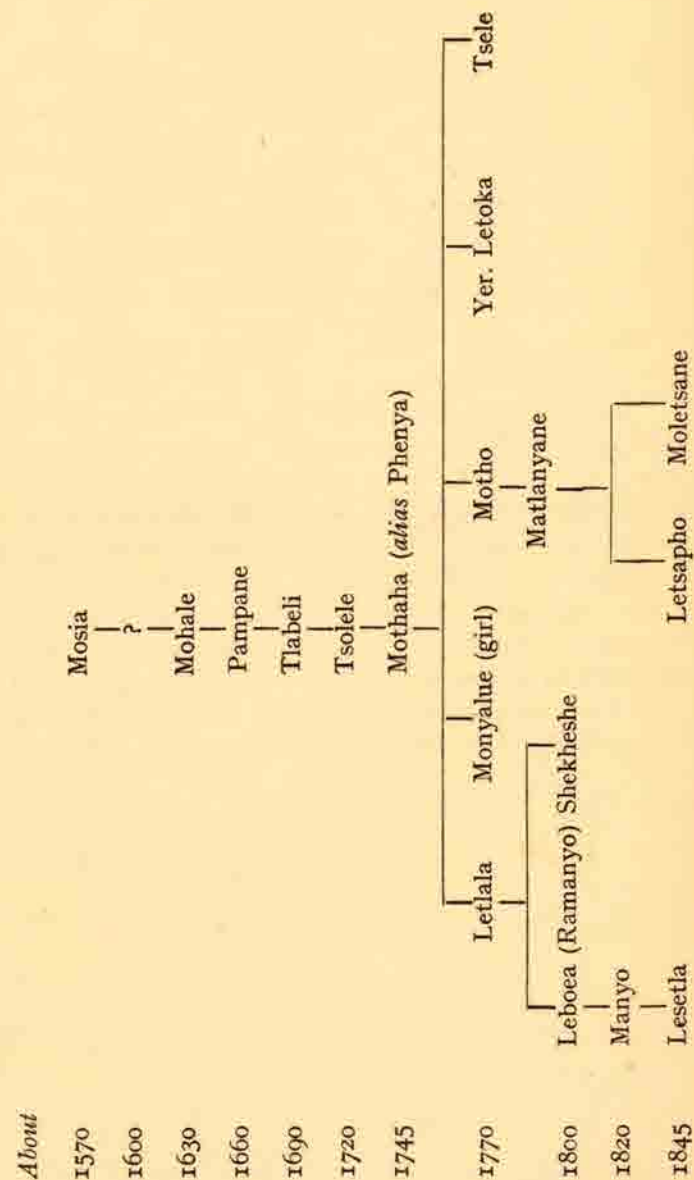
GENEALOGY OF THE BATLOKOA (Conclusion)



GENEALOGY OF THE BASIA

REMARK

This genealogy has been made up of several fragments, one of which is taken from *Basuto Traditions*. One generation is wanting to make it complete.



GENEALOGY OF THE BAFOKENG

REMARKS

This genealogy is taken over from the *History of Native Tribes of the Transvaal* (1905).

The Napo who appears at the head of the list must not be confounded with Napo, grandson of Kuena. The first must have been born while the tribe was no farther south than the Equator somewhere about the year 980, while the other was born more than 500 years later in the neighbourhood of Kurre Chueneng (*Dwarsberg*), the dwelling-place of the Bahurutse his ancestors.

The Bafokeng certainly came from Egypt and sojourned at the Equator, but for six or seven centuries have lived south of the Zambesi and for four or five within the limits of the Transvaal.

If this genealogy is correct, it goes back to the year 980, at which time they had probably not yet crossed the Equator.

GENEALOGY OF THE BAFOKENG

About

- | | |
|------|-------------------------|
| 980 | 1. Napo |
| 1010 | 2. Setsete |
| 1040 | 3. Mutle |
| 1070 | 4. Phogole |
| 1100 | 5. Mare |
| 1130 | 6. Khulo |
| 1160 | 7. Molubiane |
| 1190 | 8. Phate |
| 1220 | 9. Maphate |
| 1250 | 10. Mafole |
| 1280 | 11. Mekhise |
| 1310 | 12. Morapeli |
| 1340 | 13. Mpuru |
| 1370 | 14. Tsoane |
| 1400 | 15. Ramorora |
| 1430 | 16. Sekete I. |
| 1460 | 17. Fokeng (or Phokeng) |
| 1490 | 18. Ramorora II. |
| 1520 | 19. Sekete II. |

About

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1550 | 20. Mogono |
| 1580 | 21. Magobe |
| 1610 | 22. Monoe |
| 1640 | 23. Sekete III. |
| 1670 | 24. Liale I. |
| 1700 | 25. Ramorora III. |
| <div style="text-align: center;"> </div> | |
| 1730 | 26. Mutle (no issue) 26. Sekete IV. 26. Katane |
| <div style="text-align: center;"> </div> | |
| 1760 | 27. Liale II. 27. Nameng 27. Noge |
| <div style="text-align: center;"> </div> | |
| 1790 | 28. Tumahole |
| <div style="text-align: center;"> </div> | |
| 1820 | 29. Molahlegi, viz. Aug. Mokhatle, the present chief (1905) |

GENEALOGY OF A BRANCH OF THE BAFOKENG BA'MUTLA

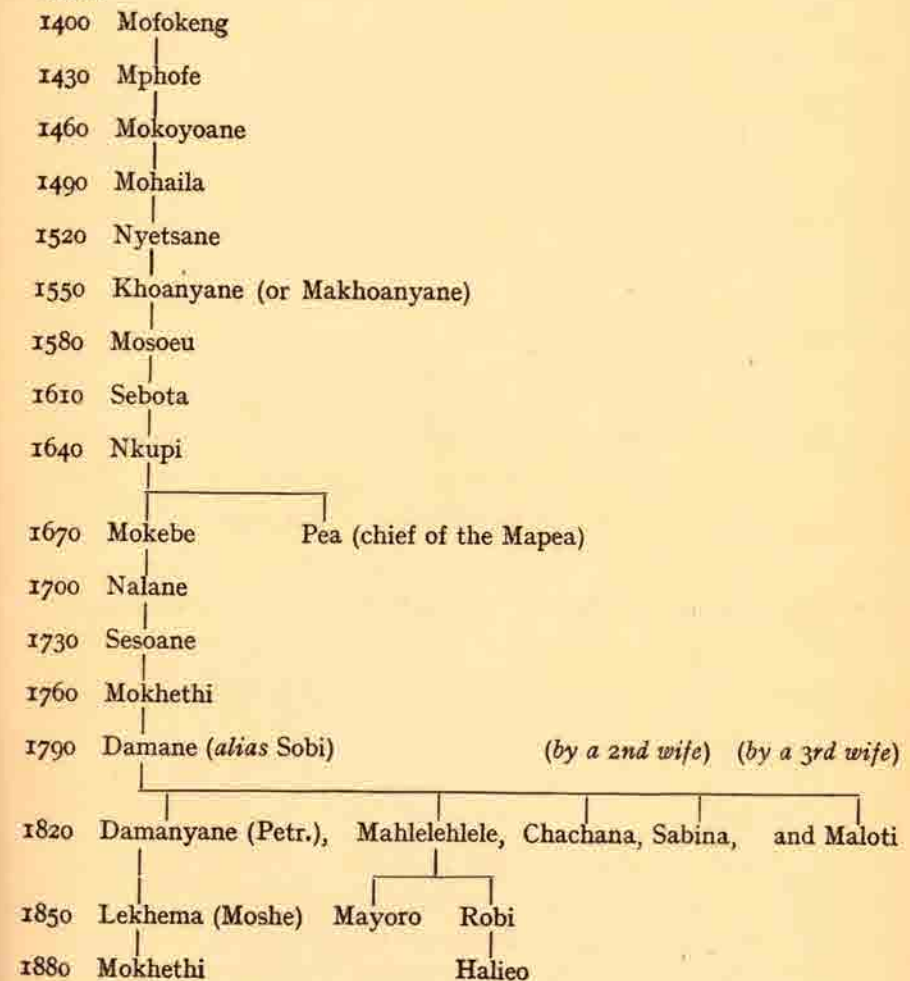
REMARKS

It is possible that this branch is connected with the former in the person of Mofokeng, which is the same name as Fokeng which appears in the other, the prefix *Mo* being of little importance and our dates being approximate only. Moreover, some authorities consider that Nalane and Sesoane were but different names for the same person, and this, if correct, would diminish the discrepancy in their dates by thirty years.

In consequence of quarrels with his brother, Mokebe left his home and went to live with the Mapolane, as related in the text. Mapea, his younger brother, remained with his father, and, notwithstanding his being the younger, became in due course chief of the clan, which came to be called the Bamapea. They were also called *Ma-ya-poli* ("eaters of goat"), as by reason of their poverty they could not afford to eat beef.

GENEALOGY OF A BRANCH OF THE BAFOKENG BA'MUTLA

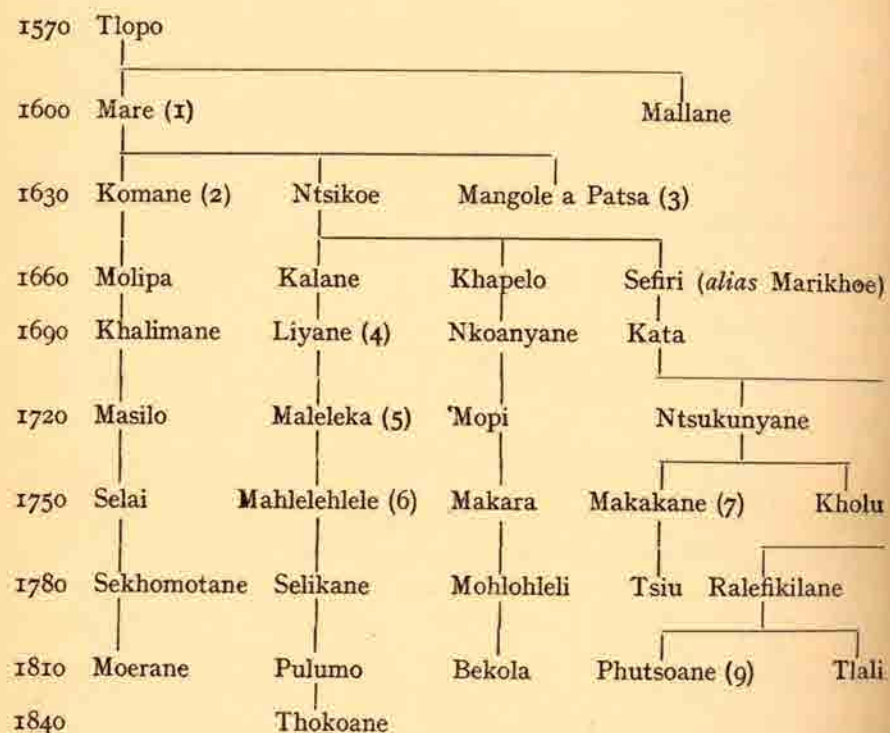
About



GENEALOGY OF THE BAFOKENG, WHO CONSIDER MOST OF

MUCH OF THIS GENEALOGY IS TAKEN

About

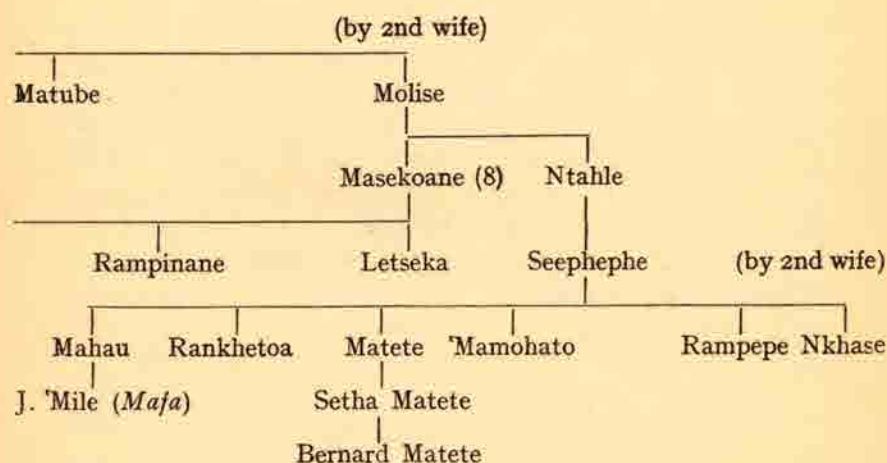


REMARKS

- (1) It seems that Mare bears the name of Patsa, for his son is called Mangole a Patsa, viz. of Patsa.
- (2) Komane was a middle-aged man when Monaheng joined him.
- (3) Mangole and his issue are mentioned in order on the following pages.
- (4) Liyane was killed by the Lihoya at Mekuatleng.
- (5) Maleleka was killed by a lion.

THE BASUTO CHIEFS AS BEING THEIR NEPHEWS

OVER FROM "BASUTO TRADITIONS"



- (6) During his old age Mahlelelele lived at Makulukaneng (*Platberg*), until forced to quit by the invasion of Pakalita.
- (7) Makakane was the man who, tired of authority, allowed it to pass from him to the son of his sister, *i.e.* Moshesh.
- (8) Masekoane was the father of 'Masekhonyana and 'Mantsane, Moshesh's wives.
- (9) Phutsoane and Tlali died at Matatiele in the service of Nehemiah Moshesh.

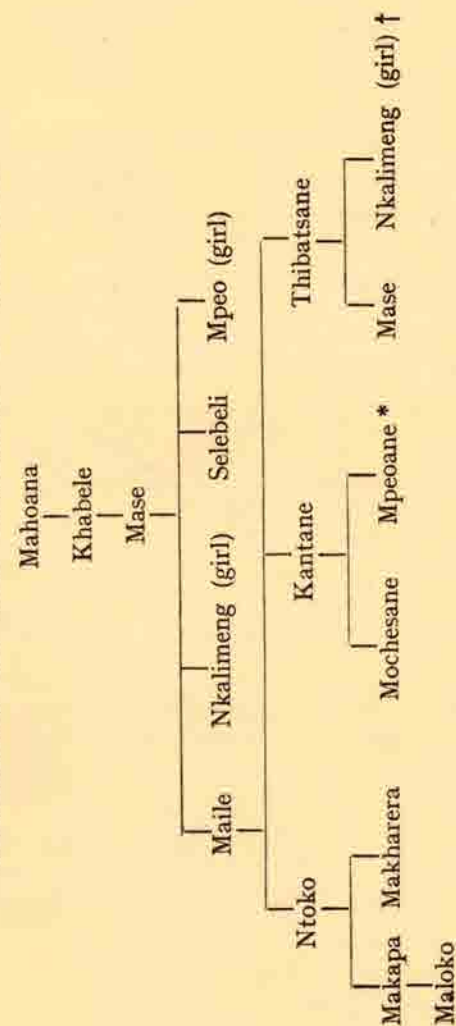
GENEALOGY OF THE BAFOKENG OF MAHOANA

REMARKS

Those who have read the text will have seen how the Bafokeng were divided and subdivided into numerous small clans scattered all over the country. They will therefore not expect to find genealogies of all the chiefs, especially as most of these little clans became absorbed by different Bakuena tribes in a most extraordinary way.

There are, however, two short genealogies which can hardly be passed over. These are those of Mahoana and of the famous chief Sebetoane. The former before the Lifaqane lived at Motsipe, the ancient name of Leribe, and the latter led more than 30,000 Basuto to the Zambesi, being driven from their country by the wars and massacres consequent on the invasions from the East.

GENEALOGY OF THE BAFOKENG OF MAHOANA



* This Mpeoane became the wife of Mollakoana Sekhitlane.

† This Nkalimeng was one of the wives of the chief Molapo.

GENEALOGY OF SEBETOANE

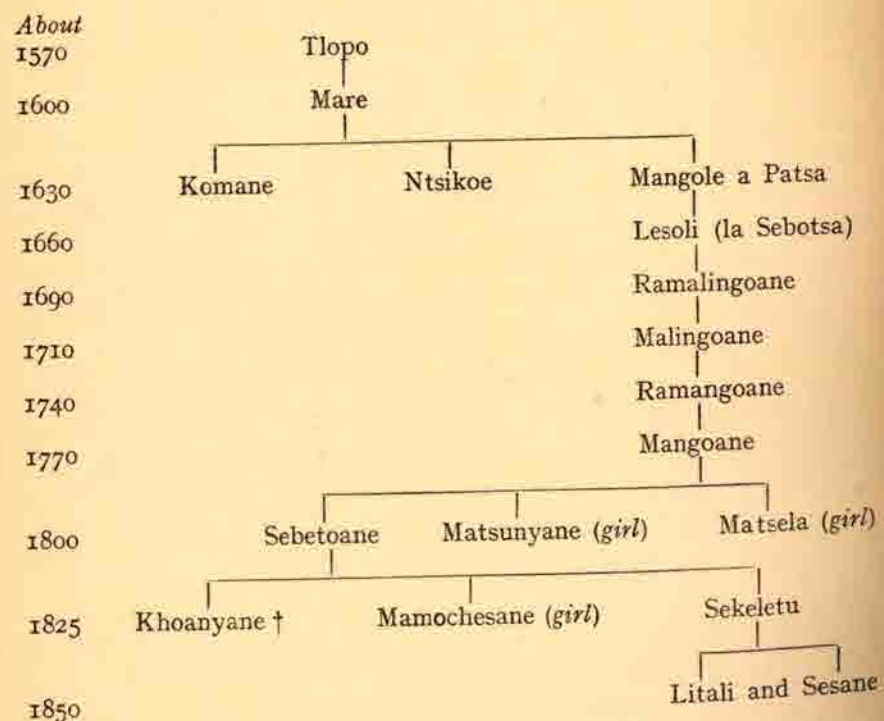
CHIEF OF THE GREAT AND WARLIKE EXPEDITION FROM BASUTOLAND
TO THE ZAMBESI, IN 1823

REMARKS

'Makhitsane, wife of Moletsane, and 'Malikuku, principal wife of Sebetoane, were sisters. Their father was Ramatlakane, a Mohlakoana chief.

Khoanyane, Sebetoane's eldest son, was killed in Damaraland while still young.

GENEALOGY OF SEBETOANE



GENEALOGY OF THE LIHOYA

The genealogy of the Lihoya chiefs is incomplete. We have not been able to collect much information about it, owing no doubt to their absorption by the Bataung early in the nineteenth century, when Moletsane was still young, which accounts for the silence of their tradition in this respect.

The founder of their clan, however, was a Morolong, called Mabula, *alias* Sehoya. He was a famous chief greatly beloved by his people, who called themselves by his name. Their emblem was the hippo (*kubu*).

Up to the time of their absorption their chiefs were:

Mabula, *alias* Sehoya.
 Tlabelo
 Khakha
 Mahoele
 Masueng
 Serame

The last-named two lived on the right bank of the Tikoe (Vet River), and the residence of the chiefs was not far from the site of the town of Winburg (Makeleketla).

A GENEALOGICAL GLANCE AT THE ORIGIN OF THE BATAUNG AND BARAMOKHELE

REMARKS

We draw attention to the fact that the tribe of Bathoeng being in the Bechuanaland Protectorate, it is not necessary for us to go into his genealogy.

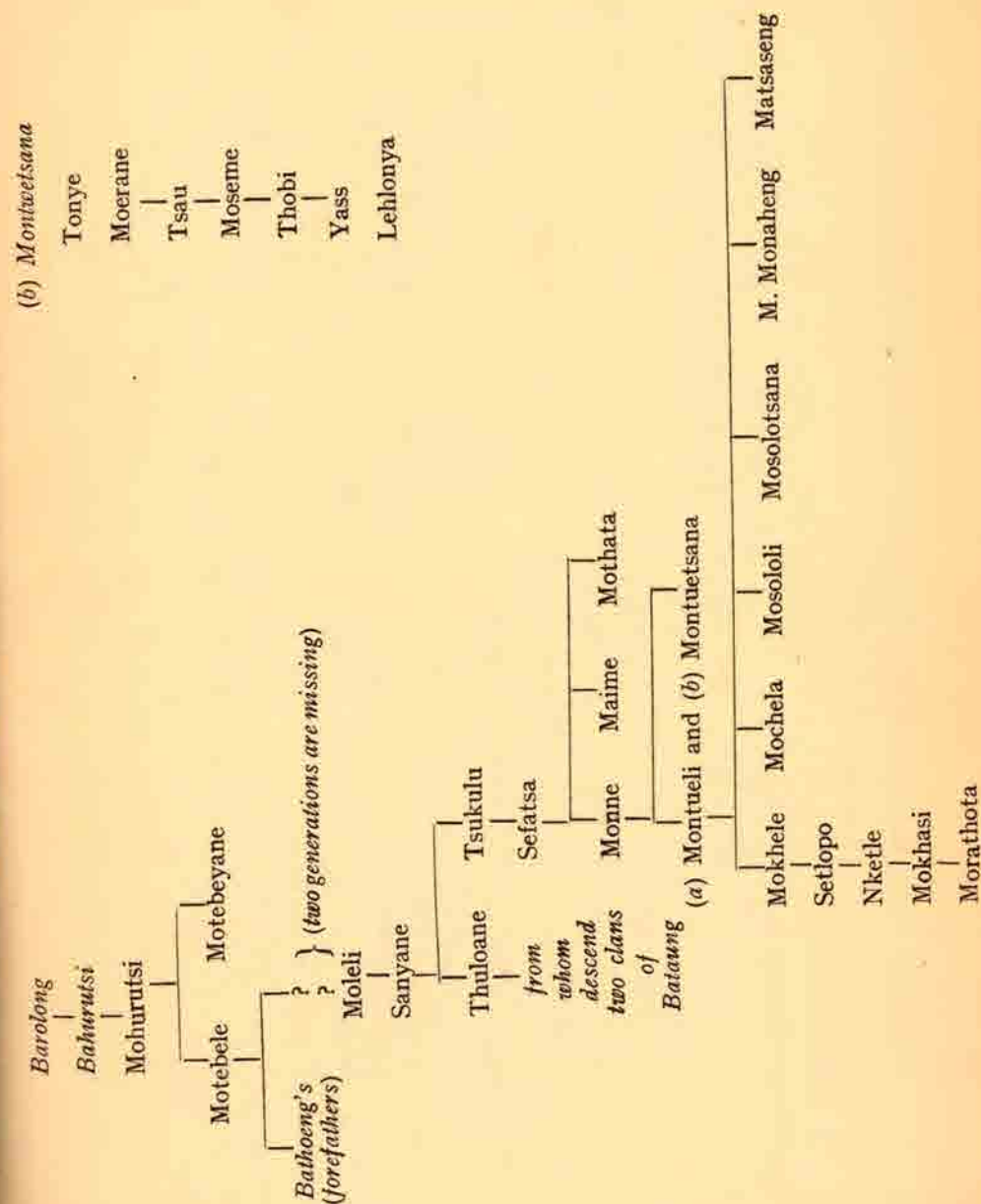
Between Motebele, son of Mohurutse, and Moleli two generations are missing.

Maime is in some measure the chief of a clan which became important.

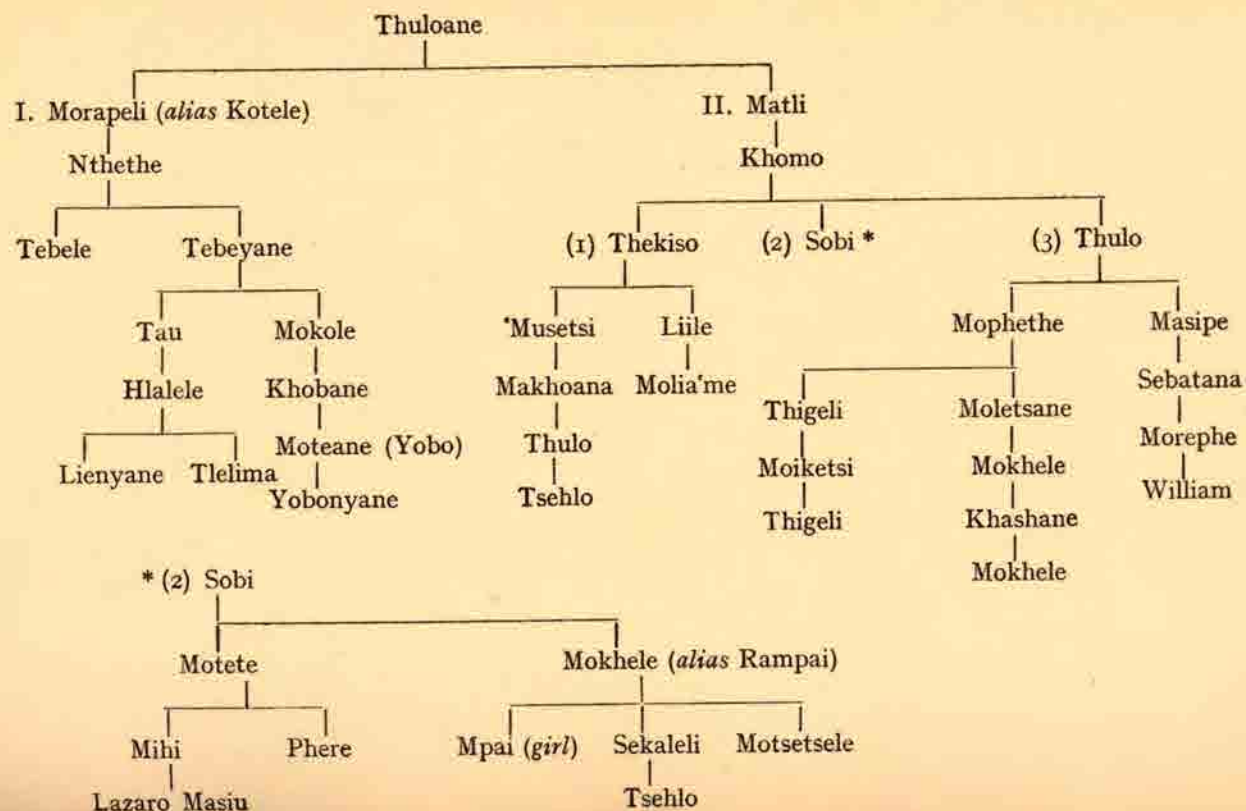
Montueli, alias Ramokhele, was a famous chief who, by his marriage with a daughter of the chief Ntsane, became an ally of the Bakuena of Monyane, but, owing to circumstances related in the text, he did not occupy an independent chieftainship for any length of time.

Mochela, or rather Leqhaqha, was an important son of Montueli, who succeeded his father in the manner related in the text.

All the other sons, except Mosololi, formed little clans of their own, but retained the name of Mokhele.



GENEALOGY OF THE BATAUNG OF THE FIRST AND SECOND BRANCHES



DETAILS OF THE FAMILIES OF MOPHETHE AND MOLETSANE

Mophethe begat

- (1) Mamatlakeng, who lived for over 112 years.
- (2) Tsohloane, who died young.
- (3) Thigeli, a cripple; he was killed.
- (4) Two children who died in infancy.
- (5) Makhothi, *alias* Moletsane.

Moreover, Mophethe begat many children from five other wives of his.

Thigeli begat

- (1) Thulo and Ralie Nkunyane by his first wife.
- (2) Moiketsi and four others by the second wife.
- (3) Chabeli by his third wife.
- (4) Molefi, Rapolongoane, and Moroosi by his fourth wife.

The chief *Moletsane* had 33 wives and more than 115 children, from whom we mention the following:

By his first wife, *'Mamorello*: Moreflo (*girl*), Mokhele, Makhamisa, and Monare.

The second wife, *Marakane*, died young and without issue.

By his third wife, *Mpai*: Titi (*girl*), Mabatho (*girl*), Sephapo, *'Mampeo* (*girl*), and two more.

By his fourth wife, *'Mamonyake*: Monyake, Moeletsi, Lekhoee and Raboroko.

By his fifth wife, *'Makhitsane*: Khitsane, Seetsele, *'Mamatlakeng*, Salomone, and two others.

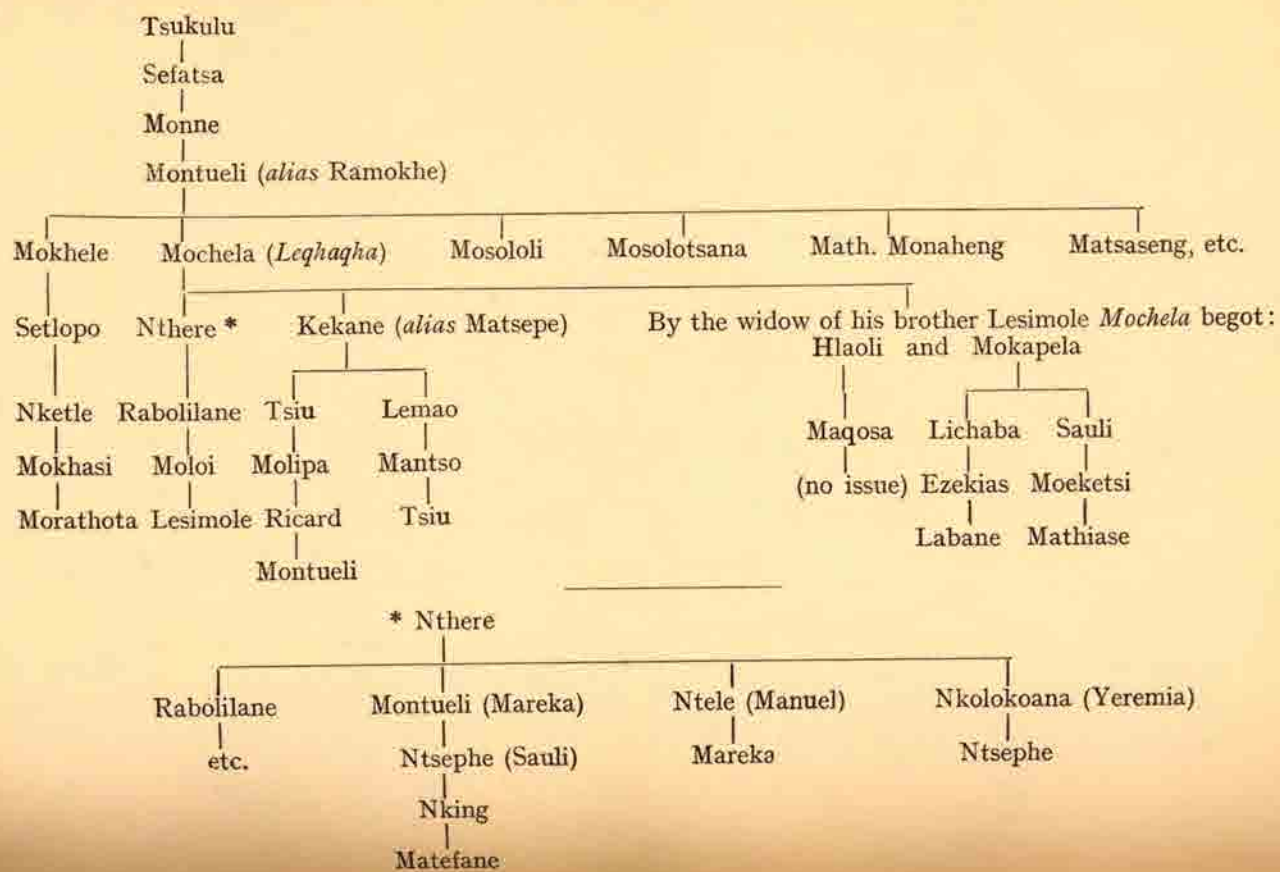
By *Nerea Khantse*: Mogotlho, Khalane (Jacob), and Motlane (*Meriama*).

By his last one, *Sarah 'Mamae*: Lakile *'Machabeli* and Lea Phokeng.

Note.—After his conversion Moletsane only kept one wife, Sarah, whom he married in the church.

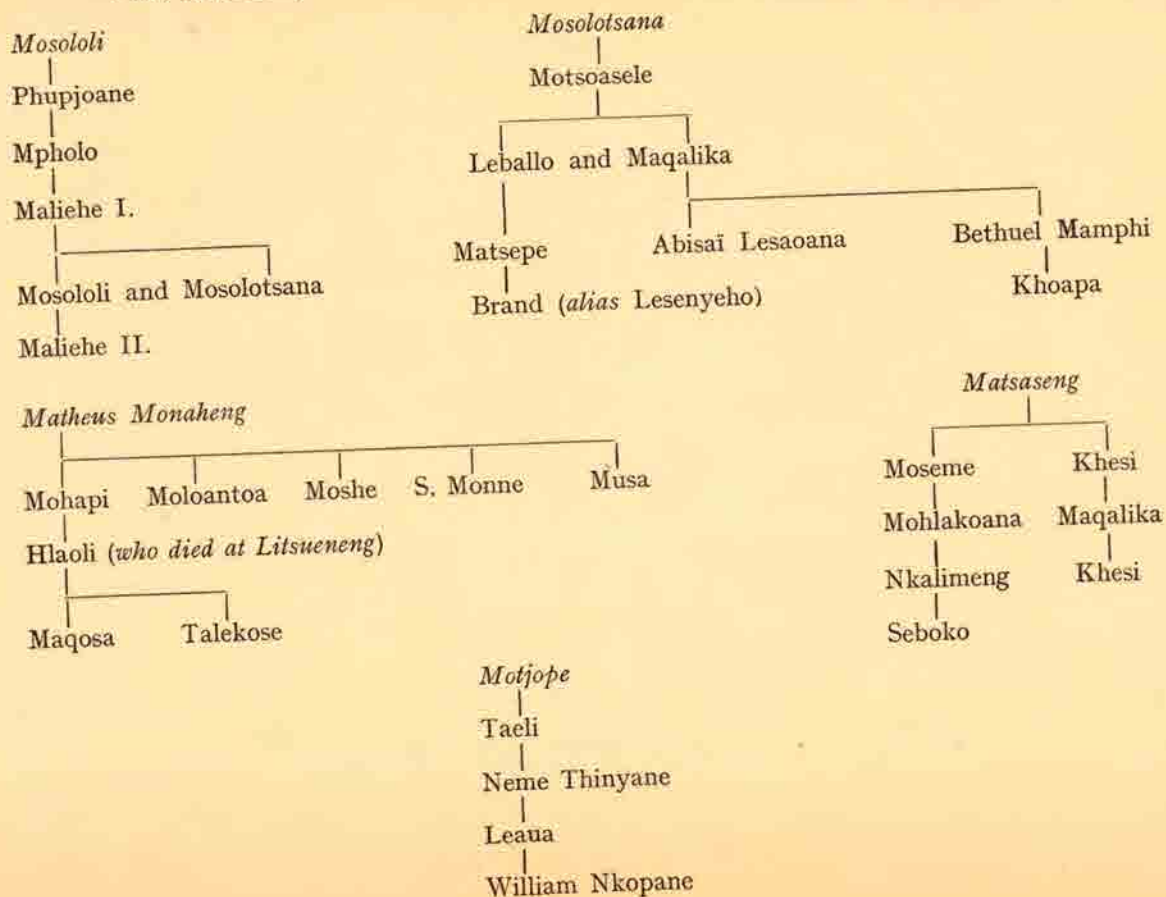
GENEALOGY OF THE BARAMOKHELE, THE FOURTH BRANCH OF THE BATAUNG

GIVEN BY THE DESCENDANTS OF RAMOKHELE AND REVISED BY MATHEUS MONAHENG



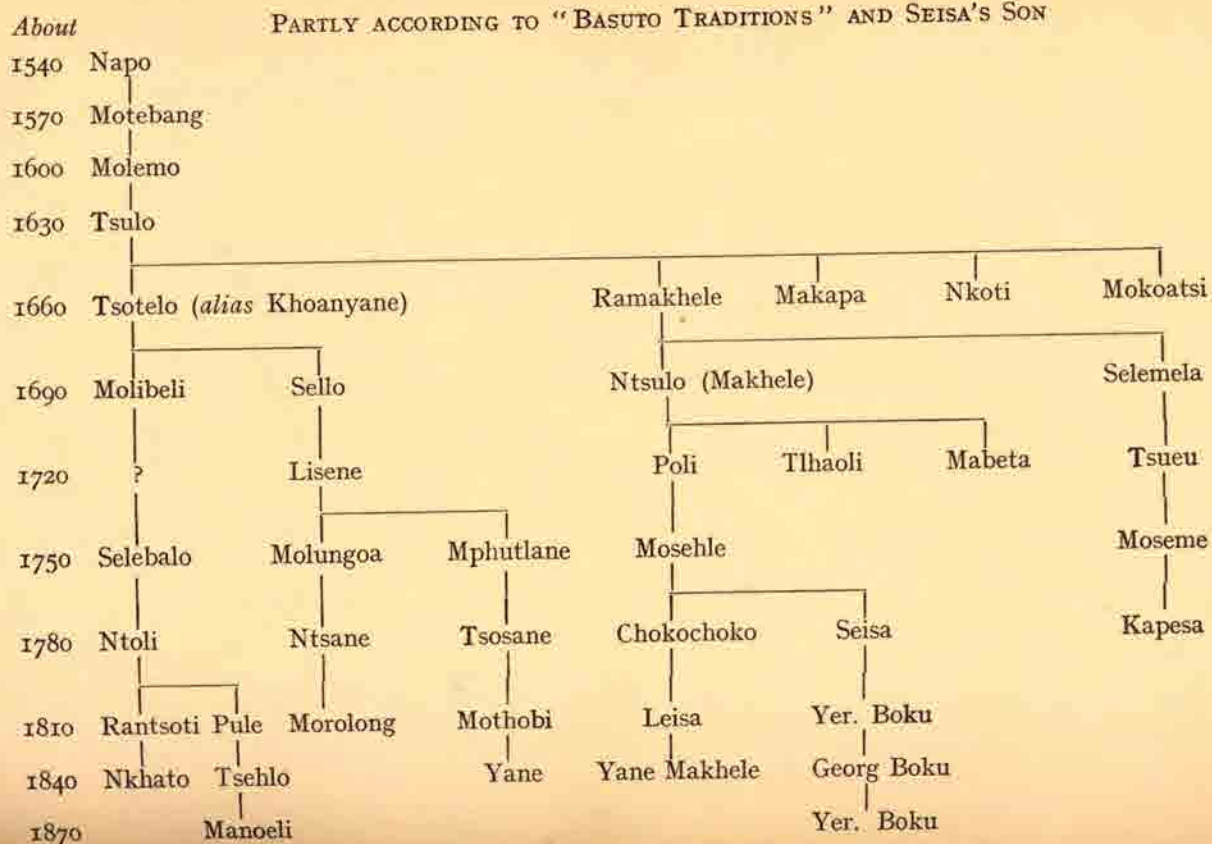
GENEALOGY OF FIVE OTHER SONS OF RAMOKHELE (MONTUELI)

VIZ.: MOSOLOLI, MOSOLOTSANA, MATH. MONAHENG, MATSASENG AND MOTJOPE



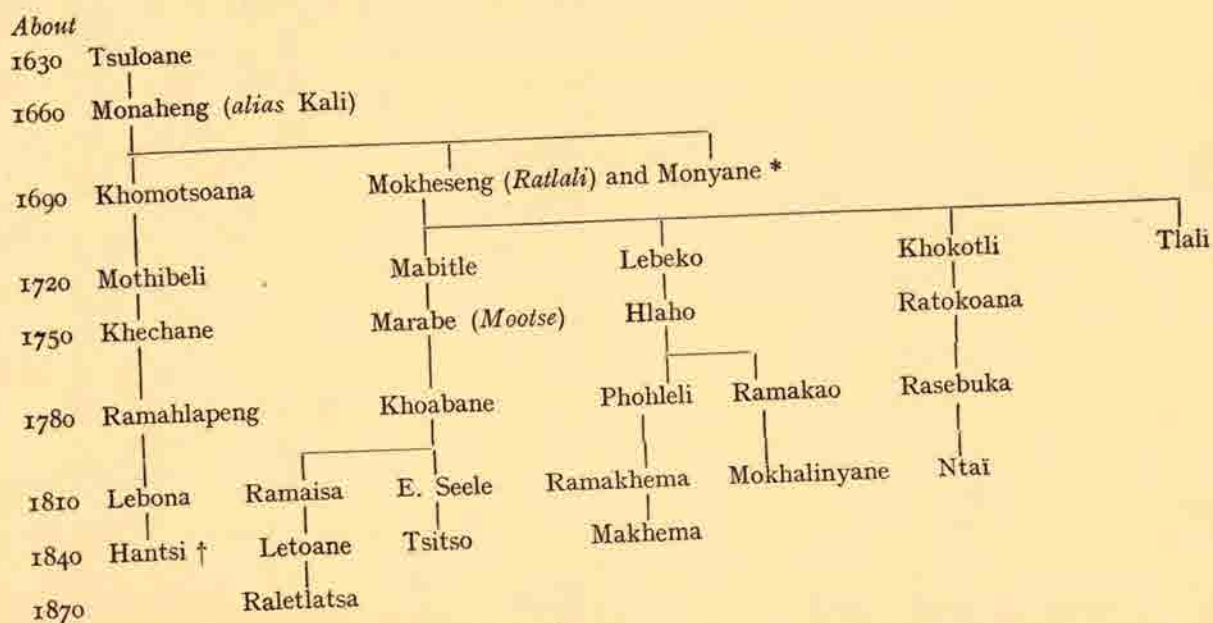
GENEALOGY OF THE DESCENDANTS OF TSULO, THE BAMOLIBELI, ETC.

PARTLY ACCORDING TO "BASUTO TRADITIONS" AND SEISA'S SON



Note.—One descendant of Molibeli is missing.

THE DESCENDANTS OF TSULOANE BY HIS SONS AT TEBANG



* See his descendants, next page.

† Who killed Commandant Wepener on August 15, 1865, at Thaba Bosiu.

DESCENDANTS OF TSULOANE

GRANDSONS OF MONAHENG BY HIS SONS BORN AT FUTHANE

REMARKS

1. *Seeng*, son of Pulumo, died young, and his brother Lipholo took over his widow and begat for him Liaho.

2. *Nkoko*, son of Nkopane, died before he married, but a wife was married in his name and his brother Lekhetho raised up seed for him.

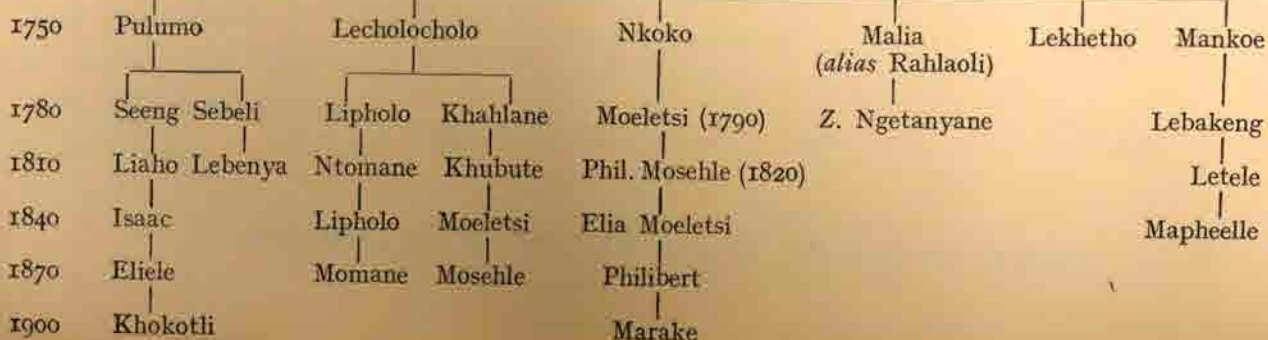
About

1660 Monaheng

1690 Monyane begat Nkopane and Mohlomi

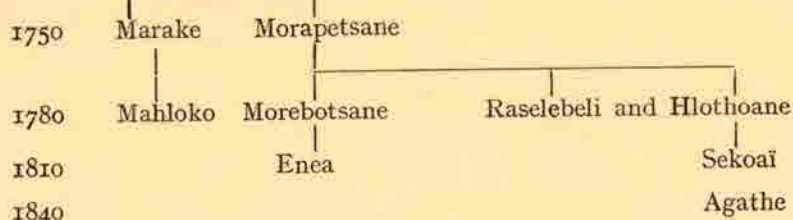
1720 (a) Nkopane (by his first wife)

(b) (by his second wife)

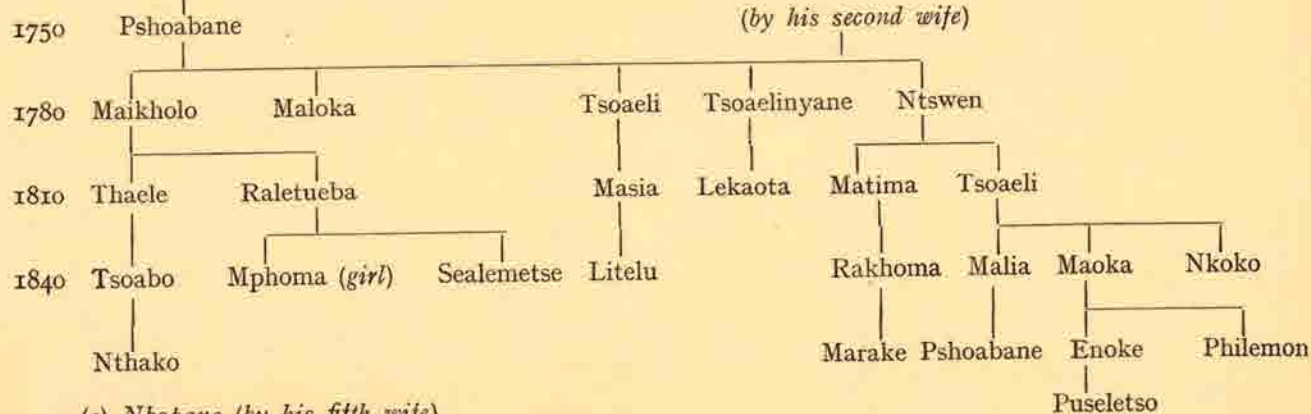


DESCENDANTS OF TSULOANE (Conclusion)

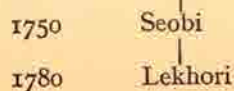
(c) Nkopane (by his third wife)



1720 (d) Nkopane (by his fourth wife)

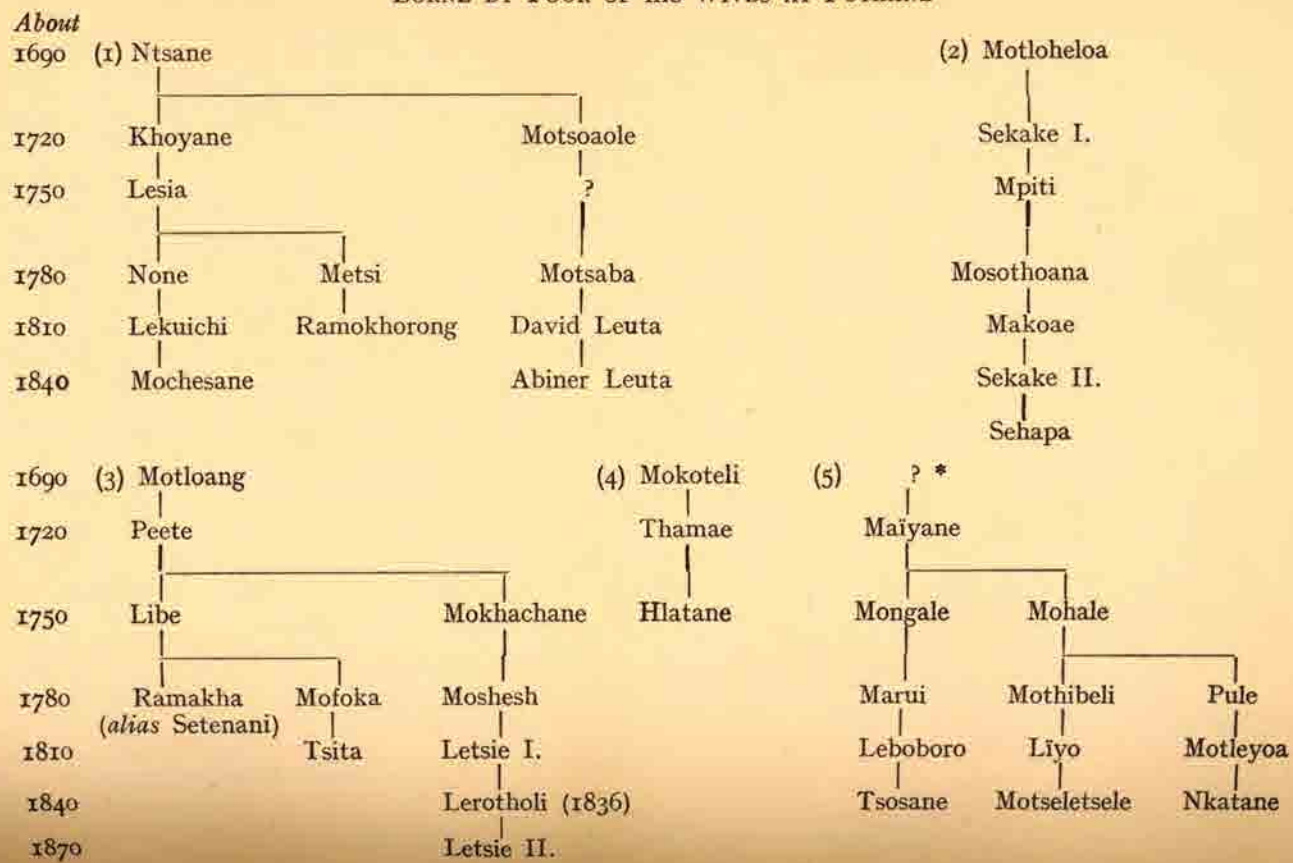


(e) Nkopane (by his fifth wife)



GENEALOGY OF FIVE SONS OF MONAHENG

BORNE BY FOUR OF HIS WIVES AT FUTHANE



* The missing ancestor is said to be son of Monaheng.

DESCENDANTS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF MOSHESH

PRINCIPAL SONS OF MOSHESH

By the queen 'Mamohato: Letsie (1811), Molapo (1814), Masopha (1820), Mayara (1830).
 By his second and third wives: Neko and Nehemia Sekhonyana (1824).
 By other wives: Ntsani, George Tlali, Tlalinyane, Sofonia, Tsekelo, Matsoso, etc.

PRINCIPAL SONS OF LETSIE I.

By the queen 'Masenate: Senate (*girl*), who was considered as a *man*.
 By 'Mantai, his second wife: Lerotholi (1836), Bereng, and Theko.
 By 'Mamotena, his fourth wife: Maama, Seiso, and Makhabane.
 By 'Maleshoane, his fifth wife: Mpiti, Nkoebe, and Mashapa.
 By his sixth wife: Moyela.

LETSIE'S GRANDSONS BY THE FIRST WIVES OF ABOVE-MENTIONED SONS

Son of Senate: she begat through her cousin Joseph Molapo, a son, Motsuene.
 Sons of Lerotholi: Letsie II. (1867), Griffith (1870 ?), and Makhaola.
 Sons of Bereng: Sekhonyana and Mohlalefi.
 Sons of Theko: Khoabane, Makotoko, and Makhobalo.
 Sons of Maama: Seiso and Tsepo.
 Sons of Nkoebe: Sempe and Tsepo.
 Sons of Moyela (by his fifth wife): Thabo, Jonathane, and Mofoka.

PRINCIPAL SONS OF MOLAPO IN ORDER OF RANK, AND SOME OF HIS GRANDSONS

By the queen 'Mamosa: Joseph, who begat Motsuene, Lekhooana, and Masopha.
 Jonathane, who begat Mathe-a-lira, Motsarapane, Tau, and Tumo.
 By his second wife: Joel, who begat Mopeli and Khobela.
 By other wives: Moliboea, who begat 'Musi.
 Seetsa, who begat Molapo.
 Khethisa, who begat Joang and Mokhachane.
 Hlasoa, who begat 'Mutlanyane.
 Khabu, who begat Makhobalo.

PRINCIPAL SONS OF MASOPHA

By the queen Lydia: Lepoqo and Mosiuoa.
 By other wives: Martinsi, Thebe, Faku, Senekal, Moiketsi, etc.

MASOPHA'S GRANDSONS BY THE SONS OF HIS QUEEN

Son of Lepoqo: Masopha.
 Son of Mosiuoa: Kuali.
 Son of Martinsi: Sauer.
 Son of Faku: Makuae† and Hlomelang.
 Son of Thebe: Letlatsa.

PRINCIPAL SONS OF MAYARA (*alias* NTALIME)

By the queen: Leshoboro and a girl, Malepilikoana.
 By his second wife: Napo, Tsipinare, and Samuel.
 By his third wife: Foso and Bolisi.
 By his fourth wife: Sebolai and Thaba Bosiu.

MAYARA'S GRANDSONS

Son of Leshoboro: Mayara.
 Son of Napo: Bereng.
 Son of Tsipinare: Masopha.
 Son of Sebolai: Sethole.
 Son of Bolisi: Bailey.

REMARK

Mayara was born at the end of 1830, and died from fever December 3, 1858.

FAMILY OF MAKHABANE, SON OF MOKHACHANE AND OF KHOLU

By his first wife: Lesaoana (*alias* Ramaneella), who begat Peete and Seshopa.
 By his second wife: Leyaha, who begat Motuntsane and Mpiti.
 By his sixth wife: Nathanael Makotoko, who begat Samuel.

DESCENDANTS OF MOHLOMI'S SONS BY HIS FIRST
FIVE WIVES

REMARKS

Mohlomi had five sons by his great wife, but none of them became a chief, for reasons set forth in the text, but which may here be summarised, as follows :

The first, *Nketsi*, is said to have been killed by his father for disobedience.

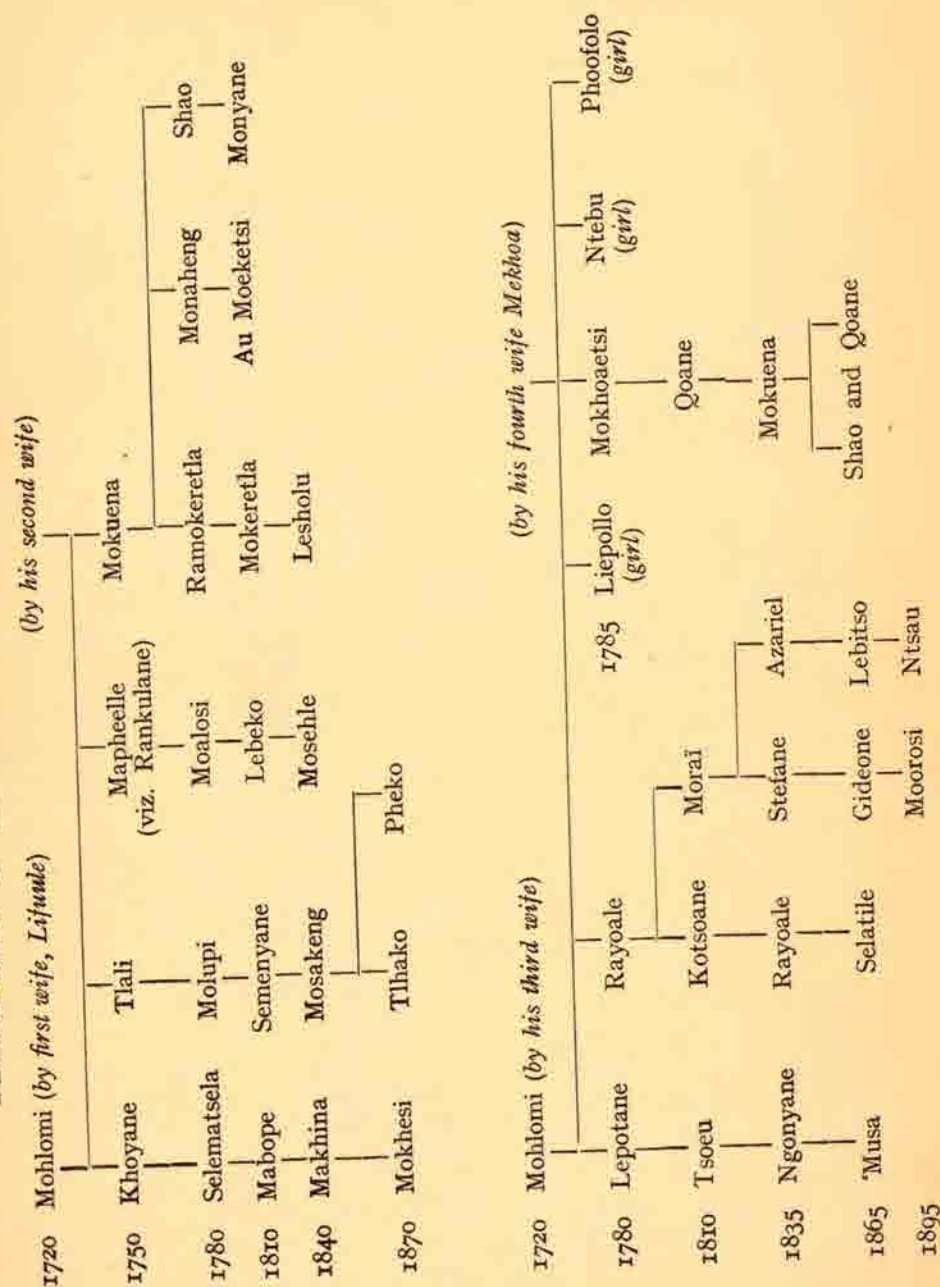
Monyane was killed in the fight with the Baramokhele at Male (Willow Grange), where Mokhele, son of the hostile chief, also lost his life.

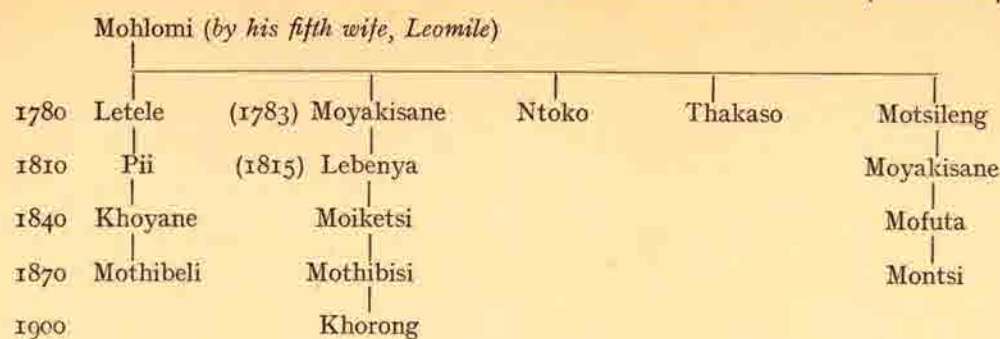
Khoyane was killed by the Batsueneng of Khiba.

Tlali and *Mapheelle*, alias Nkopane, were incapables.

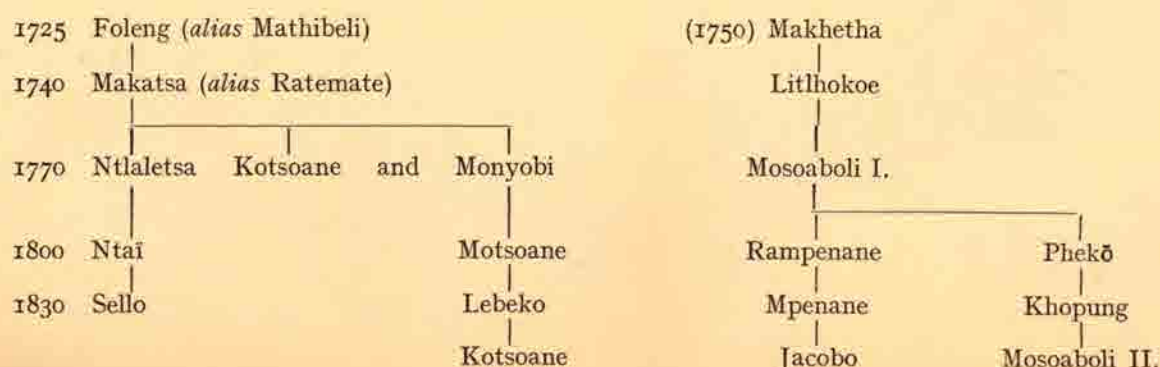
The son of Khoyane was too young to take responsibility, and a year or two after the death of Khoyane, Mohlomi died full of care and anxiety, fearing greatly for the future of his family and people.

DESCENDANTS OF MOHLOMI'S SONS BY HIS FIRST FIVE WIVES



DESCENDANTS OF MOHLOMI'S SONS (*Conclusion*)TSULOANE'S DESCENDANTS (*Conclusion*)

Monaheng's son Monyane, begat by his first wife, Nkopane, Mohlomi, Foleng, and Moroosi (girl), and by his second wife, Makhetha.



Note.—Among the sons of Makhetha were Morahanye, Raphoto, Mohano, and Motsooko.

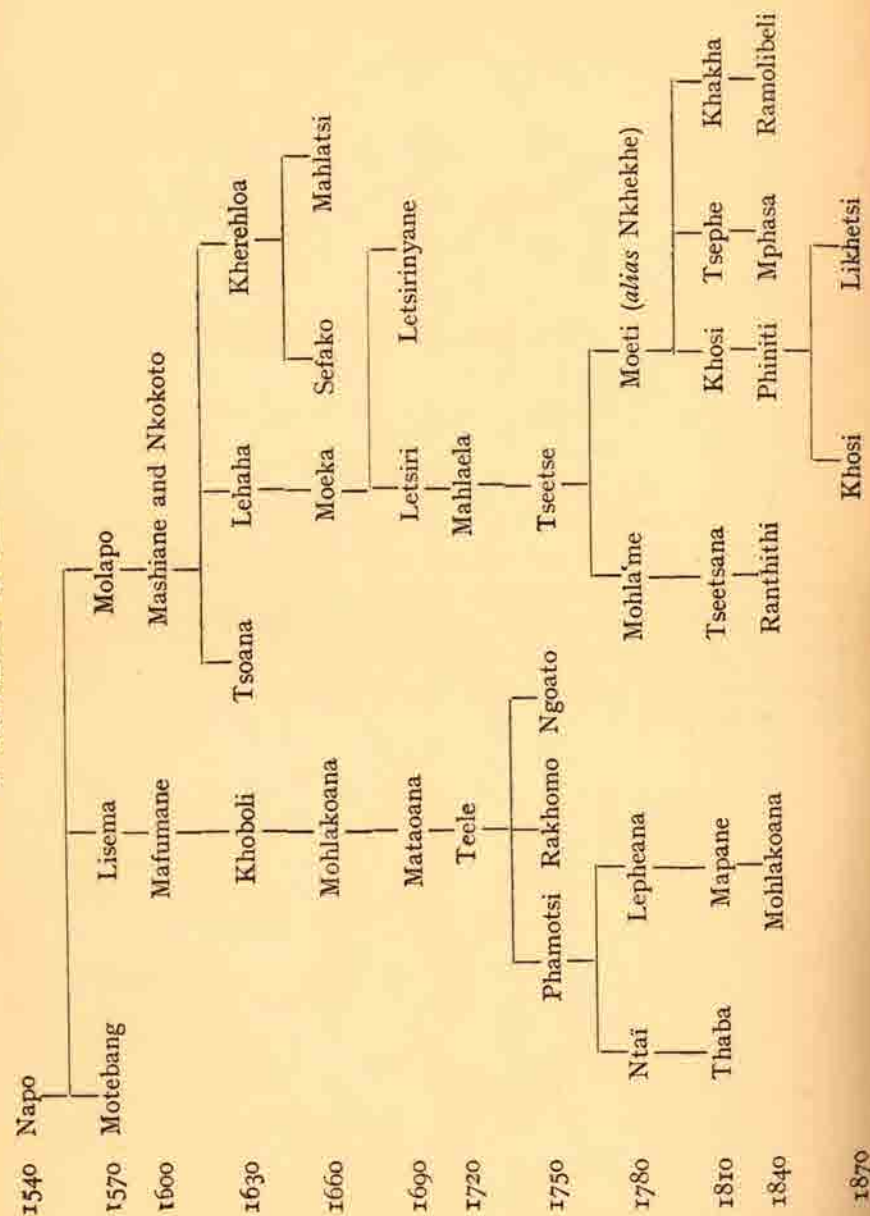
DESCENDANTS OF NAPO

I. GENEALOGY OF THE BAHLAGOANA

REMARKS

In the genealogy of the Bahlagoana there are several names of chiefs which we have had to omit from our table as we have not been able to get any information as to the historical and genealogical value of these names. The Bahlagoana were too divided among themselves to be able to retain any very precise record of the genealogies of their chiefs. The names omitted are Makatsi, Mohapi, Kokoto, etc.

I. GENEALOGY OF THE BAHLA KOANA



DESCENDANTS OF NAPO (Conclusion)

II. GENEALOGY OF THE MAKHOAKHOA

REMARKS

The lives of several of the descendants of Sefako were so short that it has not been possible to allow the usual thirty years for a generation. It was the same with the descendants of Mahlatsi, for, from the time of their rupture, they never ceased to quarrel, fight, and hate each other up to the time of the Lifaqane. All the same, their genealogy is much more complete than that of their cousins the Bahlakoana.

DESCENDANTS OF NAPO (*Conclusion*)II. GENEALOGY OF THE MAKHOAKHOA, WHOSE ANCESTORS WERE
BORN AT TEBANG OVER THE VAAL RIVER*About*

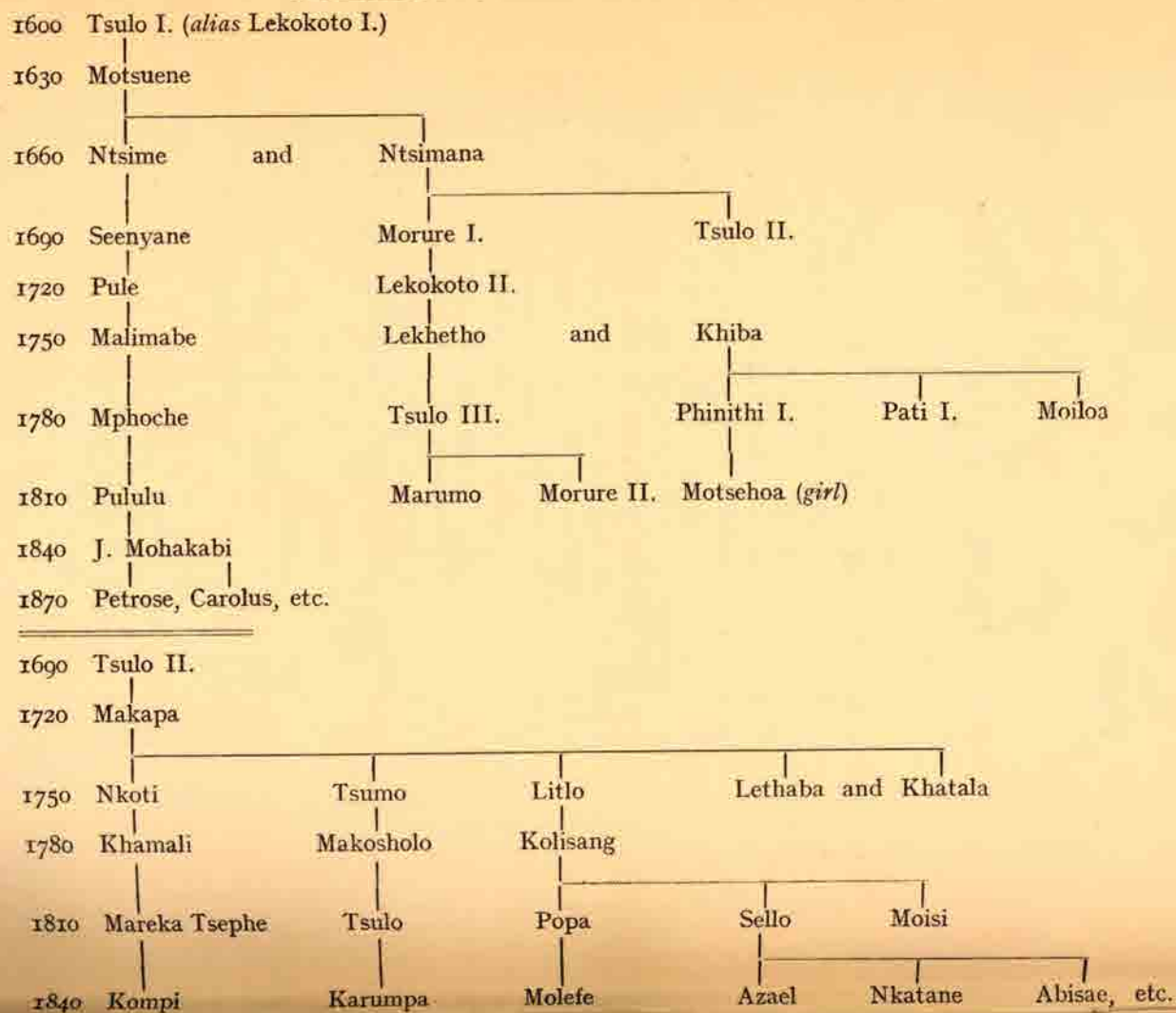
1540	Napo	
1570	Molapo	
1600	Mashiane	
1630	Kherehloa	
1660	Sefako	Mahlatsi (<i>Selimo</i>)
1690	Maselane	Mphumo (<i>Moroa</i>)
1710	Liyo	Mosese
1730	Tumane	Nkopane
1750	Mosito	Letsie
1770	Lechesa	Mohapi
1790	Lethole	Puso
1810	Matela	Leuisa
1840	Letsika	Basele
1870	Thakabanna	

GENEALOGY OF THE BATSUENENG OF KHIBA

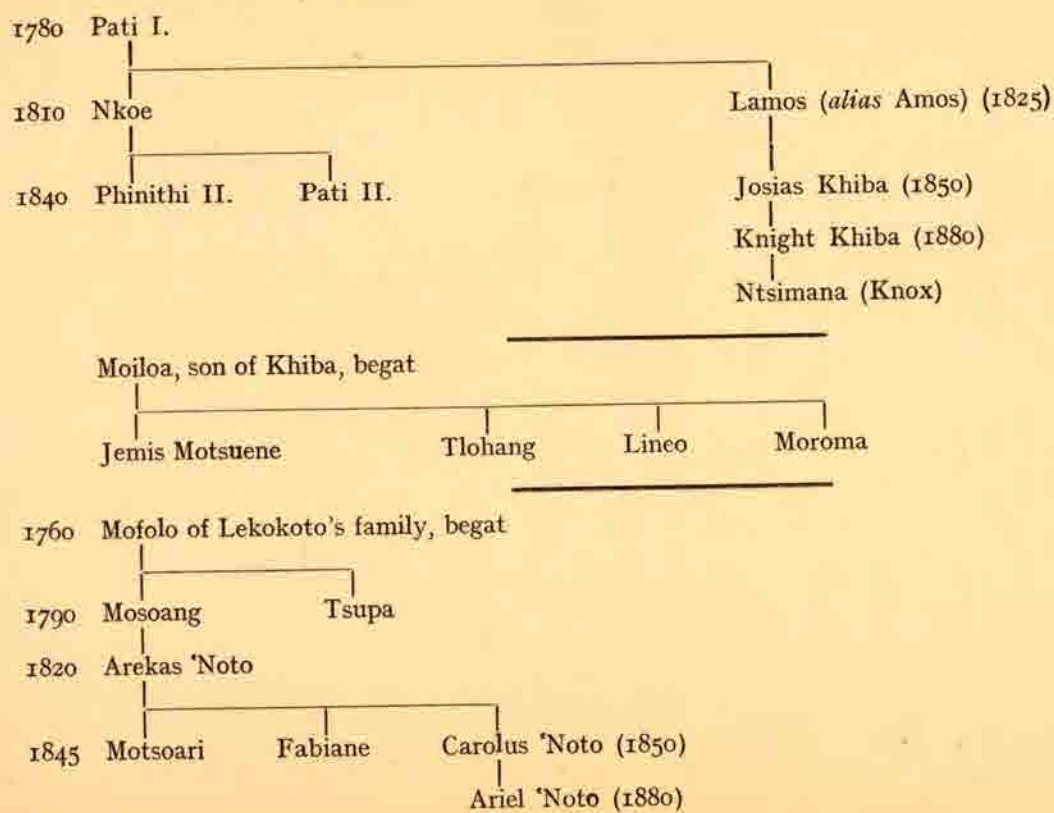
REMARKS

The Batsueneng of Khiba on the death of the chief during the Lifaqane were dispersed and scattered abroad. Some members of the clan are living at Masite, some at Mohalinyane, some in the districts of Cornet Spruit and Quthing, some in Griqualand East, and some even in the Bechuanaland Protectorate, so that it is not surprising that matters of genealogy and tribal tradition have received little attention from the descendants of Khiba. We spent four years in collecting from all quarters the different fragments of their history which we have pieced together in the form in which it appears in the text. Owing, however, to the praiseworthy efforts of certain old and young men who took much trouble in collecting information for us, we have been able to frame a genealogical table which is much more complete than we dared to expect. All the same, we have not been able to place Mofolo, although he was, it seems, a brother of Lekokoto. His descendants increased somewhat, and to-day consist of several considerable families known by the name of Mosoang, *alias* 'Noto.

GENEALOGY OF THE BATSUENENG OF Khiba



GENEALOGY OF THE BATSUENENG (*Conclusion*)

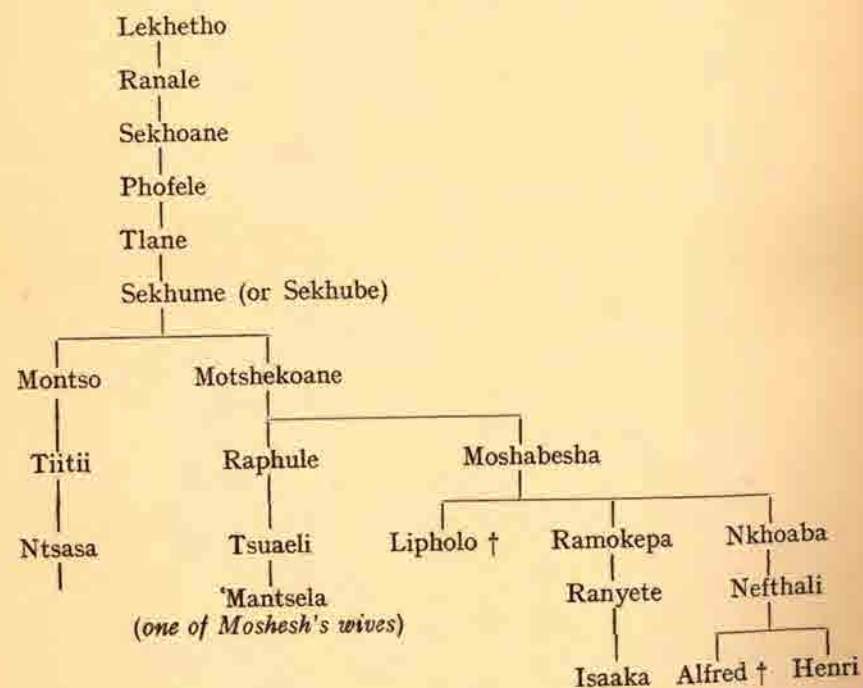


GENEALOGY OF THE BATLOUNG, OR BAKAA

REMARKS

The powerful tribe of the Batlounge were originally Barolong, but on separating from the mother-tribe they adopted the elephant (*tlou*) as emblem. The genealogy, which we have taken (most of it) from *Basuto Traditions*, is only that of one of the numerous clans into which the tribe became subdivided. They were also called Bakaa.

GENEALOGY OF THE BATLOUNG, OR BAKAA



GENEALOGY OF THE BAROLONG

TAKEN FROM "BASUTOLAND RECORDS," BUT MODIFIED AND COMPLETED BY THAT PUBLISHED IN "THE HISTORY OF THE NATIVE TRIBES OF THE TRANSVAAL"

1240 Morolong

1270 Noto

1300 Morara

1330 Mabi

1360 Mabua

1390 Manoto

1420 Mabeo

1450 Moliboea

1480 Tsesebe

1510 Monyane

1540 Sehlaré

1570 Masipa

1600 Mokhophe

1630 Thibela

1660 Tau

1690 Ratlou

1720 Seitshire

1750 Moshewa

1780 Matlakoe

1810 Gontsi

1840 Moshete

1870

REMARKS

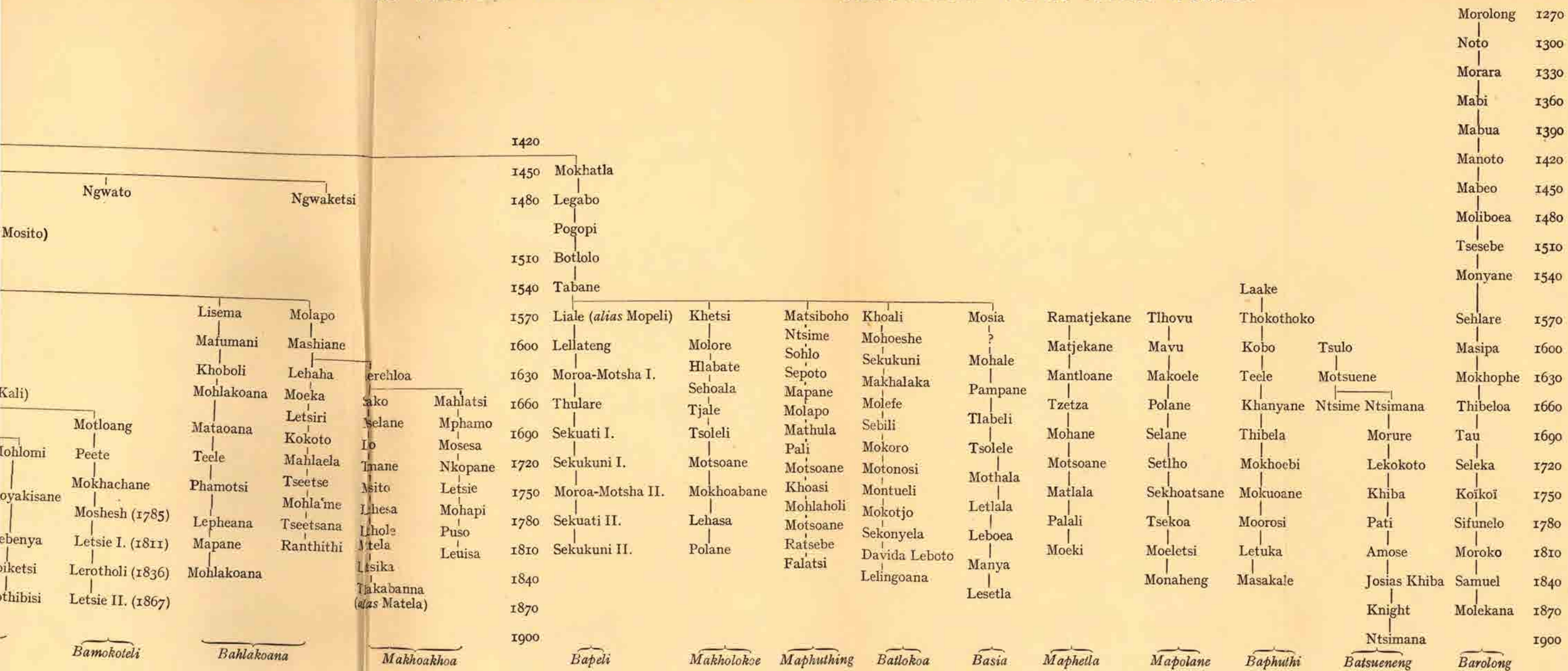
We have thought fit to include this genealogy in our collection, for two reasons:

1. Because the Barolong are the ancestors of all the Basuto except the Bafokeng; and

2. Because Moroke, the son of Sifunelo, came in December 1833 to put himself under the protection of Moshesh, who placed him as a vassal at Thaba Ntso, in the neighbourhood of the Baramokhele of Moseme.



T TO SHOW THE CHIEFS OF THE VARIOUS TRIBES WHO WERE CONTEMPORARY WITH EACH OTHER



AN ATTEMPT TO SHOW THE CHIEFS OF

1270 Morolong }
 1300 Noto } *Barolong*
 1330 Morara } *Bahurutse*

From
 1390 to 1420 Masilo I.
 1420 to 1450 Malope I. (*alias* Musi)
 1450 to 1480 Mohurutse
 1480 to 1510 Motebele

1510 to 1540 ?
 1540 to 1570 ?

			Lezani
1570 to 1600	Moleli		Gitje
1600 to 1630	Sanyane		Segungela
1630 to 1660	Thuloane	Tsukulu	Mzale
1660 to 1690	Matli	Sefatsa	Jembe
1690 to 1720	Khomo	Monne	Guanca
1720 to 1750	Thulo	Ramokhele	Bayi
1750 to 1780	Mophethe	Mochela	Ngopeni
1780 to 1810	Moletsane	Nthere	Gopozi
1810 to 1840	Mokhele	Rabolilane	Tjale
1840 to 1870	Khashane	Moloi	Stockoe
1870 to 1900	Mokhele	Lesimole	Voova
1900 to 1910			Maama

Bataung
Baramokhele
Bafokeng

<i>Kuena</i>			
Masilo I.	Ngwato		Ngwaketsi
Masilo II. (<i>alias</i> Mosito)			
Napo			
Notebang		Lisema	Molapo
Molemo		Marumani	Mashiane
Tsuloane		Khoboli	Lehaha
Monaheng (<i>alias</i> Kali)		Mohlakoana	Moeka
Monyane		Mataoana	Letsiri
Nkopane	Mohlomi	Peete	Kokoto
Nkoko	Moyakisane	Mokhachane	Mahlaela
Moletsisi		Moshesh (1785)	Tseetse
El. Mosehle	Lebenya	Letsie I. (1811)	Mohla'me
Elia Moletsisi	Moiketsi	Lerotholi (1836)	Tseetsana
Elilibert	Mothibisi	Letsie II. (1867)	Ranthithi
Marake			

Bamonaheng
Bamokoteli
Bahlakoana



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HISTORY
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