THREE GREAT AFRICAN CHIEFS

From a Photograph by RUSSELL & SONS, *Baker Street, London, W.*

Khama

THREE
GREAT AFRICAN CHIEFS

(KHÂMÉ, SEBELÉ, AND BATHOENG)

BY

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OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

WITH PORTRAITS

A SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND ENLARGED AND BROUGHT UP TO DATE

LONDON

T. FISHER UNWIN

PATERNOSTER SQUARE

1895

THIS WORK

IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

TO MY BEST

FRIEND AND HELPER,

My Wife.

PREFACE.

—o—

In addition to the personal account given of the three Bechwana Chiefs, now on a visit to London, there will also be found in the following pages, an account of some of the strange customs of the Bechwana tribes, not altogether dissimilar from some of the heathen customs of our ancestors, in this island of Britain. Two or three specimens of African fairy tales are also given, as well as specimens of the folk-lore and traditions of the Bechwana. The more interesting portions of the history of the three principal Bechwana tribes, are also included. This work has been prepared in the hope that it may be useful, for the purpose of introducing our interesting visitors

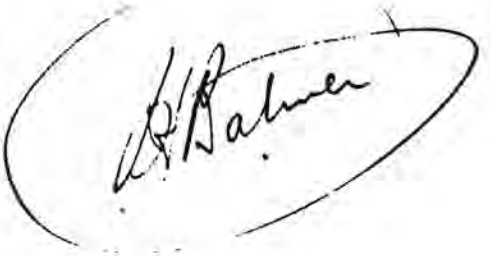
to the people of this country, and in some respects as a souvenir of their visit.

I acknowledge with pleasure my indebtedness to Rev. John Mackenzie's "Day Dawn in Dark Places," in the preparation of this work; also to the writings of Dr Livingstone. While this work was in the press, I saw "Twenty Years in Khâmé's country" by my late colleague, Rev J. D. Hepburn. Had it appeared earlier, it would have been of assistance to me.

From the "Bechwanaland News" I have gladly culled one or two items of information.

For the knowledge of several facts, I readily acknowledge the help of my brethren, who have supplied them: the Rev. James Good, of Kanye; Rev. A. J. Wookey, of Lake Ngami; and Rev. W. C. Willoughby, who also kindly supplied me with the photograph of Sekhomé.

CLAPHAM,
14*th September* 1895.



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PRONUNCIATION

OF

NATIVE SECHWANA NAMES.

Tsh = *ts* aspirated, as in Montshiwa (not like *ch*).

Ph = *p* not *f*: examples—*Phalapye; phahana.*

Th = *t* with an aspirate; as *Bathoeng.*

Ch has never a *k* sound, but always like *ch* in chain—*Bechwana.*

Kh = *k* with an aspirate or guttural.

Kg = *k* with an aspirate or guttural, as in *Khame* (*Kgame*), *Sekhome, Kgari.*

G—guttural, as in Dutch, or the Scotch *ch* in *loch.*

Tlh = *tl* with an aspirate; we have nothing precisely like this in English: example—*Letlhapagadi.*

O is usually long, as in *Bogwèra, Boyalwa.*

A is broad, as in *father.*

E is pronounced usually like *e* in *bent*, but *final e* is pronounced like English *be, me.*

I is pronounced like *ee*, as in *Gaseitsiwe.*

(In a word, the vowels have the Continental sound. *I* is never pronounced as in English, *mine.*)

U = *oo.* Example—*Kebohula*

Ô = *aw* in *law* or *au* in *sauce.*

È = *e* in *America.*

SEKHOME,

Only Son and Heir of Chief Khamé.

THREE GREAT AFRICAN CHIEFS.

CHAPTER I.

BECHWANALAND lies between the Vaal River on the south, and the Zambezi River on the north, in latitude 18° to 29° S., and longitude 21° to 29°; but towards the south it is made a good deal narrower by the westward extension of the Transvaal Boundary. From a tribal point of view, Bechwanaland extends into the Transvaal, or territory of the South African Republic, for a considerable distance. Indeed, a great many Bechwana tribes live in the Transvaal, and speak the same language, with slight dialectal differences.

Bechwanaland, properly so called, occupies a narrow strip of 1000 miles of South Africa, with an average breadth of 300 miles. The

southern and smaller portion since 1885 has been called "British Bechwanaland," having been proclaimed a Crown colony by Sir Charles Warren. It is now being admitted into the Cape Colony, to be ruled by the Colonial Government.

The northern and greater portion of Bechwanaland is called the "Bechwanaland Protectorate." It is in this country that the chiefs Khâmé, Sebelé and Bathoeng rule. This country is, on the whole, very dry, and for this reason it is often termed "The Great Thirst Land." Large portions of it are extremely sandy, and of little use. Wells are often sunk to a depth of 100 feet without finding water. In other places water may be found at a depth of 30 to 40 feet. The Khalahari Desert, on the west of Bechwanaland, is a terribly arid country. After the rains have fallen, even this desert has a pleasant appearance; the grass quickly springs up on every hand, and water may be found in pools or small lakes (*pans*) every 20 or 30 miles. But the grass soon becomes scorched

and bleached, the pools soon dry up, until in the middle of the dry season the desert is impassable. Timber is scarce in this barren and sandy region; often a stone cannot be obtained for love or money. But it is a good cattle country at present. Game, formerly plentiful, is now scarce in the country. Recently, one has only seen there ostriches, zebras, blue *wildbeeste*, and other antelopes.

A few giraffe may still be found there in the inaccessible thorn-forests about the hills of Lake Ngami. Lions, leopards, wolves, wild dogs and jackals are still to be seen there.

The Bechwana people are divided into a number of principal tribes, each ruled by its own paramount chief. The tribes still found in Bechwanaland are the Batlhaping, who venerate the fish; the Barolong, who venerate iron; the Bangwaketse and Bakwena, who both venerate, as their sacred animal, the *Kwena* or crocodile; the Bakhatla, who respect the *Khatla* (monkey); the Bamalete, who pay regard to the ox; and the Bamangwato, who venerate the *Phuti* or *Duiker* antelope (*Cepha-*

lopus mergens). The Bamangwato are divided into the Western Bamangwato, who live at Lake Ngami, under the chief Sekhomé (nephew of Khâmé) and the Eastern, who are ruled by the chief Khâmé, at the town of Phalapye (pronounced as *Palapshé*).

The three principal tribes of the Protectorate are the Bangwaketse, the Bakwena, and the Bamangwato, and it is with these we have now to deal.

Long, long ago, these three tribes lived together as one tribe, near where they still live. The Chief who ruled over them had three wives: the head-wife was called Mma-Kwena, or mother of Crocodile, after her eldest son; the second wife was named Mma-Ngwato or Ngwatwe; while the third wife, having a son named Ngwaketse, was spoken of as Mma-Ngwaketse, or mother of Ngwaketse.

Ngwaketse separated from the rest of the tribe, and took with him his servants and his mother's relatives. Ngwaketse thus founded the tribe called after his name, viz. the Bangwaketse tribe, now living at Kanye. After-

wards, Ngwato's descendant, Mathibe, separated from the Bakwena, as the Kwena-ites came to be called, and went to live near Shoshong, at Lebati; afterwards he removed to Marutlwe, and next to Shoshong. His followers, the Bamangwato, or children of Ngwato, found a tribe of Bechwana occupying the Shoshong Hills, attacked and subdued them. These *Bakaa*, as they were called, thenceforward became subjects of the Bamangwato tribe and chief, as did also another tribe called the Baphaling (or Bapaling). The Bamangwato have ever since lived at Shoshong, Serui, or Phalapye.

About 100 years ago, the younger brother of the then Chief of the Bamangwato separated from them with his followers. His name was *Tauana* (or *young lion*), and he went or was driven to Lake Ngami, where he subdued the Makoba and other tribes. He then settled down there, ruling his followers, called after his own name, the Ba-Tauana, or People of Tauana, and the various tribes which he subdued about Lake Ngami and along the Okovango River.

In addition to the Batauana, or Western Bamangwato, there are a few others living away from the tribal home. These are the Bamangwato living under Khari, son of the late chief Macheng, who rules over some 200 people at Ngomari, near Kanye.

A second town of a few Bamangwato living apart from the majority, is that ruled over by Khamâné, younger brother of Khâmé, at old Shoshong.

A third party of Bamangwato have withdrawn from Khâmé's rule recently, and will in future live independent of him in that country.

The leaders of this new section are Khâmé's half-brothers, Mphoeng (or Mpoing) and Raditladi, who will probably act as the chief of it.

There are thus four Bamangwato towns, independent of each other, without counting those at Lake Ngami.

The native population of British Bechwanaland in 1893 was 55,122. Its area is 60,777 nare miles.

The Bechwana population of the Bechwana-land Protectorate at the above date was supposed to be 110,000, with an area of 386,200 square miles. These figures are supplied by the Government.

The boundaries of Khâmé are defined on the south as beginning at the junction of the Crocodile (Limpopo) and Ngotwane Rivers, following the Ngotwane to Lokhalo; thence to Lopepe and Manatong; thence to the junction of the Botletle and Tamalakane Rivers (on the west); thence to the Mababe and Zambezi (on the north); thence along the Matabele border and Motloutse River (on the east), to its junction with the Limpopo (or Oudé). This is a very extensive area.

The boundaries of Sebelé are as above on the north (Khâmé's south), to Lopepe and as far as Manatong; thence into the Khalahari Desert, where he has no defined boundary (on the west), to the Mahatelwe River (on the south), dividing him from Batwing, and (on the east) the Kopong River, separating him from Lenchwe. Batwing's boundaries are the

Mahatelwe River (on the north); an undefined portion of the Khalahari Desert (on the west); Khorwe Hill (Ngwabedi); then a straight line running west for a mile, and turning thence to the junction of the Molopo and Ramatlabama Rivers (to the south); thence along the Molopo, turning west to the Khalahari Desert. On the east it is the Transvaal and Taung River. The River Taung (or Towng) must not be confounded with the capital of Molala, the paramount Chief of the Batlhaping Bechwana, which lies 250 miles south of the river in question.

CHAPTER II.

NAMES of the Chiefs of the Bamangwato.

Names.	*Remarks.*
1. Masilo . .	Lived about 300 years ago.
2. Malopé . .	Little known of him.
3. Ngwato or Ngatwe	The chief after whose name they are called.
4. Mmusi (son of Senyèrèlō) .	In his reign cattle were first acquired.
5. Makhasane . .	Little known.
6. Moleté . .	Little known.
7. Mokhadi . .	Little known.
8. Mathibe . .	He left the Bakwena and fought the Bakaa, etc.
9. Khâmé I. . .	He fought against the Makalaka, etc.
10. Kharé . . .	A great warrior, who fought often ; killed in battle by the Mashona.
11. Khâmé II. . .	Son of Kharé. Horses were now introduced for the first time.
12. Sekhomé . .	Brother of Khâmé II. After reigning many years he resigned in favour of

Names.	*Remarks.*
13. Maching . .	Also son of Kharé. Reigned five years, and was then driven out.
14. Khâmé III. . .	Son of Sekhomé. He is the present chief now visiting England.

Ngwato is said to have received his name in this way. *Ngwato* means a poor piece of beef, which was given to the mother of Ngwato, by her husband, because she was childless. Afterwards, when she bore a son, she called him *Ngwato*, or *Contempt*, on account of her husband's coldness and neglect.

In the reign of Kharé a half-caste trader visited the tribe, with his wife and children. He was called *Khoé*. The Bamangwato regarded him as a white man, for he was the whitest they had ever seen. He died there. Mphoeng told me that white men were called Ma-*Khoa*, after this Khoé. However that may be, certain it is that all white people are called Makhoa by Bechwana. Boers are called *Maburu*. It has already been stated that the *totem* or sacred animal of the Bamangwato is the *Phuti* (pronounced *póotee*) or *duiker*

antelope of the Dutch. This antelope is of a brown or dun colour, generally seen quite alone, and is about two feet high. Formerly, the Bamangwato venerated the *Kwena* or crocodile, like their elder brothers the Bakwena of Molepolole. Then how came they to discard the *Kwena* and to accept a new totem, the duiker antelope? The Bamangwato explain it in two ways:—

(1.) A certain Chief of the tribe once took a wife out of the tribe of the Basilika[1] Bechwana. This woman, like the rest of her tribe, venerated the Phuti, and refused to eat its flesh, as the Bamangwato then did. She would not accept the crocodile as her totem, but clung to her ancestral Phuti antelope. Her husband, like a sensible man, gave in, and soon imitated her in refusing to eat duiker venison, and never again killed a duiker or ate its flesh.

When the Bamangwato saw that their Chief venerated the antelope of the Basilika, they imitated him, until in no long time nearly

[1] From *Seleka*, an adder.

the whole tribe accepted as their tribal totem the Phuti antelope. But, even to this day, a few Bamangwato have their own family totems, and pay no heed to the tribal duiker. Some venerate the *Kubu* or hippopotamus; others venerate the *phareñ* lizard (pronounced as *pâring*). Still the mass of the tribe has been long attached to the duiker antelope as their totem.

(2.) Very long ago a Bamangwato Chief fled, defeated, before his foes. They pursued him until he became unutterably weary. The African "sun was very cruel" that day; the Chief was not only deeply dispirited, but he was nearly dead with thirst. The enemy was not far away, yet the dejected Chief felt that he really could go no further. What could he do? Where escape? See, there is a cluster of bushes yonder; how cool it would be if he could only lie down within their shade! Softly the vanquished Chief goes, and enters into the deliciously cool and spacious room within the bush, and quietly lies down—to sleep? Nay, for, look, there are his foes

already in sight, examining each bush and possible hiding-place with the greatest care. What shall the poor Chief do now, for the very fates themselves must be against him this day? There are three of his foes coming straight for the bushes, in which he has found a brief hiding-place. These men are noisy, with the loud and proud insolence of victory. They talk together as they approach the bush in which the Chief lies, when, with startling suddenness, a duiker antelope jumped out of the bush. The men spring back, startled for a moment; then, seeing that it was not a lion, they laughed at their own fright, while one said: "Come, let's be gone; it is certain there is no man there, or the *Phuti* would not have slept there." They turned away at once, and probably never heard how narrowly they missed the coveted prize that day. Thenceforward the Chief resolved to take the duiker as his totem, and his people did the same. The second is, doubtless, the more poetical explanation, but the first is probably the more correct one

The totems are now little more than tribal names, and used somewhat as we do the names, "the British Lion," or "the Russian Bear." Yet old Sekhomé refused to step over a mat of duiker skins in the Shoshong Mission-house a few years ago.

The Bamangwato chiefs rule over a large number of tribes, which have been subjected at one time or other. Ruled by them to-day are the following tribes :—

Name of Tribe.	*Remarks.*
1. Batalaouté .	Living at Phalapye, of Mashona origin.
2. Mang-abjé (nicknamed Masha-patané) .	Living at Phalapye, of Makalaka origin.
3. Baphaleng .	A very old tribe, conquered at Shoshong.
4. Bakaa .	Said to have separated from Barolong far back.
5. Makalaka .	These are of several different tribes, living at Phalapye.
6. Makoba .	These ran away from Lake Ngami to Khâmé.
7. Batletlé .	Living on the Botletlé River, hence the name.

Name of Tribe.	*Remarks.*
8. Bapedi .	. Living at Chwapong Hills, etc.
9. Makhalahadi	. Living in the Desert chiefly.
10. Mashubea . .	. River tribe, from the Zambezi.
11. Madenesana	. Superior kind of Bushmen, on the Mababe River.
12. Masarwa, or Bushmen .	. Of various tribes.
13. Bakhurutse	. Living on the Lake River.

These are the chief tribes living under the Chief Khâmé, in addition to his own people, the Bamangwato.

CHAPTER III.

SEKHOMÉ, the father of Khâmé, was in many respects a remarkable man, capable, alert, and equal to every occasion. He was also quite fearless—a man of undoubted courage. His son Khâmé has inherited many of these qualities. But Sekhomé was a heathen of the heathen; a heathen doctor, a leader in every heathen custom and ceremony, and a polygamist of the first water. The number of his wives and concubines was unlimited. I have known ten of his sons, but doubtless there are many more; his daughters were also very numerous indeed.

Little has been said of Sekhomé as a general and warrior, but there can be no doubt that his military attainments were considerable. As Bechwana sit around a beer pot, they

usually talk a good deal. Having exhausted loyal subjects, they begin to mutter and whisper disloyal language. It is suggested that the Chief be deposed, and another and worthier —probably present—be made the new Chief. These brave men swear that they will fight and shed their blood for the new cause, for they are full of courage, as long as they are under the influence of the Sechwana corn beer.

Before such men could mature and carry out their plots and conspiracies, the old Chief Sekhomé was ready to pounce upon them, like a lion. In the days of Gordon Cumming the hunter, Sekhomé was an active and vigorous man. In 1842 Livingstone met Sekhomé It was a meeting of two strong men. Khâmé says that his father had a great admiration for Livingstone, and he gave it as his opinion that, had Livingstone remained some time with Sekhomé, the clever old heathen Chief would have become a Christian. This shows, too, how high was Khâmé's opinion of the good influence of the famous missionary explorer.

It is true that Sekhomé afterwards tried to bar Livingstone's road to Lake Ngami. In this he failed, and suddenly falling ill, it was said by the superstitious Bamangwato that God's judgment had fallen upon their Chief for interfering with the missionary. According to his light, Sekhomé had good reasons for hindering Livingstone. However, they afterwards became good friends. Khâmé was the son of this man. His mother, Ma-khâmé, was the daughter of Segokotlō, a head-man. The name Khâmé was an ancestral name, the present Chief being Khâmé III.

Khâma, or *Kgâma*, is the Sechwana term for a large antelope, termed by the Dutch hunters "the Hartebeeste." Sometimes we see the Chief's name spelled Khâma, and sometimes Khâmé. One is often asked: "Which is the correct orthography of this name—Khâma or Khâmé?" The answer is that the antelope's name is correctly spelled as "Khâma," or "Kgâma," but when a word of this kind, ending in *a*, is taken as a personal name, it is usual to distinguish it from the animal or

thing by spelling it with a final *e* instead of *a*. Thus Khâma becomes Khâmé, and *Pula* (Rain) is changed into "Pulé" (a man's name). It is correct to address the Chief as "Khâm*a*," but he should be spoken of as "Khâm*é*." In other words, "Khâm*a*" is the *vocative* of our Latin grammars, while Khâm*é* is the usual nominative used in speaking of the Chief. Formerly the Chief wrote his name as "Kgâma," but more recently he writes it "Khâma." In visiting the Zoological Gardens, it is not easy to recognise "Cama," or "Caama," one of the names of some large antelopes, as the same as "Khâma."

Much has been written of Khâmé of an adulatory description, until some have almost come to regard him as an angel. The impartial historian and biographer will endeavour to hold the balance evenly, and, at all costs, resolve to do justice to all.

Edna Lyall writes of Khâmé as the "Knight of Africa." He has been written of in glowing terms by travellers, such as Serpa Pinto and Dr Emil Holub; by mis-

sionaries like Rev. John Mackenzie, Rev. F. Coillard, and Mr F. S. Arnot; by hunters like Mr F. C. Selous; by soldiers such as Major-General Sir Charles Warren, and Imperial officers like Lord Loch and Sir Sidney Shippard.

There have been some croakers too. One of these is a peripatetic Frenchman, who has made a number of statements which he would find exceedingly difficult to prove.

As a matter of fact, the most moderate accounts of the Chief Khâmé have proceeded from his missionaries.

Khâmé told me that he was born at Mushu, by the Makhadikhadi Salt-pans, and not far from the termination of the Botletlé River. I will give here a copy of a portion of the Baptismal Register, kept by Rev. H. C. Schulenburg, the first missionary at Shoshong:—

"No. 5. Khâmé Boikanyō, 25 years of age, son of Sekhomé, baptized 6th May 1860 by H. C. Schulenburg; married Elisabeta Gobitsamang, 22nd May 1862.

"No. 13. Elisabeta Gobitsamang (Ma-Bessie), 16 years of age, daughter of Chukudu, baptized 27th April 1862.

"No. 6. Khamâné, son of Sekhomé, 22 years of age, baptized 6th May 1860."

This ought to settle Khâmé's age as sixty years at this date (1895).

The accounts which we have been able to glean of his youth are somewhat limited. But all who knew him when young agree that he was, even then, second to none as a hunter and warrior. The Chief stands full six feet in height. His slight, wiry, well-knit frame enabled him to run swiftly beside the horses of English hunters, like Gordon Cumming. Not only was he fleet of foot, but also very daring in war and in deeds of prowess against wild beasts. He would do what none other would dare attempt.

Here is one of the many anecdotes recorded of Khâmé in the hunting-field.

On one occasion his large party, consisting of Bamangwato hunters, had been troubled by a lion, which had stolen many oxen. Many of the hunters tried to kill this lion, and many others swore that they would kill Leo soon. But days and nights came and went, yet none of these men had been able to fulfil his promise. It appeared that the lion

was wary as well as bold, and never waited to be killed. While the Bamangwato kept protesting that they would really kill that thieving lion, one man kept his counsel and held his peace. This was Khâmé. One night the men lay down to sleep as usual, lamenting that they had not yet been able to keep their vows, yet loudly assuring each other that they meant to kill the *tau e bogale*, or fierce lion.

When some of them awoke next morning at dawn, they saw a man walking towards their encampment, with the skin of a full-grown king lion thrown over his shoulder. It was Khâmé, just returning from his successful encounter with the lion. He never spoke of this deed of prowess either before or after. But his people loved and admired Khâmé for his modesty as well as his bravery. To him they fondly and proudly looked as their future Chief, who would lead them victoriously against the cruel and warlike Matabele, and any other foe that might trouble them. Long before he became Chief,

the Bamangwato used to say: "Khâmé is our *boikanyō*," or confidence. Even as a heathen Chief, Khâmé would have distinguished himself by his force of character, his alertness, his great shrewdness, his indomitable spirit, his natural gentlemanliness, undoubted courage, and invincible determination. "Khâmé is a very resolute man," said one who knew him well.

From the time that he first became the owner of a horse, Khâmé has ridden a good deal—perhaps more than most men—and must have owned a large number of horses. He is a capital horseman, quite at home in the saddle, able to steer his horse between the close thorn-bushes without having his clothes torn. Many Englishmen have tried to do this with small success.

Khâmé only claims to have killed two lions by himself; but he has joined others in killing many more.

CHAPTER IV.

It may be wondered why Khâmé became early attached to the white people, especially Englishmen. It may surprise many of us more, when we know that many of the earliest white men, seen by the Bamangwato, were by no means like Livingstone, but the reverse. Many of the traders were at first unscrupulous, telling the ignorant Bechwana that if they planted in their gardens the iron nails, which they sold in their stores or at their wagons, they would grow and bear an abundance of young nails. Of course we are not surprised to hear that many Bechwana tried planting nails, but, I am told, with limited success, as regards fruit. Naturally, the first feeling of the Bamangwato that the white man was almost perfect would pass away, and the be-

nighted people would sadly conclude that the white men were not all white, through and through. On one occasion the European traders of the town of Shoshong, being, of course, half drunk, marched through the town forming a fools' band, beating old tin-cans on their march, to the astonishment of the unsophisticated Bamangwato. Happily, the traders of the present day are a great improvement upon the old ones of 1860, and many of them are men of superior education and gentlemanly manners.

But Khâmé soon learnt that there were two sorts of white men—good and bad, sober and drunken, pure and impure. On the one hand he saw white men who would cheat in trade, be often found drunk and riotous, and living in concubinage with native women; on the other hand, he saw Europeans who were honest and fair in all their dealings, sober and quiet, living sweet and pure lives. But, even to-day, most Bechwana think that all the English in England are good Christians, that the English whom they meet living unchristian

lives must be the few exceptions driven away from home by their friends for their misconduct.

Yet Khâmé became a friend of the Englishmen, and accepted the Englishman's religion: he became a Christian. The arrival of the Christian missionary made a great revolution in the mind and heart of this young son of Africa, ay, and in his position and circumstances also, as he soon learnt to his cost.

Khâmé had been looked upon as the hope of the Bamangwato, but how could he be their hope and confidence, when he accepted the white man's *thuto* or religion? Impossible! for to be a Christian meant that he must give up all the old heathen rites and ceremonies of his tribe and people; he must give up the *Bogwèra*, or circumcision ceremony for boys; he could no longer hold with the *Boyale*, or ceremony for the initiation of girls into womanhood; and even polygamy, he must now reject. He does reject them with all his heart, as, perhaps, no other African ever did reject the customs of his tribesmen. Khâm

became a Christian. How easy comparatively it is for Englishmen to become Christians compared with Khâmé! We are encouraged by fellow-Christians to bear the sneers of others, among whom we are not obliged to live and move; but Khâmé must live as a Christian man in a heathen town, and set his face against the practices of all his tribesmen, his neighbours, and friends; he must be daily opposed by his nearest kith and kin, by some of his brothers (sons of Sekhomé, but by different wives), by his own father, and many near relatives. How hard and difficult it was, and how bitter to be borne for months and years, only Khâmé's own heart can know.

Khâmé was baptized in May 1860 by Rev. Mr Schulenburg, of the German Missionary Society, called the Hermannsburg Society. From this time Khâmé has had one long and tremendous struggle with the heathenism which he then renounced.

In 1862 Rev. John Mackenzie, of the London Missionary Society, was appointed to work in Shoshong. Mr Mackenzie soon won

the confidence of the people, and especially of Khâmé. To Mr Mackenzie we are mainly indebted for our knowledge of Khâmé, as a young man. Both Khâmé and Khamâné—who were full brothers—assisted Mr Mackenzie in his work, and especially in school-work, daily. Rev. Roger Price joined Mr Mackenzie on this station, and for some time they worked together, until Mr Price removed to Molepolole.

In those early days the poor Bamangwato were in constant and bitter troubles—troubles from sickness and disease, from the Matabele, from famine, and also from the long struggle between the forces of light and darkness.

The old Bechwana tell us that they used to inoculate for small-pox—which now raged in the country—in the centre of the forehead. If inoculation is comparatively new to us, it is familiar to them. Some tribes inoculate themselves even against snake-bites, repeating the process every four or five years.

What grieved many of even the best of the old heathen was, that, among other things,

Khâmé now gave up the old Bechwana custom—the worship of ancestors. They still expected to meet their famous old warrior-chief, Khari, in the future life; and on one occasion the old Chief Sekhomé said: "If I give up the old customs, what will Khari say?"

The Matabele were determined to subjugate the Bamangwato, as they had done before; and for this service Moselekatse sent three regiments towards Shoshong. But, although Khâmé had turned Christian, in this time of need, the Bamangwato still looked to him as their *boikanyŏ*, or confidence. They had no faith in the ability of the heathen to drive off the warlike Matabele. Their expectations were turned now to Khâmé, and not in vain. Accompanied by some 200 of the Bamangwato, Khâmé rode forth beyond the immediate hills around Shoshong and encountered the far-famed warriors. At first he met two of the regiments, and gave a good account of himself; the Matabele, finding the well-aimed rifles of the Bamangwato used against them with deadly effect, were tremendously sur-

prised. They are well used to all the arts and dodges of native warfare, and now prepared an ambuscade to rout Khâmé. The third regiment was used for this purpose. Its soldiers crept along through the tall and dry grass until they were in Khâmé's rear; then began a fearful din; spears struck against the shields of hard ox-hide, and demoniacal yells, enough to disturb the lion in his lair. No wonder the Bamangwato were alarmed, and that many lost their heads, and turned cowards in a moment. But one man was still calm and collected; it was the young Chief Khâmé. Seeing that they were surrounded, he made a dash for the Matabele in his rear; the Matabele respected the Bamangwato horses and guns, and they also had good reason to respect the brave leader of the Bamangwato, when his spirit was roused within him. On he came, facing the Matabele, who saw that his face was full of deep-set resolution. Now is the time to put an end to him, now is the chance of the Matabele soldiers! Khâmé sets spurs to his horse, discharging his weapon at

the same moment. The Matabele are disconcerted; they fear the horses, they fear the guns, and, above all, they fear that grim and determined-looking man, who leads the Bamangwato. So the Matabele give way, and Khâmé breaks through their ranks and regains the town of Shoshong once more.

But, while it lasted, the battle was severe, though brief. It was then that Lobengula, the Matabele Chief, received a bullet in his neck, fired by Khâmé, and which Lobengula carried with him to his death. On that famous occasion the Bamangwato lost two men, but the Matabele are reported to have lost a great many more. The Chief Sekhomé was much elated at this decisive check which the Matabele received at the hands of his son, and resolved to follow up the exhausted and fleeing Matabele, to rob and slay them, and, especially, to seize their cattle posts and plunder them of their cattle. To this Khâmé would be no consenting party, and plainly told his father so, declaring, moreover, that he would not touch any spoil thus obtained,

whether of cattle or slaves. Sekhomé was a heathen, and could not understand such infatuation.

But the Matabele never again returned to harass the Bamangwato, often as they threatened to do so. Moselekatse and Lobengula said: "The Bamangwato are mere dogs; but the son of Sekhomé (Khâmé) is a man!"

About 1856, when twenty-one years of age, Khâmé visited Molepolole, the capital of Sechele, Chief of the Bakwena. Here he first met missionaries at work in a Bechwana town. He became their pupil in the school which they had opened, and began to learn to read and write. On his return to Shoshong he induced his father, Sekhomé, to invite the missionaries to settle among the Bamangwato.

Khâmé states that he resolved to become a Christian, not by the teaching of any missionary, so much as by reading the Scriptures. "The teaching of the Word of God entered into my heart, and so I became a Christian believer." Khâmé's words should encourage the noble British and Foreign Bible Society!

CHAPTER V.

THE two brothers, Khâmé and Khamâné, married two sisters, the daughters of Chukudu, a chief councillor. He was the most important man in the town, next to Sekhomé. Indeed, the first three men in Shoshong in order of importance and influence, from the heathen point of view, were Sekhomé, the Chief; *Chukudu* (Rhinoceros), the Chief's first councillor; and *Pelotona* (Greatheart), Sekhomé's potent rain-maker and wizard, a great and close friend of Sekhomé. Chukudu was a restless plotter, and a thoroughly Machiavelian politician. In the troubles which arose between Sekhomé and his sons, Chukudu stood out against Sekhomé, not because he favoured Christianity in the least, for he never did so. It was, in a sense, standing up for himself, and

seeking to increase his own power and influence amongst his tribesmen. Sekhomé came to hate Chukudu afterwards, with a relentless and sleepless hatred, probably regarding him as a traitor to his Chief, and recreant to his former heathen principles. Altogether Chukudu seems to have been an unloved man, both in his own and other tribes.

The issue between Sekhomé and his Christian sons was clear. He wished them to give up their Christian principles, or at least, if they must be Christians, let them keep up the old native customs as well, such as polygamy, paying oxen for wives, and rain-making. Sekhomé failed to see how the two could not go together; he saw no reason to prevent Khâmé uniting Christianity and heathenism. For Sekhomé was as blind as Pharaoh, and as hardened in heart—more's the pity!

It was this old Chief's strong wish that Khâmé should take a second wife—to wit, the daughter of his old friend and wizard, Pelotona, the most influential rain-maker in all the country round. Had not Pelotona

made rain when other medicine-men had long tried and failed? and when others were baffled, Pelotona could still call the clouds, and they came; he commanded them to yield up their rain, and down came the refreshing showers. Yea, Pelotona in his day was as great a rain-maker as Ndara is now!

But Khâmé resolutely refused to take another wife, whether Pelotona's daughter or any other woman. Ma-Bessie was his wife, and he desired no other woman. This name, Ma-Bessie (the mother of Bessie), is our English name "Bessie," with the native prefix for mother. Khâmé's eldest daughter, Bessie, was so called, after Mr Mackenzie's daughter.

When Sekhomé found that his son Khâmé was so immovable, he resolved to kill him. He cared not what excuses Khâmé made, or what reasons he gave, for not yielding to the importunities of his heathen father.

Khâmé's reply was: "I refuse on account of the Word of God. Lay the hardest tasks on me, as to hunting elephants for ivory, or any

service that you can think of, as a token of my obedience; but I cannot take another wife."

When the heathen *Bogwèra* was held in 1865, Sekhomé did his best to induce Khâmé to take part in it, or at least, to march to the ceremony daily with him. Among the Bechwana, great is the pride of a father who can march to the *Bogwèra* with a number of sons at his back. But Khâmé knew that it would be wrong, for any Christian man, to go to a heathen ceremony, and so he refused. Sekhomé tried to overcome, what he regarded as his son's stubbornness, in every way; he commanded, then he entreated, and then, at last, he lost what little temper he ever had, and stormed fearfully; and, finally, he declared solemnly that never should son of his succeed him in the Chieftainship, or inherit his cattle, who refused to take part in their tribal *Bogwèra*. In vain; this calm, imperturbable young man, his son, refused to obey his heathen father and Chief; refused, without excitement or passion—but refused! Now Sekhomé saw his mistake. In his ignorance he had thought

that, while it would be very nice to have a missionary in his town, like the other paramount Chiefs, this "teaching" was a pleasant and harmless thing, consisting of reading the Scriptures, singing hymns, and praying to God; and, if the people liked this sort of thing, where was the harm? But now his eyes were opened, and he saw the "harm," and knew that the white man's religion was more than mere reading and singing and praying, that it was an important matter of practical, daily life. He was a keen man in his heathen fashion, and he saw that serious troubles were before him, and he, accordingly, prepared himself for them. Sekhomé had been too long used to be instantly obeyed to be very patient towards disobedience, or to be thwarted by anyone, even by his own sons. He had done what he felt was his duty by Khâmé; Khâmé had refused to listen, and had disobeyed his father and Chief. Therefore Sekhomé was determined to do the only thing that now remained for him to do, and that was to kill his son Khâmé. But this

must be done cautiously, even by Sekhomé, powerful Chief though he was; for Khâmé was still, strangely, popular, and trusted, although he had cut himself off from the native customs, so dear to the heart of the Bechwana. And Sekhomé, in killing his sons, was only exercising the undoubted *right* of a Bechwana Chief. *Then*, killing a man who stands in the way of a powerful and unscrupulous chief, was comparatively easy, and has been practised more than once or twice, even in Christian England, so-called.

We can almost pity Sekhomé, too, in what he regarded, as a very painful and bitter position. Deserted at the *Bogwêra* by his five stalwart sons, we are told, that the zealous old heathen Chief, actually, shed tears of shame and despair.

He had been able to frighten and coerce some Bamangwato, who had begun to seek Christian instruction, by means of the terrible *Baloi*, or masters of the black art; and they had cowered before them, and yielded themselves up to do Sekhomé's will. Now he would

kill his son Khâmé. Taking with him, one dark night, in 1866, a number of his most trusty followers, he marched towards Khâmé's home. Then he ordered the men to hold their guns, in readiness to fire. "Now, fire," said the Chief. "Upon whom shall we fire, son of Khari?" "Why, upon these houses," said the unnatural father, pointing to the houses of his sons Khâmé and Khamâné. But, when they heard this, the men would not obey their Chief. When the misguided old man's little patience was exhausted, he began, quickly, loading a rifle himself. Seeing that he was bent upon killing his sons, one of the men—a head-man—disarmed the miserable old Chief, at such a time, venturing to take the greatest liberty, even with his Chief. Sekhomé's plot had thus failed; and he himself was defenceless, and at the mercy of his sons. Had Khâmé been in *his* power thus, he would have shot him down, without ruth or pity; and he, blind man, thinks that Khâmé is altogether such an one as himself. He was, therefore, in great terror of his life, feeling sure that

Khâmé would now put him to death, as he would, certainly, have done himself, were the positions reversed. But he dared not trust himself in his hands, and fled in the greatest terror. When Khâmé, after considerable difficulty, succeeded in discovering his father's hiding-place, he sent men to ask him to return to the town and resume his position as Chief. Fearing, lest it might be only a plot, to secure him and put him to death, Sekhomé returned, rather timidly; but he was soon re-assured by Khâmé, who met him with every sign of respect, and replaced him in the Chief's chair.

Khâmé had now little trouble in inducing Sekhomé to make promises of better behaviour in the future, and to cease the persecution of the Christians; and, especially, not to renew the vexed marriage question — polygamy. These promises, however, were quickly broken.

CHAPTER VI.

SEKHOMÉ, the restless old heathen, soon made another attempt upon the lives of his sons, which fared better. He made clever use of the fearful charms, which he knew so well how to work, for the Bechwana live in terror of what they suppose to be the supernatural powers of the *Baloi* or wizards.

Waking one night, the persecuted Khâmé found the *lolwapa*, or court, which surrounds the front part of every native hut, lit up with weird flames, which rose from a fire of charms, made by the witch-doctors, brought by Sekhomé, for the purpose. There were the *Baloi*, or wizards, carrying on their witch-dances in the strange and lurid light, which fell, fitfully, upon their horrible faces, made more horrible, by the dance and the occasion. Thus dancing,

they chanted their evil incantations, seeking to throw dreadful spells upon Khâmé, and shouting horrible and unspeakable curses, the while. It was a sight for a lifetime, to see these men at their dread work, seeking to bring evil powers, to harm the Christian sons of their heathen master. It was enough to impress even a European with fears, lest these dreadful men, really, had power to call up evil spirits, to do their dread work upon those whose life they would fill with ruin and woe. But, although Khâmé had been brought up to dread all these incantations, and fear their power for evil, he now quietly walked up to these fearsome diviners, and promptly stamped out their "strange fire." Nevertheless, Khâme could not stamp out of the hearts of his tribesmen, the suspicions and fears which filled them. The Bamangwato now said: "*Khame o loilwe*" (Khâmé has been bewitched), and they were filled with vague and awesome forebodings, for the man whom they loved. They soon sent to Khâmé a deputation, urging him to endeavour to free himself from the evil powers

and curses of the *Baloi*, which must now surely be weighing down his spirit. Their spokesman urged him to employ other evil spirits on his own side, to counteract the direful results of the recent spells cast upon him. "Unless you do so," it was urged, "the people cannot remain with you. We do not fear Sekhomé, but who can resist the power of the witch-doctors?" But this, Khâmé could never do. He knew that these men meant it kindly, and for what they considered his good. His answer was: "The Word of God forbids me to curse any one, least of all, my own father." It is difficult for those who have always lived in England to understand, perhaps, how easily and suddenly such people as the Bechwana can and do change sides, and without troubling their minds very much about it. It may have been with sad hearts, and in a disappointed mood, that they said: "We preferred the son, and we gave him his chance. He might have been our Chief to-day, but for his being in the Word of God, which makes him so impracticable."

One wonders how many Christian Englishmen could have successfully resisted so many temptations, to leave the path of duty and offend one's conscience? How many? But Khâmé's cup was not yet full.

The former friends now resolved to forsake Khâmé for Sekhomé; the weak and failing side, for the strong and successful, as they judged. When Khâmé found himself thus forsaken, taking along with him his family and a few faithful followers, he, like David, the son of Jesse, took refuge on the hills, from Sekhomé's repeated attempts to take the life of his noble son. It was now open war, though a desultory one, between father and sons. At first Khâmé left the town, crossed the Lesōsō River, and made his camp at the ruined Lutheran Church. This, eventually, became too dangerous, and they had to remove to the lofty, rough, and rocky mountains. Sekhomé, surrounded by as many as thirty or forty heathen doctors, his favourite companions, seeks to compass the death of his Christian son, Khâmé, by

day and by night. This most miserable of wars, between a heathen father and his Christian sons, lasted about six weeks. The dishonour of firing the first shot must be borne by Sekhomé's heathen son, Raditladi. Soon after that, he fired upon a Dutchman, in a very cowardly manner. This was a one-sided kind of war, for Khâmé made no attack, but merely defended himself from the attacks of his antagonists. He also refused to give the least provocation to his opponents. Yet, he and his friends suffered hunger and thirst, and many inconveniences besides, for Sekhomé attempted to prevent any one from supplying them with food and drink; and he actually put poison into the spring, which supplied them with water. Sekhomé succeeded in preventing them from obtaining any water for eight days. At such times, the only relief they had was from a few melons, which were obtained by the men, creeping stealthily at night, to the gardens, for the purpose. On one occasion, a couple of the men brought back a horse, belonging

to Sekhomé, and congratulated themselves on having succeeded in bringing it in. But Khâmé was far from being gratified at the incident, and reminded the men of his instructions, not to attack Sekhomé in any way. Then he sent them back with the horse at once, giving them, also, a message of regret from him. Surely, this reminds us of an interesting chapter in the lives of David and King Saul! Sekhomé's life is spared, and he is treated with great respect and consideration, time after time, only to be the more eager to kill the man who treated him so kindly, at the first opportunity. After this, a sort of truce was patched up, and Khâmé left the mountains and returned. Sekhomé had failed to compass the death of his long-suffering son, and few of us can realise what he suffered during those distressful years, for he was "in perils oft."

CHAPTER VII.

But another man might succeed where he failed! Sekhomé's new plan was to call Maching, who was, legally, the true Chief. This man had been, when a child, taken prisoner by the Matabele, and Moselekatse had made him one of his cattle-herds. When he had grown up to manhood, as the slave of the Matabele, Dr Moffat succeeded in inducing Moselekatse to release Maching. Dr Moffat took him to Sechele, at Molepolole. Sekhomé now invited Maching to come and be the Chief, instead of himself, and rule over the Bamangwato. But he stipulated for one condition, and that was, that Maching must put Khâmé to death. Glad to come and be the Chief, at almost any price, Maching came in 1866. When Maching, the uncle of Khâmé,

came, a meeting was called to welcome the new Chief to the town, from which he had been absent so many years. At this meeting, many spoke soft and flattering words of welcome, and all went smoothly, if not happily, until Khâmé stood up. This was his speech: "Khosé (king), it would appear that I, alone of all the Bamangwato, am to speak unpleasant words to you this day. The Bamangwato say they are glad to see you here. I say, I am not glad to see you. If Sekhomé could not live with his own children, but drove them from the town and shot at them, how is he to submit to be ruled by you? How will he learn to obey? If I thought there would be peace in the town, I would say I was glad to see you; I say, 'I am sorry you have come, because I know that only disorder and death can take place when two Chiefs sit in one *Khotla*.'" Then Khâmé turned to the people and said: "I wish all the Bamangwato to know that I renounce all pretensions to the Chieftainship of the Bamangwato. Here are two Chiefs already; I refuse to be called the

third, as some of you have, mockingly, styled me. My kingdom consists in my gun, my horses, and my wagon. If you will give me liberty to possess these, as a private person, I renounce all concern in the politics of the town. Especially, do I refuse to attend night meetings. They must be held in the daylight. I am sorry, Maching, that I cannot give you a better welcome to the Bamangwato." This speech fell like a bomb amongst men so full of miserable conspiracies and evil thoughts. But many secretly applauded Khâmé, but feared to speak well of him, openly. Maching's reply was brief. He said: "Many speeches have been made to-day; many words of welcome have been addressed to me. All these I have heard with the ear. One speech, and one only, has reached my heart, and that is the speech of Khâmé. I thank Khâmé for his speech." Maching sought to gain the confidence of Khâmé, and told him that his mind had been poisoned against him, by the reports of Sekhomé. Maching also said to his bold nephew, "The people of the Word of God

alone speak the truth. By all the rest I am met by fair speeches and deceit. Henceforth you may trust in me, as I will rely on you." Some time later, as they sat in the *Khotla*, Maching said to Sekhomé: "You called me from the Bakwena to kill your rebellious sons. My heart refuses to do this. They are your sons, not mine; if you wish them to be killed, kill them yourself." Thus the unnatural plot of Sekhomé fell to the ground, and Sekhomé lost the Chieftainship into the bargain. After this, the hardened old man tried to kill Maching, as well as Khâmé and his followers; but again he failed. Maching would have, undoubtedly, been killed, had not Khâmé warned him just in time. Failing in this again, Sekhomé now fled in terror.

What an immense contrast between Sekhomé's unquenchable zeal for the heathen customs, and Khâmé's enthusiasm for the service of Jesus Christ!

Maching could never become popular with the Bamangwato, for not only had he an unprepossessing appearance, but he had also the

manners and education of the Matabele, among whom he had lived so long. He wished to introduce Matabele customs, which the Bamangwato despised or hated.

In spite of his fine words to Khâmé, whom he feared, he was never a true friend to him or to any of the Christian Bamangwato. One of his wily stratagems to annoy the Christians, without appearing to do so, was to give out skins to be sewn for him on Sundays, thus trying to compel them to do this kind of work, instead of going to the church services. They refused to do this, for they were resolved to keep the Sunday free from secular work. If a man wished to gain favour from the Chief Maching, he well knew that he would not succeed in doing so by becoming a Christian, or even attending Christian services.

Indeed, there can be little doubt that this uncouth, Matabele-bred Chief was despised by all the best of the people. On one occasion Maching took it upon himself to enlighten his men a little on physical geography. He did it in this wise: "You men of Mangwato,

you talk about where the world (or land) ends. Some of you have heard from whites that it ends in the sea. Listen to me, children of Mathibe (Mateebee), and I will tell you what I know. I once saw, when I lived in the Matabele country, some men who came to the end of the land, where the sky and earth met. They took an ordinary-sized pole, and made it lean against the sky." Thinking he saw or heard an inclination to titter, among the more intelligent of the Bamangwato, he turned round sharply, and protested testily: "I tell you, men of Mangwato, that I saw those men with my own eyes, and heard their words with my ears, and I have told you their words."

Another day, when he was visited by his missionaries, Rev. John Mackenzie and Rev. J. D. Hepburn, he was in a sullen humour, and seemed anxious to say anything, that was disagreeable. "They talk such a lot of Mosheté (Moffat), and what a great missionary he is, and a friend of Moselekatse, and other big Chiefs. Waiee! I don't think so very much

of him after all!" Mr Mackenzie then spoke to this effect: "When Moffat went to see Moselekatse, the King of the Matabele, he found there a man of the Bamangwato, who was the slave and cattle-keeper of Moselekatse, and was treated like a dog. His name was Maching! Moffat begged for this man's liberty; and so much did Moselekatse love Moffat, that he consented and gave up Maching, that Moffat might take him where he liked. Who took Maching out of the country where he had been so long a slave? It was Moffat! To whom is it owing, that to-day, the slave of the Matabele is, himself, the king of a tribe, powerful enough to drive off the Matabele? It is Moffat, and Moffat only!" During this speech the councillors were tittering slyly, taking care that their cross Chief did not see them. Maching was too pusillanimous to resent Mr Mackenzie's plain speech, for he seems to have been a craven-hearted creature. Mr J. D. Hepburn told me this incident.

This earnest and faithful missionary, arrived in Shoshong in 1871, and worked there for five

CHAPTER VIII.

SEKHOMÉ'S career was now drawing practically to a close, although he lived until 1883. It is hard for those who have never lived among such people, to understand a man, so self-contradictory as Sekhomé; yet it is very common amongst the natives of South Africa. While he was daily persecuting his Christian son Khâmé, and trying to induce him to return to the old heathen customs, and even when he was endeavouring to his utmost to kill his son, he still visited Mr Mackenzie, with whom he had some earnest conversation. He would agree with his missionary that the Word of God was good, that Khâmé's heart was right, and that he himself had "a crooked heart," and that the "Word of God was far from him." Then he would return from these heart-

searching talks with his true friend, and practise the black art of heathen magic, and consult his beloved friends, the *Baloi*, and seek to kill his son Khamé again. Even those who live among such people cannot understand these crooked ways; we can only record them. Heathen fanaticism reached a very high point in Sekhomé. It is all very well to define fanaticism as "a zeal for trifles"; but they are far from "trifles" to the fanatic. In Sekhomé's case, the "trifles" were heathen customs and witchcraft; it was polygamy, rain-making, charms of every kind; it was the *Bogwèra* and the *Boyale* and *Bogadi*; but for these "trifles" Sekhomé sacrificed the happiness of himself, his sons, and of the town. More, this great fanatic gives up his very Chieftainship, with all its power and influence, for the sake of these customs; in truth, he would gladly have sacrificed his two sons Khâmé and Khamâné, on the altar of heathenism, and all for the customs, so dear to his heart. There is a great resemblance between Sekhomé and Khâmé, in the absolute

determination and invincible resolution, with which they prosecute their aims. Sekhomé sacrifices his Chieftainship, his sons (as far as his will was concerned), his home and country, for the heathen practices of his father's fathers, and becomes a fugitive and an exile among those whom he distrusted. On the other hand, Khâmé has endured for Christianity, or, as he would say, for the Word of God, long and bitter persecution, often in peril of his life. For this he was willing, nay bound, to separate from father and brothers and councillors; for this, he relinquished his right to the Chieftainship, and left his home and settled on the Botletlé River, with its deadly fever; for the Word of God he gave up all the old heathenish rites, polygamy, and the payment for wives in cattle, the thousand and one charms, divinations, and medicines; yea, for this, he has declared that he would sacrifice his own, his only son. In determination and in resolute character, how similar are father and son; in aim, motive, and purpose, how different!

When Maching had ruled for six years at

Shoshong, the Bamangwato became utterly sick of his rule, for his long life of slavery, among the Matabele, had completely unfitted him to be a ruler of men.

Things went on from bad to worse, until, eventually, there was no justice to be obtained in the town, and lawlessness ruled.

Maching did many wicked things, such as attempting to poison the sons of Sekhomé. He did very many ridiculous things, such as assisting Kuruman, the son of Moselekatse, to wrest the Chieftainship of the Matabele from his brother, Lobengula, who had just succeeded his father. This turned out a miserable *fiasco*.

Maching's cup was full. The Bamangwato, assisted by their Bakwena neighbours, drove Maching out of Shoshong, in August 1872.

From that time Maching was a fugitive, and lived among strangers, to the day of his death. He fled to the Waterberg district of the Transvaal. There he was disliked, as much as at Shoshong. The Rev. Bernhardt Beyer informed me that he knew him there, and

that "Maching was a bad man and a thief; but his wife, Ma-Kharé, was a good woman." He died in the Transvaal. His widow was afterwards married to Sechelé, chief of the Bakwena. His son, Khare, rules to-day over a few Bamangwato, at Ngomari, near Kanye.

Poor Maching! brought up as a slave, taught by the Matabele that he was "just a dog," the slave-spirit, too surely, filled and possessed him. His upbringing was all against him; his earlier life ruined him; so it is with pity in our hearts for this unhappy man, that we draw the veil over Maching, the son of Khare.

CHAPTER IX.

KHÂMÉ now began his rule over the Bamangwato. This he did, as might have been expected, in a thoroughly Christian fashion, and informed his subjects that in future he would allow no heathen rites to be conducted in the Chief's *khotla*. The future was now full of the brightest promise; but, alas! dark clouds of trouble soon came, to replace the cheerful outlook. At this time Khâmé's father, Sekhomé, was living with the Chief Gaseitsiwe at Kanye, in the Bangwaketse country. But Khâmé was anxious to behave as a Christian son should; so he invited his father, after six years of exile, to return to Mangwato (Shoshong). Khâmé sent a waggon to bring his father; but no; Sekhomé, though an aged man, would not ride, and be jolted in

a waggon ; he would rather walk—and walk he did, a journey of many days. Khâmé thus restored his cunning father to the Chieftainship. At once, the old Chief proved that he was in nowise altered, by his absence of half a dozen years, from his own people ; nay, he was the same wily, restless Sekhomé, and none other.

Clever, unscrupulous, and resolute to a degree, Sekhomé soon discovered a fit tool for his designs and schemes. He flattered his second son Khamâné, stirred up, at once, in his breast ambition for the position of Chief, on the one side, and hateful jealousy of his elder brother, Khâmé, on the other. Although Khamâné had been for some years a professing Christian, Sekhomé succeeded only too well in his diabolical efforts. But it is said that Khamâné, even as a little boy, showed constant signs of antipathy towards Khâmé, and used to refuse to eat his food with Khâmé. Yet they were sons of the same father and mother, and not like Raditladi, Mphoing, and Seëlecho, sons of Sekhomé by different wives.

The law of primogeniture is firmly fixed in the minds of the Bechwana, and they will not break it without a very good reason, such as mental or physical incapacity. But Khamâné, swollen with conceit and boundless pride, dared to do this, and declared that he was the equal of his elder brother Khâmé. This was, clearly, making a bid for the Chieftainship.

Matters soon culminated when Sekhomé gave, and Khamâné [1] received, a small tribe of Bushmen, who had, hitherto, always been part of the Chief's inheritance. Some families of Bushmen belong to this head-man; others belong to a certain councillor; but this particular clan was always regarded, as belonging to the Chief of the Bamangwato. If, then, Khamâné received these Bushmen as his own, the Bamangwato considered that Sekhomé thus adopted him as his successor, and Khamâné had accepted the position of next heir to the tribal throne.

So far, Khâmé had no reason to congratulate himself upon his prudence in recalling his

[1] Khamâné = young or little Khâmé.

father. Khâmé's opinion of this act of his father and brother, was expressed by deeds rather than by words. He, immediately, withdrew from the capital, and took up his quarters at one of his cattle-posts, called Serue, on the way towards Matabeleland. The hunters, when they heard of what had occurred, refused to return to Sekhomé and Khamâné at Shoshong, but betook themselves to their heroic leader, Khâmé. Then the townspeople left Shoshong, and flocked to this Bechwana David, in his African Adullam. Soon Sekhomé (a black King Saul) and Khamâné were left, with hardly any people, in a town of 5000 native houses.

This did not suit them at all, as they needed the people. The people had not flocked to Khâmé for the sake of, but rather in spite of, his Christianity. To Khâmé they turned, because they feared the attacks of the Matabele, for they were confident that he was well able to repel them. Khamâné's pride would not let him go to Khâmé, and beg him to return to Shoshong; he could not humble

himself to this. Eventually he went with Mr Mackenzie and Mr Hepburn, and entreated Khâmé not to separate from them. With flashing eyes and infinite sternness, Khâmé replied to his brother, Khamâné: "When I lived with you my face was pain (*botlhoko*) to your eyes. You treated me just like a dog in my own *loluapa* (house-front), and before my own people; therefore, I refuse to be in the same town with you and Sekhomé. I have had enough of that; let us separate. Do you take your road, and I shall take mine. Those who prefer to remain with you, let them remain; and those who wish to come unto me, let them come." Khamâné and the missionaries then returned to Shoshong.

CHAPTER X.

SERUE was an unsatisfactory position for a town, on account of its nearness to the Matabele border; and the Matabele might regard his new town as a menace, and might be provoked to attack him. For such reasons as these, Khâmé removed some 200 miles north-west, and settled with his people on the Botletlé River (often incorrectly termed the Zouga), towards Lake Ngami. For this reason it is often called the Lake River. To reach this river it was necessary to pass through some 200 miles of the worst portion of the Khalahari Desert, the roads full of deep, fine, white sand, making it very difficult for bullock-waggons to pass, although drawn by sixteen to twenty oxen. Water is always very scarce in this district, and often the oxen

have to travel three and four days, drawing the heavy waggons through the sand, without one drop of water—terrible work! During this trying journey, Khâmé became separated from some of his people; Sekhomé took full advantage of his son's difficulties, and stole his strayed oxen, and also seized some women, belonging to Khâmé's people. Khâmé made no reprisals, but allowed Khamâné's property to pass on its way unmolested. Khâmé returned to Shoshong, to seek his cattle and the captured women. He came *peacefully* to ask that the cattle and women should be quietly returned to him, and he would at once leave, without doing any harm. From Sekhomé and Khamâné came the following reply:—"The cattle and the women are ours. Suppose not that you are now dealing with old women, like Maching and his followers. For our part, we are men, and we speak with guns, not with words, as you do. When you left the (Lake) River, you came with an army!" In addition to this, a number of men were sent to oppose Khâmé's progress towards the town. They laid an

ambush for him at a deep and narrow pass between two lofty and forest-clad hills. This pass is called Ma-nakalongwe, and is some seven or eight miles from Shoshong.

Here the unsuspicious Khâmé was in great peril, so suddenly did the men in ambush open fire upon him, while he was unarmed. But only for a moment was Khâmé startled. Calling his men together, he attacked these unscrupulous aggressors, and quickly drove them away.

Now Khâmé sent a second message to his wily father and double-dealing brother, and this was its purport:—

"Send not the women and children to hide in caves to-night. I shall not attack you. Khamâné has fought with me, but that can go for nothing. I refuse to acknowledge him (as Chief): I know Sekhomé only. To-morrow morning, when the sun is high, you may expect to see me, accompanied by my supporters, before the town. If you give me the wives of my young men, and the cattle, I shall return without firing a single shot."

But the infatuated old heathen chief still hoped—O the sadness of it!—that he might succeed in his abominable desire, and be able to shoot down his powerful son. For this purpose, Sekhomé laid an ambush of soldiers for Khâmé, for he hoped that it might prove fatal to his eldest son.

When he approached, these men fired upon Khâmé, but without effect. Khâmé's instructions to his followers were, not to fire a shot, but just to "rush right into the town; drive them out of it, and then destroy it with fire!"

The Makalaka now hastened to make their peace with Khâmé, so he was able to secure both the women and cattle without war. But he had been very firm.

Having carried out his purpose, Khâmé returned to the Botletlé River, leaving Sekhomé and Khamâné at Shoshong, until he returned. In less than a year Khâmé returned to Shoshong, and, in spite of all that his father and brother could do, he stood before the town, having marched up to it they knew not how or when, and this in spite of the

scouts sent to watch every approach. But here he was by the Lesōsō (or Leshosho) River, upon which the town of 20,000 people had to rely for water. This was in February 1875. Great was the astonishment of his cunning opponents, to hear from Khâmé himself that he had already arrived. Khâmé's message was this :

"Khamâné, I am here. It is stated that you intend to fight. Make haste now, and set your regiments in order of battle. Mine are already prepared. We shall fight for the water of the Leshosho this day."

The battle which followed was short and sharp, and there were many killed and wounded. Sekhomé and Khamâné took to flight, and lived for some time in exile among the Bakwena. Never again did these restless intriguers get the opportunity of doing so much evil. At a later date, Khâmé recalled his father to Shoshong; but he was never afterwards in power, and lived in his former capital without any influence, until his death in 1883. With all his cunning, his endless

schemes and unceasing intrigues, he ended his days in obscurity. Where were all his influence and power? Gone! Sekhomé's evil deeds were blessings to Khâmé, and only curses to himself.

CHAPTER XI.

Thus it was that on the 5th February 1875, Khâmé finally became the paramount ruler of the Bamangwato. The tribe now began to be consolidated, and the Christian Church at Shoshong made better progress and became much stronger, until, in 1877, Mr Hepburn was able to start a new Mission, at Lake Ngami, among the Batauana, or younger branch of Bamangwato. In this work some of the Bamangwato Christians took a large share. The people of Lake Ngami were exceedingly benighted, from the oldest person to the youngest. The old Chief Lecholathèbè was dead, and Dithapo reigned as acting Chief for some years, until Lecholathèbè's son, Moremi, was of age to rule.

Moremi was the son of a most interesting

woman, Ma-Makaba, who, as a girl, had been a prisoner among the Matabele. When she stood on the shores of Lake Ngami with her baby son, Moremi, in her arms, she and her people beheld—in 1849—for the first time in their lives, a white man. What were their thoughts in looking upon the first white man ever seen in their country? We do not know. But we know who the white man was; he bore the honoured name of David Livingstone. It was then that he was about to begin those wonderful journeys through unknown Africa, discovering lake after lake, and ever winning the confidence of the people, as he took with him the Word of God in one hand, and love and sympathy for the black man, in the other.

When the mission was founded among the Batauana, good old Ma-Makaba became an early convert, and is still one who affords the missionaries most satisfaction. Her son Moremi, the young Chief, visited Khâmé at Shoshong early in 1880. Although Moremi knew that Khâmé had forbidden native beer to be made or drunk in his town, yet he

prevailed upon Khâmé's brother to make some beer for him. This was put a stop to; but still Moremi begged Khâmé to alter this law *for him.* Khâmé refused to do anything of the kind, and promised Moremi that "When I visit your town, I shall respect your laws, Moremi." Even after this, Moremi's fondness or passion for beer caused trouble. Khamâné now broke the beer-law; and, in his furious anger, Khâmé, seizing a burning brand, thrust it into the dry grass of Khamâné's hut, and burned it. Poor Moremi died a drunkard ten years later.

About 1883 there was a great deal of uneasiness among the Bamangwato, chiefly because it was known that the Matabele were again on the war-path. This time they pushed through the desert towards Lake Ngami to attack the Batauana, but many died of thirst and exhaustion in the arid desert. The Bamangwato had cattle-posts on the Lake River, and these were considered to be in danger. For this reason Khâmé went with a few regiments to protect the cattle-posts from

the marauding Matabele, leaving Khamâné in charge of the town.

Did Khamâné prove worthy of this great confidence placed in him by his elder brother and Chief? He did not. With Khamâné was Mphoeng[1] (Mpoing) to assist in ruling the town. At this time there was no missionary in the country, Mr Hepburn having proceeded to England on furlough.

Khamâné, left without either Khâmé or his missionary, began working in a most foolish and suicidal way, to say nothing of the lawlessness of his acts. He now made a strong bid for the Chieftainship, as if he knew that this would be his very last opportunity. He hoped, at least, to win the heathen party to his side, among whom were many influential head-men, by promising a return to the old heathen customs. Not content with making promises, Khamâné began putting the new heathen programme into practice, forthwith.

He began, himself, to brew the native corn-

[1] Also called Hohakhosi.

beer at his home, and then invited a number of the old heathen to join him in drinking it. He told these old men plainly (like another Absalom) that if he were Chief he would restore the old heathen practices; the *Bogwèra* and *Boyale*, the charms and witchcraft, the trial by ordeal and the casting of the charmed dice upon the ground, rain-making and all the smearing, the incense and doctoring, of heathenism. Once more, night should be made hideous with their disgusting, heathenish dances, their weird and quavering chants, their blood-curdling lamentations, their "*Yo, yo, yo!*" for the dead. "Were I king, my fathers, all these customs of your ancestors would at once be restored!" And he had been a professing Christian for years: thus ambition blinds and destroys a man.

In vain did Mphoeng and Ma-Bessie (Khâmé's wife) protest against all this, for Khamâné now proceeded to greater extremes. He commanded the youths of the youngest regiment—the Maoketsa—to denude themselves and meet in the *Khotla*, and there, in

the presence of Khamâné and his councillors, to go through the military evolutions of heathen days. Khamâné knew full well that this was totally against the wish of the chief Khâmé. But Khamâné was now a political madman.

Even all this did not satisfy Khamâné. He at once proceeded to order the men to wear the ancient *kola* or plumes (of feathers of the ostrich, etc.), which used to be worn by the heathen in time of war. This *kola* might be regarded as the very badge and sign of heathenism. The Christian party, led by Mphoeng, his half-brother, were alarmed. On one occasion Khamâné was asked, publicly, if the heathen war-plumes should be worn by the Christians, the church members.

He replied, "*E, botlhe*" (Yes, all men).

Mphoeng at once replied, "*Kea gana*" (I refuse).

Khamâné became angry, and defended the plumes, very cleverly, by reminding Mphoeng how the European soldiers, of whom they had all heard, always wore a special kind of uni-

form; and that he had not commanded the Christians to remove their European clothing, and now they did not obey him in wearing the *kola*. Why was it? The Christians were puzzled by these plausible words, and hardly knew what to do.

As if there were not difficulties enough to contend against, already, in the town, a shameful event took place. I will give it in the words spoken by Khâmé, in the City, yesterday: "My brother, Seëlecho, went with a regiment towards the Matabele border to act as scouts, to ascertain the movements of the Matabele army. There they met a number of Makalaka, subjects of Lobengula, who carried a quantity of their peculiar tobacco, made into cones. Seëlecho said that they took them for spies, come to discover where the cattle-posts of the Bamangwato stood. However, they killed some of the Makalaka, and wounded others."

I asked Khâmé if the Makalaka were trading in tobacco.

He replied, "No, they did not trade."

"Chief, were any of Seëlecho's party, who killed these Makalaka, Christians?"

"*Nya, batho hèla*" (No, they were only just common folk).

CHAPTER XII.

WHERE was Khâmé during these months, and what was he doing? He was trying to come upon the Matabele army, which had gone to attack the Batauana at Lake Ngami, and had come close to them. But the Matabele had enough difficulties to fight against then, without adding to them, by fighting with their powerful foe, Khâmé. So they hastened on. But Khâmé succeeded in capturing a straggler of the Matabele forces, whom he fed and treated with great kindness, and then sent him back to Lobengula with kindly messages.

Returning to Shoshong, Khâmé soon put down his brother Khamâné and his heathenish practices; and very soon Khamâné, who could not learn to obey, was an exile once more.

Khâmé was greatly distressed at the murder

of the Makalaka, and did all he could by way of reparation. He gathered their scattered goods, and handed everything back to the Makalaka. Seëlecho had brought them into the town as prisoners, but Khâmé released them at once, and sent them back to their own country, with apologies and explanations of the unfortunate misunderstanding. He assured the Makalaka that he had not the remotest connection with the cruel deed.

It is certain that the Makalaka accepted his apology, and believed in his perfect innocence. Since that day, Khâmé's Makalaka subjects, peaceful and industrious, have greatly increased; they have annually run away from the hard rule of the Matabele, to the benign and paternal government of Khâmé.

And yet, there are those who state that Khâmé has slaves, and that he oppresses his subject tribes.

What are the facts of the case? They are, that men and women who have lived in practical slavery, are constantly running away from their hard and often cruel masters,

to escape the inhuman treatment meted out to them. They come covered with scars, which speak loudly of the callousness of their "masters and owners"; they come starved almost to death, because their masters will not feed them, though they make them work without pay. They come in nakedness, because their obdurate masters refuse to clothe them, even with a goat-skin: indeed, some masters rob their serfs of any garment or skin they may have made for themselves. Whence come these people? They come from the Zambezi, from the Botletlé River, and from Matabele land, while Lobengula ruled. They belong to different tribes, such as the Makalaka, Mashubea, Mangabje, Batletlé, Makoba, and Batoka. They were subjects of other tribes and chiefs. When hard pressed by unfeeling masters, until their life was made unbearably bitter to them, they ran away. Some of them have taken advantage of my waggon, as it went in the direction they fled, and have travelled with me for hundreds of miles.

To whom did they fly for refuge and pro-

tection? Invariably, to Khâmé; many of them have become the most loyal of his subjects. Indeed, it is these various tribes that make his capital so large, for the Bamangwato proper are not very numerous. The Makalaka, especially, flourish well in Mangwato, and are rapidly becoming wealthy. Indeed, there are those who prophesy that, very soon, the Makalaka will become richer than the Bamangwato. When questioned on this subject the other day, Khâmé told me that there was no man, whether Mokhalahari or Bushman, who worked for him without pay. "If a man herds cattle for me, I give him heifers; and some of these, my servants, have been able to buy waggons, with the cattle I have given them. But people are never bought or sold in my country."

Rather is it, that people who are bought and sold in other countries around him, run to Khâmé for freedom, at the first opportunity.

Soon after my arrival at Shoshong, I built a cottage, which was my bachelor home there, for five years. Just before we began thatching

it, I was astonished one morning at six o'clock to see a regiment of the Bamangwato, numbering some two hundred and fifty, marching to the cottage in single file. Every man of them carried a bundle of long thatch-grass. On they came, one after another, each man depositing his bundle of grass in front of the cottage, until it made a small rick. The sight astonished me beyond measure: what could be the meaning of it? True, I wanted grass for thatching the cottage, but I had never asked a single person to get me any.

However, I learnt later, that this regiment of men had offended the Chief, by transgressing one of his laws. Khâmé resolved to punish these men. He did so. The punishment for each man was, that he must go out into the *veldt* (country) for some distance, and cut a bundle of grass, suitable for thatching; then take it to the cottage of the missionary, where it was to be left. The London Missionary Society saved ten pounds or so by this novel punishment.

One of the weak points in the character of

one, who is otherwise so generally strong, is his jealousy of men, who are becoming rich and powerful. A man buys a pump and places it in a well at his cattle-post, and supplies water, occasionally, to a white man who travels by that place, for his thirsty cattle. Khâmé at once says that, "*Mmopi* is making a big man of himself." Or a white man digs a deep well, about ninety feet deep, and sells a little water to his fellow Europeans. Khâmé cannot rest until he has bought the well, and is able to sell the water himself. Doubtless, he could give some good reasons for his action, as, that the other white men were jealous of the owner of the well, because it attracted travellers to that particular trader's store. Having received water for his thirsty oxen, the traveller, naturally, patronised the owner's store, causing jealousy on the part of the rival traders. But because Khâmé acquired the well, and sold the water himself, it must not be supposed for a moment that he did so for purposes of gain. It was not so. Whatever money was thus received, was used by him in missionary work. A love

of money has never been a fault of his. In business transactions he is keen, and anxious to get the best price for his ostrich feathers and cattle. In this he very closely resembles the average Englishman.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE old town of Shoshong was situated in a most picturesque spot, surrounded on every side by hills, some of them very high and rocky. At the northern end of the town two hills came very closely to each other, being separated by a *kloof* or passage of some fifty yards wide. Through this *kloof* flowed the waters of the Leshosho River (which gives its name to the town, Shoshong, or "at the Leshosho") once a year, only, after the rains have fallen. In these hills are baboons, wolves, jackals, and tigers. Lions came to drink at the *kloof* a few years ago. Here lived some 20,000 people, under the Bamangwato chiefs. In May 1885, Sir Charles Warren visited Shoshong, accompanied by Rev. John Mac-

kenzie, Sir George Baden Powell, and the officers of his staff, with some seventy troopers. Khâmé was delighted to meet Major-General Warren, and still speaks with pleasure of "*Ra-galase*," [1] the native name of that gallant officer. General Warren then proclaimed the country to be a British Protectorate to the 22° of S. latitude. Shoshong itself was in latitude 23° 6′ 54″, and in longitude 26° 58′. Its distance from Cape Town is 1148 miles. The height above the level of the sea, according to Mr Thomas Baines, F.R.G.S., was 3350 feet. It was then my privilege to write for the Special Commissioner, and representative of the Queen in the country, Khâmé's words, as here translated:

"I give thanks for the words of the Queen, and I give to the Queen (permission) to make laws, and to change them in the country of the Bamangwato. Nevertheless, I am not baffled in the government of my own town, or in deciding cases among my own people, according to (our) custom. There are certain

[1] "Father of Glasses," in reference to his spectacles.

laws of my country which the Queen of England finds in operation, which are advantageous to my people, and I wish that these laws should not be taken away. I refer to our law concerning intoxicating drinks, that they should not enter the country of the Bamangwato, whether among black people or white people.

"I refer further to our law which declares that the lands of the Bamangwato are not saleable. I say, let this law be upheld, among black people and white people.

"My people enjoy three things in our country —their cultivated lands, their cattle stations, and their hunting-grounds. We have lived through (or by means of) these three things. Certainly, the game will come to an end in the future, but, while it is still there, I hold that it ought to be hunted by my people.

"I know that the help and protection of the Queen requires money, and I agree that that money should be paid by the country protected. I have thought how this can be done; I mean, plans which can be thought out at the beginning, so that the Queen's people may all be

pleased — the black people and the white people. I propose that a certain country of known dimensions should be mine and my people's, for our cultivated fields and our cattle stations. Then I say with reference to all the country that remains, I wish that the English people should come and live in it; that they should turn it into their cultivated fields and cattle stations. But my people must not be prevented from hunting in all the country, except where the English shall have come to dwell. I am of opinion that the country which I shall give over will exceed in value the cost of the Protectorate among the Bamangwato. But I feel that I am speaking to gentlemen of the Government of England. Shall I be afraid that they will requite me with Boloi (witchcraft, *i.e.* deception)? Further, I shall be ready, along with my people, to go out all of us to fight alongside the English; to stop them who attack, or to go after them on the spoor (or track). Having done this, without doubt if there came a great difficulty, we would appeal for the help of our Queen in England. The

right kind of English settler will be seen by his doings on his place."

Khâmé's offer of land in this statement was not accepted by the British Government. The piece which he offered was one lying between himself and the war-loving Matabele.

The above document was read in the Chief's *khotla*. Khâmé spoke briefly, as did also many of his head-men and councillors. The *khotla* was intensely crowded, with about 5000 Bamangwato men. Sir Charles Warren addressed the meeting. I only remember a few sentences of the speech of the General, such as the following: "I was glad to hear Khâmé, your Chief, speak just now. Your Chief spoke in the interests of his people, as a Chief ought to speak. Khâmé is a true Chief, and I am glad to meet him and his people to-day."

The Chief presented Sir Charles with an ox to feed his men. The ox was given into the care of a young officer, who was instructed to have it slaughtered, so that it could be used for food on the morrow.

The ox was slaughtered, and the carcass was hung up on the cross-beam of our local butcher, *in the open air*. Here it was left suspended, through the night.

Next morning there was not much of that ox left, for, during the night, the hungry native dogs came and enjoyed the beef. The young officer who was responsible for this ridiculous incident bore an honoured name, which did not prevent his being teased a good deal on account of this *fiasco*.

Sir Charles Warren spent five days with Khâmé, and had many interesting interviews with him before he returned to the south. He proclaimed a Protectorate, at the same time, over the countries of Sebelé and Batwing, as well as over Khâmé's land.

CHAPTER XIV.

One of the results of Sir Charles Warren's expedition to Bechuanaland was the establishment of a force of mounted police in the country, known as the Bechuanaland Border Police, or briefly, "B. B. P." These mounted troopers were stationed at the principal native towns, throughout the country—Kanye, Molepolole, and Shoshong. In 1887 the British Government sent a special party of the "B. B. P.," numbering some twenty-five, under Captain Bates, at Khâmé's request, that they might be present at his operations against the Baseleka, that is to say, *the people of Seleka*, the Chief of a small tribe of Bechwana, who originally brought to the Bamangwato, it is said, the custom of venerating the "duiker" antelope, as a totem. These people had been

permitted to come out of the Transvaal, crossing the Limpopo or Crocodile River, and settle in the country of the Bamangwato. They were allowed to live not far from the Crocodile River, which is there the boundary line between the Republic of the Transvaal Boers and Khâmé's country. The Bamangwato made the mistake of allowing these Beseleka to live among some high and rocky fastnesses of strikingly picturesque beauty, which were also a great source of strength and safety to its occupants, in case of war. The beginning of the trouble was caused by the fondness of the Baseleka for the Boers, who crossed over from the Transvaal, and settled amongst the Baseleka. One of these Boers built a house with the permission of Kōbè (or *Kawbé*, a barbed dart), the young Chief, and son of the aged and blind chief, Seleka. The Baseleka had no power to give permission to any one to settle in the country, in which they themselves were only refugees. But the Baseleka wished to act in the country in which they had been permitted

to settle, as though they were its paramount lords. When Khâmé heard of the Boer building his house at the Seleka Hills, he sent to stop it at once. The hot and hasty Kōbè resented this, as interfering with his prerogatives, and refused to obey Khâmé—refused in the strongest terms. The chief Khâmé was then compelled to enforce his own commands, thus, foolishly, defied by the young Baseleka Chief. For this purpose he sent a regiment to coerce the proud and irritable people. The regiment chosen was the Maalola, commanded by Khâmé's younger brother Ikitsing, who was quite a young man, while the regiment was also composed of young men of his own age. The Maalola marched to the Baseleka stronghold, hoping that the people would prove amenable to reason, and thus prevent any fighting. Unhappily, this did not prove to be the case: the Baseleka meant to resist to the death. Khâmé had given Ikitsing strict orders not to fire upon the people. Seeing no hope of getting this proud and vain people to yield,

the regiment destroyed a cornfield. This, instead of proving to the Baseleka that Khâmé was in earnest, and meant to rule, and not be ruled by them, only led them to precipitate matters, by firing upon the young Maalola, killing seven of them outright.

Ikitsing having no orders to fire, returned to Shoshong for fresh instructions. Khâmé, seeing how stubborn this little tribe was, resolved now to attack the Baseleka with a strong force, and drive them from the hills, across the river, into the Transvaal.

Before doing this, he acquainted the British Government with his purpose, and invited them to send their representatives to see that he did nothing contrary to the wishes of the Queen. It was in this way that Captain Bates was sent, with twenty-five of the Bechuanaland Border Police, to look on and see that only what was just and right was done. Khâmé went to the Baseleka fastnesses with several regiments, to drive away this stubborn tribe. It was a very difficult hill for Khâmé's soldiers to climb, but climbed

it was on two sides, and the Baseleka were greatly astonished, to see the Bamangwato on the summit, masters of the position. The Baseleka did little fighting after that, but escaped for their lives, the Bamangwato not trying to intercept them, but glad to be rid of such people. The Chief Khâmé would not allow the fugitives to be fired upon, but to be just allowed to get over the river.

There was one man unable to escape, so Khâmé soon found poor, old, helpless, and blind Seleka, the Chief of the tribe, and paid him the deepest respect and kindness. Seleka was, perfectly, friendly with Khâmé, and among other things he said: "I warned my son Kōbè not to behave rashly, but to listen to Khâmé's reasonable proposals; but he would not, for he was mad with anger and resentment; and it has all ended thus, in the breaking up of our town and homes. Chief, my heart is very sore to-day. I am only a blind old man, and am of no use in war; but I told my son: 'Kōbè, you should not thus oppose yourself to the masters and owners of the country.'"

Khâmé gave the old man a waggon and oxen, food and suitable clothing—in a word, everything that was needful, and sent him in the waggon over to his own people, in the Transvaal.

Seleka's last words to Khâmé were: "Son of Sekhomé, I thank you for your kindness to an old and blind man this day."

Many of the Baseleka, fearing lest they should be killed by the Bamangwato, hid themselves for some time among the hills and bushes, until able to cross the river at night, or after the Bamangwato had returned to Shoshong. Vainly did Khâmé inform some of the fugitives that "he did not war with women and children, but only with men," and that he would assist women and children to escape. This was so unlike the usual mode of native warfare, that the Baseleka refused to believe it, and never availed themselves of the kindly and thoughtful Chief's help.

There was some talk afterwards of a prisoner having been put to death by Khâmé. I in-

quired, very carefully, at the time into this charge, and, happily, found it to be utterly baseless.

This is a brief account of Khâmé's struggle with the Baseleka tribe of Bechwana in his own country.

CHAPTER XV.

KHÂMÉ'S reign, as indeed his whole life, has been a very disturbed one. The stormy scenes and incidents through which he has passed, have had, on the whole, a bracing effect upon his character. Often and often, for long periods, this African Chief has been in struggles for his very life, and fighting for the principles dear to him. Perhaps this has had also the effect of embittering him somewhat, as sometimes happens to those who are compelled to pass through keen struggles in life. Whatever may be the cause, he, certainly, does speak very bitterly of a few persons. These are defects in a good man's character, and are thus mentioned because this work is intended to be an honest memoir, and not a mere eulogy. Since 1885, Khâmé has had a good deal of trouble and difficulty as Chief.

On 23rd August 1886, Captain Goold Adams held a Boundary Commission, for the settlement of a dispute as to the ownership of certain water-pits at Lopepe, claimed by both the Bakwena and the Bamangwato. This is dealt with in the memoir of Sebelé. Soon after this, Khâmé gave a concession of mineral rights to Messrs Heaney, Burnett, Borrow, and Johnson, which was known afterwards as the "Bechwanaland Exploration Company." Mr Burnett was a man of undoubted courage: he fell early in the Matebele war. My friend, Mr H. P. Borrow, worthy nephew of the famous author of "The Bible in Spain," was one of the heroic thirty-five of Major Allan Wilson, who died fighting against a multitude of Matabele warriors. We now come to the tragic episode of Grobler, the Dutchman, called by the Bamangwato *Montle* or "the handsome one." Shortly before this event Khâmé had to turn away two English traders who had violated his liquor laws, and who were anxious, as he says, to bring liquor into

his country always. After they had been sent away, they went to Matebeleland, where, it is said, they obtained a mineral concession from the late Chief Lobengula. But the wily old Matabele Chief had given this concession for a piece of country between the Shashi and the Motloutsé (commonly, but erroneously, called Macloutsé) Rivers. This piece of country had long been occupied by the cattle of the Bamangwato, who had always claimed and ruled the country.

This led to a dispute between these traders and Khâmé. One of them threatened to bring the Matabele down upon Khâmé to crush him, if he made any disturbance about the concession. When these men afterwards came into Khâmé's country, without any passport from the British Government, the Chief made them prisoners, but one of them took an early opportunity of taking out his revolver to frighten the natives in charge of him. He soon escaped on horseback. The second was taken on to Sebelé's town, where he also escaped. Afterwards, these men, with others,

made their way into the Transvaal, travelling north along the Limpopo River, until they were near the Motloutsé River. Here, with the help of the Transvaal Boers, they threw a wire rope across the river (about 150 yards wide), to which they attached a pontoon; their purpose being to cross the Crocodile (Limpopo) River there, and so pass on to Lobengula, as Khâmé refused to allow them to pass by the usual road. White men brought the news to Khâmé, but he hardly believed it. The common feeling, just then, among the Bamangwato was expressed in these words: "These white people are constantly bringing wild stories to alarm us, and we seldom find that there is anything in them, when we look at them." So Khâmé delayed. Again he was urged by some of his English traders to move in the matter, if he did not wish to lose his country. At last the councillors agreed to send men to see what was going on in the neighbourhood of the junction of the Motloutsé and Crocodile Rivers, and near the Metsemashokwane River.

But still the Bamangwato believed so little in these rumours, that they sent the youngest regiment available, a band of youths under Khâmé's youngest brother, called Mokhuchwane. These lads went, and found the story to be a true one, and behaved in a very unworthy fashion. The young captain of this band seems to have had no very definite instructions as to what he was to do. He understood, however, that he ought to stop the white men from crossing into their country by the pontoon. The Bamangwato having arrived at the pontoon, saw three waggons on the opposite (the Transvaal) side of the Limpopo. On Thursday night, 5th July 1888, the waggons crossed over by the pontoon to Khâmé's side of the river, and here Mokhuchwane and his men found them and four white men. These men came out of their waggons, gun in hand, determined to re-cross the river, and the young Bamangwato allowed them to go. The Englishmen reached the Transvaal side, and blew a bugle to call some Boers to their help. Then they returned in the

pontoon to the middle of the river, and asked the Bamangwato what they wanted there. The answer given by Mokhuchwane was: "We have come to take you back to Mangwato" (Shoshong). The white men replied: "We have done no harm; we refuse to return." C. said also: "I would not have come into this country, but the Boers told me that it was the country of the Boers and of Lobengula." Then they returned to the Transvaal. One of the white men afterwards threatened to shoot anyone who tried to cut the pontoon rope.

The Bamangwato dragged the waggons of the white men away, a short distance. On Saturday morning Mokhuchwane sent five of his comrades forward as scouts; they were mounted. These youths met six Boers on horseback. One of the young Bamangwato states that: "When we had greeted, the Boers asked us where we had come from, and we told them. The Boers said that they had come from the Matabele country." In consequence of the threatening

attitude of the Boers, four of the young fellows backed out, leaving Tshanane in the power of the Boers. His story runs thus: "The Boers surrounded and thrashed me on my horse. One of them, Wilhelm Groening, said to me: 'If you were a big man of the Bamangwato, I would kill you; but you are only a boy.'" The Boers then rode on to the waggons and crossed the pontoon. In the evening the Boers came in force and took the waggons over to the Transvaal.

On Monday the Boers returned and fired upon the Bamangwato, in the British Protectorate. Other Bamangwato state that among the Boers was Mr Grobler, who said to them: "This country belongs to me and Lobengula; I am a big man sent by Paul Kruger, and no black man shall stop me. You are boys, and if I wanted to take your mountain (at Shoshong), I would take it with five men. I am a man in authority, placed here by Lobengula, and no man shall stop me." "At words like these," said the Bamangwato, "we began to scatter, and the Boers rode among us and took

our guns and horses; some of us were taken prisoners by the Boers. We retired to consult what should be done. We returned in a body and met the released prisoners, but the Boers kept their guns. We sent twice to Grobler to come and speak to us, and he refused. We sent a third time, and Grobler said: 'Come and meet us, but leave your guns behind.' Our Chief (Mokhuchwane) and a few of us went forward, to speak to Grobler. We asked him for our guns and horses, and requested that the Boers should come to Mangwato. Grobler refused, and said: 'I am not going to be stopped on this road. I made the road with Lobengula and Paul Kruger.' Grobler then demanded money to redeem the guns. We replied that we would consult about it. Eventually we agreed to go and fetch our guns, leaving what guns we had behind us. A long altercation ensued about the payment demanded by Grobler for the guns; we insisted on having the guns, and on the Boers going to see the Chief. We laid hold of some Boers. The Matabele (who accompanied the Boers) fired upon us, and a Dutch woman fired at us from

a waggon. The Boers also fired upon us with their revolvers."

Phirinyana (Little Wolf) said: "When the scuffle began I was running away, and a Boer with a revolver fired twice at me. He missed me, but shot through my sleeve. I ran and caught hold of the Boer round his waist to prevent his hurting me. I got hold of his knob-kerrie or club. As we struggled together, a second Boer rushed upon me. They got me down on the ground, I still holding fast to the revolver. One of the Boers stabbed me on the head with his knife, which wound I show. I got away from them, taking with me the knob-kerrie. In my flight I had to run sideways, to avoid the cross-fire. About one hundred yards from the waggon I came upon Grobler. He was kneeling down upon the ground, wounded. He had a revolver in his hand, which he pointed at me, as I passed him, quickly. A little further on, another Boer was lying by a little bush. I hesitated about taking his gun from him, as the Boers were firing, and I ran until I could hide myself

behind a tree. As I wiped the blood from my face, I saw two Boers coming after me; but they stopped to look at Grobler, and then went back to the waggon. Then a number of Boers came up to remove the wounded man, who died the next day."

On the Bamangwato side the casualties were six gunshot wounds, one being left behind in a dangerous condition; two wounded with knives. The Boers also took from them six horses and thirty-three guns. This sad event occurred on 7th July 1888. Almost pathetic is the death of Montle or Grobler, "the handsome one," who was anxious, during his last hours, that he should not be thought to have been killed by a black man,—most disgraceful of deaths to a Boer. He assured his friends, as he lay a-dying, that he had been shot by one of his own Dutchmen, by accident, and this seems to have been, really, the case.

The British Government had to intervene to settle this trouble, and their award put an end to the pontoon, but gave to Mrs Grobler compensation for the loss of her husband.

This compensation, it is understood, was paid by the British Government. Khâmé was very bitter against his young brother, Mokhuchwane (the short man), for the way in which he mismanaged this affair, and also for the cowardice shown by the young men. After the catastrophe, they hid amongst the Chwapong Hills, fearing to return and tell Khâmé the true state of affairs. So the Bamangwato suffered for their unbelief of the statements, made by the English about the pontoon. Had a senior and experienced regiment, say the Malwelamotse regiment or the Maemèlwa regiment been sent, a very different complexion would have been given to the affair. Khâmé tried the young regiment, the Maoketsa, and sentenced them to work for six years, at deepening and enlarging the reservoir, near the town. The youths worked at it, until the Bamangwato left the town of Shoshong, and removed to Phalapye.

Khâmé's only son, Sekhomé (whose portrait we show), was born in 1869, and is therefore twenty-six years of age. Like his father, he

is tall and slender, but dissimilar in features. Sekhomé is a graceful horseman. He reads and writes well, and knows a little English. I taught him in my school at Shoshong for five years. Mrs Hepburn also taught him for some time. Sekhomé lacks his father's rough training, having been petted from his childhood. His mother could never endure him out of her sight long, for Sekhomé was, naturally, the light of her eyes. Ma-Bessie was also loved by Sekhomé, and I believe that he was always an affectionate son to his mother. I always found Sekhomé, as a boy, amiable and modest, never forward.

CHAPTER XVI.

EARLY in 1889 the startling announcement was made that Khâmé had at last resolved to abandon old Shoshong, and to remove his capital to the foot of a high hill, some 70 miles north-east, called *Phalapye*, according to the Sechwana spelling; it is pronounced as *Palapshe*. The Chwapong Hills are near here, and form a long wooded range of low hills. At the foot of these hills, and also in the open plain between the various hills, there was an abundance of large and useful timber. This has since been largely felled.

The supreme reason for removing the capital was the constant scarcity of water. Drinking water had to be drawn from the *Kloof*, at the northern end of the town, where the channel of the Leshōshō River passed between two

high and precipitous mountains. Here the women went before dawn, yet, even then, they found that they had to wait for their turn, through many a weary hour. It had often been said that the town was to be removed "some day," but we had scarcely realised that it would, really, be done. But now the word was given by the Chief that all our buildings must be abandoned—the houses of the Bamangwato and of the white people, the churches, schools, stores, and mission-houses—all must be left behind.

Then began the famous exodus, and all, who possibly could, must lend a hand in the great work. Waggons were borrowed in all directions, for no waggon could be allowed to be unused at this busy and exciting epoch. On the waggons went, laden with the simple furniture of the Bamangwato, their corn and maize, and their merry little children, only too happy, to have a long waggon ride.

Waggon after waggon passed along to make the three days' journey which should bring them to their new town and homes. Waggons

were improvised by some of the Bechwana, and called Sechwana waggons or sledges, and these were laden, and drawn by oxen. Mokhwati, one of the Bapaling men, made a low waggon with four very strong wooden wheels. I was exceedingly pleased with the man's ingenuity. The waggon did good service. In addition to this, thousands of people carried burdens to Phalapye, through lack of waggons or carts or any other conveyance. For about two months this went on. The people just took out their things and put them down on their new homesteads, and then returned for more, until everything had been taken. It was intensely hard work for all, but especially for the poor, who possessed no conveyance, not even a pack-ox, for many pack-oxen were used.

The Chief Khâmé had, first of all, shown every head-man his portion of the town, where he could settle with his people around him. The custom is for the paramount Chief to live in the centre of the town; next to him are his nearest relatives, and so on, until you come to the outer fringe, where you find the

subject tribes, who have joined the Bamangwato, such as the Bapaling, Makalaka, Bakaa, Bakhurutse, and Mashapatane. When all goods had been removed, the third month was given to preparing for building the new town, the fresh homes, cutting timber and grass for the roof, preparing bricks for the walls, etc.

Slowly, but surely, the work went on; hut after hut was built, village after village was completed, until, after some six months or more, the new capital, Phalapye, had been materialised. A sad incident in connection with the removal of the capital was that of leaving behind, in the forsaken capital, a number of blind women. Khâmé had not known of this, but when I informed him of it, he soon had the poor old blind women removed from Shoshong. The man in whose care they were, and in whose village they had lived, was blameworthy, as he should have attended to their removal.

The new capital was more roomy than Shoshong; the houses were more widely separated, and it was possible to pass through

Phalapye, with comparative ease. In case of fire, the conflagration could not spread from hut to hut, as at Shoshong. Still, it must be borne in mind that the new capital, Phalapye, is, after all, only a typical native town, built of single-bricked walls, with roofs of poles and grass. There is not one European house there, built by the Bamangwato themselves. Even Khâmé has always lived in a native hut, but a large and commodious one. Of course the missionaries, traders, and Government officers, have European houses. Water was at first plentiful, though not very good in quality. Near the town was a pretty stream called the Lephōtōphōtō (Lepautaupautau), which, higher up, forms the beautiful Niena waterfall, by a leap of some 60 feet. This water is now, unfortunately, being rapidly exhausted by the large town of 20,000 people.

A Cape journalist, in a fit of delirium, wrote the following, highly imaginative, account of Phalapye:—"We often speak of Kimberley and Johannesburg, as the Americans used to speak of Chicago, as wonderful cities for their age.

In my opinion, King Khâmé's Bechuana city of Palapye, where the High Commissioner of South Africa and the Premier of Cape Colony are resting this 23rd day of October 1890, is a city not one whit less wonderful than either.

"Palapye the Wondrous, I christen it; and in doing so, think of the palace which was built in one night for Aladdin, of Araby the Blest.

"Palapye is a native town covering some 20 square miles of ground, holding some 30,000 inhabitants; yet less than fifteen months ago there was no such place as Palapye in existence."

This is the undiluted nonsense written by some journalists. Happily, there are not many of them who drink so deeply of the cup of imagination, as to mention together Phalapye, Kimberley, Johannesburg, and Chicago.

CHAPTER XVII.

In his new capital, sorrow and trouble have still kept very near to Khâmé. In November 1889 the Chief's wife, Ma-Bessie, gave birth to a daughter. Late one evening, I was called by Khâmé to see her. Mr Hepburn also saw her later on. In spite of all that we could do for her, Ma-Bessie died, and also the infant. Ma-Bessie was a good and faithful wife and a tender-hearted mother. As a Christian woman she had tried to bring up her children in Christian principles. Young Sekhomé seems to have taken a dislike to the new town of Phalapye, on account of his mother's death, so soon after removing there, and desired to return to the old town. Subsequently he spent two years in Cape Colony, at the famous native school, the Lovedale Institution. Since

returning to the new capital he has become more reconciled to living in it.

Among Khâmé's trusted European friends are Mr A. C. Clark, Mr Alfred Musson, and his brother, Mr George Musson.

The Bamangwato, soon after their arrival at Phalapye, led by their Chief, built a handsome and costly church there. Many of the Bamangwato gave generously towards this work, and the building stands to-day, as a witness to the generosity of the people, as well as to their acceptance of Christianity. Their knowledge of the Scriptures astonishes many Europeans.

Many years ago a number of Jesuit priests visited the Bamangwato, and showed them a fine painting of Jesus Christ on the Cross, with Zulus beneath, worshipping. The Bamangwato, who thought that this allegorical painting was intended to be a true representation of Christ, said "See how these white men slander us! Jesus was killed by white men; there were no black people there!"

This incident is recorded not to depreciate

the work of the Jesuit priests in the country, but simply to show how quick the people are to point out what they regard as erroneous.

Khâmé has strict laws for the observance of the Lord's Day. He rides every day except Sundays, when he walks to church or elsewhere. He will not allow waggons to come into or leave his town on Sunday. At the season of ploughing, Khâmé holds a large service in his *Khotla*, with four or five thousand persons present. In this service he tells his people that they are now allowed to begin their ploughing. This Christian service replaces a heathen one. At the time of first fruits, a similar service is held by the Chief, when permission is given to begin to harvest their garden produce. When you ask the Matabele, "Will it rain soon?" they used to answer—"The Chief knows." If we ask the Bamangwato, "Is your corn nearly ripe?" they will sometimes answer—"The Chief knows."

Although such a regular attendant at church, Khâmé does not preach, probably,

because of his nervousness. One often reads in public prints that Khâmé takes a leading part in public worship, but that is not so. Neither is it usual to encourage a Chief to become a preacher, or to hold any office in the church, of which he may be a member.

During the Matabele War of 1892 the British Government asked the Chief Khâmé to assist them against the Matabele on his own—the south-western—border. The number of men asked for was 1500 for a month. Khâmé agreed to the request, but, instead of 1500 men, he brought some 2500. With this force the Chief met the Matabele, who were led by Gambo, Lobengula's son-in-law, and they fought at Imbandine. Khâmé's mounted men gave a good account of themselves, and the Matabele attack was decisively repulsed and mastered. Of the Matabele, about 100 are known to have been killed in that battle, by the Bamangwato, who lost two men and had fifteen wounded.

Khâmé also remained with the Imperial forces, beyond the period stipulated.

After his signal service to the English at the battle of Imbandine, it was not grateful of any Englishman to blame Khâmé for cowardice and desertion. Khâmé states that he was willing to go forward again, to fight another battle with the Matabele; but no move was made by the Imperial forces, who continued "just sitting down." As they would not go forward and do any work, Khâmé, instead of idling away his time there to no purpose, resolved to return, after due notice. His reasons for returning thus, were that his men were anxious to begin ploughing their corn-lands, as it was full sowing-time; and that small-pox had broken out amongst his men. Still it must be borne in mind that Khâmé more than fulfilled the stipulated engagement with the British Government, both as regards the time to be spent in the campaign, and the number of men to be brought into the field.

Amongst the objections brought against Khâmé at different periods are the following: —(1.) That he is a "hypocrite." This is a

French way of describing the man whom many honourable Englishmen have termed an earnest and sincere Christian man.

(2.) That "he practises espionage," every one of his people being a "spy" on every other one. In every native town the Chief hears everything that goes on; the unwritten law being that the Chief should be informed of everything—the birth or death of a child, etc., etc. As a matter of fact, Khâmé did not discover for years that his liquor laws were being evaded and violated, by some of his own people. Had he practised "espionage," he would soon have discovered these offences.

(3.) That he is a "fanatical" opponent of drink. He is certainly an opponent of strong drink, and a strong one. "Fanaticism" has been defined as "a zeal for trifles." Is strong drink, with the untold ruin it is working every day, a "trifle"? If the reader thinks that strong drink is a "trifle," let him hear what Khâmé, the African, born in heathenism, says of it?

His own letter, sent to Sir Sidney Shippard,

K.C.M.G., the Administrator of Bechwanaland, states :—

"Your Honour will permit me to point out that it is not the same thing to offer my country to Her Majesty to be occupied by English settlers — Her Majesty's subjects governed by Her Majesty's ministers—and to allow men so worthless and unscrupulous as Messrs W. F. and C. to come outside of all governments, and flood my country with their drink, after all the long struggle I have made against it, withstanding my people at the risk of my life, and just when they have themselves come to see how great a salvation my drink laws have proved to be. It were better for me that I should lose my country, than that it should be flooded with drink. I fear Lobengula less than I fear brandy. I fought Lobengula and drove him back, and he never came again, and God who helped me then, would help me again. Lobengula never gives me a sleepless night; but to fight against drink is to fight against demons and not against men. I dread the white man's

drink more than the assegais of the Matabele, which kill men's bodies, and is quickly over; but drink puts devils into men, and destroys both their souls and their bodies for ever. *Its wounds never heal.* I pray your Honour never to ask me to open even a little door to the drink; and F. desires that, and has always desired it. That has been my constant battle with his firm."

On another occasion Khâmé stated that "all kinds of evil come out of the beer-pot" (*phahane*).

(4.) Another charge brought against Khâmé is that "his town is unsanitary." It must be frankly admitted that sanitation, as understood by Europeans, is quite beyond African native Chiefs. But Khâmé left his old town partly for sanitary purposes, and has tried to do what he could in this matter at the new town, Phalapye. But a native Chief lacks the means, if not the ability, of carrying out a satisfactory sanitary scheme.

The above four charges against Khâmé are of French origin.

(5.) That he practises "slavery." This has already been shown to be quite baseless (see p. 80).

(6.) That he refuses to allow his people to sell native corn (*mabèlè*) and maize (*mealies*) to Europeans. It is Khâmé's custom to ask his people not to sell their food-stuffs to the traders, until they have some prospect of another harvest. Some years ago the Bamangwato suffered most severely from famine, and the people had to buy, back again from the traders, their own corn at an enormous price. Khâmé spent very large sums of money in buying corn for his tribe, and acted as a true father to his people. This taught him a lesson, which he has never forgotten. He therefore teaches his people to be prudent, provident, and foreseeing. The lack of these are too often, very lamentably, apparent in the African character. His action assists his people to obtain better prices for their corn. When Khâmé's white brothers do this kind of thing in England, I understand that they call it "making a corner."

(7.) It has also been objected that the Bamangwato were a "scabby" lot of people, through lack of native beer. I believe that only one man has used this coarse language in reference to this people, and he is not likely to repeat it. I always thought that Khâmé's people looked exceedingly healthy. Certainly, the assertion, so jauntily made, is without foundation.

I have now given the chief objections to Khâmé and his rule.

After the death of Ma-Bessie, the Chief's eldest daughter, Bessie, acted as his housekeeper for some time, until Khâmé was married to Gasekete, daughter of the late Chief Gaseitsiwe, over-lord of the Bangwaketse, etc., and sister of the Chief Bathoeng, who is, therefore, Khâmé's brother-in-law. This marriage took place 9th October 1890. Unhappily, Gasekete died in a year and a half after her marriage. She was a most worthy and noble wife.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In the middle of October 1894 Sir Sidney Shippard went up country to settle another boundary dispute. This was a three-cornered disagreement between Sebelé, Linchwe (Chief of the Bakhatla), and Khâmé. After a protracted hearing of many witnesses, as well as the chiefs, Sir Sidney Shippard gave his decision. The Administrator was assisted in settling the dispute by Mr W. H. Surmon and Mr J. S. Moffat, C.M.G. The new and final boundary between Khâmé, on the one hand, and Sebelé and Linchwe on the other, was declared as follows by Sir Sidney Shippard:—

"We, the undersigned President and members of the Bechuanaland Boundary Commission, having considered the evidence adduced before us by the chiefs Sebele, Khama, and Linchwe respectively, at Lokgalo, on the

15th, 16th, and 17th inst., make and publish the following award :—

"The southern boundary of Khama's country shall begin at the junction of the Limpopo and Ngotwane Rivers, and shall follow the left bank of the Ngotwane up to the drift or ford of Lokgalo; and from Lokgalo shall be a straight line drawn to the summit of the hill Ramaselwane; thence a straight line to Lephepe, to the place where the line made by Colonel Goold-Adams shall be deemed and taken to be the boundary of the Bamangwato and Bakwena; from Lephepe a straight line drawn to a point half-way between Tsitle and Lwale; thence a straight line to the forest called Khunkhe; thence a straight line to a treeless plain, Gohwelwa; thence to Mosetla; thence to a well called Cothara; thence to Aikwe; thence to a place called after a hunter, Gatsatsi; thence to Mokgalo; thence to Manaton; thence to the pool, Momocowakae; thence to another place called Manaton; thence to the pool Menwe; thence to the pool Mano; thence to the pool Santlhokwe; thence to the Mamanana hunting-pits; thence to the Dimpu salt pans; thence to the hill Tsau; thence to Matsiara or Kgama; thence to the pool Sebodu; thence to the pool Kualabe; thence to the junction of the Botetle and Tamelkane Rivers. That will define the whole of Khama's southern boundary and part of his western boundary.

"With regard to survey we make no order. If they

wish to do it, they can hire a surveyor and pay him. Our rule is, that when a common boundary is made between two owners of land, they each pay one half. We make no order; that is a question that Sebelé and Khâmé can settle among themselves.

"That is all. And I hope you will all live in peace."

It may here be added that on the north, Khâmé's boundary is formed by the Mababe and Zambezi Rivers; on the east, the Gwai River, Tati, and the Motloutsé (Macloutsé) to the Crocodile. But Khâmé claims to the Shashi. Between the Shashi and Motloutsé lies the so-called "Disputed Territory." The boundary then runs along the Limpopo (or Crocodile) to its junction with the Ngotwane River; then, as in the above award.

In January 1895, Khâmé visited Cape Town, and saw for the first time, at sixty years of age, the railway and the sea. He seems to have been received very kindly at the Cape both by the High Commissioner, Sir Henry, now Lord Loch, who speaks of himself as "the friend of Khâmé," and also by the citizens of Cape Town.

On the 9th January an unusual kind of public meeting was held in Caledon Square Congregational Church, Cape Town. The chair was occupied by Rev. William Forbes, and Khâmé was the honoured guest of the occasion. The Chairman stated that the Christian Churches of Cape Town were glad to do honour to such a man as Khâmé, and heartily rejoiced in his Christian principles, and his heroic stand for the right. Khâmé's speech in reply was interpreted by Mr J. S. Moffat, C.M.G., who accompanied Khâmé to the Cape. The following is the speech as then delivered by Khâmé, Mr Moffat acting as interpreter:—

"I salute you—the Church of God, I salute you with a thankful heart. You are my friends. When I came to the Cape, I did not know I had any friends. I felt like a lost man. I greatly rejoice at the sympathy which you have shown to me, and I say, Pray for me, pray earnestly for me. I am expecting to leave you to-morrow. I never expected to find such friendship here. I am a black man, and I have no friends among the white people, and I am therefore astonished at the way you have received me. When I left home, I was told that I would find friends at the Cape; Mr Moffat and Mr Willoughby said

so. They said, 'You will find that our friends there will receive you,' but I did not believe it. Now I believe it. I thank you very heartily for your kind reception. I thank you because I think that in respect to the question of the liquor, you will help me to fight the enemy that is called liquor. You must pray greatly for me that God will help me in this matter, that the liquor may all be spilled into the sea, the liquor which is an enemy to the world. If you can help me in this way it will be a matter of great rejoicing to me, and God will be with you. God does not like destruction. He likes those who keep things in the right way, and you, as Christians, are responsible for the state of the world. God has all the power of the world in His hands. It is He who can put away strife and confusion, that we may go forward with His work. These things which are in the world hinder us and trouble us. We find these things greatly embarrassing to us in serving God. These are words with which I salute you. May you remain with peace and God's blessing. I go with a glad heart, and I shall be able to go home and speak much of these things, in the Church and amongst the people. I will tell them how you have helped me. I go with my heart full of rejoicing, and I believe that I shall be able to arrive with great joy among the Bamangwato, through your prayers."

CHAPTER XIX.

We must now go back to October 1891, when the Rev. J. D. Hepburn, after twenty years of missionary work among the Bamangwato, retired from his loved work in shattered health. Coming to England to try and recruit, he rapidly grew worse, and died at Newcastle on 31st December, 1893. The writer counts it no small privilege, to have lived with, and worked by the side of, so saintly a missionary for several years. He was a true friend of the Bamangwato, an earnest and hardworking missionary, and a good man.

He was succeeded by Rev. W. C. Willoughby, who has just accompanied the chiefs to England.

Recently Khâmé has had a great deal of trouble with his younger brother, Rraditladi.

This is the man alluded to as having been first to fire upon Khâmé's party, when old Sekhomé attacked his Christian son. On another occasion Rraditladi fired upon a Dutchman. After that he joined the Christian Church; then he fell into gross immorality, and was expelled. For some years he remained outside, but at last, managed to enter it again. But his life has not been satisfactory, even in more recent days. He is known to be a drunkard, and for years he has been tippling in secret. This man headed a conspiracy against his brother and Chief. He was supported by another brother, Mphoeng (or Hohakhosé), also by several headmen, such as Tirwe and Kuate Pelotona. It is with sorrow that one writes the names of these men, especially the last, who was my old pundit and friend. Khâmé asserts that these men are fond of liquor, both native and European. They made as an excuse for their dissent from Khâmé's rule, that the Chief interfered in Church matters. I am assured, on the highest authority, that this is absolutely untrue.

These men, and their followers, have now left Khâmè, and have gone to live in the territory of the British South African Company.

Just before he started for England, Khâmé received a visit from his nephew Sekhomé, son of the Chief Lecholathèbè, and the brother of the late Chief Moremi. Sekhomé is the son of Khâmé's sister, and rules over the Batauana of Lake Ngami District. The Batauana are often called the Western Bamangwato. There is every reason to believe and hope, that Sekhomé's visit has been of benefit to him. Before he went to see his uncle Khâmé, he had been unwilling to allow his missionary, Rev. A. J. Wookey, to teach his Makoba subjects or serfs.

On his return, he apologised, handsomely, to Mr Wookey, and gave him full permission to teach the Makoba.

In view of Khâmé's departure for England, the white residents in his town presented him with the following address. The address needs no remark, except that it is signed by every

white man then in the town, with the exception of one, or at the most two :—

"*To the Chief Khâmé,*
Chief of the Bamangwato Nation, Palapye.

"DEAR SIR—We, the undersigned residents of Palapye, the chief town in your country, being given to understand that you are about to take a trip to England, cannot let this opportunity pass without offering to you our very heartiest thanks, for the manner in which you have always treated us since we came to reside at your town.

"We are glad to bear our testimony to the justice and courtesy we have at all times experienced at your hands, and to the uprightness and honesty of all your business transactions.

"Touching your people, we must say that we have found them civil, honest, and obliging, and it is our firm conviction, that in no part of South Africa are the natives more prosperous than in your country; while crime, we are glad to be able to record, is almost unknown, such crimes as cattle-stealing, etc., etc., so prevalent among other native races, being practically unheard of.

"This we can only ascribe to your noble and just ruling of your people, and we hope you may be long spared to rule over them. No law of yours, we think, has been of more real benefit to your people than the one which you have so long and so strongly upheld, *i.e.* that no intoxicating liquor of any kind be sold or given to them, and

to this beneficent law we ascribe the present power and position, as well as prosperity of your nation.

"We can say with all sincerity that travellers or residents, whoever they may be, who have gone to you for assistance in the recovery of stock that have strayed away, have always found you willing, nay, anxious to assist them in every way; and that it is the exception, and not the rule, that strayed stock get lost, so thorough are the efforts made by your people, under your orders, for their recovery.

"We all wish you a safe and pleasant journey to England, all the good that you can wish for there, and a safe and speedy return, in renewed health and vigour, to your country.—We are, Chief,

"Yours very truly,

(Signed) "John B. Ellard, John Robertson, S. Hoare, A. C. Clark, P. M'Intosh, John Anson, Samuel Blackbeard, Walter Blackbeard, Tom Fry, J. F. Elliott, J. S. Loosley, J. van Eyr, I. Hurim, J. W. M'Laren, Percy G. Wyed, P. C. S. Helberg, P. N. Vickerman, W. Bone, J. P. Morris, A. Jameson, Herbert Halford, John Foster, W. M. Wirsing, H. J. Spyron, H. F. Wirsing, F. C. Greyling, R. A. Bailey, H. A. Kerkham, S. Soutar, R. Vickerman, A. A. Creighton, H. Eales, I. J. Lunberg, G. M'Tavish, H. F. Schonken, G. H. Mallentzie, P. C. Pelser, G. Jones, E. F. Smith, A. E. Simpson, W. Raven, R. Dewil, E. J. Jackson, S. J. Selous, W. C. Willoughby."

THE CHIEF BATHOENG.

bele as Bechwana, also the Basuto, Barotse, Makalaka, Bakwangadi, Mampokushu, and Mashokolombe tribes as "Bechwana." And these tribes are all related to each other—in a word, are children of one African father. But the people who are here termed Bechwana, in a more limited sense, assert that Bechwana is a term introduced by the white people, and applied to them generally. "We do not know the word," they tell us. But they have now adopted it, and, as we may say, have Sechwanised it, finding it useful in their intercourse with white men. Their own way was to mention tribe after tribe by name,—the Batlhaping, the Barolong, etc., etc. While white people, invariably, say *Be*chwana, the people themselves often use the form *Ba*chwana,—the prefix *Ba* denoting *the people*. The singular form of the word is *Mo*chwana. *Se*chwana, denotes the language, and is used adjectively. The English people, with that supreme contempt for every language, save their own, which too often characterises them, usually pronounce this word as *Bek-wana* or

Bek-u-ana. It should be pronounced as *Betch-wána, Mō-tchwána,*[1] and *Sĕtchwána.* Though not absolutely correct, this will be practically correct, and a useful guide to the reader.

The Bangwaketse tribe, properly speaking, who live at Kanye, number some 15,000, exclusive of the subject tribes living here and there in the country, and which number another 5000, making the number of people subject to him, 20,000, and about the same as Khâmé ruled over, before his brothers Rraditladi and Hohakhosé separated from him, recently. Among the tribes subject to Bathoeng, in addition to his own Bangwaketse, are the following :—

Name of Tribe.	*Living at*
Bakhatla . . .	Moshopa.
Bakhatla . . .	Kanye.
Bamangwato . .	Ngomari.
Barolong . . .	Mōshâning, etc.
Batlhaping. . .	Garanaka, etc.
Makhalahari . .	In various places.
Masarwa (Bushmen) .	Hunters and wanderers in the desert.

[1] Mō=long *o* as in *mode.*

Bathoeng's name is not often pronounced correctly by the white people, even in Bechwanaland. Most commonly the chief's name is pronounced *Batwain*. This has probably come about from the Sechwana spelling of it, viz. Bathoeñ, the *n* not being understood as standing for *ng*. The name should be pronounced as *Batwing*. For the reader's convenience, it will thus be spelt in the following pages.

It has already been stated that the Bangwaketse broke away from their elder brothers the Bakwena, under Ngwaketse, after whom they are still called *Ba* (=the people of)—*Ngwaketse*. This happened nearly 200 years ago.

The chiefs who have ruled over the Bangwaketse tribe since that day, are as follows:—

Name of Chief.	*Remarks.*
1. Ngwaketse .	First chief; separated from the Bakwena.
2. Leèmè . .	Son of Ngwaketse.
3. Makâbé I. .	Son of Leèmè.
4. Molete . .	Son of Makabè.

Name of Chief.	*Remarks.*
5. Makâbé II. .	Son of Molete; slain by the Matabele in the battle of Kwakwé.
6. Chosè .	Son of Makabé II.; did not reign; murdered.
7. Sebegwe . .	Acting chief, after death of Chosè.
8. Gaseitsiwe .	Son of Chosè.
9. Bathoeng (Batwing) . .	Son of Gaseitsiwe, and present ruler of the tribe.

CHAPTER II.

THE fifth chief of the Bangwaketse is the one best known, and of whom the people often speak.

When the famous missionary, Robert Moffat, first visited the Bangwaketse, they lived at the foot of the lofty hill of Kwakwé, ruled by their popular chief, Makâbé II. Moffat, it is stated, preached a stirring sermon on the resurrection of the dead, picturing in graphic terms the scenes of the last great day, when the dead, both small and great, should live again.

The warrior chief, heathen as he was, could not endure this, although he, personally, admired Moffat. The sermon over, the brave old Chief stood up and said: "Mosheté,[1] I love

[1] Native style of pronouncing Moffat. In their mouths *f* becomes *sh*.

you, but I cannot receive this new doctrine. Do you mean to tell me, Mosheté, that the many men slain by this arm will again live?"—and the heroic Chief stretched out his muscular arm to its fullest tension; "No, Mosheté, the warriors whom I overcame with my spear will not live again to look into the eyes of Makâbé. This teaching is too hard for us. But you, Mosheté, I love you!"

For Makâbé, Moffat had an unbounded admiration. Brave and bold, and as popular as our English Harold, he met Harold's fate. Sixty years ago, the Matabele came into the Bangwaketse country. They came as a fire, burning in every direction; as a pestilence, bringing death to countless people, young and old, men, women, and children. Never defeated, save by the guns of the Dutch Boers alone, they were the heroes of a hundred battles, the conquerors in many a campaign. And now, under their famous leader, Moselekatse, they came among the peace-loving Bechwana; for, though Makâbé was personally, a great

warrior, he had only a few to support him; the bulk of his people were unwarlike. Hearing of the approach of the notorious Matabele hordes, Makâbé sent all the cattle, with the women and children, westwards into the Khalahari Desert. He called the Bakwena to his help, and they came, and hurled themselves impetuously against the Matabele phalanx? They did not. The prudent Bakwena climbed the hill, to "sit on the fence," and watch to see which side should win the day, the Bangwaketse or the Matabele. From this it may be inferred that the issue was, for some time, doubtful. Should the Bangwaketse prevail, the Bakwena quite meant to help them, in gathering the booty at least. On came the Matabele in the joyful confidence of their name and fame, and proudly conscious of a superb discipline and a long list of victories. As if the terror of their name were not enough, the Matabele make a fearful din, beating their spears against their shields, and on they come, in their resistless might and valour. But Mâkabé and his men stand coolly to receive

the rushing foe; the shock is terrific, but the Matabele are resisted successfully, and come to a standstill. Back they run to reform their disordered lines for another rush. Makâbé and his Bangwaketse still await the onslaught of the Matabele Zulus, spear in hand, but without shields, to ward off the thrusts of the foe. Again they meet, and many fall on both sides; around Makâbé great slaughter was made and suffered; but the intrepid Chief calls out to his Bangwaketse to close their ranks and rally, and his voice rang out, as the voice of a strong and brave man, to cheer and encourage his men. Again the Matabele prepare for a rush, and on they come like a torrent; the discipline of the Bangwaketse—ever their weak point—yields before them, and the carnage is terrific. Makâbé fought with desperate but unavailing valour, until his immediate supporters are thrust down, and a hundred yelling Matabele are upon the fearless old Chief, and thus Makâbé, bravely fighting for his people, fell. The Bakwena now rushed down to the plain from their coign

of vantage, and hailed the victorious Matabele, offering their services to show Moselekatse where the cattle of the Bangwaketse were kept. Thus the Bakwena became "friends" with the Matabele, who had slain so many of their "younger brothers."

But the Bangwaketse cattle had been hidden too carefully, and the Matabele obtained only a few of them. The remnant of the Bangwaketse army followed their cattle, and their women and children through the Khalahari Desert, as far as Ghantsi, near Lake Ngami, where the Matabele could not follow. At Ghantsi the Bangwaketse remained for some time, and fought with the Batauana of Lake Ngami, and drove them off. Presently they returned to their own country, and built a new town, on a lofty plateau called Kanye, about a mile from Kwakwe. In the days of Chosè and Sebegwe, the Bangwaketse lived through troublous experiences and the bitterness of civil war. Chosè had his mind poisoned against his father, Chief Makâbé. He was told that his father intended to kill him. This was

utterly false; but, unhappily, Chosè believed it. He fled to the Barolong tribe; he stole his father's cattle. Presently he re-entered the Bangwaketse country, and was made prisoner by some of Makâbé's subjects. These men told the unhappy Chosè, that he would be taken to his father, the famous Chief. They took him some distance, and then these cruel men put their Chief's son to death. The Bangwaketse declare that it was entirely against the wish of the Chief Makâbé that his eldest son and heir should be put to death.

After Makâbé had been slain by the Matabele, his younger brother, Sebegwe, ruled the people, as Chosè would have done, had he still lived. Sebegwe was a very cruel and vindictive Chief, and he put a great many of his Bangwaketse subjects to death. Gaseitsiwe, son of the murdered Chosè, had to fight and conquer Sebegwe, before he could rule the tribe, as its undisputed Chief and ruler.

CHAPTER III.

GASEITSIWE, the son of Chosê, became Chief while he was still a young man. He was born about 1813. He was an unusually gentle, good-natured man. He spoke his own language beautifully, and knew how to give even the angriest man the "soft answer that turneth away wrath." Gaseitsiwe was a much beloved Chief among his people. Most unaggressive of men, he ever practised the "love that thinketh no evil"—no, not even of a Dutch Boer. This really remarkable gift of charitableness, once cost him and his people dear. He had been invited by a native Chief to pay him a friendly visit. This Chief, a man of the same race, lived some fifty miles away, just within the Transvaal. Gaseitsiwe agreed, with his usual good nature, to visit him, even

in the Transvaal. Gaseitsiwe's friends warned him, saying: "That Chief has invited you to his town at the instigation of the Boers; when he gets you there he will betray you into the hands of the Boers, and they will make you their prisoner."

Gaseitsiwe laughed softly, for he failed to understand how men could think so unkindly of each other. "Nay," he replied, "I have never done them wrong, and I am sure they will not harm the Mongwaketse,"—the official and tribal title. So he went, nothing doubting, and visited the friendly Chief. The Chief was delighted to see him there, in the Transvaal, the territory of the South African Republic; and so were the Boers, who soon appeared, and made poor, confiding Gaseitsiwe their prisoner, though he had done them no harm. As he stated afterwards: "They tied me up like a pig." For his ransom his son Batwing had to pay 2000 head of cattle. On this occasion the Chief Gaseitsiwe came into very close, but certainly, not very agreeable, contact with the Boers.

He had been warned long ago by the Bakwena not to receive the Chief Mokhosi and his son Ikaning into his country, for "you will find them to be simply serpents." Of course, Gaseitsiwe felt that this was a misrepresentation of these two worthy innocents, and received them into his country, where they afterwards abused his confidence.

The very tones of his voice were most soft and mellifluous, as if pitched to disarm all hostility. But his good nature in granting everyone's request has led subsequently to many difficulties, and left for his son Batwing a heavy legacy of troubles.

The Boers once prepared to attack Gaseitsiwe's capital. The Bangwaketse immediately built a wall of circumvallation, much of which remains to this day. The Boers never came, for some reason or other; but the Boers had a grudge against them, and were ready to pick a quarrel with them. On one occasion the Boers swept down upon their cattle-posts and carried off a multitude of Bangwaketse cattle, several thousands of which belonged to Bat-

wing, personally. Unfortunately, Gaseitsiwe's charity extended not only towards his fellow-creatures, but also towards a most dangerous foe; even of that heartless and cruel enemy, he could "think no evil." This great enemy was strong drink. The kindly old Chief received this foe into his house, and became sadly too attached to him, until this deadly foe ruined him. Had he been a Christian Chief, Gaseitsiwe would have had a commanding influence in the country, but the Englishman's liquor conquered him.

But his people loved their old Chief, and they state that he helped them greatly. Strange to say, though he never allied himself with the Christians, he was a friend to them and their missionary, Rev. James Good, who founded the Mission in 1871. Not only was the Chief friendly to the Christians, but he actually put an end to a number of heathen customs or abuses. He discontinued the old custom of taking any woman that a man had a fancy for, even though she was already the wife of another man. Gaseitsiwe fined one

such offender eighteen oxen, and then, as men saw the Chief was in earnest, they gave up the evil custom. Many tried to presume upon his *bokgwabō* or gentleness, and too often they succeeded. But he was very shrewd withal, and often exposed the frauds of the witch-doctors, for, in spite of his mild temper and gentle manners, Gaseitsiwe could be very firm with undoubted evil-doers, as they found to their cost.

He died 8th July 1889, when he was about seventy-six years of age. How well those who knew him best, loved him was shown by their sorrowful cries and many tears, as they wept for the Chief who had passed away. The old men who had been his companions in youth were especially overcome with grief. He was buried in his "kraal" or cattle-fold, with Christian rites, by Mr Good.

In closing this brief account of Chief Gaseitsiwe, one feels in sympathy with the Roman motto—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

CHAPTER IV.

GASEITSIWE left several daughters, but only one son, Batwing, who succeeded him in the Chieftainship.

It is commonly thought in England that Khâmé is by far the greatest Chief in Bechwanaland. That is not so. He is better known for his splendid Christian character and friendship with the English. But as far as his Chieftainship, wealth, people, and power are concerned, he is simply the equal of Sebelé and Batwing. Indeed, from a tribal point of view, he is inferior to Sebelé, who would receive the *breast* (of game killed, this being the most honourable portion) if Khâmé and Sebelé were hunting together. Batwing, probably, is richer than Khâmé, and rules over more people than he to-day.

The boundaries of Batwing's country are—on the north, the Mahatelwe River; east, the Transvaal; south, the Hill Ngwabedi or Khorwe, and the Molopo River; on the west, the Khalahari Desert.

Batwing was born in 1845, and is therefore fifty years of age. In his youth he learned to read and write in the Mission School. He had a good deal of experience in the hunting-field, and went some 400 miles into the Khalahari Desert. "The Pool of Batwing," still marks the spot where he shot twelve elephants.

He is of a somewhat jocular turn when in good humour, which he usually is. He has trouble with his eyes on account of ingrowing eyelashes, which often prevent him looking up and well forward. He is inclined to corpulency; in height, about 5 feet 8 inches. He is fairer than most Bechwana; Sebelé and Khâmé being very black beside him. He possesses an excellent knowledge of his own language, the Sengwaketse dialect of Sechwana, and is a clear and forcible speaker. He knows little Dutch, and less English. He is well

versed in the customs of his tribe, its traditions, and proverbial lore.

He was married early. Not long since his eldest child, a young married woman, died. Her name was *Lesegō*. Sometimes the chief is addressed as "Rra-Lesegō," or "father of Lesegō," this being a favourite native custom. Most men and women like to be called thus, after their eldest child.

The writer first met Batwing in February 1886. He was then well dressed in a hunting suit, and had ridden to the Mission House.

He is well aware of the foibles and defects of his own people. He is also well acquainted with their customs, and how they affect his people for good and evil. He once informed me that in their town the infant mortality was very great, because the people were too ignorant to know how to bring up their children properly, or to assist the little ones in time of sickness or accident. This is very true.

A few years ago the Bangwaketse had trouble with the *Bamalete*, as Sechelé had

foretold. Gaseitsiwe had allowed them, with their chief Mokhosi, to live in his country. They afterwards refused to pay tribute, though they had agreed to do so. The British Government interfered, but without success. After a good deal of talking and threatening, the Bangwaketse resolved in 1882 to attack the Bagamalete at their town, called *Ramochwa*, commonly called, by white people, *Ramoutsa*. Batwing commanded the Bangwaketse, and led the attack on the town. But he was never supported by his men. Pilâne's Bakhatla are considered to have betrayed him; but whoever was to blame, the attack failed. The plan of the Bangwaketse was to attack and fire the grass-thatched town on several sides. Batwing led the way, burning the town on his side, but no effective move was made elsewhere. Even when the attack was clearly hopeless, Batwing fought on in the greatest danger, until at last his faithful followers were compelled to drag him away from his perilous position. When he was thus compelled to

withdraw, the whole affair ended disastrously, for the Bangwaketse. It was very similar to the Bakwena attack upon the Bakhatla, with this difference, that the Bamalete were not able to follow the Bangwaketse, or to give them any further trouble.

This fiasco was a source of great distress to Batwing. Personally, Batwing distinguished himself by his vehement courage; but one man's bravery could not counterbalance the old fault—lack of discipline and unity.

It is said that between 1880 and 1887 Batwing was in danger of giving way to intemperance. However, in 1887 he paid a visit to his friend Khâmé at his old capital, Shoshong. Batwing was already regarded as the leader of the Christian party at Kanye, although not a member of their Church. It was therefore natural that he should visit Khâmé, the Christian Chief. This visit seems to have been very beneficial to Batwing. He then saw how a strong, resolute Chief ruled his people; and how a Christian Chief could put down, with a strong hand, the ancient drinking customs of

the town, as well as many of the heathen customs of the tribe. Many of these customs were not only of hoary antiquity, but the people were fondly and enthusiastically attached to them. What recked they of the barbarity of these customs—of their selfishness, cruelty, and filthiness! Had they not been born in them, and brought up amongst these native practices? And they only did what their fathers and grandfathers had both practised and taught! How then should they regard all these habits as wrong? No, it was only natural that they should not regard heathenism as organised selfishness, as Christian Englishmen do.

While Batwing was thus seeing, and, doubtless, learning much, his own people were on the verge of civil war, and a part of the town was reduced to ashes. His father, Gaseitsiwe, was then in a state of dotage, hastened by intemperance, and the heathen party took full advantage of this for their own purposes. They had seen with growing alarm that Batwing, the Chief's son and heir, became increasingly intimate with the Christians, and ever

colder towards their ancient practices. But at present Batwing was away at Shoshong. Now was their time to strike a blow for the customs of their fathers—and a hard blow it must be. The witch doctors, like the image-makers of Ephesus, said, "This our craft is in danger to be set at nought"; and the excitement grew rapidly, until it became intense. To gain poor Gaseitsiwe's consent to materialise their wishes was easy. Heathen womanhood, now at its worst, led the way, like Alexander's Lais, in applying the burning torches, and setting the town ablaze. Bechwana towns are built largely of timber, with grass-thatched roofs. The clay or brick walls offer no obstacle to fire. When the thatch is thoroughly dry, after several months of burning African heat, it is ready to blaze in an instant, and leap from house to house with furious joy. As their town blazed away, destroying the homes and property of the Christians, the heathen, maddened with joy at their success, now furiously attacked the Christians, beating them in a cowardly and cruel manner, sparing

none, neither men, women, or children. What with the blazing and crackling of the fire, the shrieking of many women, the crying of little children, and the hoarse shouting of the men, interspersed with explosions of gunpowder in burning houses, the scene was one of indescribable confusion. Calling to each other to unite in warding off the furious blows of the heathen, and escape from the terrible scene, the Christians rushed down from the plateau to the Mission House.

Mr Good, the missionary, had been away, and was returning on this notable day to Kanye. When thirty miles away he saw the sky lurid, with the reflection of the great conflagration. The heathen did more than they had intended when they set fire to the homes of the Christians. They burned those and a church; but the enemy which they had thus unchained refused to be restrained; and the fire, not distinguishing between heathen and Christian homes, burnt many of both. Indeed, the fire, eventually, seems to have punished the heathen very severely before it could be

leashed again. From a heathen point of view, this fiery persecution was an absolute failure, and more; for it resulted in forwarding the Gospel in the town and country in a very striking and noticeable manner. Had Batwing been in doubt before whether to stand by the heathen or the Christians, he could have no doubt now. By their own deed of heathenish fanaticism, the champions of the ancient customs had now thrown the young Chief into the arms of the Christians. It was a blow aimed so clearly at himself, and done in his absence; and yet the blow had dismally failed.

CHAPTER V.

THE full results of the persecution of the Christians will be seen later on. Batwing returned from Shoshong, and settled down among his people once more, performing more and more the duties of the Chief, for his father was now drawing near to the end of his course. In less than two years after the famous fire, Batwing was installed as Chief, practically, a Christian Chief. In the short time that had elapsed since the persecution, most of the leaders in that shameful work had died, some of them in so strange a manner, that the superstitious Bangwaketse had no doubt, but that they died by the special visitation of God. And the heathen of other tribes and towns heard of this, and they placed their hands over their mouths in awe, and

spoke of it in whispers. "But the word of God grew and multiplied."

Batwing has grown steadily in power and influence in the country, and is respected by Europeans increasingly. He is very good at cross-examination, and is able to get a witness to answer to the point, even if inclined to evade it. He is also able to give his own evidence well, and to answer the keenest and most piercing questions. He invariably dresses carefully and neatly, generally in black.

For his Missionary, Rev. James Good, the Chief has great respect, and unbounded confidence in him. And no wonder, for Mr Good has lived in the town for a quarter of a century, and has helped the Bangwaketse to rise from naked savages to be very largely Christianised and civilised to-day.

In 1890 Batwing went through the Christian marriage service with Gagoangwe, the daughter of the Chief Sechele, sister of Sebelé, and widow of Chief Pilâné. She is the daughter, sister, widow, wife, and mother of a Chief.

Her son, Baitirilé, is Chief, at Moshopa, of the Baganaana Bakhatla.

Batwing is fondly attached to his wife, who is both amiable and discreet; a good wife. They have two sons and several daughters. His wife's influence over him has been most excellent. Batwing is thus related to Sebelé by marriage.

For many years now Batwing has lived in a good European house, suitably furnished. In one room may be seen half-a-dozen clocks: these have been presented to him by Europeans. For some years Batwing has had public prayers conducted, regularly, in his *khotla* or court of assembly, morning and evening. The Chief has thus, and in many other ways, shown himself, sincerely, desirous of becoming a Christian Chief, and to rule as such.

Early in his reign he placed notice boards on the roads leading into his Capital, painted in the Sechwana and Dutch languages, forbidding anyone to enter or leave his town on Sundays with waggons. Those who violated this law were fined an ox.

A Dutchman once broke the law and was fined an ox, but he made a great disturbance at being fined by a black man, and Batwing restored the ox to the Sabbath-breaker.

In 1890 Batwing's sister, Gasekete, was married to the Chief Khâmé, and thus Batwing and Khâmé became brothers-in-law. Unhappily, Gasekete died in less than two years after her marriage.

At this time the Bangwaketse had a boundary dispute with Gopâné, Chief of the Bahurutse of Maanwane, in the Transvaal, but only just over the border. These Bahurutse had been allowed to graze their cattle in the country of the Bangwaketse, by the too confiding and generous Gaseitsiwe. His son, Batwing, had to reap the fruits of this permission. A Commission was held to inquire into the dispute; that was not satisfactory, and so a second Commission had to examine the points of difference. Both Commissions decided in favour of Batwing's contention, that the country was indisputably his, and that the Bahurutse had only grazing rights

granted to them by Gaseitsiwe; and that the Bangwaketse were justified in cancelling the permission to graze cattle there. The Bahurutse wished to own land both in the Transvaal and in the Bechwanaland Protectorate. Batwing cross-examined the chief Gopâné very effectively, and helped his case materially by it, although Gopâné is, undeniably, a very intelligent man.

The Bangwaketse were, naturally, well satisfied with the result of the Commission.

CHAPTER VI.

In February 1889 the British Government commissioned Sir Sidney Shippard to hold a *durbar* or meeting of Bechwana chiefs at Kopong,[1] including Batwing, Sebelé, Khâmé, Lenchwe, Ikaning, and five inferior chiefs, including Pilane, Khari, Maching, Gaborone, Sebube, and Jan Mochome. In that meeting the Government proposed that the chiefs should agree to a number of their proposals and suggestions, as, for example, to consent *to pay a Hut-tax* for British protection, against the aggression of Boers and others; to allow the telegraph and railway to pass through their country, etc., etc.

The chiefs and their people would not agree to pay a Hut-tax: to some of the other sugges-

[1] Half-way between Molepolole and Mochodi.

tions they had little objection, but they would not hear of the Hut-tax. The first to speak at the Kopong meeting, satirically termed "the field of the cloth of gold," was Batwing. He spoke carefully, and dealt with the seven proposals *seriatim*, and informed His Honour, the Deputy-Commissioner, that the Bangwaketse could not agree to the proposed Hut-tax upon any account. "These are the words of the Bangwaketse, in reply to the seven words of the Government." It was generally acknowledged that Batwing spoke with good taste and sense, and also with respect towards the representative of the Queen. Sebelé next spoke, but he was more aggressive, not to say hostile, than Batwing in his reply, which was characteristic of the man. Among other things, Sebelé stated that "We were created at the same time that the white people were created." Some of his statements were not easy to interpret into English.

Next Lenchwe spoke, and, waxing eloquent, the interpreter ceased attempting to turn the torrent of words into English, but gave Sir Sidney the gist of it afterwards. It was a

bold, if not very wise speech. Lenchwe paid a good deal of attention to Sebelé, and talked at him, as has been already mentioned. Khâmé and Ikaning did not speak. As the principal Chiefs were opposed to the tax, His Honour abruptly terminated the proceedings, to the unconcealed surprise of the Chiefs. It has been thought by a few that Sir Sidney Shippard was in some danger upon this occasion. This was, really, not the case, and there was not the slightest reason for alarm.

And yet another boundary dispute. This time it is between Batwing, Chief of the Bangwaketse, and Montshiwa, Chief of the Mafikeng Barolong tribe. A Commission had been held by Mr J. S. Moffat, C.M.G., the Assistant Commissioner. The decision was very far from acceptable to the Bangwaketse. On 7th November 1892, a Boundary Commission was appointed for putting up the beacons on the new boundary line. Both tribes were invited to send their representatives. Batwing went in person with a number of his headmen; Montshiwa sent Lekōkō to represent him, also his son, Wesley. When the Bang-

waketse heard where the new boundary line would be, they protested against it, declared that they would be no party to it in any sense; nor would they assist in putting up the beacons, or remain to see them put up by the Barolong. Batwing then left the Commission abruptly. This caused a halt to be called in the work. Mr St Quintin telegraphed for instructions, and Mr J. S. Moffat was sent, also Mr W. H. Surmon. These Government officers made a considerable alteration in the boundary, to the satisfaction of the Bangwaketse, but to the great disgust of the Barolong, who protested that it was unjust, and that they would never agree to it. They did agree to it, nevertheless, and this is the boundary between the two tribes still. The Hill Ngwabedi or Khorwe is the central point of this boundary line.

CHAPTER VII.

A LAND COURT was recently held at Gaborone's Camp, presided over by Judge Vincent, to consider the numerous concessions and land grants made by the various Chiefs to Europeans. This was attended by both Batwing and Sebelé, who gave evidence in support of the concessions, granted by themselves and their fathers. Batwing is stated to have given his evidence in a very straightforward and satisfactory manner.

In 1892 Batwing visited the Governor, Sir Henry Loch, at Cape Town, and beheld the sea for the first time, when nearly fifty years of age. His Excellency had already met the Chief in the Bechwanaland Protectorate, when he was favourably impressed with him, and complimented him upon the conduct of

his case, in cross-examining Ikaning, Chief of the Bamalete. Batwing was now anxious to consult the High Commissioner upon the boundary disputes with Montshiwa. His visit was altogether a source of much satisfaction to Batwing, and he long spoke of it, with undiminished pleasure. He was much gratified with the wonderful sights of Cape Town, and especially with the warships in Simon's Bay. The sight of the great Atlantic Ocean was a new inspiration to the Chief. He was received with kindness and respect everywhere.

Altogether, Batwing was able to see a great deal that was of interest, during his fortnight's visit to the Capital of Cape Colony. He has long had the desire to visit England, and now a cablegram has arrived, stating that the three chiefs are on their way per R.M.S. "Tantallon Castle."

Batwing found a good deal of pleasure also, in visiting the splendid shops of Cape Town, and in making purchases of presents for his wife and friends. In coming down the rail-

way, the Chief stood on the front of the engine, in going through the valleys and gorges of the Hex River, surrounded by magnificent snow-capped hills, a scene of awe and grandeur in the extreme. On their return to Kanye, some members of his suite gave me an account of their visit.

One of the chief's headmen made the following statement :—"Formerly, when you, the missionaries, used to explain the white man's wonders to us, we did not understand what you told us very well. Now that we have seen these marvels with our own eyes, during our visit last moon to the Cape, we can understand a good deal of what you used to tell us. We thought that we failed to comprehend because you did not know our language well enough.

"But now we, masters of the language, find that we cannot make our fellows and friends, who have not seen them, understand these wonderful sights, although we explain them as clearly as possible. So we know that it was not your fault that we did not under-

stand your explanations, long ago. These things must be seen to be understood!"

Another of them gave a lecture to the scholars in the Kanye School, on his visit to the Cape. He told the native children of the wonders of the big town of the white people; the telephones, telegraphs, railways, electric light, and great ships. He also said: "We found the white people very pleasant and friendly to each other in the streets when they met or passed. Now you know that in our town, the Bangwaketse, whenever they meet each other in the streets, do so very often with a scowl or frown, as if they regretted the meeting. It is not so among the white people; whenever they meet each other, they smile pleasantly, and look very happy to meet their acquaintances; the ladies bow, and the men take off their hats, to each other. It was very nice to see how agreeable the white people were to each other, just as Christians ought to be!"

CHAPTER VIII.

How does a Bechwana Chief conduct cases that are referred to him by his own people? An example may serve to assist the reader in understanding the mode of procedure in a native trial. A man comes to the Chief one afternoon, and complains that an ox belonging to him has been stolen. Batwing asks a few questions to elicit the circumstances, and the man states that yesterday he saw his ox among another man's cattle, that he informed the man of it, but he denied it, and affirmed that the ox was his own, born among his own cattle; indeed, he could point out the mother of it amongst his cows. These different statements are very conflicting. The Chief says, therefore: "Mang, mang,[1] I will hear the case at dawn to-morrow morning, and you must bring

[1] Mang-mang = So and so.

your witnesses, and be prepared to prove your claim. For my part, I will send for the man whom you charge with stealing your ox, and ask him and his witnesses to be here also." Early next morning the Chief and his councillors and headmen sit in the *Khotla*, or Great Place, to try the case. The man who brought the charge against his townsman, may be termed the complainant, and the man so charged, the defendant. Called upon by the chief Batwing to state his case, the complainant makes the following statement: "The ox in question is a *nala* (red and white one), and was born at my cattle-post in the year that we fought with the Bamalete, and is therefore now five years old. When it was three years old it went astray, and I never saw it again, until the day before yesterday. I affirm the ox to be mine. I have brought my witnesses —these are they!" Three witnesses are called, who corroborate the complainant's statements, and assure the court that the ox is the property of the complainant, and was undoubtedly born amongst his cattle.

The defendant is called, and makes a statement diametrically opposed to the complainant's. He says: "Chief, the ox referred to is my own ox, and was born in my cattle-pen; its mother is a red cow, which is still living. I have two witnesses behind me, who will bear me out in these statements." The witnesses are duly called, and substantiate the defendant's statements. The statements and testimony of the two parties are mutually contradictory. If one speaks the truth, the other must, certainly, be guilty of shameless mendacity. The Chief and his councillors now try and elicit the facts by some incisive cross-examination. The complainant has to pass through this sharp ordeal first. The Chief conducts the examination thus:—

"Complainant, you say that the ox was born among your own cattle—that you did not buy it?"

"Lord, that is so!"

"When did you miss it?"

"Two years ago, sire, when, as we reckon, it was three years old."

"Have you looked at the ox well, since you saw it among the defendant's stock?"

"I have observed it well, Mongwaketse."

"And you deliberately affirm in our presence that the ox is really yours?"

"I do so, my Chief."

"Now, complainant, tell me, has your long-lost ox any mark by which you could distinguish it from all others?"

"It has such a mark, son of Gaseitsiwe."

"What is the nature of the mark? Describe it."

"It has a small white spot on a red ground, under its right arm." (They never speak of a *fore-leg* as we do, but of an animal's arm and leg.)

"Are you quite sure of this, complainant?"

"Perfectly sure, lord."

"You affirm, then, that it has this white spot, and that if we examine the ox we shall find it?"

"I do affirm it, sire; I state it truly!"

"Defendant, you hear what complainant states. What say you to this mark?"

"Chief, I hear it, and I affirm that it is not so; the ox has no such mark!"

"Do you still stand by your statement, complainant?"

"Sire, I must stand to it, for it is true."

"And you, defendant, you still declare the statement to be untrue?"

"Mongwaketse, I stand by what I said!"

These questions may be repeated several times, to give either of them an opportunity of yielding the point. When neither will give way, the Chief acts decisively.

"Boy"—to an attendant—"run and bring me the ox here quickly."

This is soon done. All see the ox.

"Is this the ox in dispute?"

Both men answer in the affirmative.

"Now take hold of the ox some of you, and throw it down!"

The men rush upon the bewildered animal, seizing it by horns, ears, tail, and legs, and soon have it down.

"No, not so," says the Chief; "turn it

round this way, so that it may be seen distinctly."

This too is done, and quickly.

"Now lift up its arm high!"

This order is also obeyed, and all eyes seek the mark described by complainant—a small white spot on a red ground. And they all observe it, easily.

"Is that the mark you mentioned?"

The complainant replies that it is the same mark.

The Chief Batwing now gives his decision: "We have now seen the ox, and looked for the mark described by the complainant, and which the defendant denied. There is the mark to be clearly seen by all. This is undoubtedly a case of fraud (or cheating) on the defendant's part. He is clearly guilty of trying to steal an ox. This ox must be returned to the owner. In addition to that, I fine the defendant his best ox for his stock-stealing. Boy, go and bring here the defendant's best ox at once!" The command is obeyed with alacrity, for all like beef, and the ox is quickly

brought up, slaughtered, cooked, and eaten, as soon as possible. The defendant is generally the man who enjoys the beef least.

CHAPTER IX.

Among the headmen who accompanied Batwing to Cape Town was, at least, one genuine heathen. Directly he returned, we should expect such a man to put away all foolish heathen customs, that can never help men in their need.

What this man did was immediately to ask the Chief to "allow the young men to go among the hills and hunt for a *mokabawane* (or rock-bounding) antelope, for the purpose of making rain. Do you not see, son of Gaseitsiwe, how the sun has burnt up the country, until every growing thing is scorched and bleached, because we have no rain? These are our words, Chief." Batwing did not give the required permission, but stated that in future he was resolved for his part to have

nothing to do with any such heathen customs; that if any of his people desired to have them, they must not expect him to support or countenance such useless customs any more. Further, he declared that he was determined, with the help of God, to "build his town with the Word of God," as the native idiom expresses it.

The heathen professed to be surprised that their Chief should refuse to make rain, and thus give up the great customs of their fathers. But Batwing stood unmoved, and has not yet budged from that position—the position of a Christian Chief.

Still greater was the surprise of the heathen when the Chief declared "a new law was now hung up," which made it illegal to sell native beer among his people. Batwing thought it was well not to declare for prohibition, which has not worked satisfactorily under Khâmé. But he found that his people were constantly selling their beer to one another, and also to white people, chiefly, "of the baser sort." So he said, "If you need your corn-beer for your own refreshment, it is well; but I refuse to

allow the Bangwaketse to make gain and profit by a liquor trade, for this would make some houses regular drinking-shops." The people were not quite sure if Batwing meant all that he said, for he is a mild-mannered man. Anyhow the native liquor continued to be sold, until one day it was discovered, and five large water-pots, filled with beer, were seized by the chief's orders and confiscated; the earthenware pots were destroyed, and the beer allowed to flow over the ground in the Great Place. When the last *Bogwèra* ceremony was held at Kanye, a man who has been a member of the Church for some years informed the Chief that his son had either run away and entered the heathen ceremony, or else had been carried off by force and put into it by the heathen. He now entreated the Chief to help him in getting his son away from the ceremony, as he wished to bring up his boy as a Christian. It is uncertain whether the man was sincere or playing a part. Personally, one fears it was the latter. However, Batwing acted as though the man was really

sincere, and rode off at once as fast as his horse could carry him, to the scene of the *Bogwèra*, at 10 P.M. Approaching the heathen, who were engaged in carrying out the heathen rite, he called out: "Has the son of *Ra-mang-mang* been circumcised yet?" The reply came: "Yes, sire, he has!" And Batwing at once returned, for it was now too late to interfere for any useful purpose.

But the heathen Bangwaketse have not overlooked these events, and they have been deeply impressed by them. To them it is a revolution; but, unlike most revolutions, it comes from the top, and not from the bottom of society.

When the Chief, himself brought up in heathenism, condemns that heathenism, and will no longer uphold its puerile practices, who can doubt that its end is at hand, and that it must give place to the ever-youthful, gentle, and chaste power of the Gospel, whose Divine Founder was "the Friend of sinners"?

CHAPTER X.

THE persecution of the native Christians in 1887 had far-reaching results and consequences, never anticipated by the persecutors. Some of these results may now be stated. When the persecution broke out there was only a small and struggling Christian Church in Kanye of some 100 members; and even these were far too apathetic and lethargic. But the flames of persecution burnt much of this indifference away, making the native Christians stronger, more watchful and resolute, in extending the Word of God, with its benign influence, through their town and country, until their countrymen should all come under its gracious influence.

To-day, instead of a membership of 100, there is one of nearly 1000, with a large

number of native preachers, whose labours are entirely voluntary. Instead of the small grass-thatched church which the heathen destroyed by fire, the Chief has built a large and handsome church — probably, the finest native church in the country—capable of seating 1000 people. More, this church is regularly filled with worshippers; the old church is also filled with a congregation of 600 people, and a third service is held for the children, and people too feeble to walk to the church, where 500 worshippers are usually found. And yet another service is held beneath the plateau among the heathen *Boruele.*

The new church has been built on the most prominent point of the Kanye plateau, and is visible at a distance of many miles. Thus the Bangwaketse would have all men know that they are not ashamed of the Christian religion, or of worshipping the true God.

The Lord's Day is strictly regarded in the country, at least, by the native people.

Formerly, the corn-lands were tilled on the Sunday, houses built, firewood gathered as usual, and, in a word, the regular daily duties of the week performed, for all days were alike to the heathen. All this is now changed. The Chief has led the way in exalting womanhood, where heathenism degraded it, making their mothers, wives, sisters and daughters, beasts of burden, tillers of the soil, yea, "the labour class." His own wife receives from him both respect and affection; so that now woman is there realising that she too has a status, a position to hold as a right, because she is the queen of her home.

Batwing has recently been admitted by baptism into the Christian Church. Thus, where not long since heathenism triumphantly prevailed, and was able to trample the Christians under foot, now there rules a Christian chief who will not recognise heathen customs, as polygamy, paying for wives with cattle (*bogadi*), rain-making, and the endless ramifications of witchcraft.

Kanye has, therefore, now become one of the most interesting and promising mission stations in South Africa. Truly, the change is a very great one!

Many will hope and pray that Batwing may ever keep in the Christian path which he has thus chosen, ruling his people with the kindness and yet firmness of a Christian father towards his children, seeking only, but seeking ever, the good of his people; and, by all honourable methods, endeavouring constantly to elevate them, that he may be the paternal ruler over a united, progressive, and prosperous people!

SEBELÉ, CHIEF OF THE BAKWENA.

CHAPTER I.

THE Bakwena tribe of Bechwana is the oldest, and the mother tribe of those we deal with, viz. the Bakwena, Bamangwato, and Bangwaketse. It is said that they broke off from the Bahurutse tribe of Bechwana, who live on the western border of the Transvaal. But that must have been very long ago, at least 500 years since. But while the Bahurutse have for their tribal totem the *Chwené* or baboon, the Bakwena are equally attached to another sacred animal, the *Kwena* or Crocodile. Heathen Bakwena who still keep up the old customs would not kill a crocodile, nor

even look upon one if it could be avoided, for the sight would inflame their eyes.

The Chiefs of the Bakwena tribe who have ruled during the last 160 years are the following :—

Name of Chief.	*Remarks.*
Seitlhangwe .	Ruled about the year 1730.
Segwale	
Maleké	
Mochwaselé .	Murdered by his brother, Morwa-kgomo.
Sechelé .	Son of Mochwaselé, friend of Livingstone.
Sebelé .	Son of Sechelé, began to reign 1893.

At first, in the days of Seitlhangwe, the Bakwena and the Bamangwato lived together. They were however two separate and distinct tribes, with different sacred animals. But Mathibe, the son of Mokgadi, separated from Seitlhangwe and went northwards. Long afterwards the Bakwena fought with "their younger brothers," the Bamangwato. This was when Mochwaselé ruled over the Bakwena, and Kharé over the Bamangwato. The latter

state that Mochwaselé made a raid upon the Bamangwato cattle at Lopepé, and took away the cattle of Magalapane and Malela and Rramerć, headmen of the Bamangwato tribe. But Kharé, the Bamangwato Chief, naturally, retaliated by following the captured cattle right up to the Bakwena town at Moshokosé, where he fought with the Bakwena, destroyed their corn-lands, and took their cattle from Chwaiyane and that neighbourhood.

For some time the Bakwena had no cattle, as they had all been taken from them by their enemies, chiefly by the Makololo and Matabele, then on their way from Natal, through the Transvaal and Bechwanaland, to what is now called Matabele Land or Charter-Land. Mochwaselé, the Chief of the Bakwena, who ruled about 1830, had several brothers. During a time of rebellion Mochwaselé was killed by his brother, Morwa-kgomo. Thereupon some of the Bakwena sought safety in flight; one brother, Segwalé, went with a party and settled at the Marico River, near the present town of Zeerust, just within the Transvaal.

Another brother, Molesé, went with a number of his followers into the Bamangwato country, and was allowed to live at the Lopepé waters. When Mochwaselé was slain he left two sons, Sechelé and Khosidintsé.

Sechelé was then the heir to the Chieftainship of the Bakwena tribe. For some time there was very little prospect of Sechelé ever ruling over the Bakwena. To make his position more bitter, the lad was taken prisoner by the warlike Makololo, who had then but recently come out from the great Chief Moshesh, who ruled over the strong Basuto tribe on the Orange River. But although Sechelé was first a fugitive, and then a prisoner of the powerful Makololo, the Bamangwato still looked upon him as the head of their tribe, and the Chief of the mother tribe, from which they had broken away so long before. For this reason they felt it to be their bounden duty, to assist Sechelé in his sore need. They soon came to the rescue of the distinguished prisoner, and succeeded eventu-

ally in obtaining his release, by paying a large ransom in beads and other articles valued by the Makololo warriors. Kharé, the Bamangwato Chief, then took the young Chief and his mother, under his own care. Rratwane, the man whom Kharé sent to bring them to him, was alive in 1886, but a very old man. This explains why Sechelé, the father of the Chief Sebelé, grew up to manhood in Kharé's town, and went through the ceremony of circumcision, or *Bogwèra*, among the Bamangwato. His companion in this heathen ceremony was Khâmé II., the son of the chief Kharé. Presently Sechelé became anxious to be installed in the Chieftainship of his own people, the Bakwena; so he went to seek the help of his uncle Molesé at Lopepé, who refused to acknowledge him as the Chief of the Bakwena, whereupon Sechelé made his way to the Bahurutse tribe, which was then ruled by the chief Möilwe.

Meanwhile Molesé had been betrayed by Senesé, another uncle of Sechelé. Senesé soon brought Sechelé from the Bahurutse,

and Molesé had to fly for his life. Sechelé then remained at Lopepé, ruling for some time over a part of the Bakwena, and here he circumcised his younger brother Khosidintsé. But very soon the Matabele came and attacked Sechelé, and his mother 'Ma-Sechelé was killed.

Thereupon Sechelé determined to fulfil his long-cherished desire of returning to his own country. This he soon did, and in the course of time, and after much fighting, he gathered his father's people about him. In this way it came to pass that Sechelé lived at *Chonwane*, ruling over the Bakwena, when there came into the country a missionary of the London Missionary Society, who was destined to make Sechelé's name almost a household word in England. This missionary was David Livingstone.

CHAPTER II.

THE best account of Sechelé's life at this time is given by Livingstone, who settled among the Bakwena or Bakwains, as he calls them, in 1845. Sechelé and Livingstone became firm friends. The chief was his first convert, and in a few weeks learned to read the Sechwana Bible, his favourite book being Isaiah. Of the great prophet Sechelé remarked: "He was a fine man that Isaiah; he knew how to speak." Poor Sechelé, doubtless, meant well, but, in his ignorant zeal, he desired to hurry on the conversion of his procrastinating Bakwena, by somewhat original measures. The zealous young convert asked Livingstone, "Do you think you can make my people believe by talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrash-

ing them; and if you like I will call my headmen, and with our whips of rhinoceros hide (*sjamboks*) we shall soon make them all believe together." Livingstone was unable to assent to this request, and Sechelé saw that he had misunderstood the spirit of his teacher, and he began to follow the methods of his white missionary, but often shook his head, as he noted how ineffective they appeared to be. The Chief Sechelé, who had not long before been in the heathen ceremony of the *Bogwèra*, now began to conduct family worship, regularly, in his own home, and Livingstone was greatly pleased by the simplicity and beauty of his manner of conducting it. On such occasions Sechelé was attended by no one, save the members of his own family. It was quite natural that Sechelé should complain to the missionary: "In former times, if a Chief was fond of hunting, all his people got dogs and became fond of hunting too. If he loved beer, they all rejoiced in strong drink. But now it is different. I love the Word of God, but not one of my brethren will join me."

Sechelé lived long enough to learn that while the heathen Bechwana may soon learn to like the white man's tea and coffee, and alas! his brandy too, and to be fond of his guns, clothes, tools, and beads, and accept all these eagerly, they are not nearly so ready to accept his religion—Christianity. It may be that they think the white man is very wise in all material things, and only a fool in religious matters. No; the true explanation, of course, is that their benighted minds and hearts have no taste for spiritual things, and can only see the use of things material.

The Bakwena had no desire to put away their numerous wives; for Livingstone asked Sechelé to do this, and he tells us that Sechelé conformed to his request, and kept only one wife, 'Ma-Sebelé, the mother of the Chief Sebelé, the subject of this memoir.

The relatives of these discarded wives were up in arms, and they were of the best families in the tribe—this was one cause why the Bakwena did not like the religion of Livingstone. Just then they suffered from a very

severe drought, and some of the bigoted heathen credited the introduction of Christianity with causing it.

Livingstone advised Sechelé to remove from this arid spot, and Sechelé, ever ready to listen to Livingstone, for whom he had a genuine love and admiration, migrated from Chonwane to Kolobing, near a small river of that name. But the severe drought continued at the new station, and the tribe became still poorer, and suffered more from hunger every year. It was natural that the heathen should believe that Livingstone had bewitched their Chief, and the old councillors and headmen came to him, and entreated him to allow Sechelé to make a few showers, only a few.

Not without pathos are their words to the famous missionary: "The corn will die if you refuse, and we shall become scattered; only let him make rain this once, and we shall all come to school, and sing and pray as long as you please." "We like you," said Sechelé's uncle, "as well as if you had been born amongst us. You are the only white man we can become

familiar with, but we wish you to give up that everlasting preaching and praying. We cannot become familiar with that at all. You see we never get rain, while those tribes that never pray get plenty."

Livingstone did his best to show the superstitious people that no men could make rain, but only God. But the Bakwena thoroughly believed that the rain-makers could break the drought.

"Truly," they replied, "but God told us differently. He made black men first, but did not love us as He did the white men. He made you beautiful, and gave you clothing, and guns and gunpowder, and horses and waggons, and many other things about which we know nothing; but towards us He had no heart. He gave us nothing but the assegai and cattle, and rain-making; and he did not give us hearts like yours. We never love each other. Other tribes place medicines (charms) about our country to prevent the rain, so that we may be dispersed by hunger, and go to them, and add to their power. We must

dissolve their charms by our medicines. God has given us one little thing which you know nothing of—the knowledge of certain medicines by which we can make rain. We do not despise those things you possess, though we are ignorant of them. You ought not to despise our little knowledge, though you are ignorant of it."

It was among these heathen Bechwana that Sebelé was born in 1841. He had the great privilege of being taught to read by Dr Livingstone.

It is necessary to have some knowledge of the Bakwena, their customs, habits, and circumstances, to understand, properly, the position and character of a man like Sebelé Sechelé. As the eldest son of Sechelé, by his head wife, Sebelé was brought up as the heir to the Chieftainship. Instead of the hard school in which his father was taught his knowledge of life, Sebelé was petted and indulged, by all around him. Once he told me that he well remembered the time when the Matabele, under the old Chief Umziligazé (or Mosele-

katse, as the Bechwana called him) came, and saw, and conquered the Bakwena tribe. Moselekatse was very kind to Sebelé, personally, and made the boy a present of some cattle. In Sebelé's earlier days, the Boers also came, and gave them a good deal of trouble.

Livingstone states that the natives living to the east of Kolobing, the town of the Bakwena, were kept in a state of practical slavery, by the Boers of the Kashan mountains, who robbed them of their cattle, and compelled them to work without pay.

One of the Bechwana, who remembers those hard days, stated that the Dutch Boers compelled them to draw loaded carts.

"Where were the oxen that they could not be yoked to the cart?"

"Oh, they were near us, in sight, fat and strong, but the Boer would not use his oxen; so we had to pull the cart instead of oxen."

"Did you never refuse to pull the cart?" he was asked.

"Sometimes one of our number would refuse,"

"And what then?"

"The Boers became very angry, and used to beat him with a whip made of hippopotamus hide (*sjambok*); and, worse than that, they would often mutilate a man."

"Is this, really, true?"

"It is the real truth, I assure you, for I have seen what I tell you with my own eyes."

This is a very serious statement to make, and yet it was made very seriously by one of the Barolong at Marietsane in August 1894.

These Boers tried to bring the Bakwena under their rule, and were decidedly averse to Livingstone's teaching such people. Said the Boer leader: "You must teach the blacks that they are not our equals. . . . You might as well try to teach the baboons." Livingstone's reply was to ask the Boers to undergo an examination with the Bechwana, that he might decide who were the best Bible readers, the Boers or the despised blacks. This enraged the Dutchmen, who were, and are,

notoriously ignorant. After a time the Boers summoned Sechelé to "come and bow under the Transvaal flag," or, in other words, come under their rule and power, and do as they desired him—prevent English traders, and sportsmen, from passing through to the northern tribes, to sell ammunition and fire-arms. Sechelé stoutly replied to this ultimatum: "I was made an independent Chief and placed here by God, and not by you. The English are my friends. I get all I want from them. I cannot hinder them from going where they like." This reply, naturally, incensed the Boers greatly, and they immediately planned a raid on Kolobing, to humble the impertinent Bakwena. Hearing of this threatened danger, Livingstone visited the Boer Commandant, Mr Kruger, and remonstrated with him upon the wrong which they would commit, by slaying and robbing Sechelé's people. This remonstrance had the result of inducing the Commandant to postpone the attack upon the town of Kolobing, but no more.

Shortly afterwards, while Livingstone was

absent from the town, visiting his friends at Kuruman, the Boers actually did attack the Bakwena, killing a few, taking cattle and other booty, and also a few prisoners. Among these was Kharé, Sechelé's own son, the younger brother of Sebelé. Livingstone's own house was broken into, and his books, medicines, and furniture either destroyed or taken away. Young Kharé lived for some time amongst the Boers before he was allowed to return to his own people. Happily, the Bakwena were never effectually conquered or subjected, by the Boers. But they were anxious to obtain the protection of the Queen of England. Now their country has been for some years—since 1885—under British protection.

Sechelé once made his way down to Cape Town, to ask for British help against Boer aggression. Here he was treated kindly, and a sum of money collected to assist him. In those days, North Bechwanaland was considered too far off for the British Government to touch, while to-day it extends to nearly 1000 miles beyond the Bakwena town. So

Sechelé returned home, having received good treatment and kind words at Cape Town, but not the protection and help, which he and his people sorely needed. The time had not yet come.

CHAPTER III.

Before he succeeded his father Sechelé as Chief, Sebelé was very fond of comparing himself with His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales. He did it in this way:—"I, Sebelé, am the same age as the Prince of Wales. I am the heir to the Chieftainship of the Bakwena; the Prince of Wales is the heir to the British Government. I am the eldest son of Sechelé, the Chief of the Bakwena; Albert Edward, the Prince of Wales, is the eldest son of the Queen of England. My father still rules and I do not govern; it is the same with His Royal Highness—he does not rule in England. So I say that I resemble the Prince of Wales!"

But since Sebelé made this comparison his father has died, and he rules over his people.

Sebelé is now fifty-four years of age, slightly adipose, and nearly six feet high. He has been bald now for some years. He is generally regarded as of a handsome appearance, more so than either of his fellow-chiefs, Khâmé and Bathoeng.

He was early taught to read and write by David Livingstone, like his father, and is an excellent reader, with a good knowledge of the Scriptures. He has not learnt English, but knows a fair amount of the common Boer-Dutch language. His second son, Kebohula, is, probably, the most handsome black man in the country, and is, really, a good-looking young man.

Unfortunately, Sebelé has allied himself with the heathen portion of his tribe, and has been a strange bundle of contradictions. Able to read the Scriptures, of which he has a good knowledge, a regular attendant at church, he is yet the head of the heathen party in his country; mounted on his best horse, he may, occasionally, be seen leading the boys who are passing through the heathen ceremony, called

Bogwèra. At another time, one has seen him discussing the meaning of a passage of the New Testament Scriptures with his Christian people.

One of Sebelé's foibles is a weakness for strong drink, of which he imbibes, occasionally, too much. This is a very unhappy state of affairs, both for the Chieftainship and the people. Whatever were the faults of his father, Sechelé, he never manifested any partiality towards strong drink, although not a total abstainer. If a man should have business with the Chief Sebelé, he may be able to transact it in a satisfactory manner if the Chief is sober; but if, unhappily, Sebelé should not be sober on such an occasion, then the business will not be settled satisfactorily. When sober, Sebelé is a sensible man, and can behave himself in a very handsome manner. But he is not to be depended on—he may be sober and he may not, more's the pity.

Native beer is of two kinds: (1.) The corn-beer, which may be either of a beautiful white colour, or a salmon colour, according to the

kind of corn used, the white or red. It is usually of a thickish consistency. An earthenware pot or calabash is filled with this *boyalwa* or corn-beer, and is then taken to the persons who are to drink it. The beer is ladled out with a small calabash, cut in ladle fashion, and with this the beer is conveyed to the mouth. The men are usually seated around the *phahane* or beer-pot, as they drink and gossip over the affairs of their neighbours. When the men have drunk a good quantity of this native liquor they become muddled and stupid, and walk with an unsteady gait.

(2.) Another kind of liquor drunk by the Bechwana is the *khadi* or honey-beer. This is much more potent than the corn-beer, and soon steals away the senses of those who drink it freely. Happily, honey is not so plentiful as corn in Bechwanaland, so that the deadly *khadi* is comparatively scarce. But sometimes the two kinds of liquor are mixed, or a man puts honey and the larvæ into the corn-beer, which is thus made very powerful—"simply fire," as one of them called it. When the

Bechwana have reached the stage at which they desire to strengthen corn-beer with honey, they are rather far gone on the path of intemperance. Then nothing will suffice them save the white man's brandy, *boyalwa yoa sekgoa* as they call it. For this brandy, they barter away their oxen, sheep, goats, horses, and waggons, to say nothing of their own character and position in the tribe. By whom is it supplied? By white men, ay, Englishmen, who make gain by destroying these people, body and soul. How long will it be before England shall cease sending her strong liquors, her "fire-water," to the people of Africa?

It is to be feared that Sebelé's love of drink is growing upon him, and is beginning to manifest its work in his face. Sebelé and the writer first met each other in January 1885. At first he was angry when he heard that I was going to live with Khâmé at Shoshong, as Khâmé would thus have two missionaries, while the Bakwena had only one. Here his constant jealousy of Khâmé revealed itself. But after-

wards he subsided, and one saw him to better advantage. It was Sunday, and after the morning service, he invited the Rev. Roger Price, Rev. A. J. Wookey, and myself to dine with him. Never shall that dinner be forgotten by, at least, one of the guests. At that time Sebelé had three wives. The head wife only was present, a very pleasant-looking and quietly-behaved woman. I believe that we had already had a cup of tea with Sechelé. However, Sebelé ordered his man to bring in the dinner, which he immediately did. It consisted of a large dish of giraffe meat, prepared native fashion. The flesh had first of all been dried in the sun and wind. This is what the Dutch Boers term *biltong*. In appearance it looked like chopped hay, cooked in fat. The taste corresponded to this unpromising appearance. I tried hard to eat the plateful supplied to me, but I only succeeded in eating a small portion. It was eaten with a dessert spoon. It is only fair to add, that my companions ate this princely food with evident relish and enjoyment, and

gave the dish their unstinted praise. After this course was over, the tea was brought in, and this I enjoyed as well as anyone. By this time Sebelé had become most pleasant, and a very kind and good-natured host.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE are few men who have a more complete mastery of the Sechwana language than Sebelé, the son of Sechelé. All customs, traditions, fairy tales, and folk-lore of his people, he has at ready command. When he begins to talk upon these subjects, he generally goes on for hours together, retailing this kind of information. A few samples of this kind of native lore must suffice. Fairy tales are usually told on a pitch-dark night, around the blazing camp-fires, when travelling. It is then that Europeans can best hear them. Here are three common ones.

1. THE HARE AND THE LION.

The hare was once compelled to live in the company of a lion for some time. The lion refused to separate from the hare, because

she was so wise and clever, and always able to supply him with plenty of food. Every day the lion said to his little companion: "Set food before me, for I am hungry, or else I shall eat you up!" The hare answered as meekly as possible: "All right; I will soon get you plenty of food. Come with me!" So on the unequal pair went. The hare went forward, after telling the lion to keep well out of sight. Then the wise little hare went and called together all the creatures of the country to make them a speech. She called them together in a large enclosure formed of thorn-bushes—a kind of cattle-fold. The animals all came in obedience to the request of the clever hare, but wondered what the hare called them for. When they were all together, and as the hare was about to open the meeting with a speech, the lion, suddenly, sprang upon the antelopes and other game, as the hare had arranged he should do, and that day the lion had a good, heavy meal.

But after a time the hare became tired of providing the lion with food, day after day, and he was, really, ungrateful after all.

"Then the hare made up her mind to be rid of the lion. But this was not so easily done, as the lion kept so close to the hare's side every day. However, one day the hare invited the lion to come and see her house. So the lion went to see what sort of a house his little wise friend had built. When they reached the house, the hare sprang upon the roof. The lion wished to do the same, but was unable to climb up. Then the big strong lion asked the weak little hare to help him up. "All right," said the wise little animal; "put up your tail, that I may get hold of it to assist you." This the lion readily did, glad to be helped up. When the hare had hold of the lion's tail, she tied it fast to the roof of the house, and left the lion hanging there until he died. So the hare was never troubled by the lion any more.

2. The Hare and the Wolf.

Once upon a time the wolf called the hare to come and nurse her thirteen children. As these young wolves were very mischievous, the poor little hare had a very hard and busy time.

The first evening, when the mother wolf came home, she said to the hare, "What have you for me to eat? I am very hungry." The little hare replied: "I have something very nice for you; it will soon be ready." So the hare went away and took a little wolf, killed it, and cooked it, and then she took it to the savage and hungry wolf. The wolf soon ate it all up, and said: "That was very nice food; now go and bring me my dear children." Then the hare went and brought back the twelve young wolves to their mother. The clever hare quickly picked up one and ran out with it, saying, "O you naughty, greedy little wolf, I must take you away again!" So the nurse took the young wolf away, and pretended to bring back another one (No. 13), but in reality she brought back the same one. So the old wolf was deceived, and thought there were, really, thirteen young wolves.

The wise little nurse did this every day for twelve days, although it became more and more difficult to deceive the mother-wolf. But the hare always had clever excuses ready to ex-

plain the absence of the young wolves. At last only one little wolf was left. Again the wolf came home in the evening, and said to the hare: "Oh, I am so very hungry; bring me something to eat soon." The hare had now to cook the last little wolf, and then brought it to the greedy old wolf, who soon ate it all up. Then the old wolf had no more children left, for she had eaten them every one, without knowing it. When the mother-wolf felt very comfortable after supper, she said to the hare: "Now bring me my dear children, for I have not seen much of them lately." The hare went out, pretending to be going for the little wolves, but she only sprang over the thorn-bushes and ran away home. As she sprang away, she cried out to the wolf, "You have no children, you greedy old wolf; you have eaten them all." Away bounded the hare, and the savage wolf never saw her any more.

3. The Hare and the Angry Lion.

The lion was once very angry because the hare had played him some mischievous tricks,

and ran after the clever and nimble little creature, determined to punish her, when he had succeeded in catching her. But the King of Beasts found it far from easy to get hold of the hare. At last they came to the bank of a river. The hare could not, with all her wisdom, cross the river, for she had never learnt to swim. What will she do now? She suddenly changed herself into a stone. When the resentful old lion came up close to the edge of the river, he could see no hare, although he was quite sure that he had seen her there a moment before. He was now in a furious rage, and lashed his tail, and rolled his awful eyes, and roared like thunder. In his anger the lion seized a stone near to him, and threw it right across the river, so that it fell upon the opposite bank. But the old lion was never so astonished in his life as to see the stone change into the hare, which now laughed at him. So the hare escaped, and the lion went away in a very bad humour.

CHAPTER V.

THE heathen customs to which Sebelé is so strangely attached, are very numerous.

(1.) The *Bogwèra* or circumcision. This ceremony is held about every three or four years, according to the number of boys ready. The boys who pass through it form a regiment, for work or war afterwards, their general being the lad of highest position in the *Bogwèra*. The rite is performed with a native knife, when the boys are about fourteen or fifteen years old; that is, about the age of Ishmael when he was circumcised by Abraham. This goes to show that the custom must have come down to the Bechwana from the Ishmaelites, their descendants, or some people who came in contact with them, and received the rite from them. Some state that the Bechwana must have received the rite of circumcision from Mohammedans, some-

where in the north-east of Africa, towards Egypt. It is usually supposed that the Bantu tribes of South Africa migrated from the neighbourhood of Egypt, and came down along the east coast, towards Zululand and the Cape Colony, and then turning inland, and going north again, towards Bechwanaland and Matabeleland.

During this ceremony the boys are treated in Spartan fashion, and are beaten severely upon the bare back with rods, which are brought down with a will by the masters of the ceremony, usually headmen.

Mystic and obscene rites are, it is believed, practised during the Bogwèra, and for a time, the boys are allowed to do as they like, and even to ill-treat any luckless person, black or white, who may fall into their hands. The heathen now term it a "school." One fears that it is a school, in which little that is good and useful, is taught the scholars. May such "schools" soon be closed for ever! Many boys die in every Bogwèra, sometimes as many as forty.

(2.) The *Boyale* is composed of a regiment of girls, who must in future work together, when called upon by the Chief. Both the *Bogwèra* and *Boyale* were celebrated in Molepolole, the Bakwena Capital, recently. Some 500 girls, who are approaching the marriageable age, say from fourteen to seventeen, enter the *Boyale*, and are divided into bands, of twenty to fifty each, under the charge of a head-woman, who follows, carrying a terrible rod, whose thorny branches are curled round at the end, making it a formidable instrument of torture.

The girls are dressed in a very disgusting fashion. On their heads they wear caps of foxskin; around their bodies are rings of reed-beads,—that is, reeds of a few inches long, threaded like an immense necklace. A large number of these are loaded around the bodies of these poor girls, until they can scarcely get their arms over them to do anything. In addition to this, a reed skirt is worn. The strings of reed-beads here hang down to the knees, and are joined side by side all around.

As if the girls were not guys enough already, they whiten their black faces with ochre until they are positively hideous. As they march, the reeds rattle together and make a great noise, and, especially, when they are all dancing together. The women are supposed to teach these girls all womanly and wifely duties, such as the art of native pottery, corn-grinding, cookery, etc. They are taught the crocodile dance, because they belong to the *Ba-bina-kwena* or crocodile dancers, viz. the *Bakwena* and *Bangwaketse* tribes. They have to sing the quavering heathen chants, the women leading with improvised words. If the girls do not sing and dance properly, their shoulders are lacerated with the terrible thorn rods, to quicken their zeal. Towards the close of the ceremony they carry firewood in the day, and sing and dance all night—most wearisome of work. Girls who can afford it, pay others to dance for them.

The mistresses of the ceremony make incisions in each girl's side, serving as a *Boyale* certificate. Certain women, called **Matabele**, go among the girls in the nude state.

In another part of the ceremony, the women attack the girls with rods, while the girls are defended by their mothers. Food is carried both to the boys and the girls, in these ceremonies, by their mothers.

Towards the close of the ceremony, at the end of a fortnight or so, the boys and men join them, at night, in singing and dancing; indeed, the whole of the heathen part of the town joins in the demoniacal orgies, men and women, boys and girls, making together one hideous carnival of heathenism. Enough has been said, to justify the missionaries in condemning these disgusting customs.

(3.) *Rain-making* is a great institution among the Bakwena and most Bechwana. Different rain-makers have their different medicines and charms, to bring down the much-needed rain.

One uses the *babvon* in his medicines; another the *mokabawane* or Klipspringer antelope; while Lecholathèbè at Lake Ngamè, used the *blue jay*; and many believe in the efficacy of black oxen, which are slaughtered for this

purpose, that the stomach may be used to increase the potency of the charms. The dried droppings of conies are also used in making rain. The fat of a black ox, mixed with the fat of the Klipspringer, is also believed to be very efficacious. Various trees and herbs are also used in rain-making. Old Pelotona, at Shoshong, used to work hard with his rain-charms, when the Christians prayed for rain, believing that "the charms and the prayers would work together to bring rain."

(4). *Bogadi* is a term denoting the oxen paid for a wife, say five, seven, nine, eleven, thirteen, fifteen, or even fifty-one, for the wife of a Chief. But the oxen must consist of odd numbers, even numbers being considered very unlucky.

This custom is still kept up by the heathen, and a man is often met, driving before him five or seven oxen. If you ask him, "Whose cattle are these?" he will often reply, "They are *Bogadi*."

In addition to these well-known customs, there are others which are less known to

Europeans. *Love-charms* or philtres are used among these people, even to-day. If a girl's parents wish to bring about a marriage between their daughter and a certain young man, her father asks the witch-doctor to provide him with a potion for this purpose. The doctor agrees, readily, for a consideration. The father returns home and hands the philtre to his wife, who gives it to her daughter, with suitable instructions. The girl takes the first opportunity to get her lover to drink the charm, and generally succeeds. When the young man has drunk it, the whole town hears of it, and talks of the coming wedding, as a matter of course.

A wife will also obtain a love-charm, to win back the wandering affections of her too fickle husband.

A man often makes use of a *boithatishō*, or philtre, in a peculiar way. If he wishes to ask the Chief to grant him a favour, he first gets a piece of medicine from the doctor, which he chews between his teeth, while he places his request—for an ox, etc.—before his Chief. This medicine is said to "cause the Chief to love

him," and, of course, to grant him his petition

Trial by ordeal is still practised among this most superstitious people. When a crime has been committed, and they fail to demonstrate the guilty person, the heathen have recourse to—

(*a.*) The *phahana*, or beer-pot, made out of a large gourd or calabash. The beer-pot—a frail affair—is placed on a flat stone, medicines are placed in it, when it is filled with water to the brim, and another flat stone placed over its mouth, as a lid. The suspected men are made to sit on this strange seat. If a man be innocent nothing happens. But if he be, really, guilty, the pot is broken by his weight, and the water flows over the ground. When this happens, the man often confesses his guilt.

(*b.*) Another ordeal is to make the suspected men, who wish to clear themselves, wash their hands and arms up to the elbow, in a wooden dish containing medicines and water, and then immediately to plunge their hands and

arms into boiling fat. The guilty man's arms are flayed by the ordeal. Others declare that they are unscathed.

(*c.*) Sometimes a pot of cold water is placed on the ground; in its side are three small holes. The medicine-man places his fingers over these apertures to which the water reaches, to prevent the water from coming through them. Suspects put their hand into the water. If any should escape through the apertures, the person is declared guilty. A man named Machomonyane was declared guilty at Kanye, a few years since, by Doctor Ra-mèlabèla. This witch-doctor either hated the man, or had been assured of his guilt, When the case was referred to the Chief Gaseitsiwe, he would not allow the doctor to touch the pot, and he failed now to prove the man guilty. The Chief thus exposed the fraud of the medicine-man.

(*d.*) Suspects are also compelled to sit on a heated mattock.

Medicines are placed at the scene of the crime to force the guilty to come forward and

confess, or else to secretly restore the stolen articles, if the crime be one of theft.

The magician may also throw down the magic dice, by which he professes to point out where the guilty man lives. Then the ordeals can be used.

CHAPTER VI.

THE reader is now acquainted with some of the heathen customs which Sebelé has been taught from his youth, and in which he professes to believe to-day; at least he, certainly, supports them and carries them out in his own town. His second son, Kebohula, is a Christian, and objected to entering the *Bogwèra* ceremony. Sebelé was determined to compel his son to follow out the heathen customs. Sechelé was then ruling over the Bakwena, and Kebohula ran to his grandfather, for help and protection, and old Sechelé, with all his faults, protected his grandson, and would not allow even his son, Sebelé, to compel the boy to go into the heathen ceremony, against his will. All honour to Sechelé, the chief of the Bakwena! At this

time Sechelé was not a member of the Christian church, in his town, although he, earnestly, desired to join it. But the heathen customs are as the very breath of their nostrils to heathen, like Sebelé.

They, moreover, use medicines and charms for nearly everything—for their homes, where medicines must be smeared, to keep off evil and ill luck; for their cattle, sheep, and goats, which are made to pass through the smoke or incense, of burning charms; their gardens and corn-lands are be-charmed, to make their corn grow and to keep off thieves, whether birds or men; waggons have their medicines to make them run well, and guns, to make them shoot straight; and even dogs, to make them fierce. There are also charms for health, and others to ward off the dangers, arising from the evil charms of a man's enemies.

Among the Bechwana there is a proverb which says, "A man cannot live without charms." Charms are also used to bewitch other people. When I once asked an intelligent young fellow to accompany me

to the Bakwena town, he refused, saying, "*Nyaea, Sechelé o tla ntōa*" ("No, Sechelé will bewitch me").

In addition to these, medicines are used to drive off locusts, to charm soldiers, that they may pass through battle unscathed; hunters have, too, their appropriate charms to ensure success in the hunting-field; there are charms to fit the Bechwana to meet white men; charms for sickness, for birth and for death. There are personal charms, which the people must use; occasionally, the men go to be "doctored up"; like the Hindus, they smear their foreheads with medicines. The Sechwana proverb has it that "the blessing which has no medicine, departs." Who will then doubt that the Bechwana believe most thoroughly in the potency of charms and medicines?

Yet I have barely mentioned the witch-doctor's dice. These are made of four pieces of the hoof of a wild animal, say, a wildebeeste antelope, and are in two pairs, of husband and wife. First of all, there is a fifth piece, made of the wood of the

Morokolo tree, and sometimes of the joint bone of a small antelope. This is not one of the dice, but a *sepheko* or "charmer," to make the genuine dice act properly. The two pairs of dice are—*More-mogolo*, or Great Medicine, and his wife *Setlhapagadi*. The "husband" is in the shape of a divided hoof, about an inch or more each way. The "wife" is a flat piece of hoof, slightly bent like a bow. Each one is marked with the point of a bradawl, like the deep marks of smallpox. The second pair consists of *Seyarwe* and his good wife *Khatsane*. Both pairs are very similar, but the wizard can distinguish them easily, though others may not see much difference between them. In throwing the dice, or *bola*, the wizard watches how they fall, and the position in which they lie. Of course they are not effective unless you pay an ox, etc., beforehand. When thrown, if the apex of Big Medicine is skywards, the chief will make a public statement, will call a meeting, or announce that rain will fall, or that the *Bogwèra* will be held, etc., etc. His wife *Setlhapagadi* looks after hunters. If *Seyarwe*

(or *Seyaro*, or *Charo*) stands apex skywards, then a headman will run away from the town. *Khatsane* helps her husband *Seyarwe*, in declaring how witchcraft is carried on at night, to bewitch folk.

In throwing down the dice, the diviner repeats the following untranslateable incantation:— "*Segwanyana - gwanyana se sale se cwa Mokwena sa apere potsana pedi a nama a shwete nkana!*" One of these dice-charmers, named Kra Kailang, threw his dice down one day, and after studying their position he coolly turned to my friend, Mr George Musson, and said: "The dice state that you, Musson, will give me an ox!" Mr Musson promptly replied, "Then the dice are not speaking the truth, for I am not going to give you an ox!"

The country is full of this kind of thing, until most of the people are bound by the chains of superstition. Sebelé was taught all these superstitious practices in his youth, until they are probably part of his very nature. The wonder is that any of the present generation succeed at all in extricating themselves from its ensnaring power.

CHAPTER VII.

It has been already stated that Sebelé is deeply versed in the folk-lore of his people. The reader will be glad of a specimen of the traditions of the Bechwana.

The first of the Bechwana or Sechwana Adam, was named *Matsieng;* he came out of a cave near Molepolole, Sebelé's capital. This cave is called Lōè (or Laue). There may be a connection between this name and the term *lōa* (*laua*), to bewitch. It is stated that—

(1.) Cattle came out of this cave, and

(2.) Matsieng, the black Adam, father of all the Bechwana, came out of Lōè. He came with his wife, the black Eve, mother of the Bechwana, and they followed the cattle. Matsieng thus secured the cattle to himself.

(3.) Next, all kinds of wild animals, wild

beasts and game, came forth out of this wonderful cave.

(4.) Then came forth the Makhalahari and Masarwa or Bushmen, who followed the game. They became the servants of the Bechwana and hunted for them.

(5.) Lastly, the white people came out of this cave of marvels. As they came *after* the Bechwana, like the Makhalahari and Bushmen, so in like manner, they also are regarded as the younger brothers, or inferiors of Bechwana. But these unfortunate, white-faced younger brothers, being very poor, God took pity upon them; so He gave them great wisdom, to assist them to gain a livelihood, seeing that they had been created in a lowly and inferior state. This wisdom stood them in good stead afterwards, and was the means of their attaining to the rich and powerful position, which they hold to-day. Another version is that at first all men were white, but God was angry with the Africans, and punished them by making them black. Still, it is fair to add, that some black people pro-

fess to be proud of their colour, and assert the superiority of the black skin.

The cave of Lōè is said to lead to the centre of the earth, where the old Bechwana taught that God lived. In coming out of the cave, men and animals came from God. But their ideas of God or *Modimo*, apart from the teaching of the Word of God, are exceedingly vague. Sometimes they speak of *Tintibane* as if he were God, while some wonder if he is not Satan. But again, Tintibane is spoken of as the son of Thōbègè and grandson of Pachwa. He was probably some African Hercules. Bushmen will not agree with the above views that God lives in the centre of the earth. "No," say the Bushmen, "God lives above, in the sky." When the Bechwana are reminded of this, they say: "Yes, and many of us have also been taught this by our fathers." So they hold two, mutually, contradictory opinions, as to the abode of God, and the origin of man.

The second theory runs thus: God lives above, in the sky. The first man came from

the sky. How? God let him down by means of a long rope reaching to the earth. When the old Chief Dinyanto told me of this native tradition, I asked him, "What about the woman, Chief?" "Oh! God let down the first woman too, by this long rope." "But wasn't she afraid to come down such a long rope by herself, Chief? You know that women are very nervous." "No," replied Dinyanto, in his serious way; "she wasn't afraid, because she knew that she would find a man at the end of the rope." Further questioning failed to elicit where that famous rope was now kept. "We have never seen it," said Dinyanto; "we can only tell you what our fathers told us. Besides, black people don't know anything; you white people are the masters of knowledge!"

When Bechwana die, they are said to go to the "gods" or ancestral spirits; but they cannot approach the Supreme God. They must first take their place, in order, behind those who died just before them. But they may pass their prayers and petitions on through these

predecessors to *the* God. This is why the living pray to their nearer ancestors, as grandfathers and great-grandfathers.

Bechwana will often tell us of some traditions relating to other tribes than their own, with the object of ridiculing those tribes, pretty much as the English of one county tell absurd tales of the folly of their neighbours in the next counties. It is thus stated that the people of the Bahurutse tribe, near Zeerust, were originally baboons, for even to-day they are termed *Ba-chwené*, or baboon people. After a time the Ba-chwené burnt off their tails, because they preferred sitting on the hot stones, to working, for they were a lazy people. Afterwards they stood shivering in the cold, and chattering after the manner of baboons.

A ridiculous adventure has given the Bakhatla of Moshopa, the town of Chief Pilané, the absurd name of Baganaana. It happened in this way: Long ago they lived with their elder brothers, the Bakgahèla Bakhatla, now ruled by Chief Lenchwé. But they were anxious to separate from the Bakgahèla, who

would not grant them permission. Thereupon they practised upon their elder brothers a ludicrous device, to get away stealthily, in the night, under cover of the darkness. For this purpose they tied up a very young calf in their town, which kept bellowing loudly for its mother. This is a familiar sound in a native town. While the Bakgahèla heard the calf lowing, they confidently thought all was well. But their younger brothers stole away, leaving the crying calf to deceive the rest of the town. The Bakgahèla slept in peace, for did not the calf prove that their younger brothers were still in their town?

In the morning the ridiculous trick was discovered; the calf was still tied up, but the younger Bakhatla were all gone, and their property with them. In their disgust and chagrin, the Bakgahèla called the runaways Baganaana, or "the-men-of-the-red-and-white-cow-calf."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE famous old Chief Sechelé only died in 1893, so that Sebelé's experience as a ruler of his people has been brief. Sechelé was a mixture of much that was good and bad. But for some years he was the best known of the Bechwana Chiefs, chiefly, on account of his connection and friendship with Dr Livingstone. Had Livingstone been able to remain with Sechelé for several years, it would have been of unspeakable advantage to one brought up in heathenism, and who had only just learnt the rudiments of Christianity. But, unfortunately, Sechelé was left early to himself in a heathen town. Sechelé was not yet strong enough to stand by himself, and it is not surprising that he fell.

German missionaries lived afterwards with

Sechelé, when he had removed his people and town once more, this time to Molepolole, where the town stands on a high and rocky mountain, in a picturesque neighbourhood.

For many years Sechelé was outside the pale of the Christian Church, although he always longed to be allowed to return. Just before the old man died, at eighty years of age, he was received into the Church again, to his great content and deep satisfaction.

It is easy to throw stones at Sechelé. He is dead; let us think of him kindly now, for which of us is faultless? and he was brought up in the darkest and deepest heathenism. No wonder that it clung to him so long. Peace to his memory!

Sebelé's advantages have been much greater than his father's, but it cannot be said that he has made a good use of them. Succeeding to the Chieftainship of the Bakwena in 1893, Sebelé began to rule over a tribe of some 12,000 people. He was rich in cattle, horses, sheep, goats, and waggons. On his side was his popular uncle Khosédintsè, a heathen of

the old-fashioned type, now fast passing away. It is said that Khosédintsé is not an admirer of Sebelé, personally, but supports him from loyalty to the tribe and its customs. Sebelé, too, may be depended on to uphold all the heathen customs most staunchly, which suits the uncle.

Sebelé is said not to have been successful in war, or to have gained any military honours. He has only two children, his two sons, Kealeboga and Kebohula.

Some years ago the Bakwena made war upon the Bakgahèla Bakhatla, soon after the death of their Chief Khamanyane. The Bakhatla state that the war arose thus: When the Chief Khamanyane died, the Bakwena immediately demanded that the Bakhatla should pay taxes for occupying the Bakwena country, since they had come over from the Transvaal. This was considered unkind treatment, and the Bakhatla resented it, most deeply, saying: "While we were in deep sorrow at the death of our beloved Chief, the Bakwena came down upon us for taxes, just

like wolves; they heeded not our tears of bereavement, but just demanded taxes of us for living in their country, although nothing had ever been said before this, about paying tribute." However, the tribute was refused. Then the Bakwena, commanded by Sebelé, swept down upon the Bakhatla, and tried to seize their cattle. The Bakhatla were organised by their young chief Lenchwe, son of Khamanyane, and led out against the invaders. The result of this was that the Bakwena were quickly repulsed, and driven back towards Molepolole, their Capital. The Bakhatla followed up their success, and came after the Bakwena, and even approached their Capital, and took away a good deal of booty, guns, waggons, and cattle. The *Mokwena*, as Sebelé is termed by his people, seems not to have been the last to return home. The mortification of poor old Sechelé and the Bakwena tribe, was intensely bitter, and naturally, they made all sorts of excuses for their defeat, such as, their lack of ammunition. But the Bakwena have never been able to subdue the Bakhatla

to this day. They, of course, glory in their victory, and charge Sebelé with incompetent generalship, ay, and even cowardice. At the Kopong meeting of chiefs in February 1889, Lenchwe threw this in Sebelé's teeth, and said: "In battle, a Chief's place, when defeated, is to be among the dead or wounded; he ought not to run away home." And as he spoke, Lenchwe looked towards Sebelé, and all present knew what he meant.

Sebelé, following his father, Sechelé's, custom, lives in a good European house, well furnished. But, unfortunately, his people have not yet mastered the difficulties of housekeeping, and do not understand the necessity for using the duster *every* day. But this is part of the awkwardness arising with all new customs, and when these are gradually overcome, it may be hoped that a great improvement will be seen.

CHAPTER IX.

If Sebelé had been a Christian man, there can be no doubt that he would have been a man of much greater influence in Bechwana-land, than he, really, is to-day. But he has never been a Christian, and now he is the heathen leader of the Bakwena. However it may be explained, the fact remains that, to-day, the most influential and respected of the native Chiefs are the Christian Chiefs.

Sechelé and Sebelé have given concessions to white men for monopolies in almost every-thing—for railways, telegraphs, telephones, electric lighting, banks; and also for digging gold, diamonds, etc.

These concessions bring in to Sebelé some hundreds of pounds every year. But whether these payments will continue to be maintained

is doubtful. However, Sebelé is rich enough in cattle, and could not feel the loss of a few hundred pounds annually, very keenly. Then his people bring him in tribute-money, cattle, valuable skins and karosses, ostrich feathers, etc., etc.

Since the Bakwena left the Kolobing River, and came to live at Molepolole, they have had, in addition to the German missionaries of the Hermannsburg Society, several missionaries of the London Missionary Society, which sent Dr Livingstone to them, so long ago. The agents of this honoured Society who have been stationed at Molepolole, are Rev. Roger Price, who laboured among these people for nearly twenty years; the Rev. Charles Williams, who is not yet forgotten by the Bakwena; Rev. J. S. Moffat, son of Dr Robert Moffat; Rev. A. J. Wookey, now of Lake Ngami; and Rev. Howard Williams, the present respected missionary of Sebelé's people.

Sebelé, unhappily, has not always been on the best of terms with his missionaries, even

while his father was yet alive. Still, he has worked with them fairly well, on the whole. Like many who wear white skins, Sebelé has been sometimes slow to recognise his best friends. Still, in time of sore need, he has generally looked for help to his missionary, and not in vain.

In 1886 there arose a serious dispute between the Bakwena and the Bamangwato with regard to the ownership of certain wells at a place called Lopepé, about forty miles south-west of Shoshong, where the Bamangwato then resided. The Bakwena claimed the wells, stating that they had belonged to them for ages. The Bamangwato denied the justice of this claim, and stated that their cattle had been drinking at those wells from time immemorial. The dispute became, presently, acute, and Sebelé, being a hot-blood and somewhat impetuous, was eager to fight for the rights of his people. At length, both tribes appealed to the British Government, to settle their dispute. The Government appointed a Boundary Commission to sit at Lopepé, and hear the

evidence on both sides. This Commission was presided over by Captain Goold Adams. On the 23d August 1886, the Commission met at Lopepé. Khâmé was present with his people, the Bamangwato. Sebelé was anxious to be present, but Sechelé, who then ruled, would not allow his headstrong son to go there, lest Sebelé should quarrel with Khâmé, and make strife. So Khosidintsi was sent, with a number of Bakwena, to represent the Chief and tribe. He is a prudent man, an able politician in native affairs, and is also disposed to be friendly with Khâmé. The Commission heard witnesses on both sides, who contradicted each other, very much as English witnesses do, in our law-courts in Great Britain.

When the evidence had been heard for both tribes, the Commission decided to divide the wells between the two tribes. The Bakwena were, probably, better pleased with the result, than the Bamangwato.

A new church was built in Molepolole in 1891. Sechelé assisted in building it, as did

very many Bakwena. So did Sebelé. He is a heathen, yet attends a Christian church, and reads the Christian Scriptures; he is the leader in all heathen customs and witchcraft, and yet, so self-contradictory are men, that Sebelé also placed a handsome pulpit in the new church. From Sebelé's pulpit, the Gospel is regularly preached, to Sebelé and his people.

There has been another dispute between the Bakwena and Bamangwato, for their mutual jealousies are deeply rooted, and are not likely to pass away soon.

The second dispute was about the Lopepé waters again; and matters, nearly, came to a crisis. On this occasion (1892) the two tribes were within more than measurable distance of war. Khâmé became very excited, but, native-like, the excitement passed away like the morning dew, and the Government settled the dispute once more. But in 1893, Sebelé involved himself in serious difficulties, with the British Government. He had interfered with the Bechwanaland Border Police in the execution of their duty. The case was tried by

Mr W. H. Surmon, Assistant Commissioner, with the result that Sebelé was fined fifty oxen. The chief demurred to paying these oxen, but, eventually, he sent to Mr Surmon, fifty indifferent oxen, which were accepted in settlement.

But Sebelé seems to have felt rather sore over this case. This led him to resolve to pay a visit to His Excellency, the Governor and High Commissioner, Sir Henry Loch, at Government House, Cape Town. He was accompanied by a few of his people and the Rev. Howard Williams, his missionary, who acted as interpreter.

A Sunday was spent in Vryburg, the capital of British Bechwanaland. Mr Williams conducted an evening service for the English residents in the Dutch Church. The popular Dutch pastor, Rev. D. Wilcocks, sat in one of the pews with Sebelé, as a worshipper. The church was kindly lent by Mr Wilcocks for the English service; but next day, when the Dutch farmers heard that a black man, a "Kaffir," had been in their

church, they were greatly scandalised, for they do not believe in equality between black and white, even in the House of God. The fact that their own *predikant* or minister had taken the chief Sebelé into their *kerk* made matters worse, rather than better. To prevent the recurrence of this "scandal," the Dutchmen built a small native church for Mr Wilcocks, where he occasionally preaches the Gospel to the coloured people.

From Vryburg, Sebelé and his party took train for the Cape. He asked a friend to pray for him in his perilous journey, meaning the railway journey. When the train suddenly entered the tunnel, Sebelé was much alarmed; but no harm befell him, and they all reached Cape Town in safety. It must have been very natural, surely, for a man fifty years of age to be in dread of his first railway journey, when he saw the locomotive engine, and railway train, and carriages, for the first time in his life. Not many a Dutch Boer could afford to laugh at the black man's fears. And who should not himself pray God to guard him on a railway

journey of 800 miles, and ask his friends to do so? At Cape Town, Sebelé beheld the sea for the first time, in his life of half a century; he also saw the ships, merchantmen, and men-of-war; he saw machinery of various kinds; the fine buildings of Cape Town; the English soldiers, the business and traffic, of the bustling and busy sea-port, of the Cape of Good Hope, at the foot of the lofty Table Mountain; the numerous railway trains, tramcars, omnibuses, cabs and carriages, driven for the most part by natives and Malays. All this was quite new to the Chief. The Cape Town which his father visited fifty years before was a different place, altogether, from the thriving peninsular town of to-day. What were Sebelé's thoughts during this visit to the Peninsula, we do not know, and, probably, he could not express them, even if he wished. The Governor received Sebelé kindly, and entertained him, courteously, for about a fortnight; but His Excellency was firm, in insisting upon the necessity of obeying the Queen's laws, and not interfering with British officers. His long journey over, the

Mokwena—his tribal title—returned to his capital, where his people were delighted to see him again, for they had feared that he might never be able to return to them—they dreaded, they knew not what. Yet here he is, safe and sound, and the Bakwena were very happy.

CHAPTER X.

Among his various accomplishments, snuff-taking must be counted, for both Sebelé and his father have been fond of taking snuff, out of a silver snuff-box. But most Bechwana take snuff, and many are taking kindly to the white man's tobacco pipe.

In 1893 Sebelé had yet another dispute with the Chief Khâmé, but on this occasion it was a three-cornered controversy, for Lenchwe was also involved in it. Khâmé considered that Sebelé and Lenchwe had both trespassed in his country. Lenchwe had certainly done so. How is the dispute to be settled? By yet another Commission, of course! And this is eventually done, and it is hoped that now the boundaries of these neighbouring Chiefs are finally settled.

But Sebelé's troubles are thickening about his head. Early in this year (1895) his younger brother Kharé gave him trouble. Formerly Kharé had stood by him, loyal and faithful; but now Kharé desires to leave Sebelé, and separate from him altogether. Kharé had been ill for some time, and during his illness he spent a good deal of time outside of the town at his cattle-posts, and gardens, professedly, to seek health, by change of air. Sebelé became suspicious of these protracted visits to the country districts, and ordered Kharé, peremptorily, to return home. At last, he came. What plots had been hatched during these extended periods of absence from the town, are best known to Kharé himself. Certain it is, that after this, there was no political peace in the town. Kharé even wrote to the Assistant-Commissioner, asking permission to separate from Sebelé, and settle somewhere, with his own people. No satisfactory reply being received, Kharé left the town, and settled with his followers, at the foot of the Molepolole mountain. Sebelé, for his part, was

anxious for the malcontents to be gone, and told them to turn out of his town. Kharé's following was a large one, about half of the people.

Kharé and his discontented followers, assert that Sebelé was not a satisfactory Chief, on account of his drunkenness, and incapacity; the Christians stated that he persecuted them, and tried to force their baptized children into the *Bogwèra* and *Boyale*. As to Kharé himself, we shall not probably misrepresent him, if we assume that he is not destitute of ambition, to rule over a town of his own—in a word, to be an independent Chief. Human nature is much the same all the world over, under a white skin, or under a black one; while most men are ambitious of power. Whether Kharé will prove a better Chief, than his elder brother, remains to be seen, but it is known that Kharé, too, has yielded to intemperance. Through strong drink, he has become a backslider, for he has been a member of the Christian Church.

It is Khâmé and Khamane over again, with

this difference, that Khâmé has always been more popular with the Bamangwato than Sebelé has been with the Bakwena. Again the Queen's Government had to interfere. After inquiry, the Government decided that, as Kharé and his followers refused to live under Sebelé's rule, they must remove, and not remain longer, at the foot of the Molepolole hills. The Government requested Kharé, therefore, to take his people, and all their property, to Kolobing, the old station of the Bakwena, in the days of Livingstone. At first Kharé flatly refused to remove; he and his new followers would die, as they had lived, at Molepolole. An armed force was ordered to remove them. In spite of their protestations to the contrary, they went to Kolobing, and there they have just settled down. Sebelé still rules at Molepolole, with the remaining half of his tribe.

We have not yet heard the purport of his visit to England. Sebelé's true friends hope that he may yet turn away from all evil customs, whether native or European, and lead a Christian life. If this hope is realised, he

may yet become, as the Chief of the oldest tribe in the Protectorate, a great power and influence for good, among the Bakwena.

We now know that the three Chiefs have come to England for one purpose—viz. to preserve their country, native rule, and hunting rights, and also, to ask the Queen to help them in keeping brandy out of their countries.

CHAPTER XI.

KHÂMÉ is now in England, with his brother Chiefs. They arrived at Plymouth on Friday, 6th September, per R.M.S. *Tantallon Castle.* They are staying at Armfield's Hotel, South Place, Finsbury. On Wednesday, 13th September, the Chiefs had an interview with the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies. The Chiefs Sebelé, Khâmé, and Bathoeng were accompanied by Mr Willoughby and the writer.

Mr Chamberlain received the Chiefs in a kindly and sympathetic manner. But the Colonial Secretary has not, thus far, been able to accede to their wishes. The Chiefs make the following requests of the British Government :—

(1.) "That our land may not be taken from us, and given to either the Chartered Company or any one else. We wish to be ruled by our Mother, the Queen, only."

(2.) "That we may retain our own form of native government for our own people, in all cases that can be settled by the Bechwana Chiefs; and that subject Chiefs, living in our own country, should really be subject to us, and not be allowed to make mischief in the country."

(3.) "That we may be allowed to hunt the game—of which there is now only a little—in our own country."

(4.) "That strong drink should not be sold in our country, to either white people or black people. We are ourselves abstainers; and if we cannot prevent our people from drinking native beer, at least, we wish to keep the Englishman's brandy from them. These are our words."

For these three African Chiefs, descendants of a hundred native princes, we bespeak the sympathy of Englishmen and Englishwomen to-day.

Very pathetic is it to hear them express their fears lest they be not permitted to gaze upon the well-known features of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, or *Setoria*, as they pronounce it. "Many of our ignorant people tell us that they do not believe that such a person, as the great Queen, exists. If we, their own Chiefs, return home, and tell our people that we have not seen Her Majesty—the *Mohumagadi*—what will they say? They will say, 'We spoke the truth, when we said, that there is no Queen in England.' So we fear to return to our own countries and nations unless we can first see the Queen."

But we who know the true and kind heart which beats in the bosom of her Majesty, feel assured that could their request be placed before her, they would not return to Africa before gazing upon the face, which they are so eager to see.

May Khâmé, Sebelé, and Bathoeng, when they return to their African homes, be able to tell their people, not only how wise, clever, and

powerful are the English people, but may they be able to tell their people, above all, that the English people are fair-minded, true, and honest—a people to be trusted for justice to black people, and a people nobly generous, hating oppression and injustice in every form —in a word, the friends of the weak, the suffering, and of all who seek fair play.

CHAPTER XII.

The three interesting African Princes have now left what they may well regard as the most hospitable shores of England. After their first interview with the Colonial Secretary, the three Chiefs made a most successful tour through the principal towns and cities of the country. Everywhere they were received with enthusiasm: in Bristol, Brighton, Liverpool, Birmingham, Manchester, Leicester, Bradford, and Leeds. The Chiefs also visited Scotland, spending a day in both Edinburgh and Glasgow. At Carlisle they saw snow falling for the first time in their lives. They also saw snow on the Scotch mountains. In addition to this, the Chief Batwing visited South Wales, where he and his headmen, Tsime and David, had a splendid reception from the Welsh people.

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where no drink is sold, for two months at least. This arrangement makes it difficult for the native workers to obtain drink; it also makes it less easy to steal, conceal, and carry outside the precious stones.

Probably, in the quantity of land to be reserved for the Bangwaketse, the Bakwena, and the Bamangwato, the Chiefs were not satisfied. But, in any arrangement, they were bound to lose some portion of their lands, and this they have not been able to prevent. There can be little doubt that a *modus vivendi* would have been found between Mr Rhodes and the three Chiefs, had their objections to coming under the British South Africa Company not been insuperable. This is where the great difficulty stood. For this reason Mr Chamberlain was obliged to intervene, and he did so with great success. This settlement was made on the 6th November at the Colonial Office. With Mr Chamberlain were Sir Robert Meade, Mr Fairfield, Mr Graham, Lord Ampthill, and Mr Wilson. The British South Africa Company

was represented by the Duke of Fife, Earl Grey, Mr Rochfort Maguire, and Dr Rutherford Harris. The Chief Sebele was absent through illness. The Chiefs Batwing and Khame were accompanied by the Revs. R. W. Thompson, Foreign Secretary to the London Missionary Society, W. C. Willoughby, and the writer, who was the interpreter. The interview lasted two hours, every word spoken having to be interpreted to the Chiefs, who do not, of course, speak English.

Mr Chamberlain was very patient, and listened kindly to all that was said. "I like Mr Chamberlain, because he knows how to listen to a man's words," said one of the followers of the Chiefs. Having heard the views of the Chiefs and the Chartered Company, and after a long discussion, Mr Chamberlain gave his decision, which is contained in the following letter :—

"DOWNING STREET, *November 7th*, 1895.

"SIR,—At the interview which Mr Chamberlain had yesterday with the Chiefs Khama and Bathoen, the latter agreed to abide by whatever Mr Chamberlain might

decide as to the future of their countries on the general lines indicated at the interview.

"Mr Chamberlain much regrets that illness prevented Sebele being present on the occasion; but Sebele will know that you spoke for him fully, and Mr Chamberlain has no doubt that that Chief will feel that his interests were well protected.

"Mr Chamberlain now directs me to put in writing the decision at which he has arrived, including those points which he explained to the Chiefs personally, and he asks you to be so good as to interpret this as fully and clearly as possible to the Chiefs.

"In the first place, as Mr Chamberlain said yesterday, it is absolutely necessary that the railway to Matabeleland should be proceeded with as quickly as possible, and that it should run through the eastern part of the Bechuanaland Protectorate. As far as the Pakwe River, or, at all events as far as the Elebe Fort, the railway will be in the neighbourhood of the Transvaal border, and for that purpose it will be necessary that each of the chiefs Bathoen, Sebele, and Khama give up a strip of country along the Transvaal border. In the case of Bathoen's country, the strip shall not be less than six miles wide, and, if possible, not more than ten miles wide, at any place. In the case of Khama's country, owing to physical circumstances, Mr Chamberlain reserves a somewhat larger discretion as to the variation in width at different parts. But this discretion he will only use either for Khama's good or because of difficulties

in making the railways. Mr Chamberlain has promised the Chiefs that he will appoint an independent officer (who will be told Mr Chamberlain's mind fully) to mark out this strip, and to see that as far as possible the garden grounds of natives shall not be interfered with. Representatives of the Chiefs will accompany this officer in order to point out the garden grounds. The Company will have to keep within the line the Commissioner shall mark. The railway will be fenced on the side of the Chiefs, so that their cattle shall not stray on to it. It will probably be necessary that from the Elebe Fort to the Makloutsi River, or at all events from the Pakwe River to the Makloutsi River, the railway shall pass through the middle of Khama's country; but in this case no land will be required beyond what is actually necessary for the construction of the line, and the line will be fenced on both sides, and a sufficient number of gates provided to enable Khama's cattle to pass from his country on one side of the line to his country on the other.

"So much for the railway.

"Now as to the claims of the Chiefs in the rest of the Protectorate.

"Each of the three Chiefs, Khama, Sebele, and Bathoen, shall have a country within which they shall live as hitherto under the protection of the Queen. The Queen will appoint an officer to reside with them. This officer will receive his orders from the Queen through the Secretary of State and the High Commissioner. The Chiefs

will rule their own people much as at present. The Queen's officer will decide all cases in which white men, or black men who do not belong to the tribe of one of the three Chiefs, are concerned, or in which the punishment is death. He will also have a right to hear an appeal in any very serious case, even if the punishment is short of death.

"The people under the Chiefs shall pay a hut tax, or tax of a similar nature, but, as the Chiefs wish it, they may collect it—at all events for the present—themselves, and pay it over to the Queen's officer, but this is not to be made a reason for paying over too little.

"White man's strong drink shall not be brought for sale into the country now assigned to the Chiefs, and those who attempt to deal in it or give it away to black men will be punished. No new liquor licence shall be issued, and no existing licence shall be renewed.

"The Queen's officer will have one or two officers with him to help him, and he and they will have a few mounted white men to carry their messages and do their bidding. There will also be a force of black mounted police, who will be men not addicted to strong drink, and who will be employed in seeing that the law against strong drink is not broken, and that peace and order are maintained. But the Chiefs themselves must give help if the law against strong drink is to prevail, especially if their own people try to break it.

"Now, as to boundaries :

"First as to Bathoen: The boundary of the Bangwaketsi on the east will be the strip of country required for the railway, such strip to be marked out by Mr Chamberlain's officer, as already stated, as far as the boundary of the Bamaliti. From thence it will be the boundary between the Bangwaketsi and the Bamaliti, which will be marked out as soon as practicable. On the south Bathoen's boundary will be the boundary between the Bangwaketsi and the other native tribes as at present. On the north, Bathoen's boundary will be as at present, the boundary between the Bangwaketsi and the Bakwena. On the west, Bathoen's boundary will be a line drawn north and south so as to include the present most western cattle post of any member of his own tribe.

"Next as to Sebele: The eastern boundary of the Bakwena from the Metsimatsan River as far as the country of the Bakhatla will be laid down in a manner similar to that adopted in the case of the eastern boundary of the Bangwaketsi. From thence northward the eastern boundary of the Bakwena will be the boundary between them and the Bakhatla, which will be marked out as soon as practicable. The boundary of the Bakwena tribe on the south will be the present boundary between the Bakwena and the Bangwaketsi. On the north the boundary will be the boundary between the Bakwena and the Bamangwato as far west as the point half-way between Tsitlo and Lowali mentioned in the award given by Sir Sidney Shippard's Commission on the 18th October

1894; thence a straight line westward until it meets the western boundary. On the west the Bakwena boundary will be the extension northward of the Bangwaketsi western boundary already described.

"Thirdly as to Khama: After following for an area of ten miles round Fort Palla, Khama's eastern boundary as far as Elebe Fort will run in a north-easterly direction, the boundary line to be decided upon by Mr Chamberlain's officer, as before stated, who will give due consideration to the requirements of the railway, and at the same time will interfere as little as possible with the garden lands of the Bamangwato, especially in the neighbourhood of the Cheribe Hills. From Elebe the line will run in an easterly direction so as to include the cattle stations of the tribe on the upper waters of the Makwechi and the Lotlakana (River of Palms) to a point on the Makloutsi about six miles from its junction with the Limpopo, this point to be hereafter decided; and from thence in a direct line to the junction of the Shashi and Tuli Rivers.

"On the north, Khama's boundary will be the Shashi River from the Tuli-Shashi junction to the source of the Shashi; thence a line running as nearly north as possible, so as to include Khama's present cattle stations, to where that line will strike the Maitengwe River, thence along the Maitengwe to its junction with the Nata River, along the Nata to its junction with the Shua River, along the Shua River to where it joins the Makarikari Salt Lake; thence the eastern and southern shores of that lake to where the

Botletle or Zuga River joins the lake; thence along the Botletle or Zuga to the junction of the Tamalakane.

"On the west and south, Khama's boundary will be that awarded to him by Sir Sidney Shippard's Commission on the 18th October 1894.

"Khama will see that the country now allotted to him is very much larger than that which he told Sir Charles Warren in 1885 was sufficient for his tribe, as he will now have the waters of the Pakwe and nearly the whole of the country between the Makloutsi and the Shashi, and also the country to the north as far as the Nata River, and to the west as far as Sir Sidney Shippard's award.

"Outside the boundaries now laid down for the Chiefs the British South Africa Company will administer; but the Chiefs will continue to have the hunting rights which they now enjoy, provided that they agree to observe a 'close season,' and that they will nominate certain hunters for each year, to whom hunting licences will be issued by the proper authority.—I am, etc.,

"(Signed) EDWARD FAIRFIELD."

This very fair decision was accepted by the Chiefs. But in their reply the Chiefs mentioned the difficulty of paying the tax in money. They also feared lest the Court of Appeal might encourage the discontented to make trouble. Mr Chamberlain has promised that

these difficulties shall be adjusted by him. Thus the settlement finally stands.

Although the Chiefs had breakfasted on the 4th November at Grosvenor House, with the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, they had hitherto not been the guests of any member of the Government.[1] However, on the 19th they dined with Mr Chamberlain, and spent a happy evening at his home. Next day they visited Windsor Castle, and had an interview with Her Majesty, which must ever remain as the red-letter day of their lives.

Long will the Chiefs remember their strange experience as they mounted aloft in "the Great Wheel" at Earl's Court; their visit to the Bank of England, when they handled many an ingot of gold and silver, will not be forgotten by them; neither can they fail to recollect the splendid view they had of the Lord Mayor's Show, as they stood on the roof of the Bank of England, and wondered to see

[1] The Sechwana term *Moatlhodi*, applied to Mr Chamberlain by the Chiefs, means a Judge, Daysman, or Arbitrator.

the great surging mass of people — so many men and so few women, as they observed; but, undoubtedly, the greatest event in their visit to England was their interview with Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. Henceforth they will not cease to pray that Heaven's richest blessing may ever rest upon Her Majesty.

The Queen addressed the three Chiefs in these kindly and gracious words:—"I am glad to see the Chiefs, and to know that they love my rule. I confirm the settlement of their case which my Minister has made. I approve of the provisions excluding strong drink from their country, for I have strong feelings on the subject. The Chiefs must help my Minister and my High Commissioner in securing this object. I thank them for the presents which they have made to me, and I wish for their happiness, and that of their people."

The presents referred to were splendid karosses; those of Batwing and Khâmé being

of leopards' skins, while Sebelé's was composed of the skins of the silver jackal. Her Majesty presented each of the Chiefs with a splendidly-bound copy of the Sechwana New Testament; also with her own portrait, and an Indian shawl for the wives of Sebelé and Batwing, and for the eldest daughter of Khâmé, who is a widower. Her Majesty also gave each Chief two magic-lantern slides with her portrait, one being coloured, and the other plain.

On the 21st November the Chiefs attended their last public meeting in England, and it was a worthy ending to a remarkable series of gatherings. It was held at Queen's Hall, Langham Place, and was presided over by Mr Albert Spicer, M.P. On Saturday, the 23rd, our friends sailed for Africa, per *Arundel Castle*. There we had our last view of them. Their last message which they gave me for the English people was as follows:—"Teacher, tell the English nation that we thank them for the kindness, honour, and even love which

they showed us. We shall not forget them as long as we live. May the English people remember us still! May all our English friends 'remain nicely'!"

THE END.