minds. Practical nature lessons to teach the uniformity of nature's laws and accustom the mind to habits of accurate observation and correct influence, simple health lessons designed to show the real causes of common diseases, lessons from history to show the errors and strivings after truth of other races, all, of course, taught simply in the children's own language—such lessons as these would surely have an enlightening effect upon future generations. A proposal of this kind, however, at once brings us up against the difficulty that such lessons can only be given by teachers who themselves are emancipated from superstition and who in addition have been trained to teach in the manner indicated. At present I fear it is the case that a considerable proportion of native teachers do not fulfil even the first of these conditions, and there are hardly any who fulfil the second. Therefore, before anything effective can be done in the elementary schools, better trained native teachers are required. This is the first practical problem that awaits those who are endeavouring to establish a college for what is called the "higher" education of natives. The college must turn out native teachers themselves emancipated from superstition and qualified to teach children so as, as far as possible, to emancipate them.

There is one danger to be guarded against in teaching science to native students. We must see that their innate sense of reverence is not impaired. We must remember that the superstitions of the primitive native have an awe-inspiring and restraining effect upon him. To destroy the native students' belief in the unseen—a result some Indian colleges are said to have produced in their students—would be a miserable achievement indeed. It is in the firm confidence that nothing conduces more to reverence, on the one hand, than science properly taught, and to soundness of mind, on the other, than the Christian religion, taught as its Founder taught it, that those who are aiming at a college for natives hope to bring into active co-operation the various churches together with the state, so that a scientific, literary and industrial training may be given in a strongly religious atmosphere. I venture to think that the term "higher education for natives" will acquire a new meaning for many when it is realised how much the natives need this education and how much the future of the country depends upon its being given.

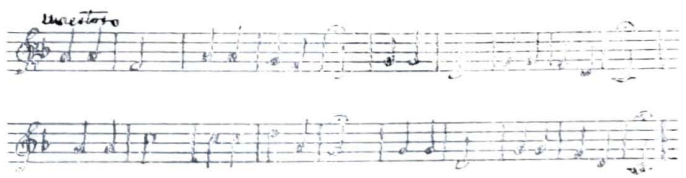
NEIL MACVICAR, M.D.

FRAGMENTS OF NATIVE HISTORY.

THE AMABACA.

The Baca tribe, located in the district of Mount Frere, has played a part in South African history the importance of which has not been recognised. It came voluntarily under the rule of the British Government in 1875. In 1878, when the war spirit spread through the native territories, it stood fast to its allegiance, and attacked the Pondomisi, who had treacherously murdered their magistrate, Mr. Hope, near Qumbu. Had the Amabaca, who were strongly persuaded in the wrong direction by the Pondo chief, at this time rebelled, the territories would have been in a blaze from the Kei River to the Umzimkulu, and hardly a single trader or official would have survived. It was, in fact, their steadfast loyalty and nothing else that set bounds to the rebellion.

Although the Amabaca of to-day certainly do not contain ten per cent. of the original Baca blood, they have kept the characteristic individuality of the original tribe, as well as its traditions, intact. The following is their war song. It is a stirring tune, Gregorian in style, and is so ancient that its words have quite lost their meaning.



In the early years of the nineteenth century the numerous and in many instances important Bantu tribes inhabiting that considerable stretch of country lying between Swaziland and the Umzimvubu River went into the melting-pot. Tshaka,

who, if he had his due, would be classed with Hannibal, Cæsar and Napoleon as soldier, administrator and destroyer, learnt at second hand the rudiments of civilised military organisation and adapted the principles he thus acquired so effectively that he shattered to pieces the powerful tribes surrounding him. Such of the fragments as suited his purpose he consolidated and forged into one of the most terrible engines of destruction that the world has ever seen. With the exception of Attila, history tells of no more ruthless shedder of human blood. It is some satisfaction to know that he died a violent death, and that he pleaded with his assassins pitifully for his life, offering to accept it on condition of becoming a menial servant. That Tshaka's organising powers were great is proved by the fact that the Zulu nation maintained its power and prestige for more than sixty years. But for European interference it would, no doubt, still have been the dominant factor in South Africa.

When the blast of Tshaka's exterminating fury struck what is now Natal, the present site and surroundings of Pietermaritzburg were occupied by the Amabaca tribe. The "Great Place" of the chief was on the site of the present Market Square. The tribe took its name from a chief called Baca, who was the eighth in descent from Zelemu—the first of whom tribal tradition tells. Baca's grandson, Madikanè, was Tshaka's contemporary. Madikanè was a very remarkable man, as will be seen in the course of this narrative.

One of the features in the terrible tragedy in which the Zulu king was the principal actor was this—that in its earlier stages the greatest havoc was wrought, not directly by Tshaka's newly-modelled army, but by tribes fleeing in terror and desperation after having once tasted of the invincibility of the short, broad-bladed Zulu spear. Thus, with the Amabaca: a large horde of fugitives—principally belonging to the Hlangweni tribe—flung itself suddenly and unexpectedly upon them, and inflicted a heavy defeat. Shortly afterwards a sinister message was received by Madikanè from the Zulu king, so the Amabaca, mindful of what had happened to others similarly situated, stood not upon the order of their going. Within a few days they had burnt their huts, collected their cattle, and fled southward along the dolorous way which had already been taken by so many.

At this time the southern portion of what is now Natal was full of fugitives—broken and dispirited remnants of what had

been, but three years previously, happy and contented clans and tribes. So far as can be traced, nineteen of these remnants placed themselves under Madikanè's leadership, and merged their individuality in that of the Amabaca. The first halt by the fugitive host was made in the valley of the Umcomanzi River, near the sea, but it became almost immediately apparent that this was no safe resting place, so a move was made to the Umzimkulu, not far from Ixopo. But the spears of Tshaka were soon again on their traces, so once more the Bacas fled. This time they determined to get quite beyond the reach of their implacable enemy, so they fought their way through the Pondomisi country and, crossing the frowning Drakensberg, camped on the banks of the Orange River, not far from its inhospitable source.

Here at least they enjoyed peace for a few months, but it soon became quite clear that even in this remote region they were in danger. Beyond the chaotic mass of mountains lying to the south-west were the Basuto under Moshesh. This tribe found itself menaced on its western frontier, for the Amangwanè (under its celebrated chief Matiwanè, who afterwards came into baleful prominence) and the Amahlubi had occupied the valley of the Caledon River. These tribes were locked in a deadly struggle with each other. Occasionally a Zulu army would appear, and then the two would combine for the purposes of defence. But no sooner had the common enemy departed than the 'Mangwanè and the Hlubis would be at each other's throats again.

It can thus easily be seen how it came that Moshesh objected to being hemmed in. Accordingly he despatched an ultimatum to Madikanè, requiring the Amabaca to leave forthwith. So the Baca chief, with his haggard following, retraced his steps so far as the valley of the Umzimvubu River. He settled down finally in that stretch of country which lies between the Rodè, at the foot of the Intsiza Mountain, and the Umgano Range in the present district of Mount Frere. This country was claimed by Faku, the Pondo chief, but the Amabaca were now desperate, and not lightly to be interfered with, so Faku did not go beyond making a protest. Madikanè established his "Great Place" at Inthlabeni—a flat-topped spur overlooking the Tyinira River, where the Wesleyan Mission Station stands to-day.

Here the Amabaca enjoyed several years of peace. They built villages and tilled the soil, which was extremely fertile. Their cattle increased—partly in the ordinary course of nature, but, I fear, also through freebooting practices of Ncapayi, Madikanè's most trusted and most capable son. Soon, however, Tsnaka heard of the improvement in their fortunes, so their troubles began once more.

It was Tshaka's custom to send spies to ascertain what cattle were possessed by such tribes as were still in existence. These spies were always sent in pairs. They invariably travelled by night, resting by day on the hill-tops, and taking note of everything visible on the plains below. Upon returning they were always questioned apart. On one occasion two spies were sent to bring a report on the country surrounding what is now called Mount Currie, near Kokstad. On returning each was interrogated by Tshaka personally. The first man gave a glowing account of the bovine riches of the country. "So far as the eye could reach," he said, "the plains were covered with cattle. The King can do no better than send an impi at once to raid them." The second man was more cautious. "We looked far over the plains," he said, "and everywhere we saw animals which might have been cattle." An impi was despatched forthwith. The second spy was taken as guide, the one who made the first report being ordered not to leave the Royal Kraal. After a few weeks the expedition returned empty-handed. Its leader reported that he had carefully searched the locality indicated, but had found no cattle whatever. But the plains were full of wildebeeste, quagga and other large game. These, when viewed from a distance, looked very like cattle. The optimistic spy was forthwith seized by the King's orders, and his sight, which had failed him in the King's service, was quenched with a firebrand.

But there was no uncertainty about the cattle of the Amabaca, so an impi was despatched to "eat them up." One day in early winter it was reported that this impi was approaching. So the war cry was wailed forth from every hill-top, and the women, with their children and the cattle, were hurried into that extremely broken country lying to the north-west of the Emandelini basin, through which the Tyinira River breaks from the foot-hills of the Drakensberg.

According to invariable custom the Zulus took their course along the highest ground, so as to be able to overlook as much

as possible of the country and to preclude the possibility of being ambushed. On this occasion their course led along the top of the Intsiza Mountain.

The Intsiza—which word, in the Kaffir language, means "refuge"—is an enormous mountain mass lying between the Umzimvubu and the Umzinhlanga rivers. It has lofty and precipitous sides, except on the north-westward, where it is much broken and convoluted. It is this circumstance which gave the mountain its name, for from time immemorial it has been the refuge of the defeated in the local oft-recurring inter-tribal wars. It is a noble and striking feature of the landscape, and if its gloomy gorges could speak many a dreadful tale of slaughter might be told.

Madikanè, with Ncapayi at his right hand, drew up his forces on that steep-sided tongue of land which juts out close to where the Tyinira joins the Umzimvubu, and on which Makaula, a subsequent chief, afterwards built his Great Kraal. The locality is known as Lutateni. The forest-clothed Umgano Mountain stood in the Baca rear. The most Madikanè hoped to be able to do was to check the Zulu advance for sufficient time to enable the women to drive the cattle to a place of safety. He meant then to retreat in another direction, and thus mislead the enemy.

When darkness fell, the twinkling lights from the Zulu encampment starred the upper krantzes of the Intsiza. It is easy for one who knows the locality to reconstruct the scene. The night was still and cloudless. At the feet of the Baca host yawned the immense shrouded gorge, which was filled by the hollow murmur of the river. Before them was piled the black mass of the Intsiza, with its fateful crown of scintillating fire. Above them curved the starlit sky, whose mighty and mysterious powers seemed to be on the side of the fierce and implacable tribe which had borrowed its name,* and apparently brought down to earth a power more deadly than that of the thunder-storm.

But for once the sky failed its children; even Tshaka could not control the elements. During the night a wind arose from the sea, and the moisture which it bore condensed around the topmost crags of the mountain, which was soon wrapped, from base to summit, in a snow-storm of unprecedented severity but

* The word "Zulu" means "the sky."

short duration. When the cloudless morning broke, the great Intsiza shone out, dazzlingly white. After the sun arose a number of dark specks could be seen moving against the snow. These were the survivors of the Zulu army—more than half of which had perished—staggering down the rocky steep with bent backs, stiffened limbs and chattering teeth. The Zulu soldier carried no clothing but his shield; the Zulu army was attended by no baggage train. There was little fuel obtainable on the bleak summit of the Intsiza, so the naked men had been exposed to the full fury of the arctic night. Hundreds on hundreds lay dead among the crevices of the rocks, where they had crept for shelter, and those who survived stumbled down the mountain side on numbed and frost-bitten feet, grasping their weapons with hands half-paralysed with cold.

Ncapayi recognised that his opportunity had come, and he used it. Dashing across the Umzimvubu, at a spot close to where the great iron bridge now stands, he met the enemy in the broken ground to the left of the present site of the Rodè Mission Station. The perishing Zulus had no more mercy shown them than they were in the habit of showing to their foes; they were slaughtered like sheep. Those still on the mountain retreated along its eastern slope towards the north. Ncapayi pressed along over the eastern foot-hills of the Intsiza, taking the course now followed by the road between Mount Frere and Mount Ayliff, and cut off their retreat. At about noon a remnant of the Zulu army cut its way through the Amabaca and crossed the Umzinhlanga. This remnant made its escape.

With one exception—an occasion on which one of Dingaan's impis was cut up by Umziligazi near the present site of Potchefstroom—this is probably the only instance in which a first-class Zulu force suffered defeat at the hands of other natives in the field. But even the Bacas admit that the victory would have been impossible but for the providential snow-storm. It was, however, an article of faith with the Amabaca that Madikanè, by the exercise of magical arts, caused the snow to fall. Tradition is positive to the effect that on this occasion snow fell nowhere else in the vicinity. Such may well be the case, for the Intsiza towers high above its nearest neighbouring mountains.

WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY.

(To be continued.)

THE ASIATIC QUESTION IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Questions of detail—The main issues—Repeal of Act No. 2 of 1907—The admission of Asiatics able to pass tests of Immigrants Restriction Act—Race legislation—The fundamental question—The real basis for a "White South Africa."

In replying to Mr. Duncan's moderate article on the above subject, appearing in the February issue of "The State," I propose to deal chiefly with the principles involved rather than with side issues.

Calling attention, however, in passing, to one or two questions of detail, it is noteworthy that, contrary to the impression conveyed by Mr. Duncan, Law 3 of 1885, whilst requiring every Asiatic entering the republic for purposes of trade and for similar purposes to be registered, certainly imposed no restrictions upon Asiatic immigration. Every Asiatic could enter the Transvaal at will, but if he came to pursue a commercial calling he was required to pay a registration fee of £25 (afterwards reduced to £3) once only, and thereafter was a free man. The document of registration was a mere official receipt for the amount paid, and in no way identified, nor, probably, was it intended to identify, the holder. Asiatic immigration was, in fact, quite free until after the war, when the Peace Preservation Ordinance, *of general application*, was, as Mr. Duncan admits, administratively enforced principally against Asiatics. Mr. Duncan here shows that, even so far back as 1902 and 1903, the policy of the Government was exactly that urged by the British Indians to-day—no legal, but permissive administrative differentiation. And Mr. Duncan does not state that the restriction as to the entry of only pre-war resident Asiatics was one adopted with the tacit consent of at least the Indian community. Had the latter refused to accept it the ordinance must,

FRAGMENTS OF NATIVE HISTORY.

The Amabaca.

II.

The defeat of the Zulus took place in or about May, 1828. Tshaka was at the time camped with one of his regiments in the valley of the Umzimkulu, not far from Ixopo. From here he had sent several regiments forth to harry the Pondos and other tribes. The Pondos suffered severely. One Zulu regiment advanced as far as the Bashee River. The one whose defeat has been described had been instructed to destroy the Amabaca and sweep their cattle down seaward towards where the looted Pondo herds were being collected.

Probably nothing could more forcibly indicate the terror inspired by the Zulu name than what happened after the defeat of Tshaka's impi by the Bacas and the snow. When the victors realised what had happened they were filled with dismay. It was decided at a full council of the tribe to abandon their home and go forth once more southward, westward, anywhere beyond the reach of Tshaka's implacable vengeance. They knew that the whole of the country they would have to traverse was held by powerful and warlike tribes, that every mile of the course of their retreat would have to be won by the spear. But better face anything than those fierce, immitigable spoilers, those plumed, athletic wielders of the gleaming, thick-hafted "ikempe," who had never yet been vanquished by the might of man in the open field, who slew even the dogs of the villages they erased from the shuddering earth, and who left no living thing upon their blighted course except the vulture and the field-mouse.

Madikane was now old, and suffered severely from the effects of long-continued exertion and exposure. Consequently he was loth to move, but it was clear that the Amabaca must not stand upon the order of their going. The Umzimkulu was not very far away, and it might be expected that when Tshaka heard of

the misfortune that had befallen his force he would come, in search of vengeance, like a thunderbolt. So the cattle were collected, the huts were burnt, and the Amabaca, with spear and shield, started again on their apparently endless quest of peace, leaving the unripe corn standing in the abandoned fields. The frontiers of the strong Pondomisi tribe were within but a few days' march, and Umyeki, its chief, gathered his warriors to resist the Baca advance. But Ncapayi led his desperate legions against them, and cut his way through. Beyond the Pondomisi were located the powerful Tembu clans under Vusani (otherwise "'Ngubincuka," or "Hyena-kaross"). With them heavy fighting ensued. The Amabaca were always victorious in the actual combat, but they occasionally lost heavily, and many stragglers and cattle were cut off. On one occasion Ncapayi and his force were nearly overwhelmed: utter destruction appeared inevitable; but Madikane snatched victory from seeming defeat by means of a ruse. He gathered the old men and a number of women together, and with these advanced as if to the attack, rolling out the stirring cadences of the tribal war song. The Tembus, thinking that a new army was advancing to the attack, retreated and left the Baca force in possession of the field.

At length they won through to some uninhabited ground, and rested in the valley of the Umgwali River, close to its source and to where the town of Engcobo stands to-day. Here is situated the Gqetyeni Mountain, which is of considerable height, and has four large spurs extending like curved tentacles in different directions. Between these deep and involuted valleys lie. The Amabaca took possession of the Gqetyeni, built their huts on its slopes and prepared to till the rich land on the margin of its forests. In spite of heavy losses on their journey the tribe still possessed a considerable number of cattle. The lordship of this region was claimed by Vusani, whose cattle used to graze over it in summer.

Here they remained unmolested for about six months. In the meantime—in the month of September—Tshaka had been assassinated by his brother Dingaan. One can imagine the deep satisfaction with which this intelligence was learnt by the weary fugitives. But a most terrible blow was about to fall on them. Relieved of the Zulu menace, Vusani determined to get rid of the intruders, and towards this end secured the aid of the powerful Gcaleka tribe, under Hintza.

One morning at daybreak the Amabaca found themselves attacked on several sides by the combined Tembu and Gcaleka armies. The attack was a complete surprise. The women, the children and the cattle were hurried to the rear, only to fall into the hands of the enemy, who had completely surrounded the mountain. The rout was complete, and the slaughter was terrible. But several bodies of considerable size managed to cut their way through the investing force on the northern side. Here a few of the women and children were recovered.

Madikane, with a few men, was cut off, and took refuge in a small patch of forest. The Tembus followed hot on his trail, but were at first baffled in their search. But they found a woman concealed in some long grass close to the edge of the forest in which Madikane was lying concealed. She, unfortunately, knew his hiding place. For a long time she refused to tell, but the Tembus prodded her with their spears and tortured her in an unspeakable manner, so the wretched creature revealed what she knew. The Tembus then shouted: "This woman has betrayed her chief; she is not fit to live." Then they ripped her open and left her to die.

They rushed to Madikane's hiding place, and surrounded it. The old Chief and his few followers, at bay in the thickest part of the jungle, made a gallant fight and killed many of their assailants, but they were at length overpowered and slain to a man. The Tembus admit that the slayers were awed before the dead chief's majestic appearance. Madikane was of almost gigantic stature. He was light in colour; the hair of his head hung down to his shoulders; his chest and limbs were hairy as well. The Tembus had never looked upon any human creature that resembled him.

Then a marvel happened. The heavens were clear, but darkness began to fall and the stars shone out from the forenoon sky. A dreadful stillness fell on the stricken field. An eclipse of the sun had happened. It is by this means that we are able to fix the date of the tragedy—the 20th December, 1828.

This veiling of the sun's face was regarded as a tremendous portent—as the direct consequence of Madikane's death. The minds of the victors were filled with superstitious dread, the pursuit suddenly ceased, and those fierce fighters whose spears were red with the blood of the Amabaca fell to the ground in abject terror and hid their faces from what they imagined to be the wrath of the sky.

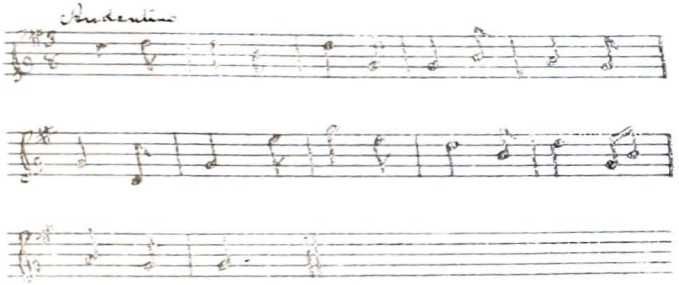
When the shadow passed away the war doctors ordered the soldiers to hasten back to the "great places" of their respective chiefs for the purpose of being doctored, and so that propitiatory sacrifices might be offered to the powers who had turned the face of the sun from the host in its hour of triumph. Thus the great force melted away like a flock of startled birds, leaving the Gqetyeni tenanted only by the Baca dead.

Most strenuous situations on a sufficiently large scale throw up great men. Among the many notable leaders who emerged from the debacle occasioned by Tshaka, Madikane was one of the most remarkable. There is some ground for believing that a strong tincture of European blood ran in his veins. Colonel Stanford—probably the greatest living authority on the Southern Bantu—strongly opposes this idea. He says that some tradition on the subject would have been available had such been the case. There is great force in this, but there also exists strong evidence in favour of the other view.

Madikane was of very great stature, and was exceedingly light in colour. His hair was long and wavy and had a reddish hue. That on his chest was so thickly matted that he habitually carried his snuff-spoon and other small implements stuck in it. Not alone have these peculiarities been described to me by men who knew Madikane in the flesh, but they are referred to in a number of songs composed by contemporary tribal bards in his honour, and of which I have been enabled to make a collection. In some of these he is referred to as being invincible because he is "a white chief;" in others he is called "a maned animal" (*i.e.*, a lion); in others he is described as being "feathered like a bird." His enemies described him as "a monster, plumed like an eagle and terrible to look upon."

Traces of hair may be found on the chest and limbs of many of his male descendants. This is very rare among the Bantu. That Madikane had European blood in him there can be, I venture to think, no manner of doubt. He may have embodied a reversion towards some ancestor many generations back: a study of atavism opens up strange possibilities in this line. But the idea that his grandmother—or even his mother—may have been a waif from one or other of the many wrecks which occurred on the south-east coast of Africa during the eighteenth century has no inherent improbability. In this connexion I will reproduce Madikane's special song—the one particularly associated with his personality. This is the most plaintive of all the native

tunes I have heard, as well as one of the most finished. Its cadences suggest the Border minstrelsy of Scotland. Is it not possible that this song is an echo of some tune that Madikane's mother, assuming her to have been a European, may have remembered from days of youth spent in some civilised environment?



Ncapayi collected the remnants of his broken and scattered tribe, and retreated northwards. The Tembus had treated the Baca women with great barbarity. Many of the latter wore ivory arm-rings, for the forests surrounding Gungunhlovu had abounded in elephants. It was the custom to put on these armlets when the girls were quite children: owing to the hands having grown the ivory rings could not be drawn over them, so the hands of the unhappy creatures were cut off by the savage victors. These poor women were turned adrift to die of starvation. Some managed to rejoin their friends. About twenty years ago the last of those who survived this dreadful experience died near Inthlabeni, in the Mount Frere district. I regret to have to record that Ncapayi revenged this unspeakable deed by similarly mutilating some Tembu women whom he captured years afterwards.

Madikane had, in the contingency of his death, advised Ncapayi to go to Pondoland and make submission to Faku. The terror of Tshaka was now at an end, and it was hoped that his successor might be less aggressive. Accordingly, Ncapayi set himself the task of leading his followers back to the region they had fled from six months previously. To effect this it was necessary to make a wide detour to the north-west through the mountainous region which is now the Mount Fletcher district—so as to avoid renewal of hostilities with the Pondomisi.

On the third day after the rout the scouts reported that a large number of women, children and cattle were in sight. The people turned out to be Tembus, sent on ahead to occupy some new ground high up in the valley of the Tsomo River. They were at once surrounded and captured. By means of this booty, the Amabaca managed to some extent to console themselves and to repair their domestic and other losses.

They managed to reach their former location without further adventure. From there they sent messages of submission to the Pondo Chief. Faku agreed to accept them as his vassals, but refused to permit re-occupation of the Tyinira Valley. After negotiations, the Amabaca, with their Tembu wives, were located in the valley of the Entafufu River, not far to the north of the present site of Port St. John's. Here Ncapayi, with his scarred, hard-bitten fighters, could be counted on as a fairly effective buffer against any invader from the north.

WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY

(To be continued.)

FRAGMENTS OF NATIVE HISTORY.

The Amabaca.

III.

Faku little anticipated the consequences which ensued from his acceptance of 'Ncapayi as a vassal. The Baca chief was as tameless as a seamew and as insatiable in the matter of loot as a Scotch Borderer of the fifteenth century. He was, in fact, a sort of warden of the north-eastern marches of Pondoland, with a charter to help himself to any stock between the Intafufu and the Tugela. But it was soon found that cattle straying from the Pondo kraals were apt to disappear mysteriously. Presently, by snapping up unconsidered trifles of horned stock from friend and foe indifferently, the Amabaca again became rich.

The post of warden was no sinecure. In the depths of the great Goza Forest lurked the remnant of the Xesibe tribe. These homeless and desperate wanderers lived for a time mainly by cannibalism. By night they would creep out and fall on weak, unprotected villages, where they would kill the inhabitants and then drag the bodies into almost inaccessible gorges. Further inland ranged a terrible horde of freebooters, the Amaquabi. These had fled before Dingaan just after the exodus of the Amabaca. Not strong enough to break through to the south, they held the broken gorges of what is now Eastern Pondoland, looting women and cattle far and near. Many expeditions had been undertaken against them, but the Amaquabi were wicked fighters, and so skilled in the art of retreating that it was found impossible to trap them.

'Ncapayi waxed more and more powerful. His fame as a successful freebooter spread far and near, and the more restless and lawless spirits among the Pondo and other tribes flocked to his banner. A strong body and a sharp spear were the only passports necessary towards the favour of the Baca Chief. Soon

the tribe began to overflow the boundaries of the area defined for its occupancy. This overflow was towards the north and the north-west. The coast lands are fertile, the soil of the Intafufu valley being as rich as any in South Africa; but ticks abounded, and rendered the region unfavourable for cattle. It was towards the high, mountain valleys and the upland plains lying between the Intsiza, the Umgano and the Taba'nkulu Mountains that 'Ncapayi cast longing eyes. But these were claimed by Faku, and although they were vacant the Pondo Chief would not consent to the Amabaca occupying them.

But year by year 'Ncapayi stretched out his tentacles in the form of cattle-posts—nominally temporary, but really permanent—until he at length crossed the Taba'nkulu and established his kraals in what is probably the finest cattle country in Kaffirland. From here the valley of the Umzimvubu, which the Amabaca had occupied before the fateful conflict with the Zulus, was visible.

Faku protested, threatened, and protested again; but all in vain. 'Ncapayi and his horde of grim, scarred veterans were not to be lightly attacked. Their gleaming spears were sharp, their ox-hide shields were tough, their eyes had looked on the visage of death so often that they knew not fear. Besides, Faku had his own difficulties in other directions. Leaving the Amaquabi out of count, his relations with the Abatembu on his western border were somewhat strained. The reoccupation by the Amabaca of the land from which they had fled in fear of Tshaka's vengeance was now only a matter of time.

At length, in the course of an exceptionally murderous raid, the Amaquabi met their doom. They were attacked by the whole available Pondo army and driven into a bend of the Umzimvubu River below Taba'nkulu. Faku led the attack on them with great bravery, and 'Ncapayi took them in flank. The Amaquabi were exterminated, and the great bulk of their cattle fell, as might have been expected, into the hands of 'Ncapayi. Faku again threatened and protested, but 'Ncapayi retired to his mountain fastnesses, where he lay, like a fierce wolf showing bared fangs and with its prey between its horned paws.

We have a picture of 'Ncapayi and his horde at about this time (1835) from the pen of Captain Allen F. Gardner, R.N., who visited him at Impoza, his "great place." Captain Gardner says:—"At present their whole force is computed at about three thousand fighting men—a small army indeed when compared

with that of some of the neighbouring states; but from the peculiar wariness of their attacks—generally at night—their acknowledged courage and indiscriminate carnage, never sparing either women or children, they have long been the terror of this part of the country, and under their present enterprising chief, were their population more numerous, would rival Charka (Tshaka) himself in rapine and war. They are frequently receiving accessions from other tribes—already they are spreading themselves more to the north—and it is not improbable that they may eventually rise to be a powerful nation."

This is the visitor's account of the chief:—"He received us in a large hut, the residence of his late brother, Maddegan, but now occupied by his widow, Manandaza." (This is incorrect: Madikane was 'Ncapayi's father, not his brother, and Madikane had never lived at the place referred to.) "He was seated before the fire, without a particle of clothing, attended by eight or nine men, huddled together at the opposite side of the hut, while the Inkosikazi, being an invalid, was stretched on a mat upon the floor in another corner. He seemed amused by my asking, as I entered, which was Tpai; but although the light was not favourable to a narrow inspection, it was soon evident that I was in the presence of one of the shrewdest and most desperate characters in this part of Africa. His figure is slight and active, of middle stature; but the searching quickness of his eye, the point of his questions, and the extreme caution of his replies stamped him at once as a man capable of ruling the wild and sanguinary spirits by which he is surrounded."

Captain Gardner, who was deeply religious, endeavoured to convert 'Ncapayi to Christianity, but beyond obtaining his consent to receive a missionary his efforts do not appear to have met with much success. In the early days of the nineteenth century all native chiefs were anxious to secure the services of missionaries, the latter being supposed to possess magical powers.

It would serve no purpose to follow in detail the history of the Amabaca during the period between 1835 and 1840. In 1830 'Ncapayi felt strong enough to attack the Tembu tribe on his own account. The Tembus were taken by surprise and utterly defeated. Immense herds of their cattle were swept away. One act of grievous cruelty was committed by the Baca Chief. Having captured a number of Tembu women, he cut off their hands, and sent the maimed creatures back with a message

to the effect that he required the hands to replace those taken from his kindred after the rout on the Gquetyeni. It must, however, be conceded that 'Ncapayi could plead a precedent for his ferocious act. Moreover, the Tembus had slain his father.

In 1838 a formal alliance against the Tembus was entered into between 'Ncapayi and Faku, and the whole stretch of country between the Umtata and the Bashee Rivers was swept clear of cattle. The Tembus were reduced to starvation. For some time afterwards the country now known as Tembuland was uninhabited, the inhabitants having fled to the upper reaches of the Great Kei River.

Previous to this 'Ncapayi had wiped out another old score. It will be remembered that just before the flight from Tshaka the Amabaca had been routed by the Hlangweni. This tribe had penetrated far to the south, but had met with evil fortune. Nombewu, its chief, had managed to fight his way back as far as the Intsiza, but here 'Ncapayi fell upon and slew him with most of his followers. Fodo, Nombewu's son, escaped with a few men and was granted a location by the Emigrant Farmers of Natal in the Umzimkulu Valley.

In 1840 the peace was broken between the Pondos and the Amabaca, and in the hostilities that ensued Faku was so hard pressed that he sent to ask assistance of the Emigrant Farmers. As some stock stolen from the latter had been traced to the Baca kraals a commando of two hundred and sixty men were sent to punish the freebooters. This commando was accompanied by Fodo and his Hlangweni. 'Ncapayi was attacked early one morning, and, as he was sensible enough to recognise that his spears were useless against firearms, he soon beat a retreat. About forty of his people were killed, some sixteen of that number being women and children. Some three thousand head of cattle and about two thousand sheep and goats were captured, and a number of women and children were carried away by the Hlangweni. These were, however, with the exception of seventeen, whose parents were said to have been killed, set at liberty. The seventeen were indentured. This act has ever since rankled sorely in the minds of the Amabaca.

It must be borne in mind that 'Ncapayi, although the acknowledged leader, was not "great" chief of the tribe. Sonyangwe, one of the sons of Madikane's "great" wife, still survived, and 'Ncapayi loyally "held the tribe" for him. Sonyangwe was evidently a man of feeble character, but such

is the reverence for legitimacy on the part of the natives that he would, no doubt, have been able to assume control of the tribe had he been so minded. However, on one of the occasions when 'Ncapayi was absent on a distant foray, a tribe called the Amabele, who had taken possession of some land on the northern side of the Intsiza, attacked Sonyangwe at his kraal close to the site of the present Taba'nkulu magistracy, and slew him. Sonyangwe's wife, with 'Mdutyana, his infant son, escaped with a few followers to Natal, where the Emigrant Farmers gave them land to reside on near Ixopo.

Then 'Ncapayi, with the unanimous consent of the tribe, assumed the position of "great" chief. Years afterwards Nomtsheketshe, 'Mdutyana's son, returned to Bacaland, and was the cause of endless trouble.

Here was another score to be wiped out, and 'Ncapayi undertook the wiping. He fell on the Amabele, drove them into the rocky gorges of the Intsiza, and annihilated them. To-day the tribe is but a name. Here and there, among the Pondomisi, the Amaxesibe or the Hlangweni may be found a man who claims descent from one or other of the few who escaped the avenging spears of 'Ncapayi on that fateful day.

The Amabaca had now reoccupied the valleys of the Umzimvubu and the Tyinira, and in this region they have since remained. Of the period between 1840 and 1845 there is little to be recorded. But in the latter year war broke out once more between the Amabaca and the Pondos, and in an evil hour 'Ncapayi set out with a strong force to raid Western Pondoland. He advanced far into the enemy's country and captured many cattle. So far he had met with little or no resistance, but when the Amabaca began to retrace their steps there was a different tale to tell, for the Pondo Chief had collected his whole available force, and he now attacked the intruders on every side. There was some desperate fighting, but eventually the Amabaca were utterly defeated. The Pondo clan known as the Amanyati, or "Buffaloes," completed the rout. 'Ncapayi and his men were driven to a tableland which overlooks the Umzimvubu and ends on the river side with a precipice of varying depth. Over this the Amabaca were driven to a man. Those who escaped did so by leaping on the heaped-up bodies of their comrades who had been killed by the fall, and then swimming through the river. It had been rumoured that a great victory had been gained by 'Ncapayi, so a large number of Baca women came down the valley of the Umzimvubu to meet their husbands, lovers and brothers, carrying beer for refreshment of the latter who, it was fondly believed, were returning, as usual, rich with spoil. These unhappy creatures took refuge in a deep gorge, full of long, dry grass. This was fired, and most of the women perished in the flames.

'Ncapayi met with a dreadful fate. When hurled over the cliff he fell on a ledge half-way down, and here he lay with both arms broken. No native cares to kill an important chief, fearing that the latter's "umshologu," or ghost, may haunt his house, so 'Ncapayi was left in his misery. For several days men and boys, who came to slake their curiosity, gazed awestruck on his agony, whilst the unhappy chief piteously but vainly besought them to end his torments. At length Faku heard of the matter and sent a party with spears to kill his fallen enemy.

The land was now filled with mourning and consternation. Not ten per cent. of the army which had marched out, chanting the tribal war-song and confident of victory, ever returned. But even the old men, who stayed at home, were deemed so formidable that the Pondo chief did not attempt to follow up his great victory.

Makaula, the chief who rendered such valuable assistance when the Pondomisi rebelled in 1878, and who died about three years ago at an advanced age, was 'Ncapayi's "great" son. Being still a minor, the tribe was "held" for him by Diko, eldest son of the "right-hand" house. But at this juncture some adherents of the fugitive "great house" of Madikane, persuaded 'Mdutyana, who was still a lad, to return and establish himself at Mnceba, which lies about midway between the Taba'nkulu Magistracy and the foot of the Intsiza. 'Mdutyana was duly acknowledged as "great" chief. However, after a few months had elapsed, Faku sent an "impi" to attack him. 'Mdutyana fled incontinently back to Ixopo, after seeing all his cattle captured, his villages burnt and the greater number of his adherents slain. So the house of 'Ncapayi once more took the lead in the tribe, and has held it to the present day.

As illustrating certain native customs the following little intrigue, which is, so to say, secret history, may be worth describing. The only two wives of 'Ncapayi who escaped from the massacre at the Gquetyeni were Makolisa, Diko's mother, who was then ranked as the "great" wife, and Mamjucu, the mother of Makaula, who held an inferior marital rank. One

custom followed by the Amabaca was this, that should a chief at any time kill an enemy with his own spear, in battle, he was precluded from having marital relations with his "great" wife until the moon had passed through four complete changes.

About 1830 'Ncapayi happened to kill three men in an attack on some fugitive Amangwane. Being one who paid comparatively little regard to custom, on his return he attempted to enter Makolisa's hut. She objected, and her relations, fearing that her position might be prejudiced in the eyes of the tribe, backed her up. A good deal of unpleasantness resulted, and 'Ncapayi, in his annoyance, deposed Makolisa and elevated Mamjucu to the rank of "great" wife.

Mamjucu was one of the many native women who have shown great administrative ability. She and Diko managed the affairs of the tribe so well that within comparatively few years the Amabaca had recovered most of its power and prestige. When, in the early fifties of the last century, Makaula assumed the reins of government, matters were in a most flourishing condition. His policy was not an aggressive one, so he lived at peace with his neighbours. There were, of course, occasional quarrels with clans on the borders, more especially with Amacwera, who were tributary to Faku, but nothing like war on a large scale took place for many years.

Makaula was a man of force and ability, but unfortunately was very superstitious, and thus fell under the influence of those miscreants, the witch-doctors. This led to a very sad event, one that was the cause of endless trouble throughout the rest of his life.

One of his most devoted adherents was a man named Gayana, who possessed great influence in the tribe. Makaula's "great" wife was Gayana's daughter, Mamagayana. On one occasion, when a small war with the Amacwera was in progress, a pot of magical medicines was placed on top of Makaula's hut by the "inyanga," or "war-doctor." If such a vessel be removed this is taken as a bad omen, and held to be very offensive to the "imishologu" or ancestral spirits.

The pot disappeared, and the witch-doctor was called in to discover the enemy who had perpetrated such an unspeakable deed. Gayana was indicated as the guilty individual, and was at once killed, his head being smashed by the club of Hlokoza, the official executioner. This terrible act caused great indignation, for Gayana's firm loyalty to his chief was instinctively

known by the great majority of the tribe. Mamagayana returned to the kraal of her late father, taking 'Mncisana, the present chief, who was then an infant, with her. The breach between Makaula and Gayana's family was never healed. Mamagayana afterwards became a witch-doctress. When the present writer saw her, many years afterwards, she was a fearsome object. Covered with the hideous insignia of her office, and apparently half-demented, she looked a typical witch.

Hlokoza, the executioneer, still lives—or was alive quite recently. He was a most interesting ruffian, of very prepossessing appearance. He was of immensely powerful build, and his fluent tongue was fruitful of interesting reminiscence. When the annual "incubi," or "feast of the first fruits," takes place a wave of excitement passes over Bacaland. On these occasions Hlokoza felt himself to be unsafe, for there was hardly anyone belonging to the tribe who had not lost a relative at his hands, so it was his habit, when the writer was Resident Magistrate of Mount Frere, for Hlokoza to stick very close to the Residency during "incubi" week.

In the early part of 1867, shortly before Faku's death, and when Umquikela was regent of Pondoland, the Pondos, without any apparent provocation, invaded Bacaland in great force. The Hlubi chief, Ludidi, who was located high up in the Kenira Valley, in what is now the district of Matatiele, brought a few hundred men to assist Makaula. The Amabaca gained a great victory, and the principal factor in bringing about this result was a black calf exactly forty-eight hours old.

The Pondo army advanced in four divisions. That on the right scattered a Baca force near the Rode and captured a lot of cattle. The main body advanced up the Kenira Valley for the purpose of attacking Lutateni, the "great place." Another division attacked Diko's people at the spot where the village of Mount Frere stands to-day. The fourth fell on the kraals in the Tshungwana Valley, where the Rev. Mr. White had established a mission station.

When the advance of the Pondos was reported the cattle of the "great place" were sent away behind the Umgano Mountain. There was, however, a young calf—it had only been born a few hours previously—which it was considered useless to take. This calf, waxing hungry, wandered down the valley, and, getting tired, sank to rest under a bush, which happened to be in the direct line of the Pondo advance. As the Pondos

came on to the attack—for the main force of the Amabaca was massed on a ridge several hundred yards higher up—the calf awoke, and, feeling desperately hungry, stumbled down the hill, blaring loudly. It had been alone for about twelve hours, and was so anxious for nutriment and companionship that it was prepared to take any bulky living object for a friend. The leading Pondos sprang back in dismay, and one of them shouted that the ghost of 'Ncapayi was upon them. Then with a yell of dismay the army turned and fled down the valley, followed by the calf, which was twisting its tail violently in the air and still blaring lustily.

What the calf began Makaula finished. His men were posted on each side of the valley, as well as at its head, and they closed in on the retreating foe. The Pondos were absolutely cut to pieces. The Tyinira River that day ran red with their blood. In the meantime the attack on Tshungwana had been repulsed, but Diko was hard pressed. But Makaula, after the last of the main body had been hunted through the Umzimvubu, wheeled to the right, took the division which was attacking Diko in flank, and scattered them like chaff. Thus was 'Ncapayi revenged, by means of an innocent black calf blaring for its mother. Since that day there has never been war between the Pondo tribe and the Amabaca, although occasional squabbles between the border clans have taken place.

Previous to this Nomtsheketshe, son of 'Mdutyana and therefore the representative of the Baca "great" house, had returned from Ixopo. He at once established himself at Dinibanye, just in front of the gorge in the Intsiza, through which the Umzimvubu flows. Nomtsheketshe, like all the members of Madikane's "great" house, was an utterly worthless character. He had come with many protestations of loyalty and submission to Makaula, but soon his kraal became a nest of intrigue. Owing to the unfortunate Gayana affair Makaula had made himself unpopular with a section of the tribe. Besides there are no people in the world who so honour their aristocracy as do the Kafirs. Thus Nomtsheketshe soon had a considerable following. Besides those who gravitated to him on account of his being the legitimate head of the tribe, and because of Gayana's slaying, the more lawless and unruly tended to become his vassals, owing to his freebooting propensities.

In 1879 great trouble arose. The Griquas, who had recently come over the mountain and occupied the country surrounding

Mount Currie, had constant complaints as to the cattle-lifting practices of one Neukana, a petty Baca headman who dwelt on some debatable ground in the Umzimvubu Poort. Makaula's people were accused of having assisted Neukana in his depredations, and, in fact, of being in possession of some of the stolen animals. As satisfaction could not be obtained, the Griquas declared war, and three hundred well-armed and mounted men entered the Baca territory. The Amabaca were practically without firearms, so they were easily defeated. A fine of seven hundred head of cattle was imposed on Makaula, and peace was quickly restored.

In 1875 Makaula voluntarily came under the British Government. It is thought that the growing power and prestige of Nomtsheketshe may have influenced him towards this step. However this may be he held firmly to his allegiance, and but for his having declared for the Government of the Colony in 1878, and attacked the Pondomisi on the Tina when they went into rebellion, some very terrible massacres of Europeans would have taken place.

When the present writer was resident with Makaula in 1894 the Chief was just falling into that condition of ill-health in which he lingered until his death, some three years ago. In 1894 he drew an allowance of £300 per annum from Government and his wives numbered thirty-seven. He was chronically "hard up," as he was a bad financier and his numerous sons preyed on him grievously. 'Mncisana, grandson of the slain Gayana, succeeded him in the chieftainship. Nomtsheketshe, ever a thorn in the side of Makaula and the magistrate, has also departed this life. He was unsatisfactory in every relation, and if material retribution comes after death his present situation should be an extremely tropical one.

The Baca tribe has retained its ancestral customs to a remarkable extent. The great event of the year is the "incubi." This happens early in autumn, when the crops are beginning to ripen. Then from the "great place" messengers are sent forth in different directions to steal, respectively, a head of millet, a cob of maize, a stick of native sugar-cane, and a pumpkin. These have to be stolen from fields outside Baca territory. On the midnight before the morning of the appointed day the various looted articles are mixed together in a pot and administered, sacramentally, to the chief and certain of his relations. This is known

as the "shwama." When the sun rises the chief rushes out of his hut, and flings his spear towards the luminary. Then, for several days, the tribe gives itself up to feasting.

The "shwama" is a much more serious and formal affair on occasions when a son of the chief assumes the insignia of manhood. In former days the mixture used to be made in a skull instead of in an earthen pot, and the skull used was not an ordinary one but that of some old man celebrated for wisdom, experience and former valour, killed for the occasion. Rightly or wrongly it was firmly believed fifteen years ago that this custom was still followed. For several months previous to the "incubi" at which it was intended to administer the "shwama" mixture to the son of an important chief old men showed a marked disinclination towards going to lonely places or being out of their huts after dusk had fallen. Certainly there were some cases of unaccountable disappearance of distinguished patriarchs.

Having forgathered with various tribes of natives within the jurisdiction of the Cape Colony and its territories, the present writer can truthfully say that he has met none so manly, so self-respecting and so interesting as the Amabaca.

WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY.

"DE VROUW-VANGER."

(The Woman-Catcher).

The commercial depression following the war and the departure of the troops from South Africa was beginning to make itself felt when I went to the northern districts of Cape Colony on my first trip as representative of a business house. It was necessary that I should visit some villages lying away from the railway; and while the results, from a business point of view, were not sufficient to justify the extra expense involved in getting about the country my journeyings brought me no little amusement and instruction.

At the close of a busy day at Kaalfontein, some twelve miles from a flourishing district town not far beyond the Vaal River, I was discussing with my host, the storekeeper, the best way of reaching the next village, a half European, half native place from whence I could again strike off to the main line of railway.

"Your best plan," said he, "is to spend the night here and in the morning drive over to Hilldon's. I know he wants to place some orders, and he'll take you on to the stadt."

"You're in luck," he added, as the sound of hoofs came near the door; "this must be Hilldon himself—I thought he would be over soon, as his boy didn't fetch the mail yesterday."

"How are ye, Vrouw-Vanger?"—and he gave a hearty welcome to a tall, slender individual who marched into the room at that moment.

The newcomer greeted us cheerfully, and after perusing his letters readily acquiesced in Mr. Brown's proposal that he should stay the night and allow me to travel in his company the next day.

We sat down to a good dinner provided by the Cape boy, who—as my host, an unmarried man, put it—"bossed up" the kitchen, and I produced a box of my best cigars—samples.

"Talk about anything you like, absolutely anything you like,

FRAGMENTS OF NATIVE HISTORY.

IV.

The Amahlubi and the Amangwane.*

I.

These once powerful tribes sprang originally from one stock—the Abambo, probably one of those tribes which took part in the great Bantu migration from the north-west. Their history cannot be disentangled during the period of which this essay treats,—that is to say the period from the rise of Tshaka's power until 1828, when the Amangwane were annihilated, and the Amahlubi, or rather the fragments of them surviving, were scattered among other tribes in a condition of semi-slavery.

There is very great difficulty in fixing the true course of events from the conflicting accounts given of the terrible tragedy now to be related. Native history passes from generation to generation by oral tradition only, and the ineradicable tendency among all peoples and more especially among savages, when relating the warlike experiences of their respective tribes is to magnify enormously the importance of a successful battle, and correspondingly to minimise a defeat. It is, therefore, only by means of taking many statements from each side, and then carefully comparing them, that one can hope to arrive at even approximate truth. All that is claimed, therefore, for these sketches is that they give, in their main outlines, true pictures of the episodes dealt with. Although considerable care has been taken, some of the details may be misplaced.

* The account of the Amangwane is based largely on statements taken from Matiwane's half-brother, Dick Simanga, who still lived near Kentani in 1895. Simanga was a very old man (he was married in 1820), but was in full possession of his faculties when I had the privilege of his acquaintance.

Judging roughly by the size of the areas occupied respectively by the tribes named, it is estimated that at the beginning of the last century the Amahlubi numbered 250,000 and the Amangwane 200,000 souls. The former occupied that portion of the great valley of the Buffalo River which lies immediately below the Drakensberg Range in what is now Natal, whilst the latter dwelt near the source of the Pongola River, in the vicinity of the present site of Wakkerstrom. War broke out between them in or about the year 1819. In 1828, of nearly half a million people, probably not 15,000 were left alive.

Matiwane, the 'Mangwane Chief, was apparently a man of very great ability. He takes rank as the third greatest destroyer of human life that South Africa has produced: Tshaka being the first, and Ma Ntatisi, chieftainess of the Bathlokua, the second. Matiwane's name is more execrated among the Bantu of the Cape Colony and its territories than that of any other ravager. He is represented as an absolute fiend in human shape, his followers, the "Fetcani," or "enemies," being only second to him in iniquity. Yet an impartial historian must come to the conclusion that the 'Mangwane Chief and his terrific following were rendered ferocious by circumstances over which they had no control, and that they only differed from the other ingredients in the great melting-pot into which they were cast in that they were of rather tougher fibre.

This is how the trouble began. At the end of 1817 or the beginning of 1818 Matiwane fell out with Kondla, chief of a fairly powerful tribe, the Amantyali, whose territory lay to the eastward of that occupied by the Amangwane. There is evidence to the effect that Tshaka, who was just rising into power, was the fomenter of the strife. Tshaka, as well as being a great soldier, was a most subtle diplomatist, and before his power became consolidated the constant aim of his policy was to embroil his neighbours in mutual strife, while he looked on, holding himself in readiness to seize, at the close of the contest, whatever advantage offered.

Before many weeks had passed Matiwane found himself faced by a powerful hostile combination, for the Umtetwa and Amavesi tribes joined the Amantyali, and the Amangwane had to give way. In his distress Matiwane asked Umtimkulu II., chief of the Amahlubi, to take charge of his cattle. The

latter consenting, nearly the whole of the 'Mangwane herds were hurried down into the Buffalo Valley, handed over, and driven by the Amahlubi into the deep gorges between the spurs of the Drakensberg.

Matiwane was defeated, but not crushed. He made terms with the enemy, the conditions of which were that he should pay tribute and give his sister Magenge in marriage to Dingiswayo, chief of the Umtetwa. After the terms of peace had been arranged Matiwane sent to demand a restitution of his cattle from Umtimkulu, but was met by a refusal. Matiwane then "sat down" and sharpened his blunted spears.

About this time events happened among the Amahlubi which were fraught with terrible consequences. Across the Drakensberg, near and about the sources of the Vaal River, lay the territory of the Bathlokua, a tribe akin to the Basuto of to-day, and from which these are largely descended. Mokotsho, chief of the Bathlokua, had married Monyalwe, daughter of the chief of a neighbouring tribe. The eldest child of this marriage was a daughter, who was given the name Ntatisi. According to tribal custom the mother took the child's name with the prefix "Ma" added. Her name thus became "Ma Ntatisi," or "the mother of Ntatisi." Mokotsho died, and Ma Ntatisi became regent during the minority of Sikonyella, her eldest son.

When the Hlubi chief Bungane died, early in the nineteenth century, he was succeeded by his "great son," Umtimkulu II. The son next in rank was Mpangazita. Shortly after the latter married he had a dispute with his brother-in-law, Motsholi, over some dowry cattle. Motsholi fled with a number of his followers and took refuge with the Bathlokua. Ma Ntatisi treated him with great kindness, and assigned land to him and his followers to reside on. Motsholi was celebrated as being the wearer of a wonderful necklet. The Amahlubi have for long been known as skilful workers in metals. This necklet was wrought upon the wearer's neck in such a manner that it could not be removed.

When Sikonyella reached what he considered to be manhood—that is, when he was about sixteen years of age—he wished to assume the governance of the tribe, but his masterful mother thought him not yet old enough to sustain such a responsibility. Consequently he determined to do something to prove his mettle. Every young chief has a number of blood

brothers, companions in the rite of circumcision, who are bound to him by the strongest ties, and who yield him the most unquestioning obedience and devotion. Sikonyella decided, with the help of his personal following, to prove his fitness for governing the tribe by murdering Motsholi, the stranger within his gates.

So at daybreak one morning the young Bathlokua Chief, with his juvenile adherents, fell upon the unsuspecting Hlubis. Motsholi and a number of his followers were killed. All their cattle were driven off. Sikonyella determined to possess the necklet, which was believed to be endowed with magical properties, so, rather than spoil the ornament, he cut off the head of the dead wearer.

Mpangazita, although not the "great" chief of his tribe, was nevertheless a powerful one. Probably he did not care much about Motsholi, but the slaying of one of his wife's kindred touched his pride, and he did not want the celebrated necklet to go out of the family. He declared war, making the loss of the necklet his pretext. The Bathlokua sustained a crushing defeat. In this were involved the fortunes of several kindred and neighbouring tribes. The Bathlokua and their allies lost all their cattle and were driven out of their country, into the high plains surrounding the present site of Middelburg, in the Transvaal.

Ma Ntatisi took the reins into her hands, and never dropped them until the day of her death. Her career was a very lurid one. We will anticipate and give in outline the subsequent career of this terrible woman. Those who wish for more detailed information may find it in Dr. Theal's histories. Not long after Mpangazita's attack the Amahlubi and the Amangwane, locked together in a deadly struggle and pursued by the Zulus, rolled over the mountain range, and the Bathlokua, with their kindred tribes, fled before the tempest. North, north-east and north-west they swept what is now the Transvaal with the besom of destruction, annihilating every living thing except the wild game which was fleet enough to escape their spears. It is believed that they obliterated thirty distinct tribes, without leaving a trace behind. To this day may be seen, over many hundreds of square miles of their course, thickly-set circles of stone which mark where once populous towns stood.

The murderous career of the "Mantatees," as the followers of Ma Ntatisi came to be called, was first checked at a spot far to the westward, near the source of the Molapo River. Here Makaba, chief of the Bangwaketsi, finding the horde divided, attacked the divisions in detail, and defeated them severely. They then turned southward, through what is now British Bechuanaland, driving the tribes before them like chaff, into the Kalihari. When about to attack Kuruman they were met by the Griquas from Klaarwater, who, being armed and mounted, defeated them with ease. This, according to Dr. Theal, happened in 1823. The horde then broke up, never to reunite. One division crossed the Zambesi, where it became known as the Makololo. Ma Ntatisi, with Sikonyella, led the largest portion across the plains of what is now the Orange River Colony to the upper reaches of the Caledon River. 'Mshweshwe—or, as he is usually called, Moshesh—claimed this country, but Ma Ntatisi attacked and defeated him with heavy loss. This section of the Bathlokua subsequently became incorporated in the Basuto nation. Other fragments of the Mantatee horde wandered about, slaying or being slain. Of their descendants, only those of the Basuto retain any warlike characteristics.

We must now return to the Amahlubi. Mpangazita returned, laden with spoil, from his attack on the Bathlokua. Matiwane, the astute, saw that the wealth of the Amahlubi would be likely to gain them allies if he delayed his vengeance any longer, so he burst like a tempest on his foes. The Amangwane had been hurt in their tenderest part. Umtimkulu, in the guise of a friend, had fraudulently appropriated the cattle placed in his charge. Since the war with the Amantyali confederation and the consequent payment of tribute, the milk-sacks of the Amangwane had been empty, and the weeds had grown in their cattle kraals. From a native point of view there was indeed a heavy score to wipe out.

The Amahlubi appear to have made but little effective resistance. Matiwane drove his army like a wedge between Umtimkulu and Mpangazita. The former was killed early in the attack, with nearly all his house. His eldest son, Dhlomo, and his second son, Langalibalele, who subsequently (in 1872) got into trouble with the British Government, and was kept in captivity until he died, escaped. Dhlomo, who was unpopular with the tribe owing to his having slain his uncle, Maranqua,

in a tribal quarrel, was subsequently killed by the Zulus, and died without issue. Langalibalele, who was a child when his father was killed, escaped with difficulty and was for many years a fugitive. His wanderings were too intricate to admit of their now being traced. They involved many hairbreadth escapes. On one occasion he and the woman who rescued him were captured by cannibals in one of the gorges of the Mont aux Sources, near the source of the Tugela River. In the cave to which they were taken they looked on whilst the meat from the body of one of their friends was being roasted. The woman abandoned her own child, and, seizing that of her chief, sprang out into the darkness and the tempest, and escaped down the rugged mountain side.

The Amangwane now occupied the Hlubi territory. The sweep made by the former was so clean and complete that all the Hlubi cattle were captured; and with the exception of a few fugitives, living mainly by cannibalism in the deepest of the Drakensberg gorges, there was for many years hardly a Hlubi to be found to the eastward of the mountain range.

Matiwane had now reached the height of his power. He was evidently not alone a considerable military genius but a thinker. Some of his sayings which have survived indicate grim humour and something akin to philosophy. He bore about the same relation to Tshaka—that is to say, in character and disposition—as Suvaroff did to Napoleon. Here are a few aphorisms attributed to Matiwane:

"Men are the cattle of the vultures."

"Tshaka conquers because he learnt war of his father." (The word "Zulu" means "sky;" "Tshaka" means "dawn," the child of the sky. The great manifestation of the power of the sky is the thunder-storm. If one watches lightning from a distance it often appears to stab several times at the same place, giving the idea of a dart being thrust forth and then withdrawn. In fact lightning in a majority of instances looks as though it were withdrawn to the cloud from which it originated. The great improvement that Tshaka made in tactics was the substitution of the single, heavy stabbing spear for the light throwing assegai.)

"After the big cow has calved three share the red milk, but only one has a milk-sack." (The big cow calving means war being declared. The red milk is the blood. This

is divided by the sun, the wind and the earth. But the blood clots only on the earth, and this suggests the curdled milk in the milk-sack.)

"The nation I make war upon becomes hairless." (A shaved head is the sign of native mourning. Matiwane meant that he killed so many that the whole tribe would have to go into mourning.)

Matiwane was a short man with a curved back and a remarkably large posterior. In his colouring was a distinct tinge of yellow. He was, most likely, partly of Hottentot descent. (As the Bantu moved southward in the great migration they must have fought with and conquered various Hottentot tribes. No doubt they would have appropriated the women of the latter.) His eyelashes were missing and his eyes were weak. Below them were dark patches extending down his cheeks. This was the result of severe opthalmia in his childhood. He wore a kaross made of the skins of black and white calves, and used a very old and battered shield which had belonged to his father, and from which all the hair had been rubbed off.

The account given by his enemies of Matiwane's cruelty must be discounted in view of the fact of his undoubted prowess. There is no doubt that he drank the gall of the more distinguished among the enemies he slew. The gall is believed by the native to be the seat of ferocity in the human body, and Matiwane believed that by this means he could add to the liberal endowment of that quality with which nature had gifted him. But this must be set to his credit: although he encouraged the "inyanga," or "war doctor" (he dabbled in war magic himself to a considerable extent), the "isanuse" or "witch doctor" was unknown in his tribe, and anyone accusing another of causing sickness by means of a black magic was incontinently put to death. If it had not been for Tshaka, Matiwane would probably have been the most powerful leader among the natives of South Africa.

But Tshaka had now to be reckoned with. The Zulu King had consolidated his power and was about to change his rôle of a mere conqueror to that of a destroyer on a colossal scale. His aim was to isolate the Zulu nation by surrounding its territory with a wide belt of absolute desert. The first to wither under the blight of his new policy were the Amangwane. The newly-modelled Zulu army fell upon them within less than two years after the Amahlubi were driven forth.

The skilful generalship of Matiwane and the bravery of his followers were of no avail. They made a gallant fight, but nothing could withstand the combined fury and science of the Zulu onslaught. The attack-formation of this terrible soldiery resembled in rough outline the head and chest of a bull. The horns were composed of skirmishing lines of young, fiery recruits whose reckless and only ambition it was to wash their spears in an enemy's blood, and who feared nothing in the universe but the disapproving face of the awful man under whose iron discipline they had been trained. The "head" was composed of the most highly trained and organised troops. These had served their apprenticeship in the "horns." When the latter, by the audacity of their onslaught on the flanks, had engaged the enemy's attention, the head would crush, irresistibly, into its centre. Behind, in reserve, stood the "chest," which was composed of veterans with lads in attendance. This was the reserve, to be brought into action only if the attack by the head should fail, a contingency which seldom or never happened, or to take the opportunity of glutting their blood-thirst when the beaten foe unmistakably gave ground.

The Zulu regiments, which were distinguished from each other by different coloured shields, fought, as far as possible, as independent units. So intensely jealous of each other were they that often in battle it required the full exercise of Tshaka's iron will to prevent them falling on and destroying each other. Under South African conditions as they then were, the Zulu army was practically invincible.

The Amangwane were defeated, but not routed. They fell back, fighting doggedly, along the dolorous way which had been taken by the Amahlubi, sending their cattle ahead. Mpangazita now thought his opportunity for vengeance had come, but he was deceived. At this juncture Matiwane's consummate military skill became apparent. While defending his rear against the Zulu pursuit, he gained victory after victory over the Amahlubi. At length the Zulus retired, and then the Amangwane and the Amahlubi, locked in a deadly struggle, rolled across the plains of what is now the Orange River Colony. Both sides fought with desperate valour and changing fortune. Dreadful deeds were enacted. Women and children, starving and exhausted, dropped by the wayside, and were either clubbed to death or less mercifully left to

perish of slow starvation. Many were captured and eaten by the small hordes of cannibals with which the land was infested. These were composed of fugitives from various tribes that had been crushed out of existence as such, and whose one desire, as they wandered abroad over the blighted land, was to assuage their raging physical hunger.

Occasionally the two great hordes would, panting and exhausted, draw apart for a space, only to re-engage in the desperate struggle after they had taken breath. They were attacked by successive Zulu armies, but their enmity was so great that they would not combine against the common foe, so were defeated and scattered in detail.

At length, in 1825, the day of doom dawned for the Amahlubi. Mpangazita was hemmed in on the western bank of the Caledon River, not far from Maseru. Matiwane attacked and drove his foes inch by inch before him. The battle lasted five days. The last stand of the Amahlubi was on a plateau overlooking the river, flanked with precipices. Mpangazita was killed and his followers scattered. Many of the Amahlubi were captured. These were not slaughtered, but were held by Matiwane in a condition of semi-slavery.

Sidinane, Mpangazita's eldest son, escaped to the westward with a small body of followers. We shall hear more later on of this lot, which was increased by a large number of fugitives who joined it from time to time. Sidinane was now believed to be chief, for the "great house" of the once proud and powerful Hlubi tribe was thought to be extinct. Dhlomo had died under the Zulu spear, and it was not as yet known that Langalibalele had survived the massacre in which his father Umtimkulu had perished.

WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY.

(To be Continued.)

INDUSTRIAL AND ECONOMIC REFORM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A "more" white South Africa—The moral and social evils attending indentured coloured labour on the mines—The duty of the Churches—The graduated taxation of mining profits. The reports of the Indigency Commission and the Mining Industry Commission—The importance of cheaper living and lower cost of production to local industries based on white labour—More white men and relief of taxation necessary—Segregation—A League suggested, for enquiry and discussion and to further legislation on right lines, in the interests of a greater permanent white population.

The following reflections and suggestions may be useful to those who are actively fighting for the white labour policy, and to those who, while unable at present to see their way to adopt the really effective proposals, so far as they go, put forward by the Transvaal Mining Industry Commission, yet desire that some steps shall be taken to make South Africa more and more a community in which law-abiding white men of all classes can live, thrive and multiply. And that, not merely for a few generations, but in perpetuity. It may be also that even the following imperfect presentation of the case, the main object and usefulness of which is to ventilate further the subject and stimulate thought and discussion thereon, may serve to interest some who are now indifferent and lead them to go into the matter for themselves.

Although, obviously, the proposals of the Mining Industry Commission do not offer a complete and final solution of our difficulties in realising the above ideal, I think it is necessary to give effect to them, and that soon, if we are to see any appreciable results, of the kind desired, within the next few years. This does not mean that no other measures should be

cast lots as to who should try it. It fell to him. I wished him to sip it only, but once his lips were wet I could not tear him away. . . . He cursed me as he died. . . . I have all the diamonds now and would give them all for a drink of pure water. . . . Surely they cannot have found the other casks. I will win through yet. It is but six hours to the next cask.

"Another cask,—but I dare not. It is bright and cool and clear: but so were the others! And yet I am dying of thirst. I can go no further. . . . They are creeping nearer. They know my rifle has gone, and I know that if I do not drink they will shoot me as they did that other man—through the back with a poisoned arrow. But I will not wait for that. This water looks so cool and clear, surely I"——

* * * * * * * * *

The diary ends abruptly. A week later the engineer and skipper of the little tug, venturing across the sands in the hope of meeting the party returning, found Halloran's body by the side of the water cask. Near by lay the fatal pocket-book. But the diamonds had gone.

FRED. C. CORNELL.

FRAGMENTS OF NATIVE HISTORY.

V.

The Amahlubi and the Amangwane.

II.

About two years after the defeat of the Amahlubi, Tshaka sent an army to attack the Amangwane, who were then occupying the northern portion of what is now Basutoland and the upper part of the Caledon River valley. But Matiwane also held sway over a considerable portion of the central area of what is now the Orange River Colony. The expedition was commanded by an induna named Dhlaka, the second in command being Madabulela, who was one of Tshaka's favourite officers. The Amangwane fought well, but were heavily defeated. Large herds of their cattle were swept away and the people were again scattered. On the Zulu side Madabulela was killed. When the captured cattle were displayed before Tshaka, on the return of the victorious expedition, he cried out to Dhlaka:—"You might have left all these behind if you had only brought back Madabulela."

Early in the following autumn another Zulu force was sent against the Amangwane. On this occasion Matiwane did not wait to be attacked, but fled to the westward of the present site of Bloemfontein. The Zulus swept the country far and near. In a short time, with the exception of a few hidden by Moshesh in the vicinity of his impregnable stronghold, practically all the cattle between Bloemfontein and the Drakensberg—between the Orange and the Vaal Rivers, eastward of a line drawn north and south through Bloemfontein—were in the hands of the Zulus. Dhlaka, who had commanded the expedition of the previous year, was again the leader.

Matiwane collected his forces at Bloemfontein and determined to make one energetic attempt to turn the tide of Zulu conquest. He attempted to obtain the co-operation of Moshesh and Sikon

yella, but the former was then too weak to venture on leaving Thaba Bosigo, and the latter was hiding in the fastnesses of the Malutis. Matiwane, undaunted, essayed the enterprise unaided. One of his councillors, a man named Bonza, was a skilful spy. Bonza went forth to ascertain how matters stood. He found that the Zulus had formed three large camps, several miles apart from each other, at which they were resting with the captured stock. Matiwane instructed him to report publicly that the enemy were not Zulus at all, but Amazizi—"the people who went with shaved heads." This was a reference to an occasion on which Matiwane, some years previously, had inflicted a severe defeat on the Amazizi.

Matiwane assembled his forces and harangued them, saying:—"See, we are sleeping in the open air; our children have no milk. These are only the Amazizi: do not let the shaved-heads get away with our remaining cattle."

An attack was determined on. The Amangwane were divided into three parties and a simultaneous advance was ordered against the three respective Zulu encampments. The assault was delivered just before daybreak, but owing to some misunderstanding of orders one of the camps was not attacked at all, the division detailed for this duty having joined that sent against the principal camp, where Dhlaka was in command. The Amangwane fought with desperate bravery, and the enemy suffered severely, but the unattacked Zulu division came up and turned the tide. It was here that Matiwane commanded in person.

The second attack was made against the smallest and most distant Zulu detachment, and was a complete fiasco. Here the onslaught was made at sunrise. There were only sixty Zulus in charge of the cattle, and forty of these were caught bathing in the river, the other twenty being on guard over their comrades' spears and shields. But these twenty picked up the arms of the bathers, and cut their way through the foe to the latter. Ten of the bathers were killed; but the fifty remaining Zulus, shouting out "These people cannot fight against us," scattered the assailants, who outnumbered them by ten to one.

The unfortunate Amangwane were now in evil case. The Zulus moved off with their booty, and Matiwane led his people back to the eastward. By permission of Moshesh they located themselves near the Maketeng Mountain, where game was plentiful, and there they lived for a few months on the produce of

the chase. They managed to garner sufficient grain from the ruined fields wherewith to start cultivation once more; and as the men hunted, the women broke up the hard virgin soil with their blunt and clumsy hoes. The rains were propitious. Soon the green plumes of the millet waved promisingly. Then, as if fate had irrevocably declared against the doomed tribe, large flights of locusts swept out of the west and devoured the crops. Starvation stared them in the face. A sense of desperation seized them. For seven years they had fought their way through forests of encircling spears, seeking some spot whereon they might settle in peace. Their valour had enabled them to hold their own against every enemy except the iron legions of the implacable Zulu King. Surely, they thought, there must be some tract on the surface of the wide earth where rest from seemingly interminable warfare might be found? But to the north were the Matabele and the Zulus; to westward lay the waterless deserts on whose hither fringe dwelt the cunning yellow men who rode swift horses and spat death from iron tubes. Matiwane had met and been worsted by the Griquas on one occasion when he led his haggard horde across the wide plains, in the hope of being able to find a haven of refuge on the banks of the Vaal River. To the eastward the Drakensberg reared its seemingly impregnable ramparts. The south alone lay open and unproved.

So the Amangwane once more set forth on their seemingly endless quest. They pressed down between the frowning mountain ranges of what is now southern Basutoland. The main body crossed the Orange River not far to the eastward of where Aliwal North stands to-day. Others crossed still further to the eastward, but the various divisions were never out of touch with each other. From wild Bushmen and vagrant Hottentots whom he captured Matiwane got knowledge of the strange and potent white people who dwelt still further away on the course he had at first determined to take, so he changed the direction of his advance to the left and overran that area comprising what are now the districts of Wodehouse, Glen Grey and Xalanga but which was then occupied by the Tembus.

Matiwane scattered these people like chaff. The chief Bawana fled into the Colony with his clan. Amangwane raiding parties harried the country far and near, sweeping up cattle and killing all who resisted. The Tembus were so demoralised that hundreds would flee from a handful of the dreaded "Fet-

cani" or "enemies," as Matiwane's followers came to be called. Urgent appeals for help were sent to Cape Town.

Matiwane had heard of a desirable uninhabited tract to the north-east of where he now was: so after he had collected what he considered a sufficiency of cattle and seed grain he again turned to his left, and led his people towards this promised land.

The great horde surged on through fertile, unoccupied tracts. To their left were reared the stark, frowning turrets of the Drakensberg: to their right the smiling valleys opened towards the sea. Here were strong, perennial streams of water, rich grassy hillsides and hollows brimming with virgin forest. It was a delectable land, but the region they were striving for lay still a few days' march ahead. They wished to put as much space as possible between themselves and the ravaged Tembus.

The great hordes surged on. They still probably numbered nearly forty thousand. The season was winter, and each night the biting frost fell thick on their naked limbs. Many of the weaker died. After an exceptionally severe night spent in some region where fuel was scarce bodies of the very old and the very young lay thick at the camping places. Food was scarce, for they had to retain most of the grain for sowing purposes at their new home. The milk dried in the breasts of the women, and many a wild-eyed mother left the body of her infant at the wayside for sepulture in the maw of the jackal or the kite. Thus the grim throng pressed on, fighting with despair, travelling in search of that peace they were fated never to obtain except through the gate of violent death, whilst the expectant vultures wheeled above their faltering rear.

At length, from the Slang River heights, they looked down upon their goal—the valley of the Umtata River, near the small mountain range known as "Imbulumpini," or "the place of globes," so called from its dome-like prominences. Here lay the promised land.

The region is lovely to the eye and redundant in every natural endowment that appeals to the native. Here were rich alluvial valleys full of vocal, impetuous water. Here were pastures rich enough to sustain countless herds of cattle. Here were glorious forests in whose inviolate recesses the women, the children and the old men might hide in safety on the day of battle.

The country teemed with game from the lordly eland in the deep kloofs of the mighty, fantastically-carved mountain-wall, to the tiny, mouse-like bluebuck that flits silently, like the shadow of a shade, through the deepest undergrowth.

The sorely-tried people took possession of this region with a sense of deep satisfaction. The land was apportioned among the various minor chiefs. They built huts and marked out gardens. The smoke from a thousand camp fires arose each night into the still, wintry sky, the far-scattered flames seeming to reflect the rich southern galaxies. The lions retired to the hill-tops and roared an astonished protest, but the Amangwane had fought with and conquered foes more terrible than the king of beasts, and the thunder of his voice was only a welcome indication that they had reached a land unclaimed by man. But fate, which had played with this sorely-tried people for so long, had led them, when they thought themselves most secure, between the open jaws of death.

The intelligence as to the raid on the Tembus had roused the Government at the Cape to action. The invaders were believed to be Zulus, so a strong force was despatched to drive them forth. When it became known that the invaders were retiring northward the force was recalled. Then came word of the former having settled down at Imbulumpini, so the recall was countermanded, and the British force was ordered to attack and expel the intruders. This force numbered about 1,000, and was composed partly of regulars and partly of burghers levied from the eastern frontier. It was accompanied by several guns. Colonel Somerset was in command. Hintza, the Gcaleka chief, and Vusani, chief of the Tembus, were present with all their available men.

The attack was delivered on the 27th August, 1828. The number of the Amangwane in the fighting line was estimated to be 20,000. When they saw the troops in their red coats advancing in close formation and marching in step, they said one to the other: "What kind of animals are these? Have they come out of the sea, or are they wild beasts?" There is a terribly tragic pathos in the situation of these people at this moment. They were gaunt and desperate from privation and exposure, they were inured to battle and to death in various forms. They had known it under the Zulu spear, by slow starvation, by the fangs of the man-eating lions which for years had dogged their wandering footsteps, preying on them night after night. The playthings of their children had been the bones of slain men. They had proved their prowess in many a

sorely stricken field. We may well imagine that life had not been so sweet to the Amangwane that they should hesitate about risking the loss of it.

In close-massed ranks they awaited the attack; but a thunder-shock smote their ears, whilst a white cloud, emitting red flashes of lightning, hung over their assailants. Immediately great bolts of iron fell from the sky (the old ordnance had a very high trajectory) and ploughed passages through their dense masses. Then the stout hearts which had never quailed before merely physical danger turned to water in the presence of what they believed to be the supernatural. With a wild yell of dismay the Amangwane fled in disorder.

The Gcaleka and Tembu auxiliaries then took the matter in hand. These fell on the routed multitude and exacted a terrible vengeance. Men, women and children were mercilessly extir-pa in one common slaughter, until of the immense horde w ch had swarmed out of the Tugela Valley seven years previously only a few hunted fugitives were left. The deadly earnestness of the pursuit may be inferred from the fact that a party of Amangwane some hundreds strong was followed across the Drakensberg into the valley of the Orange River above Quithing, where it was driven into a gorge full of long, dry grass. This was set alight in a raging wind. All the fugitives perished in the flames. Another party reached the summit of the Drakensberg at a point further to the north, and, with the exception of one young girl, perished in the agonies of frost instead of flame. On this occasion the miserable creatures were naked, having thrown away everything in the frantic attempt to escape. They reached a saddle between two peaks of the range just as night set in, and shortly afterwards snow began to fall heavily. The men attempted to keep off the snow by holding their shields aloft, somewhat in the formation adopted by the Roman soldiery and known as the "tortoise." A ring of others sat around, holding their shields upright, so as to form a wall against the bitter, snow-laden wind. Inside, huddled closely together, the unfortunate fugitives vainly endeavoured to retain sufficient warmth. When day broke only one young girl of the whole party was alive. She managed to escape to an outlying Basuto kraal, where she was kindly treated.

Various parties of men cut their way through the pitiless ring of foes and, for the time being, escaped. But one by one these

were tracked down and, in a majority of instances, absolutely exterminated. The "Fetcani" were looked on as human vermin, and treated accordingly. One and one only instance of kindness to these unhappy creatures has been remembered. A small party worked its way down to the Goza Forest, in Western Pondoland, and the poor, outcast Xesibes hiding there killed some game for the starving fugitives. These rested for a few days and then passed on, probably to die under the spears of the next tribe whose territory they attempted to traverse.

Matiwane, with his bodyguard and a few followers, fled back to Basutoland and begged for refuge with Sikonyella, but the Bathlokua chief drove him forth with contumely. He then wandered northward, and, hearing of the death of Tshaka, determined to throw himself on the mercy of "Malamlela," or "the saviour," as the vile, false-hearted Dingaan was then called. But Dingaan had a deep, instinctive hatred of ability, so he caused Matiwane and his followers to be put to a cruel death. There are several accounts as to the exact manner in which Matiwane died. That which is most probably true is to the effect that he was blinded with a firebrand, and then tied to a tree to die of slow starvation or by the teeth of hyenas. The last-mentioned animal suggests a comparison between Dingaan and his predecessor. Tshaka had the soul and temper of a lion. He was bloodthirsty, ruthless and cruel as death in his fits of rage or when anything stood between him and his ambition; but he was sometimes generous, and he did occasionally feel affection for a fellow creature. But Dingaan's disposition suggests a mixture of the nature of the hyena with that of the toad. He seldom or never lost his temper; his cold heart loved the contemplation of suffering long drawn out; he was never known to do a generous deed. Death by starvation was a punishment he often inflicted.

So it is to be feared that poor, blinded Matiwane starved slowly to death in the darkness, unless some kind spirit sent the wild beasts mercifully to shorten his torments.

WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY.

(To be Continued.)

from a bed of daffodils. A couple of wagons are outspanned and a party of Kafirs are carrying wood and making fires. There are two white men; one is very tall, almost as tall—why, it is the white man who a minute ago seemed to be dying beneath the mimosa bush. But no, it cannot be: he was a bigger man, and was dressed in strange garb; but this might be his son, habited in the hunter's dress of to-day. He wanders away from his companions, and throws himself down to rest under a mimosa bush. As he does so his head strikes against something hard. He looks round and examines it: it is a human skull half buried in the sand. He jumps up and hails a native, who hurries towards him with a spade. He digs away in the sand, and at last a huge skeleton is laid bare, the white bones gleaming in the faint light of the new moon."

The Psychometrist ceased. "Can you," I said, "describe this hunter to me?"

"He is tall, very tall, six feet four or five inches, I think; his features are massive; his nose is arched; his hair is brown, quite a peculiar shade, tinged with grey; and his piercing eyes are blue. He is marvellously like the man who died in the desert, but he is not so big and he is not so strong."

I thanked the man, and assured him that in this instance he need not mistrust his gift.

That afternoon I took back the skull and the cooking-pot to Gustav de Villiers; and as I handed him the notes I had taken, his resemblance to the hunter as described was almost startling.

At length he put down the notes. "Well," said he with a thoughtful air, "it was just such a night when I found the skull. I remember the moon rising from that yellow sky; and, at any rate, it is a capital pen portrait of myself."

C. R. PLOWDEN.

FRAGMENTS OF NATIVE HISTORY.

VI.

The Amahlubi.

After the five days' battle on the western bank of the Caledon River, in which 'Mpangazita was killed, the Amahlubi were in a terrible plight. Had it not been for the genius of one man, the Hlubi tribe would probably have ceased to exist. This man was 'Mpangazita's son by an inferior wife: his name at this time was Sondaba, but he was known alternatively as Lihlonga—after Hlongeni, the place where he was born. Afterwards he acquired the name of Mehlomakulu ("Big Eyes"), and it is by the latter name that he is held in honoured remembrance by the Hlubi tribe to day.

Scattered over the wide, inhospitable plains lying to the westward of Basutoland the unfortunate people wandered hither and thither seeking food to keep them alive. Many took refuge with other tribes; many died of hardship; some were slaughtered through sheer wantonness on the part of the various raiding parties whom they met. But a nucleus of the tribe held together under Sidinane, 'Mpangazita's "great" son. This included Sondaba and his mother, as well as an uncle named Sigulugulu—a man who took an important part at a subsequent crisis.

One night when these people were resting among the hills close to the source of the Vet River an alarm was given, and they fled over a ridge, only to find themselves surrounded by a Matabele impi which was returning from a raid on the Basuto. As the wearied and dispirited Hlubis made no resistance only a few were killed. The Matabele leader must have been a comparatively humane man, for he fed the starving people and allowed them to follow his force as cattle drivers. At this time Umziligazi, the Matabele chief, had established his

"great place" at a spot called Ezinyosini ("the place of bees"), near the present site of Potchefstroom. When within three days' march of the "great place" the Matabele leader halted the captives, left them under guard, and went on with his impi and the captured cattle to report matters to his chief and receive instructions. The latter were to the effect that the Amahlubi were to be accepted as vassals, but that Sidinane and everyone belonging to his "house" were to be killed. This decision was communicated to the Amahlubi by a fugitive who had been with the Matabele for some time, and who risked almost certain death so as to give his chief warning. Sidinane at once fled. He was accompanied only by his wife, an infant daughter and two devoted personal adherents.

The fate of this hapless chief was tragic in the extreme. It is probable that to-day none of his contemporaries survive, but some years ago I frequently saw ancient men who had known him in their youth weep bitter tears when telling his pathetic story. Sidinane made for Swaziland. The child soon died from the hardships of the journey. The Swazi chief appears to have received him with kindness, but restlessness drove Sidinane forth once more, so he ventured into the den of the Zulu lion. Tshaka tried to humble his pride by ordering the fugitive to skin an ox that had been slaughtered for his entertainment, but this he haughtily refused to do. Tshaka, whose wont it was to immediately destroy anyone failing to comply with his lightest whim, must have been in an unusually good humour, for he allowed the Hlubi chief to depart unmolested.

Sidinane, believing that the bulk of his people were in captivity with the Amangwane, now decided to make submission to Matiwane, so he passed from Zululand over the desolated country formerly occupied by his tribe, and made for the upper reaches of the Caledon River, where the 'Mangwane chief and his people were then located.

At this time the country now known as Basutoland was in a peculiar condition. In the northern part were the Bathlokua under Sikonyella. Owing to the savagery exhibited by these people in their almost circular course—from their original location at the source of the Vaal River, through the Transvaal, down the eastern side of Bechuanaland and then across to within a couple of days' march of the spot they first started from—they had come to be known as the "Amadhlongwe," or

"those who act wildly and furiously, without any fixed idea underlying their action." In the west were the Amangwane, resting after their great victory. Among the wild, precipitous Maluti Mountains to the eastward were hordes of dehumanised fugitives from many tribes who owned no cattle and cultivated no land, and whose only bond of union was their horrible appetite for the flesh of their own species, which was their staple food. These creatures were nocturnal in their habits. They knew every inch of the country, and were continually raiding the outlying kraals of their neighbours. Their taste for human flesh grew until they would eat no other meat except under pressure of extreme hunger, so as a rule they left flocks and herds untouched. But in the centre of this seething mass of hate and horror sat Moshesh, like a benevolent eagle on an impregnable eyrie. It was the destiny of this man of genius to weld the unpromising and discordant elements by which he was surrounded into a homogeneous nation, and to build, according to the dictates of his unaided genius, an edifice which has withstood the shocks of a turbulent century.

Matiwane did what probably Sidinane would have done had positions been reversed—he brutally killed the man who had thrown himself on his mercy. Sidinane was strangled with a thong, and his body was handed over to the captive Hlubis, who buried it at night, in a secret place.

Sidinane's wife had remained in Swaziland. She lacked the courage to appear before the terrible Tshaka. The chief Zibi, who for many years was located with a section of the Hlubi tribe near Matatiele, is regarded as the son of Sidinane. He was, however, the son of Tana, a cousin of Sidinane, who took one of Sidinane's wives in terms of the practice defined in the 25th chapter of Deuteronomy.

Here is the verbatim statement of a very old Hlubi named Madubangwe, with whom I forgathered in the Matatiele district some years ago. It has no bearing on Hlubi history, but is interesting as showing how a high degree of chivalry may coexist with the most terrible cruelty:—"I was one of a party which wandered far after Matiwane scattered us." (This refers to the first defeat, when the Amahlubi were driven across the Drakensberg.) "We met the Amadhlongwe, who killed all except five. These escaped by hiding among reeds. We had to escape to the westward. We hid by day and travelled by night. We were starving. One night we saw a fire; we went

towards it and saw people feasting. They were Matabele. They captured us. One raised his spear and said: 'Let us kill the jackals.' But the leader said: 'No,—we want boys to help in driving the cattle.' They gave us food, and we followed them to Ezinyosini where Umziligazi was.

"I was then a young man, and, being very strong, could dance well. Umziligazi loved to see dancing, so I was kept at the 'great place.' After a time I was given a spear and a shield. Then I got a wife—a woman captured from the Bangwaketsi. This was because I could dance the 'umsino' (the Hlubi tribal dance) so well.

"Umziligazi was a great chief. He killed people who made him angry. If he could not find enemies to kill, he killed his own people. When he saw the vultures wheeling in the sky he would call up the soldiers and say: 'See,—there are the ghosts of great men who are hungry for meat; go and kill for them.' The soldiers knew which of his people had made him angry, so they slew them and burnt their villages. Yes, they killed all,—women and children, even the dogs.

"Early on one day—it was some time after Tshaka died—when the people were scattered, gathering in the corn, word came that a Zulu impi was approaching. Umziligazi had very few men with him—not more than twenty—but he would not leave his 'great place.' He sent messengers to collect his army, and told them that if they did not run hard he would cut off their feet. He also sent a messenger to the Zulu leader, saying: 'If you have come to fight do not take me unprepared; let me collect my men.' The Zulu leader sent back word that he would wait until the sun was there (pointing to where the sun would be at about 4 p.m. in early winter), but that he could not wait longer, as he wanted to feast on Umziligazi's cattle that night. The Zulus collected around a small hill in the middle of a big plain, and there waited.

"Our men came pouring in, and by the time the sun began to sink we had a great army. Two bulls do not stare for long at each other. We moved out from the 'great place' and the Zulus came to meet us. Umziligazi took charge of the battle. His two generals were Beje and Umkitika.

"As the armies drew nearer the men began to shout to each other. A Zulu would call out: 'Show me your spear; is it the spear of a great man?' One of our men would reply: 'It is the spear of a chief.' We fought hard; the Zulus forced their way through us, but we closed in behind and conquered them. We pursued, killing many, for two days. I got these two wounds (one in the chest and the other in the thigh) in that fight.

"It happened a very long time ago. Umziligazi loved blood, but he was very good to me."

When Sidinane fled Sondaba agreed to personate him, but the deception was soon discovered. However, Umziligazi forgave Sondaba, and accepted his submission to the Matabele dominion. On the Rhenoster River, in the present district of Kroonstad, was an important cattle post commanded by an induna named Soxokozela, who stood high in the confidence of Umziligazi, and here Sondaba and his following were located. The ablebodied men were trained under the Matabele military system, and Sondaba was given a minor command.

After a year had elapsed Umziligazi sent for his new vassal. After Sondaba had made the customary obeisance he stood erect before the terrible man whose mere nod could consign him to instant death. Mehlomakulu was of great stature and perfect symmetry. The most striking peculiarity of his handsome face lay in his eyes, which were unusually large and lustrous.

"They tell me your name is Sondaba. I will give you a better one. You shall be called Mehlomakulu."

Umziligazi questioned his visitor closely as to his family, his tribe and his ambitions. As to the latter, all Mehlomakulu would admit was that he was devoted to the care of cattle, and that he wished to go back as soon as possible to take charge of those which had been committed to his charge. After an ox had been slaughtered for his entertainment the Hlubi chief was, no doubt much to his relief, permitted to return home.

After this episode Mehlomakulu began to be talked about. He had made an impression, not alone upon the Hlubis at the "great place" but also upon the Matabele. He became famous as a dancer. After a few months Umziligazi again commanded him to appear at Ezinyozini with a number of his followers, for the ostensible purpose of performing the "umsino" in the royal presence. Mehlomakulu by this time knew that he was in a position of great danger. However there was nothing for it but to obey, so he obeyed the summons and duly appeared before Umziligazi.

The dance took place next day. Mehlomakulu led the "umsino," which was performed before the King. One of the features of the dance is that the leader flings his club into the air and catches it as it falls. Mehlomakulu was particularly skilful at this: no one could fling the club so high as he, or catch it with such certainty and grace. The King sat cross-legged on his mat, naked to the waist and with his only adornment, three feathers of the blue crane, nodding from his head. The dancing did not please him. All he said was: "You are blinding me; you are breaking my neck." This had reference to the way he was obliged to bend back his head so as to follow the flight of the club. After the dance a feast was held, and then the Hlubis were dismissed. Soxokozela was ordered to remain at the royal kraal.

There is no doubt that at this time Umziligazi had determined that Mehlomakulu should die. His splendid physique, his chieftainlike bearing and the evident admiration called forth by the young Hlubi chief's skill had alarmed the tyrant whose career followed the meaning of his name ("spoor of blood"). All that was now required was a pretext, and with the despot such is never far to seek.

A few days after Mehlomakulu and his followers had returned Soxokozela arrived with a few men. One of these was a Hlubi, and he at once informed Mehlomakulu that an impi was even then being collected at the "great place" for the purpose of slaying him, and might be expected to arrive at any time. In the dead of night the Hlubis stole out to a secret place in the vicinity, for the purpose of discussing the situation. With tears of shamed regret they besought the chief to seek safety in flight. "We are tired," they said, "of moving about. The whole world is full of our enemies. Let the Chief go forth alone. We will stay with Umziligazi, who is strong and can protect us. It is only against Mehlomakulu that his hate is hot."

When this resolution had—apparently irrevocably—been arrived at, Mehlomakulu's uncle, Sigulugulu, stood up and went quietly away with a party of the Chief's most devoted adherents. These took their spears, surrounded the huts of Soxokozela, and slew the induna with every member of his family. The day was just breaking when they returned to their fellows. The latter were, with heavy hearts and drooping heads, returning to the village. Sigulugulu and his men flung their spears on the ground before them, and cried out:—"Here are our spears, red with the blood of Soxokozela: see what mercy ye will now receive at the hands of Umziligazi." This turned the scale; nothing but instant flight could now save them from almost instant death. They rushed for their arms and attacked the Matabele in the surrounding villages, few of whom escaped. The war cry, a long "g" of the second line of the treble cleff, was shrilled out. Within a few minutes the bars had fallen from the gates of the cattle kraals, and the Hlubis, laden with whatever plunder they could carry, were fleeing towards the south-east. They headed for a strong position which they knew of on the Caledon River. Mehlomakulu, although little more than a lad in years, took command. He inspired confidence from the first. They had been two days on the way before the Matabele impi reached Soxokozela's kraal. The pursuit began at once.

Mehlomakulu's mother became footsore, and the Chief refused to abandon her, so a halt was called for a day. Then the cattle were sent on again, and Mehlomakulu covered the retreat with a strong rear guard. On the evening of the sixth day the Hlubi objective was reached, and at the same time the Matabele came in sight.

The latter were tired and hungry. Expecting to obtain provisions at Soxokozela's kraal, they had come from the "great place" without provisions. Nevertheless they advanced to the attack at once, shouting out: "The cattle have been out to graze; they will be ours at milking time."

There was a number of Hlubis in the Matabele ranks, for Umziligazi had never dreamt of the possibility of a revolt against his power, and these pressed forward as though eager to attack. But when they came close to Mehlomakulu's men they lowered their spears and joined their friends. Then the Matabele retreated for a short distance and halted for the purpose of re-forming their plan of attack.

Fires were lit by the Amahlubi and meat roasted for the newly-joined contingent. It was deemed certain that the Matabele would attack within the next few hours, so the fires were kept up full in their sight, whilst Mehlomakulu with the pick of his force made a detour and took up a position in a shallow valley before the Matabele position. As was expected, the enemy advanced to the attack just after midnight. They

fell into the ambush, and were cut to pieces. When morning broke the field of battle was found to be thickly strewn with the shields and spears which had been thrown away in the headlong flight. The shields were so many that they could not be carried away, so they were placed in a pile and burnt.

The following song was composed in honour of Mehlomakulu's victory:—

These are the words:—

"Spotted leopard, come out so that we can see you."

The following song was composed to celebrate a subsequent victory—over the Amangwane:—

The words are:—

"Ho. Ho. We call to the Chief. He is as great as the ocean."

The Amahlubi had at last found a strong man,—one who could lead them to victory. From far and near the members of his scattered tribe flocked to the standard of Mehlomakulu. Matiwane attacked him, but was driven away with loss. Then three chiefs belonging to the loose confederation which acknowledged Moshesh as its head declared war. Mehlomakulu was again victorious, but it had become apparent that existence under such conditions was impossible. So the weary Hlubis once more set forth to seek for some region in which they might settle down. They recrossed the Drakensberg and halted for a time among the valleys on its eastern slope, near the source of the Umzimkulu River.

In the meantime Tshaka had allowed some of the fugitive Hlubis to settle down near the source of the Tugela. These had quarrelled among themselves—an old Hlubi habit—and had consequently remained poor and insignificant. Dhlomo, the legitimate head of the tribe, joined these people after wanderings which cannot be traced. He headed one faction; the guardians of Langalibalele another. Mehlomakulu joined Dhlomo, but the other party was by far the stronger, so Dhlomo was defeated. Then Dhlomo asked Dingaan to

assist him, and Langalibalele's party was badly defeated. Dhlomo, not content to leave well alone, went to Dingaan with fifty of his followers, to ask for recognition as "great" chief of the Hlubi tribe. Dingaan did not like "great" chiefs, so he caused Dhlomo and his following to be put to death.

At this time Langalibalele was again a fugitive, under the protection of Marangwa's son Menie. But after a time he ventured back to the Tugela valley, and the people, Mehlomakulu's followers included, received him as their chief. Soon after this Langalibalele attained his majority. He never forgave Mehlomakulu for having taken Dhlomo's part. The natives have a proverb to the effect that "two bulls cannot graze on one ridge." Mehlomakulu was too strong a man to live in a state of subjection to a mere boy. He had many enemies, as strong men always have. Murmurs went abroad to the effect that the tribe was in danger owing to Mehlomakulu's presence, that the Matabele would be sure to send an army to avenge the episode at Soxokezela's cattle post and what followed it. There is not the slightest evidence pointing to disloyalty on Mehlomakulu's part. He had supported Dhlomo because of the latter's legitimacy; now he would support Langalibalele. But the young chief was too inexperienced to see things in their true relations. Mehlomakulu's position became a very unpleasant one. He determined to leave with his immediate followers, and start a separate tribe.

It is unnecessary to trace any further, in a paper such as this, the history of the Hlubi tribe. Such may be found recorded in Dr. Theal's excellent histories. As to Mehlomakulu, only one other remarkable circumstance remains to be recorded,—namely, that he died in his bed. He lived to be a very old man, and about fifteen years ago passed quietly away at his home on the Wittebergen, in the Herschel district, where he and his followers were located by the Colonial Government.

WILLIAM CHARLES SCULLY.