

chiefly spent in executing the task of collecting and republishing his various works, and in the production of his 'Life of Washington,' which has no doubts its merits, but is not one of those compositions by which he will be ultimately remembered. He enjoyed to a very advanced age his quiet domestic happiness at Sunnyside, dying in 1859. His countrymen honoured him in life, and are justly proud of the more cosmopolitan honours which he achieved in the general world of literature. We do not quarrel with Mr. Rufus William Griswold, author of 'The Prose Writers of America,' when he reminds us that 'Irving's subjects are as three American and two Spanish to one English; the periods of his residence in America, Spain, and England, in the years of his literary activity, bear to each other about the same proportion; and the productions which have won for him the most reputation, even in Europe, are not only such as had no models in the literature of the Old World, but such as could only have been written by one intimately acquainted with the peculiar life and manners by which they were suggested;' nor even for informing us that 'his style has the ease and purity and more than the grace and polish of Franklin; without the intensity of Brown, the compactness of Calhoun, or the strength and splendour of Webster.' But leaving these special causes of admiration to his countrymen, and withdrawing, for our part, any claim to appropriate him on the ground of his intense fondness for the domestic life, the society, the traditions, the classical writers of our little England, we will assert for him rather a modest place in that great Parthenon of literary renown which will one day arise when the political distinctions which now divide the great British race are forgotten, or become of secondary import, in comparison with that pervading unity of language, usages, and associations which fuses it all in one.

Moloja's interview by J. M. Orpen, 1881 or 1882  
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### The Story of the "Fetcani Horde,"

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES—MOLOJA, OF JOZANI'S VILLAGE, AT  
MASITE, NEAR MORIJA, BASUTOLAND.

The past history of the Native Tribes of South Africa is not to be found in any written records; but much information on the subject is still accessible among old intelligent native grey-beards, who in their kraals and at their social gatherings often recount the incidents of their early days, as well as the traditions of their forefathers. It is very desirable that all such information should be gathered and preserved before it is lost, for although founded upon oral testimony, there are no grounds to doubt the entire truthfulness of the facts narrated.

The following story of the "Fetcani Horde" was taken down from the lips of an old man—one of the survivors of the Amanwgane clan, by J. M. Orpen Esq., now Governor's Agent in Basutoland. The events to which it refers followed upon the conquests of Chaka, between 1820 and 1828. During that native revolutionary period, no less than 300 tribes were broken up and dispersed, and among them were the Amangwane under Matewane, who originally resided in the north-west part of the present Zululand. Although defeated by Chaka and compelled to fly southward, they were strong enough to overcome other tribes in their way (some of whom they incorporated with them), and to reimburse their losses by the booty they took in passing through the country. The appearance of this tribe on the seaward side of the Drakensberg in 1828, was the first shock felt by our Frontier Kafirs of Chaka's aggressive expeditions. The "Fetcani Horde," as described by Moloja, occupied the tract of country about the sources of the Umtata, where they attacked the Tembus; and their apprehended approach towards the frontier of the Colony caused great alarm all along the border. British troops, aided by a colonial force, acting with a large body of Kafirs, then encountered and defeated them so completely, that Matewane's army fell to pieces, only a portion of them recrossing the Drakensberg, and the remainder taking refuge as servants with the Tembus and Gcalekas, among whom they were known as "Fingoes;" the latter being emancipated from their servile condition by Governor Sir Benjamin D'Urban in 1835. Some of the petty chiefs who were under Matewane, in the engagement with the British forces at the Umtata, and who afterwards came out of Kafirland, are still alive in the Peddie district, where they hold the position of Fingo headmen. We are given to understand that two of them, named Kaulela and Pahla, have lately given evidence before the Native Laws and Customs Commission, and that their accounts, as to the history of the Fingoes coincide in the main particulars with that given in the following statement by Moloja.]

Ours is the clan Ngwane, the Ama Ngwane. We lived originally in the country of our fathers, at Umvolos in Zululand. We were

KAULELA AND  
PAHLA FINGO  
NATIVE LAWS  
COMMISSION  
1882



first attacked there by Dwadwa father of Zwidi, grandfather of Sekonyana. We drove him out of our country, but as he was strong we left it, and moved to the head of the Tugela River, in Natal. There we fell on Pakalita, the chief of the Hlubi Clan. He was the uncle of Langalibelele. He was the father of Zibi and Mahlamakulu. We drove him out and kept his country. He fled into the Basuto country, where he destroyed many chiefs. Chaka killed Dwadwa, who had been the first to attack us. Then Chaka fell upon us in the country we had taken from Pakalita. He captured our cattle and went away with them. So we broke away from that place. We attacked Sikoniela, the chief of the Bathtokwa tribe at Sefate (near Harrismith?) to force a passage. He beat us off, but we passed him. Then we fell a second time on the Hlubi tribe, under Pakalita. They had passed Sikoniela before. We fell upon them from Segoubi to Mekwatling. We conquered them, so that nearly all the Hlubis were under us, except some few chiefs and councillors who ran away. Pakalita went back to his original country, and towards Moselikatze, but after a year some of his people who were under us went and brought him back, and we had to give way before him, as they were more numerous. We left him at Maholele, and we retired to this side of the Caledon, to Senyotong (four miles north of the Berea Mission Station.) From there we went out to fight him. We were repulsed and many of us were killed. So we were thrashed by our own servants. We fought from sowing time (September) till January. Moshesh was already on his mountain, Thaba Bosigo. Then we had to leave and go across the Caledon to Mekwatling. Though we were few we went and lived there, close by the Hlubis, in order to be able to fight them every day. We attacked Pakalita three times. Each time he beat us. The last time was in March. Then Pakalita himself came out to attack us, and recapture his cattle from us. Our chief, Matewane, had only a few real unmarried soldiers who stayed with him at home. The married men used to go out to plunder gardens. They were away. The principal regiment Ushee was with Matewane. As the Hlubis came on the whole country was black with them. They attacked when the sun was where that blue sky is (about four in the afternoon.) They burnt the village of the regiment

Ushee. It was at the foot of the hill. We did not move far from them as they were burning it. We stood a few hundred yards off on the side of the hill above them. We were few, but those who had gone for corn heard the war cry and came back to help us. We were only three regiments, the Ushee, the Izixe, and the young regiment, afterwards called Inzimbi (iron). We attacked the Hlubis, and drove them before us, and we were joined by those from the cornfields. They joined at a remarkable rock in the flat about a mile from the wagon road between Mekwatling and Luishane. We had driven the Hlubis in heaps. There we heard the cry, "The chief stands!!!" All rushed back on him. He was slain at that rock by the regiment Ushee. The country was black with heaps of slain. Then we returned happily to our homes, and drank beer, and made the Hlubis our servants again, and spread over the country.

But after a time Chaka's army fell upon us again. The general of that army was Umhlanga. First they fell upon Zulu, father of Mosete, and son of Mafu, of the clan Ama Haula, which had submitted to our chief Matewane. This attack was in February. Zulu was removing. He had got on top of the mountain at Hotloloane, called Klokelaan in the Free State. But he did not know that Chaka's army was close by, behind the next hill, at Dithoteng. They had already taken the cattle of a Basuto chief, Nkejane, father of Letsela, further north. Zulu was attacked in the evening by some of the Zulus. He rolled stones down on top of them, but only killed two. They left him. They cried, "You can have those two men, but keep the night," meaning night was their last protection. Next morning he was surrounded. They sent a few young men to entice them, but he held to the top. Then they came on. Zulu's men did all they could, rolling down great rocks, several pushing with both feet. Down crashed the rocks and stones, but it was of no avail. Up swarmed the Zulus in the face of these showers of rocks, and they killed Zulu. The Caledon was flooded. They swam it at Maseru. They sat down there at that village of Piet Makulukulu. They passed by here between Masite and Morija. They crossed the neck there to go to Thabana Morena. Our cattle were all along behind here,

DEATH  
OF  
MPANCAZITHA

HUBI  
SERVANTS  
AGAIN

ZULU  
ATTACKED  
IN FEBRUARY

DWADWA  
ATTACKS  
AMANGWANE  
↓  
AMANGWANE  
ATTACKS  
AMANGWANE  
↓  
MPANCAZITHA  
CROSSES  
DARK.

SHAKA  
KILLS DWADWA  
AND ATTACKS  
AMANGWANE

AMANGWANE  
CROSSES  
AND ATTACKS  
BATHOKWA  
AT SEFATE

MATEWANE  
SUBDUES  
THE HUBI  
AT MEKWATLING

SERVANTS



1825?  
1826?

AMANGWANE  
FOLLOWED ON  
MODDER

THABANCHU

↓  
VIERVOET

DINGANE  
WAS  
WOUNDED  
AT LADY BRAND

↓  
ZULU  
DEFEATED  
BY USHEE

1827

USHEE

AND INZIMBI SENT TO THE MBULAND

from Kolo to Mafeteng and Siloe, and beyond. Our chief himself was at Blasballe Spruit, Ngope Khupedu. The Zulus began to fight us at Lerothodi's village. They were not many, but they had heart!! We were beaten. We ran away towards Caledon. The chief crossed. He went to Beersheba. Chaka's army went on sweeping the country to the junction of Cornet Spruit (Makateng) and Orange River (Sinku). They passed both sides of Hanglip. They turned at the Rock of Khiba, and came back this way slowly. We had gone off to the head of the Modder River (Qaba). The Ushee regiment said, "why should we let so few take our cattle." The chief was then near Thabanchu. He sent our forces. The Zulus had crossed the Caledon. It was many days since our cattle were taken. We were as numerous as they; they and the cattle were scattered. We had reached Viervoet (Kolonyana). The great regiment proposed that we should go in a body. The regiment of the white shields (the married men) refused. They went on. They wanted to capture many. Ho! When the first Zulu rushed at them shouting the hullabaloo, they fled. We the Ushee, we fought at Lady Brand. We fought well. We killed all the Zulus there. We were tired out. Three companies of our regiment crossed the reed valley between Modder Poort and Lady Brand. There we met the Zulu army returning from chasing the regiment of the white shields. There we fought with them. There Dingaan himself was stabbed in the chest by that small party of ours. He was serving in that army of his brother Chaka. But we were fired out, both of us, we sat down and looked at each other, we Ushee, and that regiment of Dingaan. Then they moved off slowly with the cattle; the country was covered with them for many leagues.

After that we returned to where we had been before at the Berea, and then Matewane organised my own regiment, the new one, Inzimbi (iron). This other old man is of the Ushee. Our two regiments were then dispatched to the Tembu country. When we started, and as we passed along, people would have supposed it an emigration; we took so many cattle with us. We passed Kolo. We passed the father of Morosi, Mukuana, at his hill Bolepeletsa, on the east bank of the Tele. We crossed

the highlands, Barkly. We descended into the country beyond. We arrived near Kubuncuku, the grandfather of Gangelizwe. The Tembus and their cattle were spread over a wide country. We had sent out spies, and we commenced killing our cattle. The spies returned. They hurried us. But the Tembus had already seen where we had slept. They fled. We chased them three days. The fourth day at sunset we saw the back end of their flying troops of cattle entering the bush where Tsomo and Kiba join. But it was only part. The General said we must return. On the second day of our return march we began to fall and die of hunger. None were lean but they sat or lay down to die. They cried to those passing, "Greet our chief for us, we die here by his orders." Every day men fell and died; it was in the month of May. The Ushee had seven head of cattle left before we killed them all; these were kept for the son of the chief. One morning near Kraai River, we came upon five men driving thirty head of cattle. That was a help; each company took one head. Nothing but bones were left; we ate them skins and all. We asked those men and they told us they were men of the father of Morosi, and had captured these cattle from "Abelungu," (white men). We went on. The men still died fast. We reached the Cemi mountain, there we met Matewane. He thought we had put all to rights in front, and he was moving after us with an army. As he came to us we were dying very fast; a few who had been close to the chief's son, and had got a morsel or two, were a little better. Matewane went away to his mother's village and sent us to where Luka's village is at the Berea, leaving many dying behind us. We still continued dying there. We did not know what we were dying of; we thought it some sickness from having been in a new country. Matewane said we must not go home but stay together where we were till June, and we were sent beer to drink, and fat oxen to kill, and ordered to refresh ourselves by washing our bodies every day; and he came to see us himself, and all was peace and quiet. Then we heard there was a little dust. It was Matlamakulu running away from Moselikatze, to whom he had fled when we killed his father Pakalita. Matewane sent three regiments to go and see. But it happened that at that time Moselikatze was pursuing Matlamakulu, and the Hlubis who had

MATEWANE  
AT CEMI  
1827-28

SUM  
1828

MATLAMAKULU AND MANGAZITHA'S SON, FLEES FROM MZICIKAZI



been with us told Mosilikatze rather to fall upon us as we were unsuspecting. Our regiments went out and met Matlamakulu beyond Mantsi, which is behind Moolmans Hoek; but he repulsed them. At the same time there was an army of Matewane's out against his will against Moshesh. He said Moshesh was his friend and child, and had never injured him, but the General said, "How can we leave the cattle." Matewane sent Mohlupuloane, the uncle of this chief here (Jozani) to Moshesh, and he was thus ready and killed many. That very night, when we came home from fighting both with Moshesh and Mahlamakulu, Mosilikatze attacked us. He began burning at Tlo Holoane; we took the cattle of half the tribe and burnt the villages. The people of Mosilikatze were not so many, and we tried to follow them up with the two regiments, Ushee, and Inzimbi, and Peche the brother of our chief. But Matewane recalled us after Peche's men were already there. He said, "Mosilikatze was once our subject, we'll leave him alone; my cattle are in front," meaning those to be captured. The day we returned we began to remove. Matewane reported our leaving to Moshesh; he advised against it. The great men, our fathers, said too, "No, this means war, we have been fortunate, we have conquered others, and settled in a country, let us stay and eat corn. Chaka has come and turned back, Mosilikatze has come and turned back. If they come another day we shall devise some scheme, and fight them well." But the chief refused to listen. We removed to Cemi. He held meetings. His brother Peche refused to come, he and his mother were unwilling. He even wished rather to stay and join Mosilikatze. But at last his mother said, "We had better go or he is certain to kill us all. So we all moved on. We moved to the Cornet Spruit, near the ford, as you go from Mafeteng to Mohali's Hoek. At the other side, a great grass fire burnt up a number of our people and cattle. We went on. Peche had crossed the Orange River at Adam Kok's Drift. He sent word that this calamity was a new and wonderful thing, and that it was evident that we were acting against the will of the gods, the spirits of our ancestors. We passed through the (Barkly) Highlands—it was a desperately cold winter, there was ice standing like picks, and then a fearful snow storm came upon us; we could not get wood to burn, we killed and skinned, and made shelters with reeds and

MATEWANE  
WARNS  
MOHLUPULOANE  
AGAINST HIS  
ARMY

+  
REGIMENTS  
AGAINST  
HIM

+  
MATEWANE  
SAID

ATTACKED  
BY MOSILIKATZE

↓

MATEWANE  
DECIDES TO  
MIGRATE TO  
THE BURGERS

MR. SUB  
(WINTER)  
1828

hides; but many died, mostly women and children. We descended those mountains again. We came towards the people of Kubencuku. We saw there peaceful people. We did not attack them at once. We first killed cattle and made shields of the skins. Then we went on; we captured cattle in all directions even to the Umzinivubu. As we spread and went, cattle were too numerous to capture, we passed many, we left many behind. We were too scattered to fight, but we were not attacked. But the Tembus called from a distance—"Wait, in a month we shall be among you." We did not know they had gone to call whites. We settled down nicely. The first time the Tembus came alone to attack us, and they were not so many, and it was open country, and we killed them nearly all; and as we did not think they would come back again, we did not care to send to spy in their country. So we sat at ease. Then it first came to pass that white men came. The fight began with Umvolela, the brother of the chief, and we were only three bands, and the chief himself was coming on behind, to come and settle; he only reached us that night. In the early morning the fight began—we heard bang, bang, bang, the sound of guns, the clouds also coming out of the bush; but this time there were only a handful of white people.\* The Tembus were many. Only seven bands of us fought all together, much of our cattle were taken, but not those of the regiment Ushee. Then the Tembus retreated with the cattle, and the white men went to their homes. We followed the Tembus and we re-captured the cattle. We returned, we began even to plant, we built, and had children born. We went about everywhere, we took grain. We heard nothing of the whites, their force had disappeared. We met no resistance. But we were now to make acquaintance in earnest with your grandfather (the whites). In the morning early we heard the sound of guns. In the dim dawn we perceived miraculous things. There was a camp with wagons, and these began to move in long strings, and then the "Khomohaka" (the deceiver ox) came at us—the oxen without horns (horses). And the country was blackened by the great cloud shades. They were

\* Major Dundas, Landdrost of Graham's Town with 30 men (?), including the Hon. Bertram, R. Bowker, M.L.C., Field-cornet Mitford Bowker, in July, 1828, on the Umtata near its source.



1828  
MBDAMPHO

coming to attack us.\* We formed up on one side of the river (the Umtata). The Kafirs rushed at the cattle, we rushed on them, we drove them as we had driven them before; we retook the cattle. Then your grandfather began: you sent frightful fiery things at us to burn us in the forests. We did our best, but you put us in a fix—we wanted to rush upon you and engage you hand to hand, but you would not let us get near you, you kept off and killed us one by one from a distance; we had no chance. We had fingers, and you had weapons, that was not fairplay on the part of your grandfather. But he took our cattle because we had no chance; he beat us after we had beaten the Kafirs, we kept only a few little herds. Your armies and the Kafirs disappeared, the great black cloud shades passed away from the earth, there was only sunshine everywhere. We were left alone.

In about a month's time we commenced to return, to go back again. Your grandfather had gone away westwards, we went away northwards. We crossed the Orange at the junction of Cornet Spruit at Morija. There was great drought; that great river was dried up, there were only little pools with mud in it, the hippopotami could not cover themselves. We passed Makheta at Mathebo, where Ramabedikoe is. We came near Moshesh; he was always kind, he was always in favour of quiet peaceful things. He advised Matewane to stay at Cemi, but he said, "No, I shall go to a man who can make me rich quickly." This was Dingaan, whom he had wounded in battle. He had killed his brother Chaka; he succeeded him. Matewane's men said, No, and they begged him to send first to Dingaan, to see how it was in front. Matewane insisted on proceeding. He left a wife and child with Moshesh. Moshesh established that son afterwards at this village below us. Matewane went on, he reached the mountain Ntuku. There we met again our old friend Sikoniela; he sent people to us with tobacco; we thought it was friendship, they were spies. Sikoniela came and slept not far from us. Matewane was in the cave with the Ushee and all the soldiers he had—he was a chief indeed. In the early morning

\* The whole united tribes of Kafirland, the Tembus, Gcalekas, Gaikas, Pondos, and Colonel Somerset with a colonial army of troops and Burghers, sent under the supposition that this was the army of Chaka advancing. Date August, 1828.

Sikoniela attacked us. Matewane's men were worn out, but they were tired lions. There was a hand to hand battle: late in the afternoon Sikoniela retired. Moshesh was a true chief, he helped Matewane, he stopped Sikoniela. I stayed behind with my mother, as I was still crippled with that snow. Matewane passed on to go to Dingaan, his men were now reduced to a very few. The father of this chief here, Jozani, was with him. The people eat herbs. The only cattle left were those of the chief and those few were kept to make a present to Dingaan to make peace. He received them nicely, he even gave cattle, he gave even yet more cattle, he told Matewane to go back to his own place and pick and sow, and drive out those who were in possession. In the month of March, in the second year he had got back to his own place, he had not yet settled his people in his district. Then Dingaan sent to call Matewane back—he had gathered his people to go. That day he was to die. (A long silence, the hands covering the old man's face). Dingaan suddenly fell upon them, and slaughtered men, women and children. Izikali was the only orphan left. When the Dutch came he escaped to the Tugela again. There the Queen received him as a subject and gave him a location, and his tribe filtered back to him. And now we Amangwan: here are the children of Letsie, the son of the man that helped us, and the children of the Queen who helped us. I am only a common man, I cannot thank. This Linguana, the chief, he can thank for the Amangwane.

MARCH 1830 MATEWANE KILLED BY DINGAAN