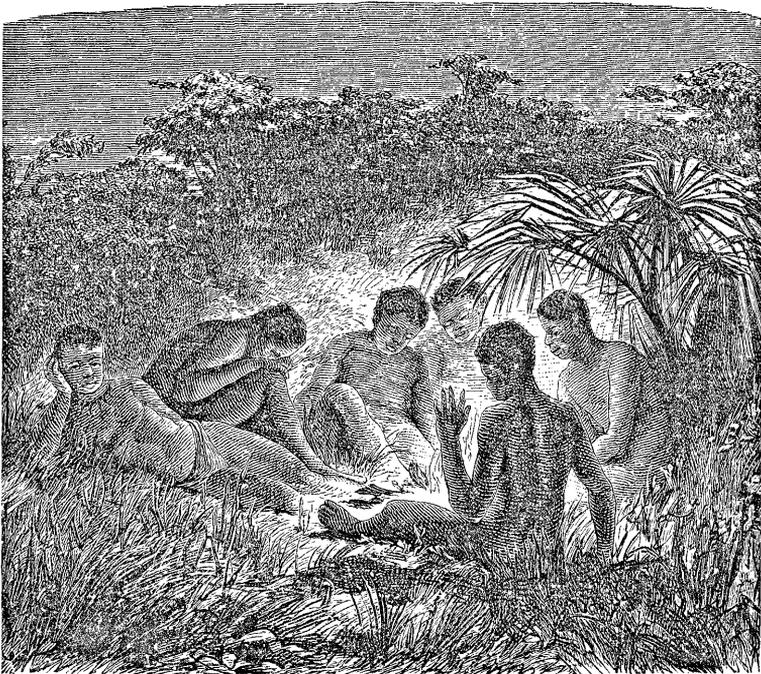


alone or in attendance upon his master, the Masarwa never fails to rattle and throw his dolos, in order to ascertain the position and the number of the game he is going to catch, and he relies completely on the indications they give as to his success. The dolos



MASARWAS AROUND A FIRE.

are consulted also in cases of sickness, and even to find out the time at which his master is likely to arrive. He calls them his Morimos, the name having been picked up from the Bechuanas, who used it originally to specify the Deity, but who employ it now merely to signify some object higher than the

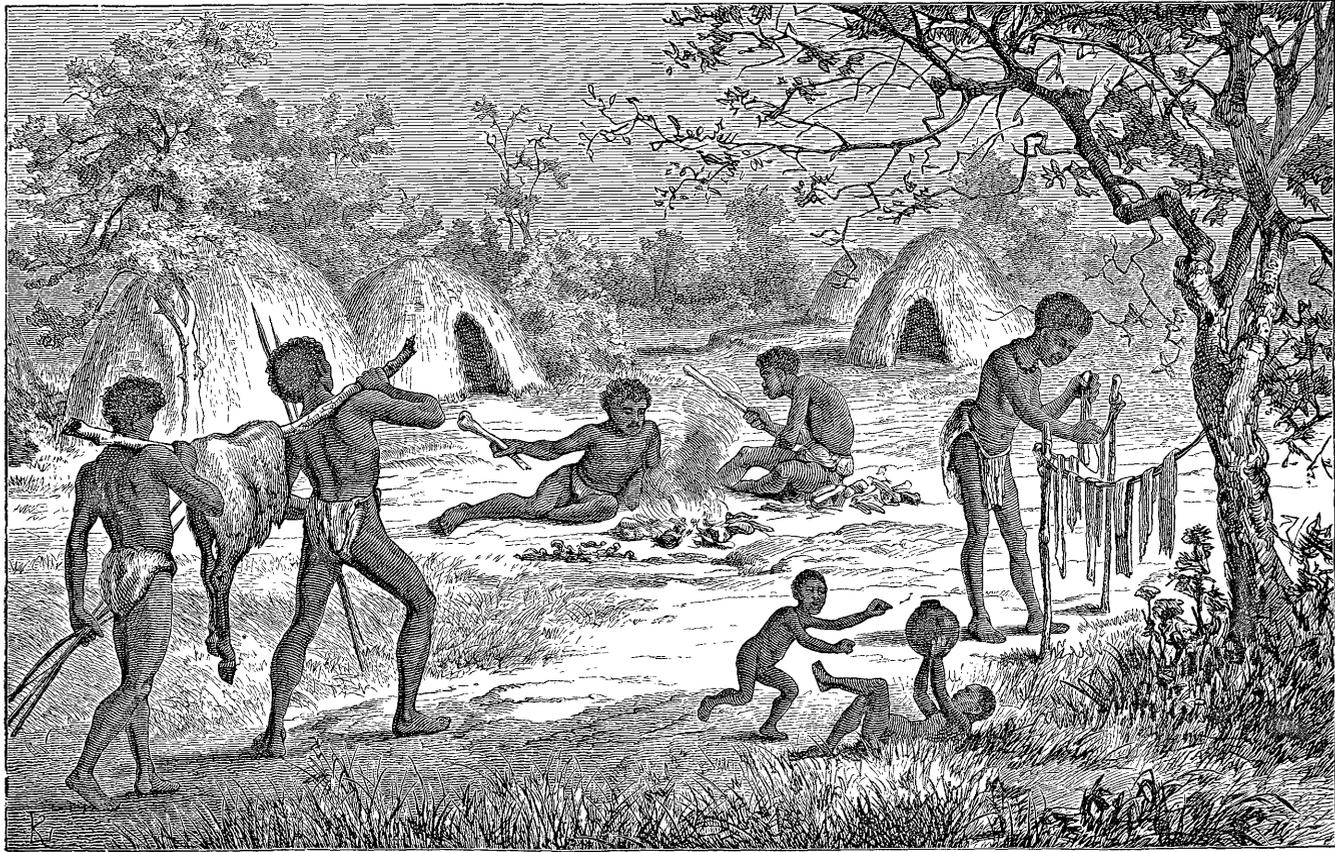
Morenas (princes). In speaking of his treasured possession, he will say, "Se se Morimo se" (This is my god); or, "Lilo tsa Morimo sa me" (These are the instruments of my god); or, "Lilo-lia impulelela mehuku" (These tell me all about him); and not only does he implicitly believe that some sort of supernatural power resides in his *dolos*, but that he himself in the use of them becomes a sort of inspired instrument.

The Masarwas appear to act with more consideration for their wives than the Bechuanas and the Makalahari; they impose upon them no harder duties than fetching water, and carrying the ordinary domestic utensils; the vessels in which the water is conveyed being generally made of ostrich-shells, or of gourds bound with bast or strips of leather. They also show great regard for their dogs, and treat them in a way that is in marked contrast with the ill-usage that the Bechuanas bestow upon them.

As no traveller has ever resided amongst them for a sufficient length of time to become master of their language, very little is known about their habits and customs. It has, however, been ascertained about them that, on reaching maturity, the cartilage between the nostrils is pierced, and a small piece of wood is inserted and allowed to remain till a permanent hole is formed. The operation is described by the Sechuana word "rupa," and amongst the Bechuanas is preliminary to the rite of circumcision.

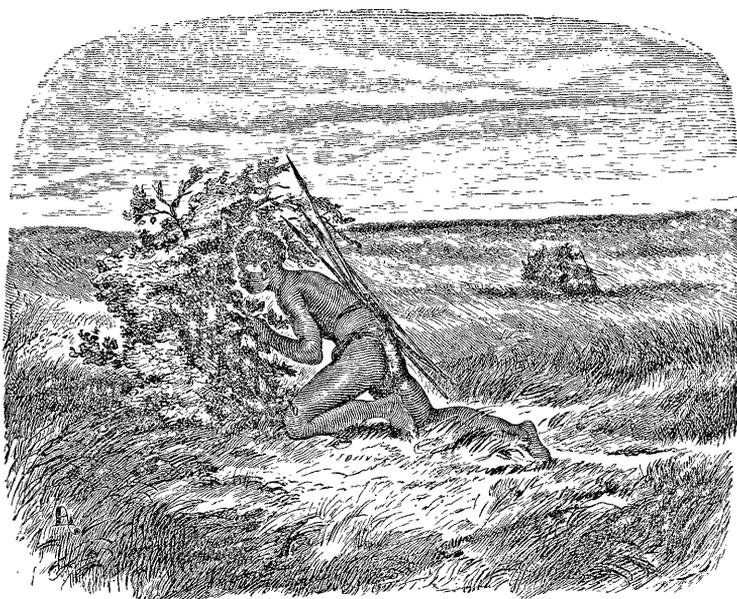
In many districts the Masarwas are above middle height, and sometimes, in the country of the Bamangwatos and Bakuenas, are, like the dominant race, quite tall. After the repulsiveness of their features, there is nothing about them that strikes a traveller so much as the red, half-raw scars that they continually have on their shin-bones, and not unfrequently on their arms, feet, and ankles. Wearing only a small piece of hide round his loins, and carrying nothing more than a little shield of eland-hide, the Masarwa suffers a good deal from cold; but instead of putting his fireplace within an enclosure, like the Bechuana, or inside his hut, like the Koranna, he lights his fire in the open air, and squats down so close to it in order to feel its glow, that as he sleeps with his head on his knees, he is always getting frightfully scorched, and his skin becomes burnt to the colour of an ostrich's legs.

The Colonial Bushman is known to cover himself with the skin of some wild animal, so as to get within bowshot of his prey; and in very much the same way the Masarwa uses a small bush, which he holds in his hands and drives before him, whilst he creeps up close to the game of which he is in pursuit. A friend of mine once told me how he was one evening sitting over his fire, smoking, on the plains of the Mababi Veldt, where the grass was quite young and scarcely a foot high, and dotted over with little bushes, when all at once his eye rested upon a bush about fifty yards in front of him, at a spot where he felt sure that there had not been one before. Having



MASARWAS AT HOME.

watched it for nearly a quarter of an hour, and finding that it did not move, he came to the conclusion that he had been mistaken, and rose to go to his waggon. His surprise was great when, turning round a few minutes afterwards, he saw a Masarwa, who had gradually approached him under cover of the bush that he carried.



MODE OF HUNTING AMONG THE MASARWAS.

By the time we reached the water-pools to which we were being conducted, I was considerably better. The place, at which it was my intention to halt for a day or two, was strewn with zebras' hoofs clustered over with little excrescences formed by wasps' larvæ, with fragments of koodoo and bless-

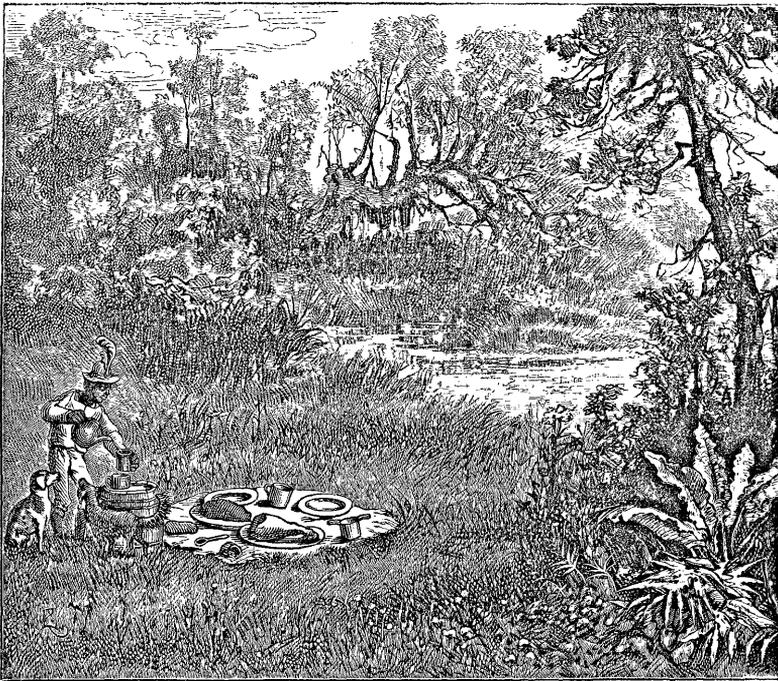
bocks' horns, with the skulls of striped gnus, of a giraffe, and of a rhinoceros, so that there could exist little doubt but that comparatively recently it had been the site of a hunter's quarters. This impression was confirmed by the Masarwa guide, who told us that a party of Bakuenas, with one of Sechele's sons at their head, had not long since carried back with them to Molopolole a great waggon-load of skins and meat, besides a number of ostriches.

Having refreshed ourselves, we agreed that we were bound duly to celebrate our New Year's Day. Our festivities were necessarily of a very simple character, and were brought to a close by drinking the health of the Emperor of Austria in the heart of the South African wilderness. The Masarwa stared at us in great amazement; to him our cheers appeared like speaking to the air, and he inquired of Pit whether we were addressing our morimo.

Towards evening I felt myself so far recovered, that I ventured to take a little stroll into the woods to a spot where the road branched off suddenly from west to north, and where I had observed some trees of a remarkable height. In the different woods between Molopolole and Shoshong, some groves of trees are sixty feet high, and amongst them I saw a species of *Acacia horrida*, that I think I had not seen elsewhere.

In various places some old trunks of trees had fallen down, and their black bark had become partly

embedded in broken boughs, or they had rested in their fall obliquely against the standing trunks of other trees, while the vegetation that sprouted luxuriantly from the mould that formed upon the decaying wood grew up so thick as to make tracts in the forest that were perfectly impenetrable. I



PREPARING THE NEW YEAR'S FEAST IN THE FOREST.

heard the cackle of some guinea-fowl at no great distance, but as it was growing dusk, I felt it was unadvisable to proceed farther into the grove.

Having amply remunerated them, I sent our two guides back again, but according to their

advice, I had six large fires lighted round our encampment to keep off the beasts of prey that we were assured were very numerous. Then all unconscious that the next day was to be one of the most eventful of my experience, I lay down and was soon asleep.

I did not wake next morning till after my usual hour, and was only aroused by a strange chilly sensation running over my body. It was caused by one of the small snakes that lurked in the skulls that lay around, and that had been attracted towards us by the warmth of our camp-fires.

The sun was already quite high, and I found that some visitors had arrived, amongst whom I recognized the Bakuenta who was the principal resident in the village which we had passed through on the previous day. He had brought some pallah-skins, a few white ostrich-feathers of inferior quality, and an elephant's tusk weighing about nine pounds, that bore manifest signs of having been shed some years, and having lain in the grass long before it was discovered.

About noon I shouldered the double-barrelled gun that I had brought from Moshaneng, took a dozen cartridges, and went off to get some fresh game for our larder. I had not gone many hundred yards before I observed some vestiges of gnus, which I tracked for some distance, until I came across several fresh giraffe foot-marks running in quite a different direction; at once I altered my course and followed them. The herd, I reckoned, must have

been at least twenty in number. After keeping along them for nearly two miles, I found the tracks divided, but I adhered to the line of the more numerous, taking, as I imagined, a north-west direction.

The turf was close and by no means deep, so that it was at times rather difficult to distinguish the footprints; the broken branches, however, showed clearly enough that the animals had gone that way quite recently. In some places the under-wood was very dense, and there were a good many irregularities in the soil. All the time that my attention had been given to the breaking off of the branches, I had quite forgotten to take any account of the direction in which I had been advancing, and after three miles it occurred to me that I might have some difficulty in returning. Whilst I was pondering over my position, I became conscious of a sickening sensation, which I attributed to being tired and hungry, but almost immediately afterwards I felt a most violent pain in my temples, and my head appeared to be whirling round like a windmill. I wandered about for a while, quite realizing to myself that I could not be more than five miles from the waggon, but finally started off rapidly in what must have been precisely the opposite direction. Whether I was overcome by fatigue and pain, or whether I had experienced a slight sun-stroke, I cannot say, but to this day it is a mystery to me why, from the time I left the giraffe-track, till the lengthened shadows told of the approach of

evening, it never once occurred to me to look at the sun.

Having discovered my mistake, I turned my course immediately to the east, indulging the hope that I might reach the road between Molopolole and Shoshong. But I was now too much exhausted to go far without resting. I could hardly advance more than twenty yards without stopping to recover my energies, and moreover I was beginning to suffer from the agonies of thirst. It came into my mind that perhaps I was really nearer to the waggon than I imagined, or that possibly I might be within hearing of any Masarwas that happened to have hunting-quarters somewhere near; accordingly, to attract attention, I fired off eight shots in succession. Between each I paused for a time and listened anxiously. My shots were spent in vain.

At the cost of getting severely scratched, I next clambered up an acacia, and fired two more shots from the top. They were as unavailing as the rest; there was no response, no movement in the woods.

Sensible that my strength could not carry me much farther, I began to despair. I felt unwilling to make use of my last two shots, but why should I not? My gun itself was a greater burden than I could bear.

Without considering that by doing so I should probably only attract some beast of prey, I began to shout, but the state of my exhaustion prevented my

shouting long, and I sunk down upon an ant-hill, from the slippery side of which I soon rolled to the ground, my gun at my side. Here I suppose I was overpowered by the heat, as I recollect nothing except waking with a shriek of laughter at the idea of making myself heard in such a desert; this brought on a fit of coughing, which seemed to relieve my brain, but only to make me more conscious than ever of the excruciating sufferings of thirst.

In vain I felt around me in the hope of reaching some leaf that might afford sufficient moisture to refresh my parched lips, but every leaf was either withered, or rough, or hairy; at last I laid hold upon one that was quite unknown to me, and put it in my mouth, but as if fate were mocking me, it proved as acrid as gall.

Toiling on a little farther I felt my gun drop from my shoulder to the ground, and did not care to pick it up. But I had not gone far before I realized how I had surrendered my sole means of defence, and how as night came on I should be exposed to the jackals and hyænas; accordingly by a desperate effort I retraced my steps, and recovered the weapon. It was loaded with my last two shots, one of which I determined to use to try and light a fire by which I might lie down till morning. The twigs, however, would not ignite, and as I abandoned my attempt, I was aware of the gloom of despondency that was settling upon me; the wildest projects entered my brain, and I could

not repress the words of delirium that I knew were escaping my lips. I fell on my knees, and the last thing I seem to recollect was finding myself in the grasp of a black man, who had pounced upon me suddenly.

That Masarwa saved my life. He had killed a



SUCCURED BY A MASARWA.

gnu that morning, and in returning towards the village to fetch his companions he had discovered me. He waited until I revived, and at once understood the signs I made that I was thirsty; opening a little leather bag that he was carrying, he took out a few berries, which I devoured eagerly, and found a welcome relief in their refreshing juice.

When I had still farther regained my faculties, I set to work to make my timely benefactor comprehend that I wanted to get back to my waggon. I used the word "koi" to designate the vehicle. It was not a Sechuana word, but had been very generally adopted, and the man grinned intelligently as he replied, "Pata-pata?" His answer was an inquiry whether I wanted the waggon-road, for which pata-pata is a corrupt Dutch expression. I nodded assent, and he pointed cheerily to the north-east; then lifting me up, he assisted me to move on; he was considerably shorter than I was, and taking my gun with his own three assegais over his left shoulder, he made me walk with my arm over his right. Hope gave new vigour to my steps, and by being allowed to rest now and then, I succeeded in getting along.

We reached the road only as the sun had set angrily in the west; in the east the sky was lowering, and occasional flashes of lightning were followed at some interval by the rumblings of thunder. The air became much cooler, and I shivered in the evening breeze, gentle as it was; I had been in a profuse perspiration, and my clammy shirt was now clinging to my skin; I had left my coat in the waggon. After walking on wearily for another half-hour, I pleaded to be allowed to sit down for a little while; but the Masarwa would not hear of it, and after following the road a little longer he made a sudden bend into the woods. At first I hesitated about accompanying him, but pointing to his mouth

and making a lapping sound, he made me comprehend that we were to get some drinking-water. "Meci?" I inquired. "E-he, e-he," he answered, and grinned again gleefully, so that I could not refuse to let him take me where he would.

True enough, in a little sandy hollow not far from the road was a pool full of water. Although some gnus had been there within an hour and made it somewhat muddy, it was a welcome sight to me, and I drank eagerly.

When I raised my head from the pool my guide pointed to the black clouds, and made signs to me that we were in for a storm. It grew darker and darker, and very soon the rain began to fall heavily; the huge drops beating like hailstones upon my shivering body, and increasing the wretchedness of my condition. With considerate thoughtfulness the good Masarwa wrapped up my gun in his short leather mantle, and never failed to give me the support of his shoulder. I had the utmost difficulty in holding on. In some places the rain was so deep that we were wading almost to our knees.

Never was sound more welcome than the barking of my dog, which at last greeted my ears. Eberwald and Boly came running to meet us, and were inclined to reproach me with the anxiety I had caused them; they had yet to learn the misery I had endured.

Once again safely sheltered in the waggon, I

found my energies rapidly revive. I gave directions that the Masarwa should be hospitably treated, and allowed to sleep with Pit by the side of our fire; and, having partaken of a good supper, I soon fell into a sound sleep, which I required even more than on the previous night.

I was able to move about next morning without assistance, and was ready to start again. The Bakuena, who had stayed with our people since the day before, assured us that we should find the direct road impassable; and we followed his advice in making a considerable *détour* through the bush. We had not gone many hundred yards when we came upon a dead *duykerbock* that had been killed during the night by a *hyæna*. It seemed incredible that a creature so fleet as the gazelle could have been caught by an animal comparatively so unwieldy; but the investigation of the tracks left no doubt that it was the case.

Subsequently we met some Masarwas returning home laden with honey. The bees are tracked in the woods by means of the honey-bird; but in open places they are pursued by following them on their homeward way, as they fly back one by one. Their nests are usually in hollow trees; and when the entrance-holes have been discovered, it is easy to drive the bees out by smoke, and to secure the combs. In exchange for a little piece of tobacco, rather more than an inch long and about as thick as my finger, I obtained a pint of honey.

The condition of the road did not improve, and

we had to make our way through a number of very marshy places, where we frequently found dead tortoises. In the course of the day's progress I noticed some plants of the cucumber tribe, which may be reckoned amongst the most striking of the South African creepers; their handsome lobed foliage is of a bright blue-green tint, and their bright green fruit, that when ripe is dotted over with scarlet and white, stands out in beautiful contrast to the bushes over which they climb. I have seen as many as ten heads of fruit on a single plant, and no three of them in the same stage of development; the lower tip will often be quite red, the end near the stalk still green, while the intermediate parts vary through every shade of orange and yellow.

On the 5th we still found our route lying through a good deal of sand, but the woods were gradually becoming lighter, and, after a time, we emerged upon a grass plain, where the bushes grew only in patches. After travelling for about eleven miles we met a Makalahari wearing his leather apron, and carrying nothing but a couple of assegais and a hatchet. Upon my asking him whether there was any water to be found, he offered to conduct our bullocks to some pools about three miles away, and, meanwhile I proceeded to prepare our camp for the night.

A journey of an hour and a half on the 6th brought us to the Bamangwato district, and into the wide, but shallow valley of a river, of which, in the rainy season, the Shoshon is an affluent. This

valley divides the Bamangwato heights into two distinct parts, the most southerly of which is characterized by several ridges separated by transverse passes; the northern part consists of an interesting network of hills intersected by valleys running some parallel, some crosswise, in the most important of which are the Shoshong and Unicorn Rivers. These northern highlands are marked by conical peaks that rise above the table-land, and by rocky passes, of which the stones that form them are enormous. By some of their peaks the Bamangwato hills are connected with the ridge I have already mentioned on the Limpopo, and consequently also with the range in the Marico district. By the Tschopo chain the highlands are in connexion also with the hill-system of Matabele-land. The whole valley has been the scene of important episodes in the history of the Bamangwatos, and I ventured to call it the "Francis Joseph Valley;" whilst to the highest hill above it I gave the name of the "Francis Joseph Peak."

I entered Shoshong on the 8th of January. There were various considerations that induced me to make this place the northern limit of my journey. My provisions were getting low, and I had not sufficient means to procure a fresh supply; then I was unable, for want of funds, to get the servants I should require if I went farther; and, lastly, after an absence of three months, I was afraid I should be lost sight of by my patients at the diamond-fields, amongst whom I reckoned upon gaining, by my

medical practice, the means for prosecuting my third journey, to which the others were regarded by me as merely preliminary.

Before, however, turning my steps to the south, I settled upon staying some time in Shoshong, the account of which will be given in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

FROM SHOSHONG BACK TO THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

Position and importance of Shoshong—Our entry into the town—Mr. Mackenzie—Visit to Sekhomo—History of the Bamangwato empire—Family feuds—Sekhomo and his council—A panic—Manners and customs of the Bechuanas—Circumcision and the boguera—Departure from Shoshong—The African francolin—Khamé's saltpan—Elephant tracks—Buff-adders—A dorn-veldt—A brilliant scene—My serious illness—Tshwene-Tshwene—The Dwars mountains—Schweinfurth's pass—Brackfontein—Linokana—Thomas Jensen, the missionary—Baharutse agriculture—Zeerust and the Marico district—The Hooge-veldt—Quartzite walls at Klip-port—Parting with my companions—Arrival at Dutoitspan.

SHOSHONG, the capital of the eastern Bamangwatos, is undoubtedly the most important town in any of the independent native kingdoms in the interior of South Africa. In the main valley of the interesting Bamangwato heights lies the bed of an insignificant stream which is full only after the summer rains, and which receives a periodically-flowing brook, called the Shoshon. On this the town is situated, so that it would seem that Shoshong is the ablative of Shoshon, i.e., on the Shoshon.

Ten years ago, before the war broke out between

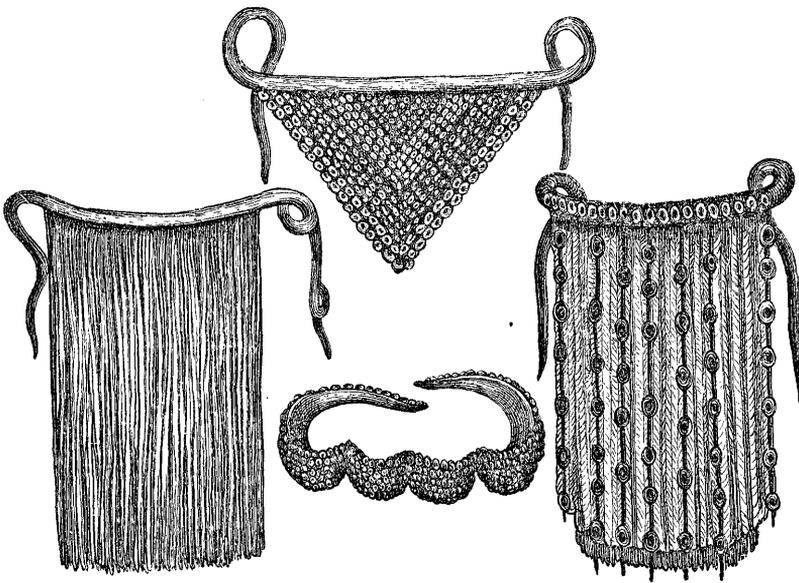
the various members of the royal family, Shoshong with its 30,000 inhabitants held the highest rank of any town throughout the six Bechuana countries, (viz. those of the Batlapins, Barolongs, Banquaketse, Bakuenas, and the eastern and western Bamangwatos) where the strength of the ruling power is



A BAMANGWATO BOY.

usually centred in their capital for the time being. The population of Shoshong is now scarcely a fifth part of what it formerly was, a falling-off to be attributed to Sekhomo, who was king of the eastern Bamangwatos at the time of my first visit; not only was he the promoter of the civil war, which cost the

lives of many of the people, but he was the means of causing a division of the tribe, which resulted in the migration of the Makalakas. Under the rule of Khame, Sekhomo's son, decidedly the most enlightened of the Bechuana princes, the town is manifestly reviving, and if during the next few years it should remain free from hostilities on the



APRONS WORN BY BAMANGWATO WOMEN.

part of the Matabele Zulus, it may be expected to rise again into its old pre-eminence amongst Bechuana towns. For white men, traders, hunters, and explorers alike, it is and always must be a place of the utmost importance, and that for the following reason: there are three great highways that lead into the four southernmost Bech-

uana kingdoms, viz., from Griqualand West, from the Transvaal, and from the Orange Free State; the whole of these unite at Shoshong, whence they all branch off again, one to the north, towards the Zambesi, another to the north-east to the Matabele and Mashona countries, and another to the north-west, to the country of the western Bamangwatos and to the Damara country, so that it follows as a matter of necessity that the admittance of a traveller into Central Africa from the south depends upon his reception by Khame at Shoshong.

The valley of the Bamangwato highland is five or six miles wide, and overgrown with grass and bush-wood; it is partly cultivated, and at its point of union with the Shoshong pass it is speckled over with some hundreds of thatched cylindrical huts, about twelve feet in diameter, and rarely more than seven feet in height, some of them overgrown with the rough dark foliage of the calabash-gourd.

Approaching the town from the south, we noticed three farmsteads and five detached brick houses about 600 yards before we entered the place. These houses were built with gables, and had much more of an European than of a Bamangwato aspect. We learnt that they were called "the white man's quarters," being occupied during part of the year by English merchants, who come to transact business with the natives, and, in years gone by, supplied provisions to the hunters, to be paid for on their return in ivory and ostrich-feathers. Amongst the

firms of this character, the most important, I believe, was that of Messrs. Francis and Clark, but, like other inland traders, they must latterly have experienced very unfavourable times.

Hitherto the king has refused to allow Europeans to purchase any land, but has permitted them to occupy the sites of their premises gratuitously.

The chief thing that struck me as we approached the town was the number of residences that had been abandoned, although in many of these repairs were now going on. In one place I observed some women daubing clay with their bare hands over a wall six feet high, made of stakes as thick as their arms driven about a foot into the ground, and fastened together with grass; while close by was a lot of children, varying from six to ten years old, busily preparing the material for their mothers' use; these youngsters evidently enjoyed their occupation vastly; they were dressed in nothing beyond their little aprons of beads or spangles, and accomplished their task by treading down the red clay in a shallow trench, chanting continually a kind of song, which was not altogether unmusical; an old woman whose scraggy limbs, parchment-skin, and general mummy-like appearance did not say much for the amount of care bestowed upon her, was pouring water into the trench from the vessels which stood beside her.

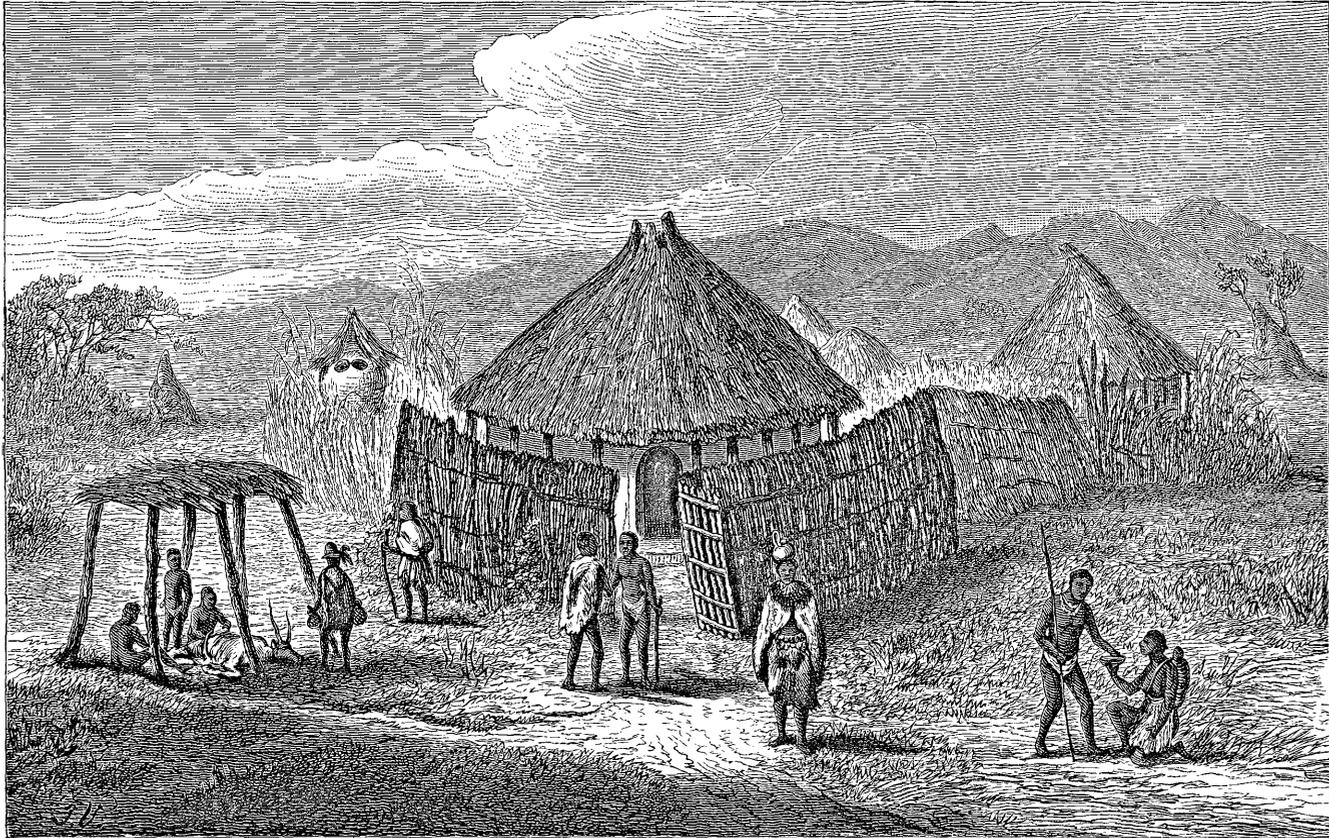
In other places women were clambering on to the newly-constructed roofs, and making them tidy by pulling off the projecting stalks, or were putting the

finishing touch to their work by fastening thin bands of grass all over the thatch.

All along the paths, in the courtyards, and especially at the hedges, crowds of inquisitive women with infants in their arms, and clusters of small children around them, had assembled to criticize the makoa (white men) and freely enough they passed their opinions about us. Most of them wore several strings of large dark blue beads round their necks, and the breasts of most of them were bare, although occasionally they had cotton jackets or woollen handkerchiefs, the prevailing colours being red and black; nearly all of them had skirts reaching to the knees, if not to the ankles.

It took us about an hour to make our way through the labyrinth of huts before we entered the glen that contains the town. This glen is about 400 yards wide at its mouth, but gradually converges to a narrow rocky pass; at first sight, indeed, it presented the appearance of a *cul-de-sac*, but the semblance was only caused by the western side of the steep pass projecting so far as to conceal the eastern, which is covered with rugged crags, and called the monkey-rock. The pass has played an important part in the history of the town.

The mission-house of the London Missionary Society lies on the side of the pass, and as we went towards it we saw three groups of houses on the right, forming the central portion of the town, of which another section lies in a rocky hollow on the other side.



BAMANGWATO HUTS AT SHOSHONG.

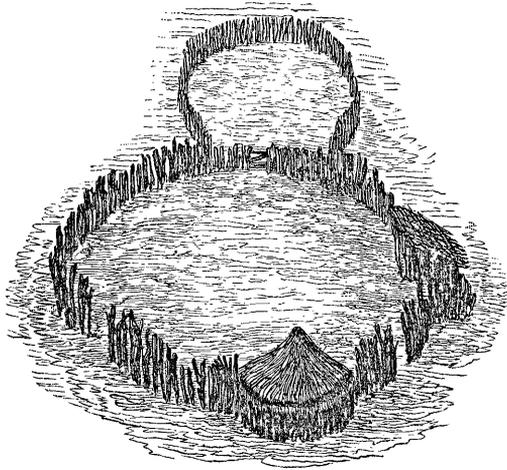
High above the river-bed on the steep to the left, could be seen the ruins of a European building, the remains of the Hermannsburg Mission Chapel, which had been used as a rampart in one of the native battles, and had been all but destroyed. The mission had previously withdrawn from Shoshong and been replaced by the London Missionary Society, of which the buildings are very comfortable, and form an important settlement, as besides the chapel and school, they include the dwellings occupied by the married native students.

At the time of my first visit to Shoshong, the principal of the mission was Mr. Mackenzie, one of the noblest-hearted men I ever met with in South Africa; since 1876, when he removed with his school to Kuruman, his place has been vacant, but his associate, Mr. Hephrun, still continues to reside at Shoshong in another house.

Having been kindly entertained at tea by Mr. Mackenzie and his wife, we started off under his escort to pay our respects to the king, who, we were told, was waiting to receive us in the kotla. We saw throngs of women in the pass under the monkey-rock carrying vessels full of water from the spring in the centre of the glen; their garment generally was a sort of toga of untanned skin, with the hair inside, fastened round the body, and leaving the right hand free to balance their pitchers on their heads, which they did so adroitly, that not a drop was spilled upon the roughest roads. The dress was commonly adorned profusely with bead orna-

ments and strips of leather, and the calves of the women's legs were covered with rings of beads and brass-wire.

The king's residence, as usual, was built round the kotla, and on our way thither, we had the opportunity of observing the respectful greetings which our conductor received from every one who met us, young and old. The place was a circular space



KOTLA AT SHOSHONG.

enclosed by a fence of strong stakes, the entrance being on the south side, opposite to which was an opening leading to another smaller enclosure, which was the king's cattle-kraal, where his farm stock was kept at night, the horses being accommodated in the kotla itself. Every night the entrances are made secure with stakes, and in times of war large fires are kindled and kept blazing inside.

I have the utmost pleasure in recording my obligations to Mr. Mackenzie. He is an accomplished man, the author of "Ten Years North of the Orange River," but his kindly attentions to myself have made me regard him with a sincere affection. I was introduced to him through having been asked to convey some letters to him in 1874 by his fellow-workers in Molopolole, and his courteous reception of me, and his subsequent kindness in the time of illness, have so endeared the remembrance of his name, that I count it as one of the chief recompenses of all my hard experience that I became acquainted with him. I regard him thoroughly as a messenger of love.

As missionary in Shoshong during the incessant discords in the royal family, he had a most difficult position to maintain. But he was the right man in the right place: with much circumspection he acted as mediator between the contending parties; gifted with discretion, and full of sympathy for all that is noble, he succeeded in smoothing down many difficulties, and arousing something like a proper sense of justice and humanity. It is entirely owing to him that Sekhomo's son, Khame, is now one of the best native sovereigns in the whole of South Africa.

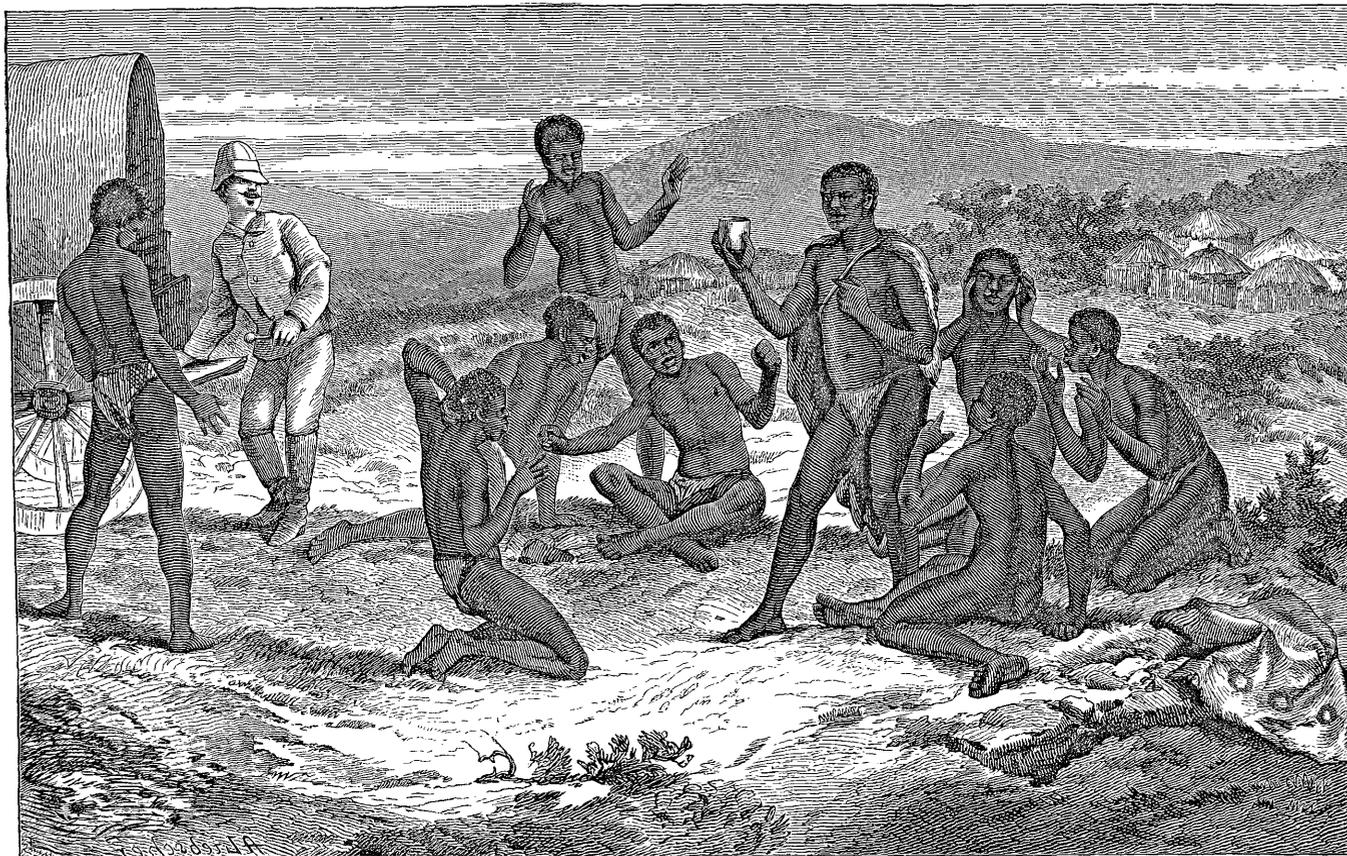
I had placed our waggon at the south-east end of the town, where it was quickly surrounded by an inquisitive crowd, and there I left it while I paid my visit to the king.

We were soon in the royal presence, and seated upon stools set for us in the kotla.

Except his begging propensities, I had no cause to complain of Sekhomo's behaviour to myself during my short sojourn in his town. He was a man above middle height, rather inclined to be stout, but with nothing in either his appearance or comportment to distinguish him from any of the courtiers who attended him, or to mark him out in any way as the ruler of an important tribe. A small leather lappet was fastened round his loins, and a short mantle of the same material hung from his shoulders; this mantle, amongst the eastern Bamangwatos, is usually made of hartebeest skin, tanned smoothly except in five spots, and sometimes ornamented in the lower corner with a black circle cut from the skin of the sword-antelope, and trimmed round the neck with glass beads.

My first visit to the king was very brief. After the interchange of a few formal phrases, which Mr. Mackenzie interpreted, I took my leave under an engagement to come again on the following day; but before entering upon the details of my intercourse with Sekhomo and his subjects, I may introduce a few episodes in the history of the Bamangwatos.

According to traditions collected by Mr. Mackenzie the Bamangwatos are descended from the Banguaketse. I have already described how the Baharutse became subdivided, and migrated from their ancestral home. After a similar subdivision had subsequently led to the formation of the two tribes of the Banguaketse and the Bakuenas, the Bamangwatos disengaged themselves from the former



SEKHOMO AND HIS COUNCIL.

of these, and took possession of a territory north of the Bakuenas, right away to the Zambesi and the Chobe. During the lifetime of Matifi, Sekhomo's great-grandfather, a fresh rupture took place, resulting in the establishment of two distinct Bamangwato communities, the western on Lake Ngami and the eastern at Shoshong.

Of the eastern empire, the founder was Towane, the younger of Matipi's two sons; Khame, the elder son, maintaining his rule in the old Bamangwato highland. Towane, in his revolt, carried off his father with him, but he treated him so badly, that the aged man sought refuge once again with Khame; but Khame, although he allowed him to enter into his territory, would not grant him permission to reside in the town, a refusal that distressed him so sorely, that he died of a broken heart. The spot where he was buried is now regarded by the Bamangwatos with much veneration.

The most upright of the seven Bamangwato kings whose names have been handed down was Khari; of him it is reported that he was bold and warlike and prudent in council, governing his dependents the Makalahari, the Madenassanas, and the Masarwas with a gentle rule. So respected was he by the neighbouring tribes, that several of them, such as the Makalakas and some of the more eastern Mashonas paid him voluntary tribute. Unfortunately, his ambition, a characteristic only too common amongst Bechuana princes, led him to destruction, and introduced a complete anarchy into his dominions.

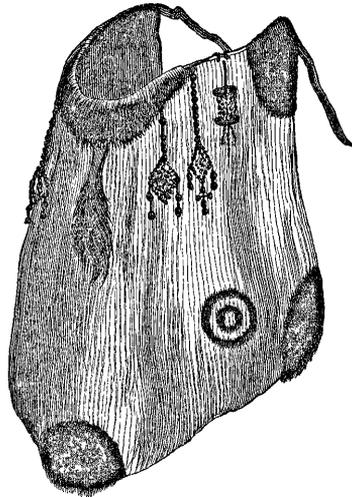
Honoured as he was in his own country, respected by his allies, feared by his foes, he coveted a yet wider power, and in grasping at his aim courted his own fall. He formed a design against one of the inferior Mashona chiefs, but the Mashonas, already acquainted with the military tactics of the Bamangwatos, adroitly divided their army into two sections; the younger regiments were directed to advance and



BAMANGWATO HOUSE.

attack, and then to feign a retreat; the elder troops were to be in readiness to close in at the rear and to surround the enemy in Zulu fashion. The stratagem succeeded perfectly; the Mashonas brought their pretended flight to a sudden end, and turned upon their pursuers. Khari and his people had been lured into an ambush, and not only was he himself ruthlessly massacred, but his whole army was all but annihilated.

Immediately upon this disaster, the surviving chieftains in the town proceeded to take steps for putting one of Khari's sons upon the throne. This created considerable opposition, but before the civil war that was threatening had time to develop itself, the country was invaded by the Basuto tribe of the Makololos from the Orange River district, who carried off with them all the members of Khari's



COURT DRESS OF A BAMANGWATO.

family into the north, where they were founding a new settlement on the Chobe. The prisoners succeeded after a while in effecting their escape, and Sekhomo, Khari's eldest son by birth (although not being the child of the chief wife, he was not the proper heir to the throne) lost no time in scouring the country and collecting stragglers as adherents to himself. He gathered together a force so con-

siderable, that not only did he repel an attack of the Makololos, but he cut to pieces their reserve force in the Unicorn Pass; a victory so decisive, that it gained for him the allegiance of most of the chiefs, who, at his instigation, murdered his step-brother, the true heir. Another brother, Matsheng, was saved from a similar fate by the queen-mother, who gave him timely warning to save himself by flight.

The one victory was followed up by others, and it was not long before the Bamangwatos under Sekhomo felt themselves strong enough to make a successful stand against the Matabele Zulus, who for the last thirty years had been in the habit of invading the Bechuana countries for the purpose of plunder; they recaptured much of the cattle that had been carried off, and so impressed was the Matabele king, Moselikatze, with their military skill that he long hesitated to attack them, and when he next ventured to molest them he found them more than a match for him; he sent forty armed Zulus to demand tribute from Sekhomo, but his messengers were all put to death, so that he did not make any further attempt to disturb them during the next twenty years, during which the Bamangwatos brought their cattle as far as the Matliutse. In March, 1862, at the instigation of Kirekilwe, a fugitive sub-chieftain of the Bamangwatos, the Matabele king renewed hostilities; some Makalahari while tending cattle on the Matliutse and Serule were put to death, and a village on the eastern Bamangwato heights was destroyed, only two men

escaping to carry the news to Shoshong. Without delay Khame and Khamane, the king's sons, set off to avenge the injury; they routed two companies of the Matabele without difficulty, but were almost overpowered by a third company which had been attracted to the scene by the sound of fire-arms, and although they killed some forty of their adversaries, they lost at least twenty of their own men, and had some difficulty in making a safe retreat to Shoshong. Encouraged by this temporary advantage the Matabele came on to the Francis Joseph Valley, and to the hills immediately overhanging Shoshong; they laid waste some fields, but had not the audacity to enter the Shoshon pass; after many endeavours to entice the Bamangwatos into the open plains, they were obliged to retire, and although they carried off with them a considerable quantity of cattle, Sekhomo started off in pursuit, and recovered it all within a fortnight.

As the result of all this the Bamangwatos rose in importance. They were manifestly establishing their superiority over the Matabele, hitherto regarded as the stoutest and most invincible of warriors, and the consequence was that numbers of Makalalas, Batalowtas, Mapaleng, Maownatlalas, and Baharutse, came as fugitives from the Matabele district and craved permission to settle on the Bamangwato heights.

But in order to convey a correct conception of the order of events, it is necessary to relate the proceedings of Matsheng, who, as I have

already mentioned, had saved his life by flight. He had betaken himself to the Bakuenas, and had been taken prisoner by the Matabele on one of their marauding expeditions, and although once released, he had again fallen into their hands, and had been trained and treated by them as a "le-chaga," or common soldier.

Sechele had for a long time been anxious to establish his own claim over the Bamangwatos, as being descended from his people, the Banguaketse, but finding himself unable to assert his pretensions openly, he tried secretly to enlist the sympathies of the Bamangwatos in behalf of Matsheng, and so far did he succeed that by Dr. Moffat's influence he obtained the release of the captive, and gave him a pompous reception, a proceeding that had such an effect upon Churuku, the man next in importance to Sekhomo, that he declared himself to have espoused the cause of Matsheng, who was accordingly installed at Shoshong as king, Sechele being rewarded for his services with ostrich-feathers and ivory. The dethroned Sekhomo fled to Sechele, who received him with open arms.

Matsheng, however, did not long retain the position to which he had been raised. He had been brought up as a Matabele soldier, and his spirit of despotism was far too strong for the conservative instincts of the Bamangwatos; his arrogance and cruelty soon cost him his throne, Churuku being the very first to revolt against him and to restore Sekhomo to his former power. Again Matsheng

returned to Sechele, who received him with unvarying courtesy and kindness. All this happened in 1859, consequently before the attack of the Matabele that I have described.

It may be interesting to know that although Matsheng was universally regarded as Sekhomo's step-brother, he was not really the son of his father Khari; he was the son of the acknowledged queen, but he was not born until some years after Khari's death; the rank, however, of the first-born and legitimate son was conceded to him, whilst Sekhomo, a son by a wife of the second grade, though older in years, was reckoned as illegitimate.

It was in 1864 that Sekhomo frustrated Sechele's attack upon Shoshong. In the following year, when the "boguera" was being celebrated, and Sekhomo observed that neither of his two sons was taking part in the ceremonial, he was so angry that he caused them to be "enchanted" by the molois for a whole year, a proceeding on his part that had no other effect than enlisting the sympathies of the younger regiments on their behalf. His rage reached its height when Khame, who had married Churuku's daughter, not only refused for himself, but prohibited his wife from taking any share in the rites of the boguera, a time-honoured institution which Sekhomo positively insisted on as indispensable for any one aspiring to be acknowledged as a future queen. He would have liked to procure the assassination of Churuku, but he dared not seek his assassins amongst the Bamangwatos, nor could

any Matabele fugitive be induced to undertake the task. He tried all manner of threats and persuasions to alienate their adherents, and even determined upon an assault upon the huts where his sons resided. Getting together a number of his partisans, he bade them fire; not a man, however, would obey his orders, and when he raised his own gun to take aim, it was struck out of his hand. Dreading the vengeance which he felt sure would follow upon his deed, he ran off and took refuge with his mother; but his sons, so far from exacting retribution, agreed to keep him upon the throne upon the sole condition that he would commit no further act of hostility against themselves or any other members of the Christian community. Although Sekhomo did not hesitate to give the required pledge, it was only in accordance with his character that he should continue to devise clandestine schemes against the objects of his hatred.

Accordingly, before long, he sent to Sechele's quarters and invited Matsheng to come and join him in a conspiracy against his sons. In March he made his attack, having by this time gained so many of the Bamangwatos to his side, that Khame and Khamane, after holding out as long as they could in the ruins of the chapel, were obliged to retreat with their followers to the mountains.

For about a month fighting went on in a desultory way without bringing decided advantage to either party, when Sekhomo, with the assistance of some

Makalahari, stormed the peaks of the mountains to which his sons had withdrawn. They held out firmly for more than a week, when the want of water compelled them to make a complete surrender. Khame distinctly refused, however, to return to paganism; his life was spared, but no mercy was shown to his followers, many of them, including Churuku, being ruthlessly slaughtered.

In May, Matsheng reappeared in Shoshong once more to assert his claim. Khame and Khamane openly avowed their opposition, but did not take up arms. Sekhomo, too, was weary of his step-brother, and again resorted to stratagem. He called an assembly, inviting both his sons and Matsheng to his kotla, intending to get them to enter first, when they might be surrounded and disposed of at a single blow; but they got scent of his design, and took care to enter last, so that the plot was defeated. A second scheme failed as totally as the first; his friends deserted him, and he was compelled to fly. Thus Matsheng was for the second time declared ruler of the Bamangwatos.

Sekhomo fled from quarter to quarter. He first betook himself to the Manupi in the country of the Banguaketse; then to the Makhosi, whence he was expelled by Sechele's order, and finally he took refuge with Khatsisive at Kanye.

Matsheng had no sooner again felt his feet as sole governor, than he fell into his old ways, and showed himself a thorough autocrat. He set to work to undermine the influence of Khame and Khamane,

declared that Christianity was hostile to the welfare of the tribe, and persevered in every possible way in doing violence to the religious sentiments of his people. Finding his instructions disregarded, he determined to dispose of Khame. He dared not use violent means, and the only course that suggested itself was to call in the aid of the molois; but neither did the operation of magic prove effectual, nor did he succeed in getting some poison, for which he applied to a European trader.

His reign at last came to an untimely end. Whilst Khame was on a visit to Khatsisive he met Sechel, who furnished him with troops to enable him to expel Matsheng. An encounter took place in the Francis Joseph valley, at the mouth of the Shoshong pass, in which Matsheng was worsted, the engagement being remarkable for the circumstance that Matsheng's allies, the Matabele, under the command of Kuruman, the son of Moselikatze, fought on horseback. Prepared for this, Khame posted his best marksmen as advanced skirmishers behind the bushes so effectually, that the mounted Matabele, once dispersed, were exposed to a concealed fire, and unable to recover themselves. Kuruman deserted in the very middle of the fight, and Matsheng, with all his followers, after plundering the house of Mr. Drake, a trader in the district, fled in great disorder.

From that day forward the legitimate ruler was never again seen in Shoshong. He retired first to the Mashwapong heights on the central Limpopo in

the eastern Bamangwato land, but was not allowed to remain in peace. Khamane drove him from his refuge, and he retreated to the Mabelo Mountains. After his expulsion Khame was declared king, and for a time there seemed some chance of the bitter feuds coming to an end.

Khame, however, appeared incapable of learning by experience. His soft heart revolted at the thought of keeping Sekhomo in banishment, and after exacting a promise from him that he would keep the peace, he recalled him to Shoshong, when he very soon resumed his old devices. First of all he promoted dissension between the two brothers, by awarding Khamane not only the cattle taken from Matsheng, but by assigning him a village of the Manansas, a people of the Albert country, the mountain district south of the Victoria Falls. Khamane unfortunately suffered himself to be beguiled by his father's wiliness; his ambition to secure the sovereign power led him to turn a deaf ear to Khame's representations, neither would he be swayed by the remonstrances of Mr. Mackenzie, who tried hard to bring about such a good understanding as might promise a lasting peace in the land.

To avoid further collision, Khame now migrated with a very considerable proportion of the Shoshong population, settling on the River Zooga, in the territory of the western Bamangwatos, where he was received with much cordiality and regarded with esteem and affection by the Batowanas. Unfortunately

his people began to be decimated by fever, so that before long he had no alternative but to make his way back to his own country.

Such was the state of affairs on my first arrival at Shoshong.

My first concern now was to replenish my stock of provisions, which was very low. I found this a much more difficult matter than I expected, and it was only by Mr. Mackenzie's assistance that I was able to procure the simplest and most indispensable articles. It was of itself a difficulty quite enough to make me renounce all intention of extending my journey as far as the Zooga, or Botletle.

On the 9th, I was favoured with a visit from the king and his linyakas, an honour subsequently repeated so often as to become a positive nuisance, as henceforward, so long as we stayed in the place, we had to receive his majesty and his council of "black crows" once a day, and occasionally twice. When he arrived, Sekhomo would keep on shaking my hand, while his factotum, who could speak Dutch, would be perpetually begging for something in his master's name. The king at other times would stand with his arms akimbo, his myrmidons squatting around him in a semicircle and imitating everything he did; if he laughed, they laughed; if he gaped, they gaped; if he yawned, they yawned; and one day, when his majesty burnt his mouth with some tea that was too hot, they all puckered up their faces as if they likewise were experiencing the pain; when

he turned to go home, they rose and followed him in single file, like a flock of geese.

One day I received a visit from a travelling Dutch hunter, who was returning with his family from a six months' excursion in the Zooga and Mababi districts; during that time he had killed twenty-one elephants and fifteen ostriches. He recounted two interesting adventures that he had with lions, in one of which his little son had played quite an heroic part. His object in coming to me now was to consult me professionally, as three of his children were lying ill with intermittent fever.

According to Mr. Mackenzie's estimate, Sekhomo's actual revenue was equivalent to about 3000*l.* a year, and consisted of cattle, ivory, ostrich-feathers, and skins. He had no state-expenditure whatever. The free Bamangwatos were allowed the produce of their herds, such ostrich-feathers as were of inferior quality, and one tusk of every elephant that they killed.

Throughout our stay in Shoshong the downpour of rain was almost incessant; nevertheless, our waggon was constantly besieged by a crowd of visitors and workpeople, so that quite a brisk trade was carried on; this, on one occasion, was slightly interrupted by our bullocks becoming suddenly restive.

In the midst of the general peace the population was thrown one morning into a state of disturbance by the intelligence that hostile Matabele were on their way to the place. The residents were seized with a panic, the king came hurrying down to me

in a state of excitement, and borrowed one of my guns, which, as I might have expected, I had considerable difficulty in getting back again. He showed me his palladium, an amulet made of a lion's claw, which was supposed to render him invulnerable; he had at once given orders that his people should betake themselves to the heights overhanging the town. Everybody, therefore, with all speed, was collecting his few effects and preparing to drive the sheep and cows to the hills. The state of confusion reached its height when the report of fire-arms was heard close outside the town, but although it was soon ascertained that the shots had only been fired at a stray hyæna, it was long before the apprehension could be allayed that the Matabele were commencing an assault. Next day a Boer hunter from the western Matabele country, a son of the renowned elephant-hunter Pit Jacobs, who resides on the Tati River, came into the place, and assured the people that there was not the least foundation for their alarm; but so completely had the impression of their danger got possession of them that his representations received no credit whatever, and even the European traders began to take measures for defence. Under the circumstances, Mr. Mackenzie advised me to take my departure as quickly as I could, as although there was nothing likely to happen to compromise my personal safety, there was no answering for the security of my property.

When Sekhomo heard that we were going away,

he expressed his regret that we, whom he regarded as his friends, should be forsaking him in his trouble. As a parting gift I gave him a blue woollen dress for one of his seven wives, and he in return presented me with a bundle of grey ostrich-feathers.

In no other native town throughout my journey did I succeed so well as here in making additions to my ethnographical collection. The resident traders showed some annoyance at my proceedings, but I managed to exchange nearly all the goods I had in my waggon for various objects of local handicraft. I obtained a great many assegais and hatchets, some daggers, knives, kiris, and sticks, wooden pillows, pots, pans, spoons, magic dice of various materials, as well as a large variety of snuff-boxes, gourd-vessels, articles for the toilet, ornaments, aprons, cups, dolls, and toys made of clay. Perhaps the most noteworthy amongst my acquisitions were some of Sekhomo's war and rain drums, a little ivory fetish, some kiris made of rhinoceros horn, and several whistles. I bartered away some of my skins of pallah-antelopes, leopards, lynxes, and caracals, and for a small extra payment had some of them back again after they had been converted into garments. The Bamangwato workmanship differs very little from that of all other Bechuana tribes; their huts, though somewhat smaller and more slightly built, are most like those of the Barolongs, but they have larger corn-bins of unbaked clay than any I saw elsewhere.

Nor did my naturalist's collection fail to gain some curious contributions. Amongst the lizards I found a beautiful striped sort, with a metallic lustre of brown, dark green, and blue; and some of other kinds, without stripes, that seemed particularly tame.

Before describing my return journey, I will append some further details of Bechuana customs to those which I have given in the previous chapter.

As a rule a heathen Bechuana has but one wife, though the more well-to-do not unfrequently have two; the number allowed to the sub-chieftains varies from three to six; the kings being permitted to have more, although not so many as those in the Marutse empire. A man of competent means presents his newly-married wife with several head of sheep or oxen.

On entering a town, a traveller picks up some of the stones in his path, and after throwing them into a bush, or laying them in a forked branch of a tree, breathes a prayer that he may reach the end of his journey in safety.

The skin, horns, or flesh of a sacred animal, such as the duykerbock among the Bamangwatos or the crocodile among the Bakuenas, are not allowed to be touched.

An owl, sitting upon a hut, is considered of evil omen; and the linyakas are called in to purify the spot that has been defiled by the touch of the bird.

An animal observed to do anything that accord-

ing to Bechuana notions is unusual, is at once considered dangerous, and must be either killed or submitted to the treatment of a linyaka. For instance, if a goat should spring upon a housetop, it would be immediately struck with an assegai; or if a cow in a cattle-kraal should persist in lashing the ground with its tail, it would be pronounced not to be an ordinary cow, but would be considered "tiba," and as such sure to bring disaster, disease, or death upon its owners. A rich man would forthwith have the animal put to death; but a poor man is permitted to sell it either to a white man, or to one of another tribe. It is only in cases of this kind that a Bechuana parts with his cows at all.

Ordinarily no woman is allowed to touch either a cow or a bullock; the tending of cattle, except in Hottentot families, being always assigned to boys and men.

As I have already implied, the Bechuana form of government is to a certain extent constitutional; all legislation or decisions of public importance having to be discussed in the "pitsho" or assembly-house; it must be acknowledged, however, that in most cases, especially those in which the king has any influence with the sub-chiefs, every question is settled by a foregone conclusion. As with other Bantu peoples, the king (the morena or koshi) is practically paramount in all public functions; the chiefs that are associated with him belonging either to his own tribe or being such as have fled to him for protection, or have obtained leave to settle in his

land. Khatsisive and the chiefs of the Manupi and western Baharutse may be cited as examples of this; they occupy separate villages, at divers distances apart, some of them lying close together and others being a considerable way from the royal residence. Wherever they are, each of these villages has a small enclosure which represents the kotla, and where the matters to be discussed in the royal kotla are submitted to preliminary debate; and when the king wants to gather a general concourse of chiefs for important business he sends a messenger, who lays a bough of a tree in the enclosure, which is understood to be a summons.

When war is contemplated, the council is generally held in the outskirts of the town in preference to the kotla, as being less likely to be overheard; the name given to such a council is "letshulo," the same that is used for the hunt instituted by the linyakas for the purpose of procuring rain.

Under the presidency of their chiefs all the inhabitants of a village are at liberty to attend the council, and as every minute circumstance is discussed with the most unlimited freedom the clatter of voices is often something extraordinary.

When a meeting has been called to administer justice, it must be confessed that the first thing taken into account is whether the accused is a favourite at court; in that case, as often as not, he is allowed to depart scot free. When a theft has been committed, a royal herald is sent through the town, who at once announces the fact, and declares

the king's intention to punish the offender; the threat, more often than not, has the effect of inducing the culprit to lay the stolen goods under cover of night in some public place, whence they may be restored to their owner. Very frequently the services of the linyakas are called in, the magic dice are thrown, and other devices adopted to detect the offender.

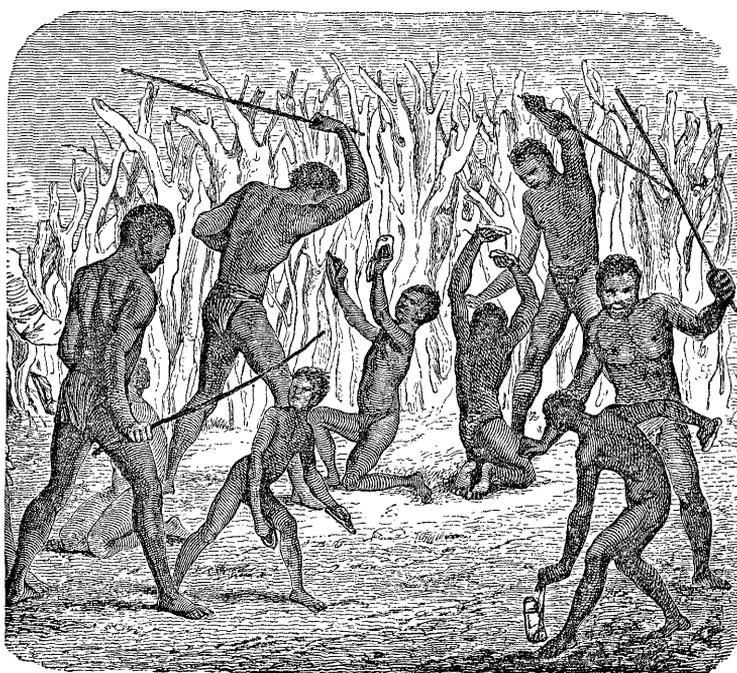
I may mention one of the linyakas' modes of operation in these cases. After a full investigation of the matter, all the parties suspected are summoned to the kotla. The linyaka places them in a circle and walks round them several times, monotone as he goes, "The thief who has done this deed must die to-day." He next sends for a bowl of maize-pap, which he doles out with a wooden spoon, saying over every spoonful, "The thief that swallows this pap shall die to-day." This done, he proceeds to make a careful scrutiny of each separate countenance, and then retires to throw his mysterious dice. In a short time he cries aloud, "I have found the thief!" Going once more round the circle, he compels every one in succession to open his mouth, the result ordinarily being that all but one has swallowed the mouthful. In his fear of bringing the curse of death upon himself, the culprit has retained the pap in his mouth, intending to spit it out at the first chance, the precaution he uses of course revealing his guilt.

A criminal on his first conviction of theft has to restore double or fourfold what he has stolen; on

being repeatedly convicted he is sentenced to have the tips of his fingers scalded off; an incorrigible offender has to lose the whole of his hand. Murder is usually considered a capital offence; but a man under sentence of death may redeem his life by paying a sum of money, or its equivalent in kind, to the victim's next-of-kin.

During the time of Matsheng's rule a singular case occurred of a man killing his brother from avarice. The aged father had announced his intention of leaving the bulk of his property to his elder son, and the younger determined to get rid of his brother, hoping thereby to inherit the whole. "Brother," he said to him one day, "did you not hear our father say that the linyaka wanted a monkey's skin to restore him the use of his limbs? Will you go with me to the hills and shoot a monkey?" The elder brother acquiesced, and they started off together. An hour brought them to the foot of the rise, when the younger suggested that it would be better for them to begin to scour the hill from opposite directions, a proposition to which the elder brother readily assented. An old woman was gathering berries on the hill, and observing the peculiarity of the young man's movements could not help suspecting that he intended some mischief, and following him unperceived saw that, instead of going straight up the hill, he crept round to the right and as soon as he came within sight of his brother, took deliberate aim and shot him dead. In pretended consternation, he returned to the town, relating how

by miserable misadventure he had shot his poor brother, supposing him to be an ape in the bushwood. The old woman hurried to Matsheng and gave her evidence as to the real facts of the case so clearly, that instead of furthering his scheme to become his



TRAINING THE BOYS.

father's heir, the wretch was by the king's order carried back to the scene of his crime, and was there himself shot with his brother's gun.

Among other customs which seem to belong more or less to all the Bantu tribes with whom I came in contact, there are some which remind us of the

Mosaic law. Held as of the highest importance by the heathen Bechuana is the rite of circumcision; until it has been submitted to, no youth is supposed to have arrived at man's estate, and no woman is considered of marriageable age. The ceremony, however, does not universally or necessarily indicate the attainment of a state of maturity, as is the case with the breaking off of the front teeth by the Matongas and Mashukulumbe; it is rather an initiation into the system of hardening which every youth is required to undergo before he is counted worthy of the titles of "mona" or "ra" which betoken a man's estate.

Called the "boguera," the observance is put into force upon boys after they have reached their ninth year. The ceremony is performed at intervals varying from two to five years, according to the extent of a tribe; the period of its exactment being held to be a time of great festivity in the towns. If the boys do not present themselves voluntarily, they are brought under compulsion, and as a preparatory office they are smeared all over with a solution of chalk; the girls wear nothing but belts made of pieces of reed or aprons of genets' tails, their breasts and faces being also whitened with chalk. The solemnization of the rite takes place outside the town, old men acting as operators with the boys and old women with the girls.

The boguera happened to be celebrated at the time of my visit to Shoshong, so that I had the best opportunity of becoming acquainted with its details.

Singing as they go, the young people of both sexes, accompanied by the linyakas, proceed beyond the town to the appointed spot, where the boys are put through a drill in manly exercises, and the girls are formally initiated into domestic duties, such as carrying wood and fetching water; throughout their performances they keep up their monotonous chant; and as their figures are all white by the application of chalk, nothing can be imagined much more grotesque than the appearance they present as they go through their series of gymnastics.

The boys are next marched off in detachments to the kotla, where they have all to be beaten with rods. Bare of all clothing, except their little girdle and their sandals, which they are permitted to hold in their hands, they are placed in two rows, back to back, and made to kneel down whilst a man, generally their next-of-kin, stands in front of each and proceeds to deliver his lashes, which the lads parry as best they can by the dexterous manipulation of the sandals; they are required to keep on singing, and to raise each foot alternately, marking the measure of the chant.

All the youths who submit to the boguera at one time are formed into a company, and the more sons a Bechuana can bring to the ceremony, the prouder he is. A chief will generally try to introduce a son of his own or of a near relative to take command of the troop, and an *esprit de corps* is frequently excited which sometimes has a beneficial effect upon the quarrels that arise at court. The friendship thus formed