

Hottentot women. Being prevented from acquiring any fixed property in the Colony, and gradually forced back from the places they formerly occupied on the frontier, a number of them took refuge, about fifty years ago, in the wild regions adjoining the Gariep. In this situation, after being for some time the dupes of an unprincipled impostor, named Stephanus, who had fled from the Colony on account of his crimes, they were found by the missionary Anderson about twenty-five years ago. "At that time (as it is justly observed by the Rev. Dr. Philip) they were a herd of wandering and naked savages, subsisting by plunder and by the chase. Their bodies were daubed with red paint, their heads loaded with grease and shining powder, with no covering but the filthy carosse over their shoulders; without morals, without knowledge, or any traces of civilization, and wholly abandoned to drunkenness, witchcraft, licentiousness, and all the consequences which arise from the unchecked growth of such vices. With his fellow-labourer, Mr. Kramer, Mr. Anderson wandered about with them five years and a half, exposed to all the dangers and privations

inseparable from such a state of society, before they got them to locate where they are now settled." This spot was then named Klaarwater. It received the appellation of Griqua Town, from the missionary traveller Mr. Campbell ; who, at the same time, gave the name of *Griquas* to this infant community. They had previously been known (as indeed they still are among the Dutch colonists) by the uncouth appellation of *Bastaards*. No slight improvement has been wrought upon the manners and character of this wild horde by the labours of the missionaries. That much remains still to be done, is far more a subject of regret than surprise, considering the peculiar difficulties with which they have to contend, among a people so situated.

The number of Griquas residing at this village and the stations in its vicinity, are computed to amount to about 1600 souls. Those scattered among the more distant settlements connected with the same community, are supposed to be about 1000 more ; and the number of Koranna Hottentots living among them, or under their influence, is at least 1800. By trafficking with

the boors, they have obtained possession of about 500 muskets; and might, perhaps, one day become dangerous to the northern frontier of the Colony itself, were it not that they are entirely dependent on the good-will of the Cape Government, for even the little ammunition that they are allowed to obtain, and which alone can make them formidable.

The possession of fire-arms, however, with even the limited supply of ammunition which they can procure, gives the Griquas a decided advantage over the native tribes in their vicinity. At the period of my visit, they had not abused this advantage by any recent acts of oppression towards either the Bechuana or Koranna tribes, with both of whom they lived in amity.* But towards the wretched Bushmen, I found them, in general, animated by the same spirit of animosity as the frontier boors, and Mr. Melvill's exertions to restrain this spirit, have doubtless increased his unpopularity. At this very time, the new chief,

* Some late unhappy deviations from this orderly conduct will be mentioned in a subsequent part of the work.

Waterboer, was absent on a Bushman commando; and not long before, he and his followers had finished a war with another kraal of those miserable outcasts, of which the following is a sketch :—

A Bushman chief, named Huil, had attacked a Koranna kraal, in alliance with the Griquas, and carried off some of their cattle. The Korannas complained to their Griqua patrons, and Captain Waterboer went out with his men, surprised Huil in his kraal, forced him to make restitution, and fined him of his riding-ox, and a tribute of beads. Huil had maintained peace with the Griquas for twenty years; he now determined, it seems, no longer to be controlled by them, but to make war on his neighbours, like a free potentate. He speedily made another foray upon the Korannas, and carried off some of their cattle, and several, also, belonging to the dominating Griquas. This conduct was considered the height of insolence and ingratitude; and Waterboer went forth once more with his band and surrounded the robber in his den. Two messengers (tame Bushmen) were sent to require him to surrender at discretion;

for his kraal was surrounded with men and muskets, and not a soul could possibly escape. But old Huil's blood was up, and he resolved to fight it out manfully. The envoys themselves were scarcely spared in his wrath: to the Griquas he returned his defiance. The unequal conflict commenced—poisoned arrows against powder and ball;—and it was not until eight of his followers had fallen, and he himself was mortally wounded, that Huil would permit his sons to surrender. Seventy men, women, and children, were found in the kraal, and carried prisoners to Griqua Town; but the sons of the deceased robber having expressed due contrition, and promised to lead a peaceable life in future, they and their people were dismissed—after receiving a present of some goats, &c. from the benevolent Mr. Melvill, to win them to confidence and friendship. Nor was this kindness misplaced; for Mr. Melvill informed me that Huil's clan, instead of seeking to revenge his death, had ever since remained on friendly terms with the pastoral tribes around them, and that his sons frequently visited Griqua Town to exchange the salutation of peace, and to beg tobacco.

In these deplorable wars the Bushmen are doubtless, in general, the aggressors, by their propensity to depredation. Yet, on the other hand, have they not some cause to regard both Boors and Griquas as intruders upon their ancient territories,—as tyrannical usurpers, who, by seizing their finest fountains, and destroying the wild game on which they were wont to subsist, have scarcely left them even the desolate wilderness for an habitation?



CHAPTER VIII.

Rumours of the Mantatees.—Arrival of Mr. Moffat.—Griqua Council.—Journey to Kuruman.—Description of the Town.—Interview with the King.—Ceremony of Boialoa, &c.

IN conversing with Mr. Melvill about the Bechuana tribes to the northward, he mentioned that some extraordinary rumours had reached him a few days ago, respecting an immense horde, or

nation, who were said to be approaching from the north-east, and who were laying waste the country, and destroying all who ventured to oppose them. Such extravagant details, however, were mingled with the reports,—representing the invaders as consisting partly of white men, with long hair and beards, led on by a giantess, with one eye in her forehead, and such like childish absurdities, that Mr. Melvill, finding the rumours were derived from the Bechuanas, was disposed to consider them altogether as fables of their own fabrication. We soon discovered, however, that these extraordinary rumours had a more serious foundation than he had surmised.

As we were sitting chatting after mid-day upon this and other matters, a waggon was announced to be in sight, on the road from Kuruman, or New Lattakoo. On approaching, it was recognized to be that of Mr. Moffat, one of the missionaries resident at that place; and presently Mr. Moffat jumped out of it, and came up to us, dressed in a jacket of leopard skin, and with a black bushy beard, about eight inches long. I was the less surprised at this Jewish fashion, as I

had found Mr. Melvill wearing a beard of similar dimensions;—for beards, it seems, (probably from those of the natives being so scanty,) are objects of no small respect in this part of the world.

As soon as Mr. Moffat had taken a seat, he introduced the object of his unexpected visit; which was no other than to solicit assistance from the Griquas to repel the marauding horde of strange people, who were now plundering and destroying the Bechuana tribes to the northward, and who were fast approaching the country of the Matchapee tribe, among whom Mr. Moffat was stationed. The accounts that had reached Kuruman of this savage horde, were scarcely less extraordinary than the more vague rumours which Mr. Melvill had just repeated to me. They were represented by the fugitives, who had escaped from the tribes that had been attacked by them, as an immense army of plunderers, led on by several chiefs, and consisting of people of various complexions; the majority black and almost naked, others of a yellow or Hottentot colour, and some perfectly white, with long hair and beards, and dressed in European clothing. Their wea-

pons were said to be clubs and javelins, and a short crooked instrument, like a cimeter. They were considered almost irresistible from their great numbers and warlike ferocity. They were accompanied by their wives and children; and, finally, they were confidently affirmed to be *cannibals*. The precise point from which they had originally advanced was not ascertained; but they had first fallen upon a tribe of Bechuanas, called Lehoys, towards the south-east. From thence they had penetrated through the country to the northward, as far as the Wankeets, by whom they had been repulsed, and turned back towards the Colony. Having defeated and plundered every other people they had encountered, to the number of twenty-eight tribes, their present route, according to the latest accounts, was direct upon Old Lattakoo; and their design was said by the fugitives to be to plunder that place and New Lattakoo, or the town of Kuruman, and then to attack the Griquas. The appellation by which they were known among the Bechuanas was that of *Mantatees*.

A considerable part of this account being now

fully ascertained to be true, Mateebè, King of the Matchapee tribe, was preparing to fly with all his people, unless assistance could be obtained from the Griquas to repel these formidable invaders. Mr. Moffat had therefore come himself to represent the urgency of the danger, leaving his wife and children, meanwhile, with Mr. Hamilton, his brother missionary.

This alarming statement recalled to my mind the reports I had heard at Cradock respecting disturbances among the tribes in the interior, derived from the three fugitives taken in the Tarka. To find myself thus unexpectedly in the immediate vicinity of the marauding hordes was, however, an event I had little anticipated, and which now threatened to interpose an unsurmountable obstacle to my farther progress into the country. I resolved, however, at all events, to accompany Mr. Moffat as far as Kuruman, in order to see a little of the Bechuanas, and then to judge whether it might be prudent or practicable to proceed farther.

Mr. Melvill, not a little alarmed and perplexed by this strange news, instantly called a

meeting of all the Griqua chiefs then in the village, including the disaffected captains who had accompanied me from Campbell's-dorp. All assembled immediately, and held a council of war, to which Mr. Moffat and I were admitted; and, after a long and serious deliberation, in which all the preceding details were discussed, the Griquas came to the resolution of mustering their forces with all speed, and of marching towards Kuruman, to join the Bechuanas in repelling the invaders. Messengers were instantly dispatched to the distant stations, to call out men and arms; and I was much pleased to observe that all parties co-operated cordially and unanimously in these energetic measures, and that the urgency of a great common danger had dissipated (at least for a time) their internal broils and jealousies. The Griqua chiefs calculated that they could muster in a few days about 200 men, mounted and armed with muskets: had sufficient time been allowed, they could have brought into the field double that number. This troop they promised to bring up to Kuruman in ten days; and in the meanwhile, it was arranged that Mr.

Moffat and I should hasten forward to encourage Mateebè and his people, and prevent them from retreating till the Griquas should arrive.

On calculating our stock of ammunition, it was found that only about fifty pounds of gun-powder could be mustered altogether, including what Mr. Moffat had at Kuruman, and about ten pounds which I had brought with me.

Having found means to engage fresh horses here, I left those I had brought from the Colony to rest and refresh, under the care of my Hottentot, Frederick, until my return; taking with me in his place a Bechuana servant, who could speak a little Dutch.

11.—After a very brief repose, Mr. Moffat and I started on horseback about two, P. M.; my Bechuana attendant being to follow as soon as he got ready. Nothing worthy of notice occurred on this day's journey, except that we met about a hundred Bechuanas of the Karriharri tribe, on their way to Griqua Town to barter mantles of wild-cat and jackal skins, for beads, buttons, &c. Their country lies a great way

to the north; the distance being estimated to be upwards of 300 miles. After a ride of about sixty miles, we reached the residence of two Griquas, where we spent the night. The men were absent hunting the camelopard, but their wives supplied us hospitably with milk and flesh, and Bechuana mantles (*carosses*) to sleep on. My attendant joined us here in the course of the evening.

12.—This morning we found that our Griqua hosts had returned home during the night. We informed them of the *Commando* now mustering among their countrymen, and they agreed to be in readiness to join the expedition on its march to Lattakoo. These two men I found well informed respecting the country. They had travelled much among the Bechuana tribes, procuring elephants' teeth, &c. to barter in the Colony. They had once been as far as the Wankeets' nation, whom Mr. Campbell charges as being the murderers of Dr. Cowan's exploratory party, in 1806. But these Griquas affirmed that this was a calumny raised by some of the other tribes

against the Wankeets, and that Dr. Cowan and his companions passed perfectly safe through that country:

As we proceeded on our journey, we found the country improve in appearance, opening out into extensive plains covered with long grass, and patched with acacias. Game appeared plentiful, and I observed a new species of quagha, more distinctly striped than that of the Colony, and approaching in appearance to the zebra.

As we rode through a narrow valley, a Bushman came running down to us from a neighbouring hill, begging for tobacco; and on receiving a small piece appeared quite overjoyed.

At sunset the plains of Kuruman opened before us, extending as far as the eye could reach, with a chain of hills running to our left, and passing the town, which takes its name from a small river which has its source at no great distance. Having moonlight, we continued to push forward in spite of the numerous and dangerous holes of the ant-eater, and reached the Matchhapee capital about eight o'clock, after a hard day's ride of above seventy miles.

We eagerly enquired of the missionary, Mr. Hamilton, whether any farther intelligence had been obtained of the approach of the invaders ; but he could only inform us that various rumours were in circulation among the natives, none of which could be depended on unless distinctly confirmed : for the Bechuanas are great story-tellers, and circulators of false reports ; and it did not appear that the king or chiefs were in possession of any fresh intelligence that they could trust.

While we were at supper, I heard a great noise of singing and shouting in the town, which the Missionaries informed me was occasioned by the celebration of a sort of festival called *Boïalloa*, when all the young girls, on attaining the age of thirteen, go through certain ceremonies, after which they are admitted to the rank of women.

13.—Early in the morning we had the honour of a visit from King Mateebè, and his queen, Mahoota,* with a number of chiefs and attend-

* The vignette at the head of the chapter contains an excellent likeness of Queen Mahoota, dressed in her fur mantle. This *princess* is not of Bechuana but of Hottentot lineage, as her lighter complexion and cast of features indicate. She is the daughter of a Koranna chief in alliance

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ants. The king expressed great satisfaction at the return of his friend Moffat (or *Mishat*, as he pronounced the name); and when informed that the Griquas, with horses and muskets, were coming to his assistance, he manifested the highest gratitude and satisfaction. I was then introduced to his *Majesty* by Mr. Moffat, who explained who I was, and that I had come a very long journey on horseback to see his country. Mateebè enquired whether I was not afraid to come so far, and among so wild a people? I replied, "Certainly not, having the utmost confidence in him and his countrymen." He then said with a good grace, that he was glad to see me,—that he esteemed the white people,—and bade me welcome to Kuruman.

After breakfast I went out, accompanied by Mr. Moffat, to survey the town, which is very extensive with Mateebè, who resides near the sources of the *Ky-Gariëp*, or Yellow River. Her mantle is made of the skins of the tiger-cat. Her hair is shaved in the Bechuana fashion, leaving a bunch on the crown of the head, which is anointed with grease and powdered well with *sibillo*, a shining mineral powder much in request at the court of the Matchapees. The other head in the vignette (on the left-hand) is that of one of Mateebè's attendants.

sive, containing from eight to ten thousand inhabitants. Though built without any plan or attention to regularity, it has a very lively and agreeable appearance. Every thing is kept so neat and clean, that one cannot but feel pleased with the inhabitants, in wandering through the streets and lanes. The houses are all of a circular form, and of a very peculiar and convenient fashion, considering the climate and the circumstances of the people. The roof is raised upon a circle of wooden pillars, including an area of from twenty to thirty feet in diameter. About two yards within these pillars is raised a wall of clay, or of wattle and plaster, which is not generally carried quite up to the roof, but a space is left above for the free admission of air. In the centre or back part of the hut, is constructed a small apartment, where they keep their most valuable effects. Between the wall and the wooden pillars the people generally recline under the shade during the sultry hours. Each of these houses is enclosed within a close-wattled fence about seven or eight feet high, which is carried round it at the distance of six, eight, or ten yards,

thus forming a private yard, within which are placed the owner's corn jars, and other bulky property. Each of these yards has a small gate, and all the houses are built exactly in the same style, and nearly of the same dimensions, except the king's, which is almost double the size of the rest. The king's house, and those of the principal chiefs, are each erected near a large camel-thorn tree, which is left there as a sign of rank. The streets are kept perfectly clean; neither bushes, rubbish, bones, nor any other nuisance, are allowed to be thrown upon them. The best idea I can convey of a Bechuana town is to compare its appearance, from a little distance, to an immense barn-yard; the huts, with their conical thatched roofs, resembling very much so many stacks of corn.

At a short distance from the main-town is a considerable suburb or village, containing about five hundred souls. To this the Missionaries have given, somewhat ludicrously, the name of *Hackney*.

The spot where the town of Lattakoo stood, when this tribe were visited by Dr. Somerville,

and afterwards by Mr. Campbell on his first journey, lies about eighty miles north-east from the present capital of the tribe, which, from the stream near which it stands, is more properly called Kuruman. The inhabitants of this place take the name of *Matclhapees*.* Other tribes are in alliance or confederacy with them, who also acknowledge the Matclhapee king as their lord paramount, but the nature of their allegiance appears, like that of the Caffer hordes in general to their royal families, to be of a very loose and indefinite character. The authority of the king is only implicitly obeyed by his own clan and immediate retainers.

* Campbell calls them *Matchappees*, and Burchell *Batchapins*. If I can trust my own ear, the orthography of both these travellers is incorrect in this instance. At the same time it must be owned that the articulation of the natives, in many cases, appears so indistinct to a European ear, that the strange diversity in the orthography of proper names in the works of different travellers, is not at all surprising. There is no *cluck* in the word *Matclhapee*, but the sound indicated by the letters *clh* very much resembles the Welch *ll*, for which our alphabet possesses no certain sign. This sound is found in many words, both of the Bechuana and Caffer dialects, and has led to the corruption of the name of the celebrated Chief *Sambie*, which a Welchman would pronounce correctly if spelt *Llhambi*.

Mr. Moffat and I next waited upon the king at his own house, where I presented him with a snuff-box full of snuff, this being a stimulant which the Bechuanas of all ranks are passionately fond of. To his principal wife I presented a gilt chain, which I had the honour of fixing round her arm. I also presented one of the same sort to one of their daughters, and another to Peclu, the eldest son, and heir apparent, a fine-looking lad of about seventeen years of age.*

I called afterwards at the houses of several chiefs, at each of which I was presented with thick milk in an earthen jar, the donor always tasting it first, in order to show, I presume,

* The portrait of Peclu here given, was taken during his visit to Cape Town (see Chapter XVII.) under the guardianship of his sage Mentor, old Teysho, in the close of 1823. It is a striking likeness—for the author was assisted in this, as in several similar matters, by an able artist—Mr. De Meillon. The cloak in which the young chief is dressed, is that worn by the higher class of Bechuanas. It is composed of the skins of a very beautiful species of wild cat, which are joined together with much taste, and neatly and firmly sewed with thread from the dorsal sinews of the springbok. A less valuable sort of mantle is made in the same manner from jackal skins. The cloak in common use consists of the softened hide of the ox or antelope. The cap worn by Peclu is of jackal skin.



G. Thompson. Eng. del.

PECLU.

London. In A. by H. Colburn, Jan. 1847.

that it was wholesome. One of the chiefs whom we visited was Munameetz, who accompanied Mr. Campbell as a guide on his second journey. We then approached the house where the ceremony of *Boïalloa* was performing; and though we knew that, according to their customs, only females can be admitted, yet we ventured on asking permission to enter. After some deliberation an old woman said, with much solemnity, "These are Gods, let them walk in." This may convey some idea of the high estimation these people have of the superiority of the whites. Mr. Moffat stopped to reprove the woman for her expression, explaining that we were merely men, of the same flesh and blood as themselves. In this house we saw all the young damsels assembled, who were then undergoing the ceremony of the *Boïalloa*, under the superintendence of several old women. Their dress was the most ridiculous imaginable, and each of them had one half of the face painted white. When they go out they avoid, as much as possible, the sight of men, and each carries a long branch of thorn to keep off the rude boys.

The women here, as in most savage countries, perform a great proportion of the manual labours ; the cultivation of the ground, the sowing, reaping, and winnowing of the corn, and even the building of the huts, fall exclusively to their share. The men content themselves with taking care of the cattle, dressing their leather raiment, and the noble amusements of war and hunting.

The Bechuanas are a fine-looking race of men, —even superior in appearance in some respects, I think, to the more manly and martial Caffers. They paint their bodies in the same way as the latter, with an ointment of fat mixed with a shining mineral powder, a sort of manganese, which gives them a very glittering appearance. They have, in general, very little beard, and many of them are bald, which they seem to consider a defect, as they greatly admired the black hair and flowing beard of Mr. Moffat.

Public intimation had been issued by the king this morning, that a great council, or convocation, would be held next day, to deliberate on the measures to be pursued in consequence of the approach of the Mantatees ; and messengers had been dis-

patched to all the neighbouring towns and stations under Mateebè's Government, to call the people to this important assembly, (or *Peetsho*, as it is termed in their language,)— at which matters involving the very existence of their nation were to be discussed. I could not help congratulating myself on being so fortunate as to have made my visit at a period so eventful, when the real character of this interesting tribe was likely to be so distinctly manifested.

The critical situation of their public affairs did not, however, prevent me from being followed wherever I went, by crowds of the lower classes, importunately begging for snuff, which, of all luxuries, appeared to be the one most prized by them; and in the use of which, indeed, they are very extravagant, drawing it up into their nostrils in large quantities, by means of an iron tube, or with a little ivory spoon, which most of them carry suspended from their necks for that purpose.

At dinner the king joined us at Mr. Moffat's without any invitation, and partook of our fare, seated upon a skin, on the floor, our mode of sitting being unpleasant and uneasy to him.

Mateebè is an elderly person, about five feet seven inches in height, but not nearly so fine a looking man, or of so prepossessing an aspect, as many of his countrymen. The mode of address among them, I observed, was full of ceremony, and not less so among the inferior chiefs to one another, than when they addressed the king. The interpreter, when he spoke to Mateebè, commenced by saying, "I speak to the father of Peclu;" and any of them addressing Mr. Moffat, used to say, "I speak to the father of Mary." In their orations they call themselves the sons of *Mallahawan*, (or *Mulliwhang*, as some travellers write the name,) who was the father of Mateebè, and their late king.

In the afternoon I examined the improvements which Messrs. Moffat and Hamilton had accomplished in building and gardening, and was gratified at finding, that besides a school or chapel of considerable dimensions, each of the missionaries had constructed a very neat and snug cottage; and that they had well-cultivated gardens, stocked with fruit-trees and vegetables. To irrigate these, the water had been led with much labour from a

considerable distance. The town, indeed, is well supplied with water from one of the most abundant springs in Southern Africa, which gushes at once from the earth at a spot about ten miles distant, and which is the source of the Kuruman River. We next proceeded to a hill about four miles west of the town, to observe a remarkable stratum of white stone. Near this mountain we found the boys who attended the cattle amusing themselves by sketching rude figures upon the rocks.

In the evening we heard doleful lamentations in one part of the town, and learned that they were occasioned by the decease of a person of consequence, and that his relatives and retainers were howling their ullalulla over the corpse. The sound was something like "chow! chow! chow!" reiterated continually, sometimes slowly and mournfully, and then again rapidly with various modifications, which altogether had a wild and melancholy effect. We also heard others singing over a sick person, in a strain more mild and monotonous.

CHAPTER IX.

Great National Council, or Peetsho.—Speeches of the King and Chiefs.—Further Reports respecting the Mantatees.—Secret Council of the Warriors.—Progress of the Missionaries at Kuruman.

JUNE 14.—This morning opened with a tumultuous din on all sides, the whole population turning out and preparing for the Peetsho; to which the importance of the occasion, and the reports which they had heard of the new and savage enemy, gave an unusual degree of interest. At an early hour were heard the war-songs of the men, mingled with the shriller clamours of the women and children. The warriors dispersed themselves in separate groupes, in the environs of the town, and appeared to be previously discussing among themselves the topics

of the ensuing debate. About ten o'clock the whole of the scattered multitude advanced towards the centre of the town, accompanying their march with war-songs and dancing; and some of them exhibiting sham fights, in which they discovered extraordinary address and agility. These warriors were armed on this occasion each with a bundle of assagais or javelins, a shield of bullock's hide, a bow and quiver full of poisoned arrows,* and a battle-axe.

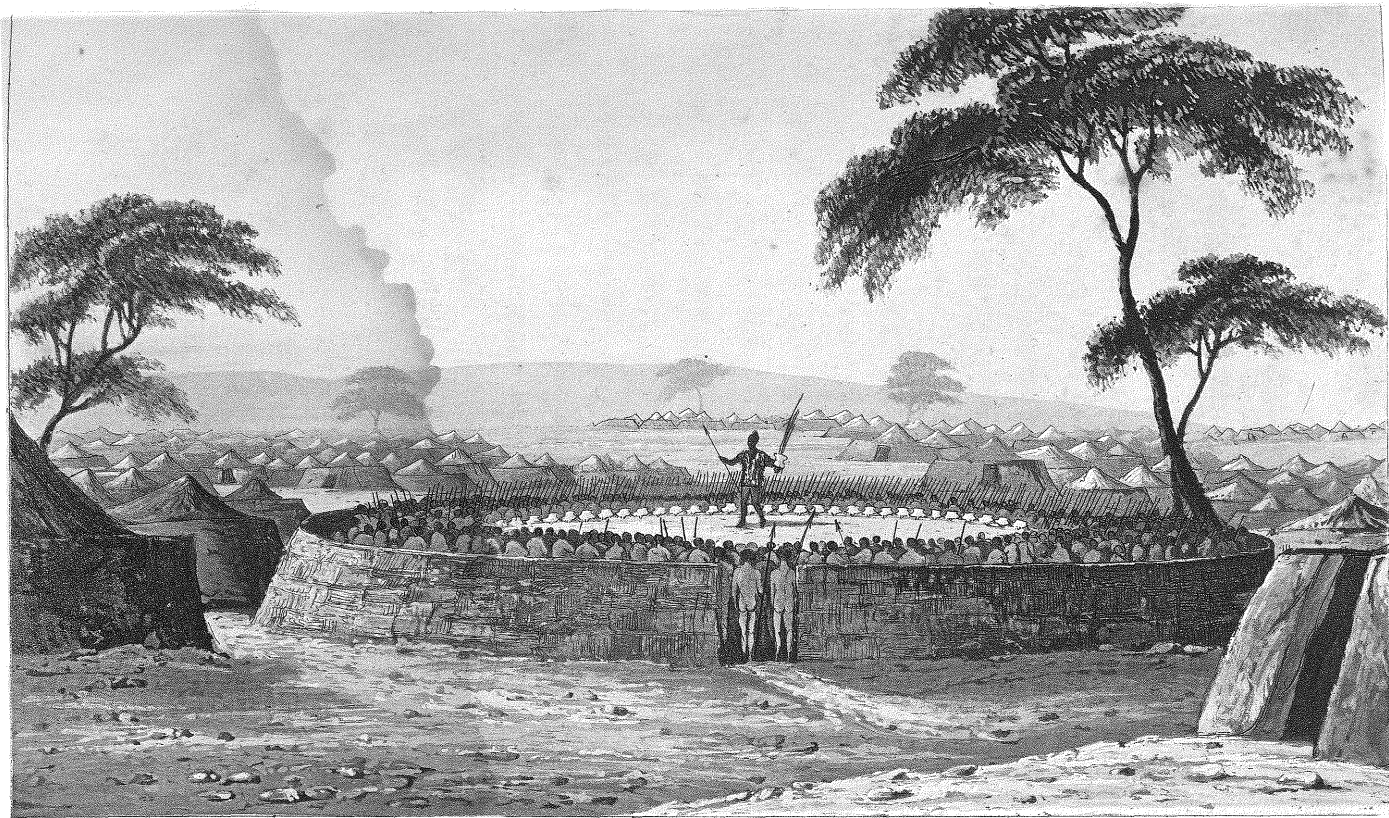
In the centre of the town was a circular enclosure, fenced in with a wattled hedge. This is the place allotted for their public assemblies, and allowed to be used for no other purpose. It was about 150 yards in diameter. One side was allotted for the warriors, who seated themselves, as they arrived, in close rows on the ground; holding their shields in front of them; and their assagais, seven or eight of which were stuck be-

* Burchell is mistaken in his statement that the Matchapees do not use poisoned arrows. They do so constantly in war; in this respect differing from the Caffers. The use of poisoned arrows may, however, have been probably borrowed from the Bushmen or Korannas, as these weapons do not appear to prevail generally among the Bechuana tribes.

hind each shield, bristling up like a wood of spears.* On the opposite side, the old men, women, and children took their station. In the middle was an open space reserved for the privileged, or those who have slain an enemy in battle, to dance and sing in celebration of their prowess; which they did for half an hour, previously to the opening of the debate, with all the violent fantastic gestures imagination can conceive, accompanied by the clamorous plaudits of the spectators.

Mateebè, the king, now stood up in the centre and commanded silence, which was answered by a deep groan from the mass of warriors, in token of attention. He then drew an assagai from behind his shield, and pointing it towards the north-east, denounced a curse against the Mantatees, or invaders, declaring war against them.

* The two missionaries and myself had the honour of a place assigned to us near the king and some of his principal chiefs. We brought with us an interpreter, by whose assistance and Mr. Moffat's I was enabled to note down on the spot the substance of the different speeches at this Bechuana parliament. During the intervals I took a sketch in pencil of this curious scene, which is accurately copied in the annexed plate.



G. Thompson, Esq. del.

THE PEETSHO.

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This was answered, in way of approval, by a whistling sound from the whole of the warriors. He then pointed the spear towards the south and south-west, denouncing a curse against the "ox-eaters," or Bushmen, which was cheered in a similar manner. Returning the spear to its place, he spoke as follows :

"Ye sons of Mallahawan! the Mantatees are a strong and conquering people. They have destroyed many nations; they are now on their march to destroy us. Moffat has gained information for us respecting their exploits, their weapons, their mode of fighting, their bad designs. Through the care of Moffat we now fully see our danger. We Bechuanas, or Matclhapees, Matclharoos and Myrees, are not able to stand against the Mantatees. But the Griquas have been called by Moffat to our help. He has held a council with their chiefs; they are coming on horses to unite with us against the enemy. We must now therefore concert, conclude, and fully resolve to stand. The cause is a great one—it involves our very existence as a people.

"You have witnessed the interest Moffat has

taken in our safety. If we follow his example, the Mantatees shall not advance one step farther. You all see that the Maccoas* are our friends. You see here Thompson, a chief from the Cape, who has come on horseback to visit us. He has not come to lurk behind our houses as a spy, but openly, and with confidence: his intentions are good; he is one on whom the light of day may shine; he is our friend. I now wait to hear what is the general opinion. Let every one speak his mind freely."

- Mateebè then made the same movements with his assagai as at the commencement; after which he waved the point towards the heavens, when all called out "*Poola!*" i. e. rain or a blessing: and he sat down amidst repeated shouts and other tokens of applause. When these had subsided, the warriors exhibited their war-dance with shouts as formerly, and this was repeated after every succeeding speaker, except Insha. The second speaker, Moshumè, after performing the same manœuvres as Mateebè, (which were also used by all the other orators,) spoke as follows:—

* Civilized or white people.

“To-day we are called upon to oppose an enemy who is the enemy of every one. Moffat, our friend, has been within a short distance of the invader’s camp. We all opposed his journey, but to-day we are glad that Moffat listened not to us, but went; for he has warned us and the Griquas of our danger. But what are we now to do? If we fly, they will overtake—if we fight, they will overwhelm us. They are as a strong lion; they kill and devour, and spare none.”

Here an old man interrupted the speaker, requesting him to cry aloud, that all might hear.

“I know ye, ye Matchapees,” continued Moshumè: “at home, and in the face of the women ye are men, but in the face of the enemy ye are women—ever ready to fly when you should stand firm. But consider and prepare your hearts to-day, let them be united in one, and hardened for the hour of trial.”

The third speaker, Ranyouvè, exhorted his countrymen to stand fast like men on the present alarming crisis; not to be mere braggards in presence of the women, to make them believe that they were mighty men. “Keep your

boasting," said he, "till the day when you have performed deeds worthy to be known."

The fourth speaker, Insha, a Barolong, began by recommending that the Bechuanas should wait until the Mantatees appeared, and then attack them. But he had scarcely uttered his first sentence, when he was interrupted by the fifth speaker, Issita, a young chief, who sprang up and exclaimed, "No! no! Who," continued he, addressing Insha, "called upon you to speak foolishness? Has the king, have the chiefs of the Matchapees ever said that you might speak? Do you profess to instruct the sons of Mallahawan? You say you know the enemy, and yet you would have us wait until they enter our town. We are not Gods—we are but men! The Mantatees are mighty conquerors: if we wait until they fall upon us, and are then forced to yield, we lose all. Let us attack the invaders before they advance farther. If we are forced to retreat, there will then be time for the women and the feeble who remain behind, to fly. We may fight and fly, fight and fly again, still fight, and at last conquer. But this we cannot



G. Thompson, Esq. del.

TEYSHO.

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do if we wait till the enemy approach and attack us in our dwellings.”

This speech was loudly cheered. Insha sat down without answering; and Issita proceeded to remark that some one had accused his followers of being guilty of desertion in the time of war; and that he wished whoever had dared to assert such falsehood would appear to avow it.

The sixth speaker, Teysho,* stood up and demanded silence. Universal applause was expressed, and an aged man ran forward, stretching forth his arms towards the Chief, and exclaiming with a loud voice, “Behold the man who shall speak wisdom. Be silent, be instructed: a man, a wise man has stood up to speak.”

Teysho began by informing the preceding

* The annexed portrait of this Chief, is a very accurate and characteristic likeness; but it represents him not as he appeared on this occasion, but as he sat quiet and unexcited, when it was drawn, during his visit to Cape Town several months after. The cap he wears is, like that of Peclu, made of jackal skin. The copper plate, appended to his ear, is of Bechuana manufacture, and is a badge of rank and dignity, worn only by persons of distinction. He holds in his hand a javelin or assagai of a description peculiar to the tribe.

speaker, Issita, that he was the man who had accused his followers of desertion in the time of war. "Ye cowards! ye vagabonds!" he exclaimed, "deny the charge if you can. Shall I declare how often you have done so? Were I to mention the instances, you would run away like chastened hounds, or sit like men abashed, with your heads between your knees." Then addressing the assembly, he said, "I do not rise up to-day to make speeches,—I shall wait till the day of mustering. I beseech you all, ye warriors, to prepare your hearts for the coming conflict. Consider well what is before you, that you may not turn your backs in the day of battle. You have heard of the battles that the Mantatees have fought—of the nations they have dispersed. You have heard that they now repose in quiet, and you look alone for deliverance to the Griquas with their guns and horses. But I say again, prepare your hearts, stand up in your own defence, be strong, be resolute, else the invaders will overwhelm us, and we shall perish from the earth." Then, turning to Mateebè, he said, "You are too careless about the safety of your people. You

are indolent and unconcerned.* Arouse you now, and prove to the chiefs and warriors that you are a King and a man.”

The seventh speaker, Bromella, brother-in-law to Mateebè, shortly enforced the necessity of proceeding to attack the invaders, and urged the warriors to unanimity.

The eighth speaker, Dleeloqua, a chief considerably advanced in years, addressed the assembly to the following effect :—

“ Ye sons of Mallahawan, you have now heard enough to convince you that it is your duty to go forth to battle against the Mantatees, a people whose only aim is to plunder and destroy. Ye sons of Mallahawan! Ye sons of Mallahawan! ye have this day acted wisely. Ye have done well first to deliberate, and then to proceed to action. Moffat, our friend, has revealed our danger, even as the daybreak after a dark night discloses to a man the danger that approached him while darkness shut his eyes. The peril is great ; we must

* This charge was equally just and severe, for this is Mateebè's real character. He is naturally of an easy and indolent disposition.

not act like Bechuanas, we must act like Maccoas. Is this *our* Peetsho? No; this is the Peetsho of Moffat; therefore we must speak like Maccoas. Moffat, for our sakes, has gone with great speed to Griqua Town, and held a council with the Chief Melvill and the Griqua Captains; and now the Grikvas come with haste to unite with us against the fierce invaders. My fathers! my brethren! my sons! let us fortify our hearts that disgrace may not haunt us. You have all heard Teysho speak; you have all heard what your nation expects of you. What Moffat has declared to us is true; and if we be not in readiness to defend our towns, our families, and our herds, our destruction is sure. Wherefore no one must attempt to excuse himself from battle. If any attempt to steal away, let them be detained. All must be obedient. All must be as one. This is a great Peetsho, therefore let your hearts be hard and great, O ye sons of Mallahawan!"

The ninth speaker, Mongua, called the attention of the assembly to the speeches already delivered, and reiterated the same topics.

The tenth speaker, Semeeno, declared that he

only stood up to approve of what had been said ; “ that the object of the meeting had been fully explained ; and none,” said he, “ can now be ignorant of these discussions ; none can say ‘ I have not heard them.’ ”

After the usual sham fights, gesticulations, &c. Mateebè again rose, resumed his central station, and commanded silence. In this closing speech he referred to the several preceding speeches, and approved or condemned what had been urged by the different orators. He then proceeded :

“ It is clear that it is our best policy to march against the enemy before he advances. Let not our towns be the seat of war ; let not our houses be stained with bloodshed ; let the blood of the enemy be spilt at a distance from our wives and children. Yet some of you talk ignorantly ; your words are the words of children or of men confounded. I am left almost alone : my two brothers have abandoned me ; they have taken wives from another nation, and allow their wives to direct them ; their wives are their kings ! ” Then turning towards his younger brothers, he imprecated a curse upon them if they should follow

the example of their elder brethren. Again addressing the people, he said, "You walk over my head while I sleep, but you now see that the wise Maccoas respect me. Had they not been our friends, we must have fled ere now before the enemy." Turning to Dleeloqua, the eighth speaker, he said :

"I hear you, my father; I understand you, my father; your words are true and good for the ear. It is good that we be instructed by the Maccoas. May evil overtake the disobedient! May they be broken in pieces! Be silent, ye women! (addressing them), "ye who plague your husbands, who steal their goods, and give them to others; be silent, and hinder not your husbands and children by your evil words. Be silent, ye kidney-eaters,* (turning towards the old men,) ye who are fit for nothing but to prowl about whenever an ox is killed. If our cattle are carried off, where will you get kid-

* The Bechuanas imagine that none who eat of the kidneys of the ox will have any offspring: on this account, no one except the aged, will taste them. Hence the contemptuous term of "kidney-eater," synonymous with dotard.

neys?" Then addressing the warriors, he said, "There are many of you who do not deserve to eat out of a broken pot; ye stubborn and stupid men! consider what ye have heard, and obey without murmuring. Hearken! I command you, ye chiefs of the Matchapees, Matchoroos, Myrees, Barolongs, and Bamacootas, that ye proclaim through all your clans the proceedings of this day, and let none be ignorant. And again I say, ye warriors, prepare for the day of battle; let your shields be strong, your quivers full of arrows, and your battle-axes sharp as hunger." Turning a second time towards the old men and women, he said, "Prevent not the warrior from going forth to battle by your timid counsels. No! rouse up the warrior to glory, and he shall return to you with honourable scars; fresh marks of valour shall cover his thigh;* and then we shall renew the war-song and dance, and rehearse the story of our achievements."

At the conclusion of this speech, the air was rent with acclamations; the warriors sprung up

* The warriors receive a new scar on the thigh for every enemy they kill in battle.

to re-commence the war dance, in which the whole multitude occasionally joined, the women frequently snatching the weapons from the men, and brandishing them in the air, and people of all ages displaying the most extravagant and frantic gesticulations for a space of nearly two hours.* Towards the conclusion, a messenger

* The annexed plate represents a Matchapee warrior and female in full gala dress. The former is a portrait of Hanacom, one of the attendants of Peclu on his visit to the Cape. He is arrayed in his war habiliments, ready for the field. The plume upon his head is of ostrich feathers. Stripes of leopard-skin hang dangling from his shoulders. His right-hand wields the battle-axe; his left grasps his sheaf of assagais. His bow and quiver of poisoned arrows are slung on his back. The target at his feet is of ox or buffalo hide, sufficient to ward off an arrow or a half-spent spear. Its form is peculiar and very different from that of the southern Caffers, who use oblong shields of about four feet in length, which cover the whole trunk of the body: those of the Bechuanas are only 25 inches by 18.

The female is also in full holiday costume. The bunches of beads around her neck and body weigh at least eight or ten pounds. To this weight must be added that of the various copper and ivory rings that ornament her person. On her legs she wears bandages or anklets of leather, with hollow cavities containing small pebbles, which make a rattling noise when she dances. Her head-dress is elegantly woven of the most flexible and feathery quills of the porcupine; and her black woolly hair is smeared with oil, and sparkling with *sibillo*.



G. Thompson, Esq. del.

MATCHLAPPE WARRIOR & WOMAN.

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from the king delivered to each chief a sprig of the camel-thorn tree, which conveyed an intimation that a private meeting of the warriors would be held next day in the mountains, in order to discuss some topics not fit to be made public in the presence of women and children, and the lower class. After this, the assembly dispersed, and the warriors retired to their houses.

Mr. Moffat assured me that this was the most interesting and important *Peetsho* he had ever witnessed.

In the course of the evening some of Mateebè's people arrived from Lattakoo, bringing intelligence that the Mantatees were now at a town of the Barolongs, not far from that place, and that Mahoomapelo, the chief of Nokuning, a town about eighteen miles north-east of Lattakoo, was preparing for flight. This report was accompanied by the most extravagant stories, exaggerating the numbers and ferocity of the invaders, beyond all bounds of credibility, and filling the imaginations of the Bechuanas with horror and dismay. One of these messengers stated that he had seen a Barolong who, after being made pri-

soner by the Mantatees, had made his escape, and who positively affirmed that they were cannibals, having had ocular demonstration of the fact. He maintained that the king of the Tamacha tribe had been made prisoner by them, and was forced to become their guide to Lattakoo. Their intention, he said, was to plunder the towns of Lattakoo and Kuruman, and then proceed towards Griqua-land. He had told them, he added, that if they advanced to the southward they would meet with a powerful white people who would destroy them. To this they replied, that the white people were their fathers, and would do them no injury, but provide them with food. This man also confirmed the rumours which I had previously heard of there being white or rather yellow people among the Mantatees, armed with strange weapons, and wearing a cotton garment. In respect to their numbers, all the information we could obtain from these messengers was, that they were an innumerable multitude, "countless as the spikes of grass that wave on the plains of the wilderness."

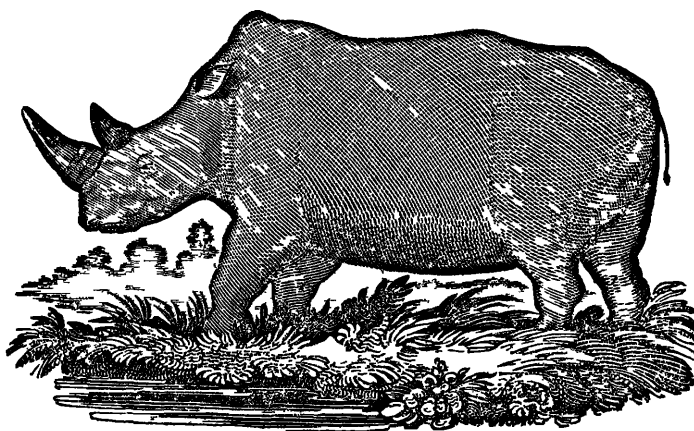
15.—This being the sabbath, divine service

was performed by the missionaries in the chapel. It was delivered in Dutch and translated into the Bechuana language by an interpreter. There was but a small attendance of the natives. Their worldly concerns might be supposed to engross them peculiarly at this moment; but at no time, the missionaries told me, has the attendance been considerable. It must, indeed, be a work of no common difficulty to impress the importance of religious truths on the minds of a people who, previous to the arrival of the missionaries, are said not to have had the slightest idea of a future state, and scarcely even a vague and glimmering notion of a deity. Much time and patience will doubtless be required from the pious labourers among them to effect their ultimate conversion. Yet, though few or no Christian converts have been made, it is not to be rashly imagined that no advantage has been gained, that no real progress has been effected. On the contrary, I conceive that what Messrs. Hamilton and Moffat have already done, is highly important in preparing the way for the future improvement of the Bechuana tribes. The inoffensive, disinterested,

and prudent demeanour of these worthy men has already acquired for them the entire confidence and respect of Mateebè and his people; and the example they have set before the natives of industry in cultivating the ground, and in the practice of irrigation, previously unknown here, is not likely to be thrown away upon this ingenious race of men.*

The secret council intimated yesterday was held upon a hill about five miles distant; all the warriors marching out in their several divisions and in solemn order to the place of convocation. The nature of the subjects discussed, or the result, was not made known.

* Since that time, I have learned that the practice of irrigation is fast gaining ground, and that great competition exists for the use of the water. This is a great step gained and can scarcely fail to lead to others much more important.



CHAPTER X.

Excursion to the Eastward.—The Wanderer Arend.—Kuruman Fountain.—Return.—Further Rumours of the Invaders.—Second Excursion.—Arend's Account of the Interior Tribes.

JUNE 16.—Seeing no prospect of rendering my excursion available for commercial purposes, in the present alarmed and disorganized condition of the native tribes, and being consequently desirous of returning without delay to Cape Town, I resolved,

nevertheless, to obtain, if possible, a nearer view of the formidable marauders of whom I had recently heard so much; or at least endeavour to procure some more authentic and direct information respecting them. I therefore stated to Mr. Moffat my intention of proceeding as far as Lat-takoo for that purpose. Mr. Moffat immediately volunteered to accompany me; and, accordingly, we set off this morning about nine o'clock, attended by my Bechuana servant; and the waggon of the missionaries was directed to follow us with all dispatch. The wondering inhabitants came out in multitudes to gaze at us, or rather at our horses, as we rode off,—for a horse here is almost as much an object of admiration as an elephant in England.

Our journey lay across a country thinly sprinkled with mimosa trees, and abounding with game. As we proceeded, immense plains opened interminably to our view, waving with a sea of grass. About two o'clock we reached the Maquareen River, where we purposed to await the arrival of the waggon, and to spend the night. Here, to our surprise, we found a waggon already outspanned,

and a party of men along with it. Mr. Moffat immediately conjectured that this must be the party of one Arend, a runaway slave, of whom he had heard as a wanderer in these parts; and so it proved, for on approaching we discovered Arend seated in his waggon, with his gun in his hand, prepared to defend himself to the last extremity, for he had taken us for colonists coming to apprehend him. Matters being cleared up in this respect, we instantly came to a good understanding, and joined company. Arend informed us that he had belonged to a boor in the Sneeuwberg, but, being very cruelly used, had absconded from the Colony, about seven years ago, since which period he had been leading a wandering life among the tribes of the interior. By trafficking he had acquired some little property, being now possessed of a waggon, a musket, a considerable quantity of ivory, and about ninety head of cattle. His party consisted of an old Hottentot, named Cupido Kackerlackie and his wife, together with several Bechuanas of the Barolong, Morootzee, and Wankeet tribes, whom he had picked up in travelling among these nations. His last residence had been

at Nokuning, a town already mentioned as lying to the eastward of Lattakoo. This place he had abandoned on the approach of the Mantatees, and he was now flying from these destroyers towards the south. Arend treated us with the broiled flesh of a springbok which he had just shot, and which we eat with much relish, without either bread, salt, or any other sauce than a keen appetite. On the arrival of our waggon, we all gathered round a blazing fire, forming a motley groupe of very various lineage and complexion. The night was chill but serene, with a refulgent moon illuminating the solitary wilds that environed us; and, while the social pipe fumed around the fire, Arend entertained us with many anecdotes of his own wild and wandering life, and of the barbarous tribes he had visited. He had accompanied the Rev. Mr. Campbell in his last journey, as far as Kurrechein, in the Morootzee country; and avowed his readiness to accompany me even to Delagoa Bay, were it not for the savage Mantatees—no other obstacle of any moment existing, as he conceived, to the accomplishment of such a journey.

Having a Jew's harp among the trinkets I had

brought with me, I now presented it to Arend, who played on the simple instrument, to the astonishment of his wild retinue. After this serenade we all betook ourselves to repose, our swarthy companions coiling themselves up around the embers of the fire, while Mr. Moffat and I crept into the waggon, and soon sunk to sound repose amidst the melancholy howlings of the hyænas and jackals, which alone broke at times the deep silence of the wilderness.

17.—Our new acquaintance, Arend, having persuaded us that it was not prudent to pursue our journey farther, on account of the marauders straggling about the country, and finding, also, that the axle-tree of our waggon had given way, we determined on returning. We, therefore, ordered the people with the waggon to make the best of their way back, while Mr. Moffat and I directed our course towards the Kuruman Fountain, which we reached after a ride of about five hours.

This is probably the most abundant spring of water in South Africa. A considerable river bursts at once from the rock, by a number of broken pas-