

his voice the panegyric which that ruler is said to have pronounced at his boguera. This repetition of his "leina" is so pleasing to a chief that he generally sends a handsome present to the person who performs the office.

A good deal of beating is required to bring the young scholars up to the mark, and when they return they have generally a number of scars on their backs. On their return from the ceremonies of initiation a prize is given to the lad who can run fastest. They are then considered men, and can sit among the elders in the kotla.

These bands or regiments, which are named mepato in the plural and mopato in the singular, receive particular appellations; as, the Matsatsi, or "the suns;" the Mabusa, or "the rulers." Though living in different parts of a town, they turn out at the call, and act under the chief's son. They recognise a sort of equality, and address one another by the title of molekane or comrade. If a member commits any offence against the rules, such as cowardice or eating alone when his mates are within call, the rest may strike him. A person who belongs to an older mopato may chastise a culprit in a younger, but no one in a junior band may meddle with his seniors. When three or four companies have been formed the oldest no longer takes the field in time of war, but remains as a guard over the women and children. When a fugitive comes to a tribe he is incorporated into the mopato analogous to that to which he belonged in his own tribe. No native knows his own age. If asked how old he is, he answers, "Does a man remember when he was born?" They reckon solely by the number of mepato which have been formed since their own. When they have witnessed four or five they are no longer obliged to bear arms. The oldest man I ever met boasted that he had seen eleven sets of boys submit to the boguera. If he was fifteen at his own initiation, and fresh bands were added every six or seven years, he may have been about seventy-five or eighty, which is no great age; but it seemed so to people who are considered superannuated at forty.

The Mopato system is an ingenious plan for attaching the tribe to the chief's family, and for imparting a discipline which renders the people easy of command. The first

missionaries set their faces against the boguera, both on account of its connection with heathenism, and because the youths learned much evil and became disobedient to their parents. From the general success of the pioneers of Christianity, it is perhaps better that younger missionaries should tread in their footsteps. So much mischief may result from breaking down the authority on which our whole influence with those who cannot read appears to rest, that innovators ought to be made to propose their new measures as the Locrians did new laws—with ropes around their necks.

A somewhat analogous ceremony (boyale) takes place for young women. Clad in a dress composed of ropes made of alternate pumpkin-seeds and bits of reed strung together, and wound round the body in a figure-of-eight fashion, they are drilled under the superintendence of an old woman, and are inured to bear fatigue and carry large pots of water. They have often scars from bits of burning charcoal having been applied to the forearm, which must have been done to test their power of bearing pain.

The Bamangwato hills are part of the range called Bakaa. The Bakaa tribe, however, removed to Kolobeng, and is now joined to that of Sechele. The range stands about 700 or 800 feet above the plains, and is composed of great masses of black basalt. At the eastern end the hills have curious fungoid or cup-shaped hollows, of a size which suggests the idea of craters. Within these are masses of rock crystallized in a columnar form: the tops of the pillars are hexagonal, like the bottom of the cells of a honeycomb, but are not separated from each other as in the Cave of Fingal. In many places the lava-streams may be recognised. The cold in the evening, suddenly contracting portions of the rock, which had been expanded by the heat of the day, wrenched them off, and they fell with a ringing noise which leads people to fancy that they contain abundance of iron. Huge fragments slipping down the sides of the hills and impinging against each other had formed cavities in which the Bakaa hid themselves from their enemies. The numerous chinks which were left made it quite impossible to smoke out the fugitives, as was done by the Boers to the people of Mankopane. This mass of basalt, which is about six miles long, has, like all the

recent volcanic rocks of the country, a hot fountain in its vicinity.

In passing through these hills on our way north we enter a pass named Manakalongwe, or Unicorn's Pass. The unicorn here is a large edible caterpillar, with an erect horn-like tail. The country beyond consisted of large patches of trap-covered tufa, having little vegetation except tufts of grass and wait-a-bit thorns, in the midst of extensive sandy grass-covered plains. The yellow or dun-colour prevails during a great part of the year, and, with the moretloa and mahatla bushes, forms quite a characteristic feature of the country. The Bakwain hills are an exception; unlike the usual flat surface, they are covered with trees to their tops, and the valleys are often of the most lovely green—even the Bakwain plains contain trees instead of bushes.

In no part of this country could European grain be cultivated without irrigation. The natives rear the dourrha or Holcus sorghum, maize, pumpkins, melons, cucumbers, and different kinds of beans; and are entirely dependent for their growth upon rains. The instrument of culture is the hoe, and the chief labour falls on the female portion of the community. In this particular the Bechuanas resemble the Caffres. The men engage in hunting, milk the cows, and have the entire control of the cattle. It is their office also to prepare the skins and make the clothing, and in many respects they may be considered a nation of tailors.

January 28th.—Passing on to Letloche, about twenty miles beyond the Bamangwato, we found a fine supply of water. This is a point of so much interest that the first question we ask of passers-by is, "Have you had water?" The first inquiry a native puts to a fellow-countryman is, "Where is the rain?" Though by no means an untruthful nation, the usual answer is, "I don't know—there is none—we are killed with hunger and by the sun." If asked for news, they reply, "There is none, I heard some lies only," and then they tell everything.

Letloche was Mr. Gordon Cumming's furthest station north. As our house at Kolobeng was quite in the game country, we were favoured by visits from this famous hunter during each of the five years of his warfare with wild animals. As

his guides were furnished through my influence, and afterwards told me most of those adventures which have since been given to the world, I had a tolerably good opportunity of testing their accuracy, and I have no hesitation in saying that his book conveys a truthful idea of South African hunting. The native guides learnt to depend implicitly on the word of an Englishman for the subsequent payment for their services, and they gladly went for five or six months to the north, enduring all the hardships of a very trying mode of life, with little else but meat of game to subsist on — nay, they willingly travelled seven or eight hundred miles to Graham's Town, receiving for wages only a musket worth fifteen shillings. Only one man ever deceived them; and as I believed that he was afflicted with greediness to a slight degree of insanity, I upheld the honour of the English name by paying his debts.

The statement of Mr. Cumming as to the number of animals he killed is by no means improbable when we consider the amount of large game which was then in the country. Two other gentlemen in the same region destroyed no fewer than seventy-eight rhinoceroses in a single season. The guns introduced among the tribes cause these fine animals to melt away like snow in spring. In the more remote districts, where firearms have not yet penetrated, the game, with the single exception of the rhinoceros, is to be found in quantities much greater than Mr. Cumming ever saw. The tsetse is, however, an insuperable barrier to hunting with horses, and Europeans can do nothing on foot. Even with the aid of a steed the sport partakes too much of the fearful. The step of the elephant when he charges is so long that, though apparently not quick, the pace equals the speed of a good nag at a canter. His scream, or trumpeting, when infuriated, will sometimes paralyze the horse that is unused to it; the animal stands shivering instead of taking his master out of danger. It not unfrequently happens that the poor creature's legs do their duty so badly that he falls and exposes his rider to be trodden into a mummy; or the rider may lose his presence of mind, and crack his cranium against a branch by allowing the horse to dash under a tree.

Advancing to some wells beyond Letloche, at a spot named

Kanne, we found them carefully hedged round by the people of a Bakalahari village. There was one sucking-place, around which were congregated great numbers of Bushwomen with their egg-shells and reeds. We had sixty miles in front without water, for the most part through a tract of deep soft sand, very distressing for the oxen. We therefore sent them across the country to the deep well Nkauane, and half wandered on the way. When found at last they had been five days without water. Large numbers of elands were met with as usual, though they seldom can get a sip of drink. Many of the plains here have large expanses of grass without trees, but it is rare to find a treeless horizon.

The ostrich generally feeds on some spot where no one can approach him without being detected by his wary eye, which is placed so high that he can see a great way. As the waggon moves along far to the windward, he thinks there is an intention to circumvent him, and he comes rushing from the distance of perhaps a mile so near to the front oxen that the traveller sometimes gets a shot at the silly bird. When he begins to run all the game in sight follow his example. The natives who come upon him in a valley open at both ends sometimes take advantage of his folly. They commence running, as if to cut off his retreat from the passage through which the wind blows; and although free to go out at the opposite outlet, he madly rushes forward to get past the men, and is speared. He never swerves from the course he once adopts. Terror only causes him to increase his speed and run faster into the snare. If pursued by dogs he will turn upon them and inflict a kick which sometimes breaks the back of the animal that receives it. The lion occasionally contrives to catch him. When feeding his pace is from twenty to twenty-two inches; when walking at other times it is about four inches more; and when terrified it is from eleven and a half to thirteen and even fourteen feet in length. In general the eye can no more follow the legs than the spokes of a carriage-wheel in rapid motion; but I was once able to count the steps by a stop-watch, and, if I am not mistaken, the bird made thirty strides in ten seconds. Reckoning each stride at twelve feet, we have a speed of twenty-six miles an hour. These rapid runners are sometimes shot by a horseman

making a cross cut to their undeviating course, but few Englishmen ever succeed in killing them.

The ostrich begins to lay her eggs before she has fixed on a spot for a nest. Solitary eggs, named by the Bechuanas "lesetla," are thus found lying all over the country, and become a prey to the jackal. The nest is only a hollow a few inches deep in the sand, and about a yard in diameter. She seems averse to select a place for it, and often lays in the resort of another ostrich. As many as forty-five eggs have been found together. Some of them contain small concretions of the matter which forms the shell, which has given rise to the idea that they have stones in them. Both male and female assist in the incubation. Several eggs are left outside the nest, and are thought to be intended as food for the first hatched of the brood, till the rest coming out the whole can start together in quest of food. I have several times seen young in charge of a cock, who made a very good attempt at appearing lame in the plover fashion, in order to draw off the attention of pursuers. The little ones squat down and remain immovable when too small to run far, but attain a wonderful degree of speed when about the size of common fowls. It cannot be asserted that ostriches are polygamous, though they often appear to be so. When caught they are easily tamed, but are of no use in their domesticated state. The flesh is white and coarse, and when in good condition has some resemblance to tough turkey.

The egg is possessed of great vital power. One which had been kept in a room during more than three months, in a temperature of about 60°, was found to have a partially developed live chick in it. The Bushmen, when they find a nest, carefully avoid touching the eggs, or leaving marks of human feet near them. They go up the wind to the spot, and with a long stick occasionally remove some of them. Thus, by preventing any suspicion, they keep the hen laying on for months, as we do with fowls. The eggs have a strong disagreeable flavour, and it requires the keen appetite engendered by the Desert to make them tolerable to a European. The Hottentots turn their trowsers into a bag for carrying home the twenty or twenty-five eggs usually found in a nest. It has happened that an Englishman, imitating this knowing

dodge, has reached the waggons with blistered legs, and, after great toil, found all the eggs uneatable from having been some time sat upon. Our countrymen invariably do best when they speak and act in their own character.

The food of the ostrich consists of pods and seeds of different kinds of leguminous plants, with leaves of various shrubs; and, as these are often hard and dry, he picks up a great quantity of pebbles, many of which are as large as marbles. He eats small bulbs, and occasionally a wild melon for the sake of the moisture. One was found choked by a melon which had stuck in his throat. It requires the utmost address of the Bushmen, crawling for miles on their stomachs, to stalk them successfully; yet the quantity of feathers collected annually shows that the slaughter must be considerable, as each bird has only a few in the wings and tail. The full-grown male is of a jet-black glossy colour, with the single exception of the white feathers, which are objects of trade. Nothing can be finer than the adaptation of these flossy feathers for the climate of the Kalahari, where these birds abound; for they afford a perfect shade to the body, with free ventilation beneath them. The half-grown cocks are of a dark brownish-grey colour.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISSIONARY LABOURS. — TREES. — BUSHMEN. — THE SANSHUREH AND CHOBE.

THE Bakalahari, who live at Motlatsa wells, have always been very friendly to us, and listen attentively to instruction in their own tongue. It is, however, difficult to give an idea to an European of the little effect the instruction produces, because no one can realize the degradation to which the people have been sunk by centuries of barbarism and the hard struggle for the necessaries of life. When we kneel and address an unseen Being, the act often appears to them so ridiculous that they burst into laughter. After a few services they get over this tendency. I was once present when a missionary

attempted to sing among a wild tribe of Bechuanas, and the effect on the risible faculties of the audience was such that the tears ran down their cheeks. Nearly all their thoughts are directed to the supply of their bodily wants. If I am asked what effect the preaching of the Gospel has upon them, I can only say that some have confessed long afterwards that they then first begin to pray in secret. When kindly treated in sickness they often utter imploring words to Jesus, and we may hope that they find mercy through His blood, though so little able to appreciate His sacrifice. The existence of a God, and of a future state, has always been admitted by all the Bechuanas. Everything that cannot be accounted for by common causes is ascribed to the Deity, as creation, sudden death, &c. "How curiously God made these things!" "He was not killed by disease, he was killed by God," are common expressions. And, when speaking of the departed, they say, "He has gone to the gods." The Bakwains profess that nothing which appears sin to us ever appeared otherwise to them, except that they did not think wrong to have more than one wife. They declare that they ascribed the rain which was given in answer to prayers of the rain-makers, and the deliverance granted in times of danger, to the power of the Deity, but they show so little consciousness of any religious sentiment that it is not wonderful that they should have been supposed to be totally destitute of it. The want, indeed, of any outward form of worship, makes the Bechuanas appear among the most godless races of mortals. The same may be said of the Caffres, but with Caffres and Bushmen I have had no intercourse in their own tongue. How much depends upon this for the right comprehension of their ideas may be judged from a trifling incident. At Lotlakani we met an old Bushman who sat by our fire relating his early adventures. Among these was the killing five other Bushmen. "Two," said he, counting on his fingers, "were females, one a male, and the other two calves." "What a villain," I exclaimed, "you are, to boast of killing women and children of your own nation! what will God say when you appear before Him?"—"He will say," replied he, "that I was a very clever fellow." I at last discovered that, though the word he used was the same which the Bakwains employ when speaking

of the Deity, he had only the idea of a chief. He was referring to Sekomi, and his victims were a party of rebels against whom he had been sent.

Leaving Motlatsa on the 8th February, 1853, we passed down the Mokoko, which, in the memory of persons now living, was a flowing stream. Between Lotlakani and Nchokotsa we passed the small well named Orapa; and ten miles to the north-east of Orapa is the saltpan Chuantsa, having a cake of salt one inch and a half in thickness. The deposit contains some bitter in addition,—probably the nitrate of lime,—and the natives, to render it palatable, mix it with the juice of a gummy plant, place it in the sand, and bake it by making a fire over it. This renders the lime insoluble and tasteless.

The Bamangwato keep large flocks of sheep and goats at various spots on this side of the Desert. They thrive wonderfully well wherever salt and bushes are to be found. The milk of goats on account of its richness does not curdle with facility; but the natives have discovered that the infusion of the fruit of a solanaceous plant, Toluane, quickly produces the effect. The Bechuanas put their milk into sacks made of untanned hide with the hair taken off. These they hang in the sun. Their contents soon coagulate. The whey is drawn off by a plug at the bottom, and fresh milk is added until the sack is full of a thick sour curd: this when the palate gets accustomed to it is delicious. The rich mix it in their meal porridge, and, as the latter is thus rendered more nutritious, the poor are sometimes called in scorn “mere water-porridge men.”

The rainy season was delayed this year beyond the usual time, and we found the thermometer at Nchokotsa stand at 96° in the shade. This temperature at Kolobeng always portended rain at hand. At Kurumana it may be considered near when the mercury rises above 84°, while farther north it rises above 100° before the downfall can be expected. Here the thermometer, when the bulb was placed two inches beneath the soil, showed 128°. All around Nchokotsa the country looked parched, and the glare from the white efflorescence which covers the extensive pans was most distressing to the eyes. The water was bitter, and presented indications

not to be mistaken of having passed through animal systems before. It contained nitrates, which stimulated the kidneys and increased the thirst. The fresh supplies required from time to time in cooking, each imparting its own portion of salt to the meat, made us grumble at the cook for putting too much seasoning, when in fact he had put none. Of disgusting water I have drunk not a few nauseous draughts; you may try what remedy you please, but the ammonia and other salts remain there still; and the only resource is to push forward as quickly as possible to the north.

We dug out several wells; and on each occasion we had to wait a day or two till sufficient water flowed in to allow our cattle to slake their thirst. Our progress was therefore slow. At Koobe there was such a mass of mud in the pond, worked up by the wallowing rhinoceros to the consistency of mortar, that it was only by great exertion we could get a space cleared at one side for the water to ooze through. If the rhinoceros had come back, a single roll would have rendered all our labour vain, and we were consequently obliged to guard the spot by night. Herds of zebras, gnus, and occasionally buffaloes, stood for days on the wide-spread flats around us, looking wistfully towards the wells for a share of the nasty water. It is wanton cruelty to take advantage of the needs of these poor creatures to destroy them, without intending to make the smallest use of flesh, skins, or horns. Those who commit such havoc for the mere love of destruction must be far gone in the hunting form of insanity. In shooting by night, animals are more frequently wounded than killed; the flowing life-stream increases the craving for water, and they seek it in desperation regardless of danger,—“I must drink, though I die.” The ostrich, even when not hurt, cannot with all his wariness resist the excessive desire to slake his burning thirst. The Bushmen may be excused for profiting by its piteous necessities; for they eat the flesh and wear or sell the feathers.

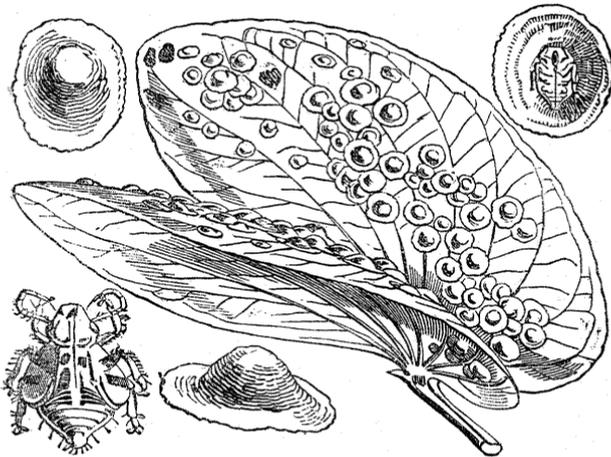
We passed over the immense saltpan Ntwetwe, and about two miles beyond its northern bank we unyoked under a fine specimen of the baobab, here called, in the language of Bechuanas, Mowana. It consisted of six branches united into one trunk, and at three feet from the ground it was eighty-

five feet in circumference. It is the same species as those which Adanson and others believed, from specimens seen in Western Africa, to have been alive before the Flood. These savans came to the conclusion that "therefore there never was any Flood at all." I would back a true mowana to survive a dozen floods. I do not however believe that any of the specimens now existing reach back to the Deluge. I counted the concentric rings in one of these trees in three different parts, and found that upon an average there were eighty-one and a half to a foot. Supposing each ring to be the growth of one year, a mowana one hundred feet in circumference, or with a semi-diameter of about seventeen feet, would be only fourteen centuries old, which is some centuries less ancient than the Christian era.

As the natives make a strong cord from the fibres of the mowana-bark, the whole of the trunk, as high as they can reach, is often denuded of its covering. The bare wood throws out fresh bark, and the process is repeated so often that it is common to see the lower five or six feet an inch or two less in diameter than the part above. Almost any other tree would be killed by such treatment, but such is the wonderful vitality of the mowana that strips of bark which are torn off, and only remain attached at one end, continue to grow. No external injury, not even a fire, destroys this tenacious plant from without; and so little does it regard any injury within that it is common to find it hollow. I have seen a specimen of this kind in which twenty or thirty men could lie down. Even felling does not extinguish its vitality. I was witness of an instance in Angola in which each of eighty-four concentric rings grew an inch in length after it was lying on the ground. Those trees called exogenous increase in bulk by means of successive layers on the outside. The inside may be removed without affecting the life of the plant. This is the case with most of the trees of our climate. The second class is called endogenous, and increases by layers applied to the inside; the outside may be cut without stopping the growth. Any injury is felt most severely by the first class on the bark—by the second on the interior wood. The mowana possesses the powers of both, because each of the laminae has an independent vitality of its own: in fact, it is rather a gigantic

bulb run up to seed than a tree. The roots, which often extend forty or fifty yards from the trunk, are equally indestructible and retain their life after the tree is laid low. The Portuguese have discovered that the best way to treat the mowana is to let it alone, for it occupies more room when out down than when growing. The wood is spongy, and an axe can be struck into it so far with a single blow that there is difficulty in pulling it out again.

The Mopané-tree (*Bauhinia*) is remarkable for the little shade its leaves afford. They fold together and stand nearly



Mopane or Bauhinia leaves, with the insect and its edible secretions.

perpendicular during the heat of the day, and only the shadow of their edges is cast upon the ground. A winged insect—a species of *Psylla*—covers them with a sweet gummy secretion. The people collect this in great quantities, and use it as food. The lapané—large caterpillars three inches long, which feed on the leaves—share the same fate.

In passing along we everywhere see the power of vegetation in breaking up the outer crust of tufa. A mopane-tree, growing in a small chink, as it increases in size lifts up large fragments of the rock and subjects them to the disintegrating influence of the atmosphere. The wood is hard and of a fine

red colour, and is named iron-wood by the Portuguese. The inhabitants state that the mopane is more frequently struck by lightning than other trees, and caution travellers never to seek its shade when a thunderstorm is near. "Lightning hates it." Another tree, the "Morala," which has three spines opposite each other on the branches, has never, in compensation, been known to be touched by lightning, and is esteemed, even as far as Angola, a protection against the electric fluid. Branches of it may be seen placed on the houses of the Portuguese. The natives believe, in addition, that if a man can get into the shade of this wonderful preserver it will be an effectual protection from an enraged elephant.

At Rapesh we came among our old friends the Bushmen, under Horoye. He and some others were at least six feet high, and of a darker colour than the Bushmen of the south. They frequent the Zouga, and have always plenty of food and water. They refrain from eating the goat, which is significant of their feelings to the only animal they could have domesticated in their desert home. They are a merry laughing set, and have more appearance of worship than the Bechuanas. The observances we once witnessed at a grave showed that they regarded the dead man as still in another state of being; for they requested him not to be offended even though they wished to remain a little while longer in this world.

These Bushmen killed many elephants. They hunted by night when the moon was full for the sake of the coolness. They choose the moment succeeding a charge, when the elephant is out of breath, to run in and give him a stab with their long-bladed spears. The chase of the elephant is the best test of courage the country affords, and the number killed in the course of a season by Bechuanas, Griquas, Boers, and Englishmen, will give some idea of the prowess of the respective races. The average for the natives was less than one per man, for the Griquas one, for the Boers two, and for the English officers twenty each. This was the more remarkable since the Griquas, Boers, and Bechuanas employed both dogs and natives to assist them, while the English hunters had seldom assistance from either. The reason of the superiority of our countrymen was that they had the coolness to

approach within thirty yards of the animal before firing, while the others stood at the safe distance of a hundred yards, or even more, and spent all the force of their bullets on the air. Mr. Oswell found an elephant with a crowd of bullets in his side, not one of which had gone near the vital parts. It would thus appear that our more barbarous neighbours do not possess half the courage of the civilized sportsman. In this respect, as well as in physical development, it is probable that we are superior to our ancestors. The coats of mail and greaves of the Knights of Malta, and the armour from the Tower exhibited at the Eglinton tournament, is decisive to show the greater size we have attained in modern times.

1st March. The thermometer in the shade generally stood at 98° from 1 to 3 P.M., but as it sank as low as 65° by night the heat was by no means exhausting. At the surface of the ground, in the sun, the thermometer marked 125°. The hand cannot be held on the earth, and even the horny feet of the natives must be protected by sandals of hide. The ants, nevertheless, were busy working on the fiery soil. The water in the ponds was as high as 100°; but as it does not readily conduct heat downwards, drink deliciously cool might be obtained by walking into the middle and lifting up the water from the bottom.

Proceeding to the north, from Kama-kama, we entered into dense mohono-bush, which required the constant application of the axe by three of our party for two days before we emerged into the plains beyond. This bush has fine silvery leaves, and the bark has a sweet taste. The elephant, with his usual delicacy of taste, feeds much on it.

The rains had been copious, but the water in the ponds was rapidly disappearing. The lotus abounded in them, and a low sweet-scented plant covered their banks. Breezes came occasionally to us from the drying-up pools; but the pleasant odour they carried caused sneezing both to myself and my people; and on the 10th of March (when in lat. 19° 16' 11" S., long. 24° 24' E.) we were brought to a stand by four of the party being seized with African fever. I at first imagined it was only a bilious attack, arising from full feeding on flesh, for the large game had been abundant. Every man was in a few days laid low, except a Bakwain lad and myself. He managed

the cattle, while I looked after the patients. The tall grass made the oxen uneasy, and the appearance one night of a hyæna set them galloping away into the forest to the east of us. The Bakwain lad went after them, as is common with the members of his tribe in such cases. They dash through bush and brake for miles, till they think the panic is a little subsided. They then whistle to the cattle in the same manner as when milking cows. Having calmed them, they remain as a guard till the morning, and generally return with their shins well pealed by the thorns. The lad lost sight of our oxen in their rush through the flat trackless forest. He remained on their trail the whole of the next day, found them late in the afternoon, had been obliged to stand by them all night, and brought them back on Sunday morning. It was wonderful how he managed without a compass, and in such a country, to find his way home, and to keep forty oxen together.

The Bechuanas will remain on the sick-list as long as they feel weak, and I began to be anxious that they should try to get forward. By making beds in the waggons for our worst cases, we managed to move slowly on. The want of power in the man who guided the front oxen, or, as he was called, the "leader," caused us to be entangled with trees, both standing and fallen, and the labour of cutting them down was more severe than ordinary; but notwithstanding an immense amount of work, my health continued good. We wished to avoid the tsetse of our former route, and the necessity of making a new path much increased our toil. In lat. 18° we were rewarded by a luxury we had not enjoyed the year before. Our eyes were greeted by large patches of vines, a sight so unexpected that I stood some time gazing at the clusters of grapes, with no more thought of plucking them than if I had beheld them in a dream. The elephants are fond of plant, root, and fruit alike; but the fruit is not well flavoured, on account of the great astringency of the seeds, which in shape and size are like split peas.

I here found an insect, about an inch and a quarter long, as thick as a crow-quill, and covered with black hair, which puts its head into a little hole in the ground, and quivers its tail rapidly. The ants, attracted by the movement, approach to look at it, and are snapped up the moment they get within

the range of the forceps on the tail. As the head of this creature is beneath the soil, it becomes a question how it can guide the other end to its prey. It is probably a new species of ant-lion (*Myrmeleon formicaleo*), of which great numbers are met with, both in the larvæ and complete state. The ground under every tree is dotted over with their ingenious pitfalls. The form of the perfect insect is familiar to us in the dragon-fly, which uses its tail in the same active manner. Two may often be seen joined in their flight, the one holding on by the tail-forceps to the neck of the other.

The forest daily became more dense, and we were kept almost constantly at work with the axe. There was much more foliage on the trees than farther south. The leaves are chiefly of the pinnate and bi-pinnate forms, and are exceedingly beautiful when seen against the sky. Fleming, who had hitherto assisted to conduct his own waggon, knocked up at the end of March. As I could not drive two waggons, I shared the remaining water with him, about half a caskful, and went in search of a fresh supply. A heavy rain commenced; I was employed the whole day in cutting down trees, and every stroke of the axe brought down a thick shower on my back and into my shoes, which in the hard work was very refreshing. In the evening we met some Bushmen, who volunteered to show us a pool. I unyoked and walked some miles in search of it. On returning to our waggon we found that the loss of our companionship had brought out some of Fleming's energy, for he had managed to come up.

As the water in this pond dried up, we were soon obliged to move again. One of the Bushmen took out his dice, and, after throwing them, said that God told him to go home. He threw again in order to show me the command, but the opposite result followed. He remained and was useful, for a lion drove off the oxen to a great distance. The lions here are not often heard. They seem to have a dread of the Bushmen, who, when they observe evidence that one of these beasts has made a full meal, follow up his spoor so quietly that his slumbers are not disturbed. One discharges a poisoned arrow from a distance of a few feet, while another throws his skin cloak over the animal's head. The surprise causes the lion to lose his presence of mind, and he bounds away in terror.

The poison used by our present friends was the entrails of a caterpillar called N'gwa, half an inch long. They squeeze the virulent matter upon the barb, and leave it to dry in the sun. They are very careful in cleaning their nails after the operation, for if a small portion gets into a scratch the agony is excessive. The sufferer cuts himself, calls for his mother's breast, as if in imagination he had returned to the days of his infancy, and often flies from human habitations, a raging maniac. The effects on the lion are equally terrible. He is heard moaning in distress, and bites the trees and ground in his fury.

The Bushmen have the reputation of being able to neutralise the poison. This they said they effected by administering the caterpillar itself in combination with fat, at the same time rubbing fat into the wound. "The N'gwa," they explained, "wants fat, and, when it does not find it in the body, kills the man: we give it what it wants, and it is content." Father Pedro, a Jesuit, who lived at Zumbo, made a balsam, from a number of plants and *castor oil*, which is asserted to be a remedy for poisoned arrow-wounds. It is probable he derived the essential part of his prescription from the natives, and that the reputed efficacy of the balsam is owing to its fatty constituent. In the case of a bite from a serpent, a small key ought to be pressed down firmly on the puncture to force out the poison until a cupping-glass can be got from one of the natives, when the exhaustion of the air over the wound will produce a still freer flow. If stung by a scorpion, a watch-key will serve to squeeze out the virus, and a mixture of fat or oil and ipecacuanha relieves the pain.

The poison in most general use is the milky juice of the tree euphorbia (*E. arborescens*). This is particularly deadly to the equine race, and when a quantity is mixed with the water of a pond a whole herd of zebras will fall dead before they have moved away two miles. On oxen or men it only acts as a purgative. In some places the venom of serpents and a certain bulb, *Amaryllis toxicaria*, are added, in order to increase the virulence.

Believing that frequent change of place was conducive to the recovery of the sick, we moved as much as we could, and came to the hill N'gwa (lat. 18° 27' 20" S., long. 24° 13' 36"

E.). It is three or four hundred feet high, and covered with trees; and as it was the only hill we had seen since leaving the Bamangwato, we felt inclined to take off our hats to it. The valley Kandehái, on its northern side, an open glade surrounded by forest trees of various hues, with a little stream meandering in the centre, is as picturesque a spot as is to be seen in this part of Africa.

The game hereabouts is very tame. A herd of reddish-coloured antelopes (pallahs) remained looking at us; while gnus, tsessebes, and zebras gazed in astonishment at the intruders. Some fed carelessly, and others put on the peculiar air of displeasure which they sometimes assume before they resolve on flight. Several buffaloes, with their dark visages, stood under the trees, and a large white rhinoceros passed along the valley with his slow sauntering gait without regarding us. It was Sunday, and all was peace.

On one occasion a lion came at daybreak, went round and round the oxen, and then began to roar at the top of his voice. As he could not succeed in scaring them, he went off in disgust, and continued to vociferate his displeasure for a long time in the distance. I could not see that he had a mane, and, if he had none, even the maneless variety can use their tongues. Others tried in vain to frighten the oxen, and, when they failed, became equally angry, as we knew from their tones.

The Bushmen of these districts are generally fine men. They are fond of a root somewhat like a kidney potato, and the kernel of a nut which Fleming thought was a kind of betel. It came from a large spreading tree with palmate leaves. From the quantities of berries and the abundance of game in these parts, the Bushmen can scarcely ever be badly off for food. As I could keep them well supplied with meat, and was anxious for them to remain, I proposed that they should bring their wives to get a share, but they remarked that the women could always take care of themselves. They soon afterwards wished to leave us, and, as there was no use in trying to thwart them, I allowed them to go. The payment I made them acted as a charm on some strangers who happened to be present, and induced them to volunteer their aid.

As we went north the country became lovely. The grass was green and often higher than the waggon, and the vines

festooned the trees. Among these were the real banian (*Ficus indica*), with its drop-shoots, the wild date and palmyra, and several which were altogether new to me. The hollows contained large patches of water. Next came watercourses, which now resembled small rivers, and were twenty yards broad and four feet deep. The further we went, the broader and deeper they grew. The elephants wading in them had made numbers of holes, in which the oxen floundered desperately. Our waggon-pole was broken, and we were compelled to work up to the breast in water for three hours and a half.

The great quantity of water we had passed through was part of the annual inundation of the Chobe. We at last came to the Sanshureh, which is only one of the branches by which it sends its overflowings to the south-east. Yet it was a large deep river, filled in many places with reeds, and having hippopotami in it. As it presented an insuperable barrier, we drew up under a magnificent baobab-tree (lat. $18^{\circ} 4' 27''$ S., long. $24^{\circ} 6' 20''$ E.), and resolved to search for a passage. In company with the Bushmen I explored the banks, waded a long way among the reeds in water breast high, and always found a broad deep space free from vegetation, and unfordable. A peculiar kind of lichen, which grows on the surface of the soil, becomes detached and floats on the water, giving out, in particular spots, a disagreeable odour, like sulphuretted hydrogen.

We made so many attempts to get over the Sanshureh, in the hope of reaching some of the Makololo on the Chobe, that my Bushmen friends became tired of the work. By means of presents I got them to remain some days. At last they slipped away by night, and I was compelled to take one of the strongest of my still weak companions and cross the river in a pontoon, the gift of Captains Codrington and Webb. We penetrated about twenty miles to the westward, in the hope of striking the Chobe, which was much nearer to us in a northerly direction, though we did not then know it. The plain, over which we splashed the whole of the first day, was covered with thick grass which reached above the knees, and with water ankle-deep. In the evening we came to an immense wall of reeds, six or eight feet high. When we tried to enter, the water became so deep that we were fain to desist. We directed our course to some trees which appeared

in the south, in order to get a bed and a view of the adjacent locality. Having shot a leche, and made a glorious fire, we had a good cup of tea and a comfortable night. While collecting wood I found a bird's nest consisting of live leaves sewn together with films of the spider's web. The threads had been pushed through small punctures and thickened to resemble a knot. Nothing could exceed the airiness of this pretty contrivance. I unfortunately lost it. This was the second nest I had seen resembling that of the tailor-bird of India.

On climbing the highest trees next morning we beheld a large sheet of water, surrounded on all sides by the same impenetrable belt of reeds. This is the broad part of the river Chobe, and is called Zabesa. Our first effort was to get to two tree-covered islands which seemed much nearer to the water than the point where we stood. The reeds were not the only obstacle to our progress. Mingled with them was a peculiar serrated grass, which at certain angles cut the hands like a razor, and the entire mass was bound together by the climbing convolvulus, with its stalks as strong as whipcord. We felt like pigmies in this tall dense thicket of vegetation, and often the only way we could get on was for both of us to lean against the barrier, and bend it down till we could stand upon it. There was no ventilation among the reeds, and as the sun rose high the heat was stifling. The perspiration streamed from our bodies, and the water, which was up to our knees, felt agreeably refreshing. After several hours of toil we reached one of the islands. Here we met an old friend, the bramble-bush. The legs of my companion were bleeding, and his leather trowsers were torn. My own, which were of strong moleskin, were worn through at the knees, and, tearing my handkerchief in two, I tied the pieces round the holes. We were still forty or fifty yards from the clear water, and now encountered another difficulty. We were opposed by great masses of papyrus, eight or ten feet high, and an inch and a half in diameter, and so strongly laced together by twining convolvulus, that the weight of both of us had no effect upon them. At last we found a passage prepared by a hippopotamus. Eager to look along the vista to clear water, I stepped in and found it took me at once up to the neck.

Returning nearly worn out, we proceeded up the bank of

the Chobe, till we came to the point of departure of the branch Sanshureh. Then we turned and went in the opposite direction. Still we could see nothing from the highest trees except one vast expanse of reed. After a hard day's work we came to a deserted Bayeiye hut on an anthill. Not a bit of fuel could be got for a fire, except the grass and sticks of the dwelling itself. I dreaded the "*tampans*," so common in all old huts; but as we were tormented outside by thousands of mosquitoes, and the cold dew began to fall, we were fain to crawl beneath its shelter.

We were close to the reeds, and listened to the strange sounds which issued from them. By day I had seen water-snakes putting up their heads and swimming about. There were great numbers of otters (*Lutra inunguis*, F. Cuvier), which have made a multitude of little spoors, as they go in search of the fishes, among the tall grass of these flooded prairies. Curious birds jerked and wriggled among the reedy mass, and we heard human-like voices and unearthly sounds, with splash and guggle, as if rare fun were going on in these uncouth haunts. Once a sound greeted our ears like that of an advancing canoe. Thinking it to be the Makololo, we got up, listened, and shouted; receiving no reply, we discharged a gun several times without effect, for the noise continued for an hour. After a damp cold night we early in the morning recommenced our work of exploring. Some of the anthills here are thirty feet high, and of a base so broad that trees grow on them; while the lands annually flooded bear nothing but grass. Where the water remains long no forest will survive. From one of the great mounds we discovered an inlet to the Chobe; and we forthwith launched in our pontoon upon a deep river, which at this point was from eighty to one hundred yards wide. A hippopotamus came up at one side and went off with a desperate plunge. We had passed over him. The wave he made caused the pontoon to glide quickly away from him.

We paddled on from midday till sunset. There was nothing but a wall of reed on each bank, and we saw every prospect of spending a supperless night in our float, till, just as the short twilight of these parts was commencing, we perceived on the north bank the village of Moremi, one of the Makololo, whose acquaintance I had made in our former visit.

He was now located on the island Mahonta (lat. $17^{\circ} 58' S.$, long. $24^{\circ} 6' E.$). The inhabitants looked like people who had seen a ghost, and in their figurative way of speaking exclaimed, "He has dropped among us from the clouds, yet came riding on the back of a hippopotamus! We Makololo thought no one could cross the Chobe without our knowledge, but here he drops among us like a bird."

Next day we returned across the flooded lands in canoes to our waggons, and found that in our absence the men had allowed the cattle to wander into a small patch of wood to the west infested by tsetse. This carelessness cost me ten fine oxen. After we had remained a few days some of the head-men of the Makololo came down from Linyanti, with a large party of Barotse, to conduct us over the river. This they did in fine style. They took the waggons to pieces and carried them across on a number of canoes lashed together, while they themselves swum and dived among the oxen more like alligators than men. We were now among friends. After advancing about thirty miles to the north, in order to avoid the still flooded lands on the north of the Chobe, we turned westwards towards Linyanti (lat. $18^{\circ} 17' 20'' S.$, long. $23^{\circ} 50' 9'' E.$), where we arrived on the 23rd of May, 1853. This is the capital town of the Makololo, and only a short distance from our waggon-stand of 1851 (lat. $18^{\circ} 20' S.$, long. $23^{\circ} 50' E.$).

CHAPTER IX.

LINYANTI.—THE CHIEF SEKELETU.—CUSTOMS OF THE MAKOLOLO.

THE whole population of Linyanti, numbering between six and seven thousand, turned out to see the waggons in motion. They had never witnessed the phenomenon before, for on the former occasion we departed by night. Sekeletu, now in power, received us in royal style, and sent us pots of boyaloo, the beer of the country. These were brought by women, and each bearer took a good draught of the beer to show that it was not poisoned.

The court herald greeted us. This official utters all the proclamations, calls assemblies, keeps the kotla clean and the fire burning, and when a person is executed in public he drags away the body. The present herald was an old man who occupied the post in Sebituane's time. He stood up, and after leaping, and shouting at the top of his voice, roared out some adulatory sentences, as, "Don't I see the white man? Don't I see the comrade of Sebituane? Don't I see the father of Sekeletu? We want sleep. Give your son sleep, my lord." The meaning of this request for sleep was that Sebituane had learnt that the white men had "a pot (a cannon) in their towns which would burn up any attacking party;" and the old warrior thought if he could get possession of this weapon he would be able to "sleep" the rest of his days in peace.

Sekeletu was a young man eighteen years of age, and of that dark yellow or coffee-and-milk colour, of which the Makololo are so proud, because it distinguishes them from the black tribes on the rivers. The women long for children of light colour so much that they sometimes chew the bark of a certain tree in the hope that it will have this effect. To my eye the dark skin is much more agreeable than the tawny hue of the half-caste, which that of the Makololo closely resembles.

In height Sekeletu was about five feet seven, not so good-looking nor so able as his father, but equally friendly to the English. Sebituane installed his daughter Mamochisane into the chieftainship long before his death, and to prevent her having a superior in a husband he told her all the men were hers, that she might take any one, but ought to keep none. According to a saying in the country, "the tongues of women cannot be governed;" and as she lived this free independent life, they made her miserable by their remarks. One paramour she selected was even called her wife, and her son the child of Mamochisane's wife. The arrangement was so distasteful to her, that when Sebituane was dead she declared she never would consent to govern the Makololo while she had a brother alive. Sekeletu wished her to retain the authority, for fear that the pretensions of another member of the family to the chieftainship should prevail. Three days were spent in public discussion on the point. At last Mamochisane

chisane stood up in the assembly and addressed her brother with a womanly gush of tears: "I have been a chief only because my father wished it. I always would have preferred to be married and have a family like other women. You, Sekeletu, must be chief and build up your father's house."

After the Mambari, in 1850, took to the west a favourable report of this new Makololo market, a number of half-caste Portuguese slave-traders paid it a visit. One, who resembled closely a real Portuguese, came to Linyanti while I was there in 1853. He had no merchandise, and pretended that his object was to inquire "what sort of goods were necessary for the market." He seemed much disconcerted by my presence. Sekeletu presented him with an elephant's tusk and an ox; and when he had departed about fifty miles to the westward he carried off an entire village of the Bakalahari belonging to the Makololo. He had a number of armed slaves with him; and as all the villagers—men, women, and children—were removed, and the fact was unknown until a considerable time afterwards, it is not certain whether he attained his object by violence or by promises.

Mpépe, the rival candidate for the chieftainship, favoured these slave-traders. A large party of Mambari had come to Linyanti while I was floundering on the prairies south of the Chobe. They fled precipitately by night when some Makololo, who had assisted us to cross the river, returned with hats which I had given them. The natives inquired the cause of their haste, and were told that, if I found them there, I should take all their slaves and goods from them. It afterwards appeared that they derived their impression from their knowledge of what was done by the English cruisers on the coast. They went to the north, where they erected a stockade of considerable size, and, under the leadership of a native Portuguese, carried on the abominable traffic in human beings. Mpepe fed them with the cattle of Sekeletu, and formed a plan of raising himself, by means of their fire-arms, to be the head of the Makololo. The usual policy of slave-traders is to side with the strongest party in a tribe, and get well paid by captures made from the weaker faction. Long secret conferences were held by these dealers in men and their rebel ally,

and it was agreed that Mpepe should cut down Sekeletu the first time they met.

My object being to examine the country for a healthy locality before attempting to make a path to the east or west coast, I proposed to Sekeletu to ascend the great river we had discovered in 1851. We had advanced about sixty miles on the road to Sesheke when we encountered Mpepe. The Makololo had never attempted to ride oxen until I advised it in 1851. Sekeletu and his companions were now mounted, though, having neither saddle nor bridle, they were perpetually falling off, and when Mpepe ran towards the chief he galloped off to an adjacent village. On our party coming up an interview took place between the rivals in a hut, and the intention of Mpepe was to execute here the murderous design which had been frustrated on the road. Being tired with riding, I asked Sekeletu where I should sleep. He replied, "Come, I will show you." As we rose together I unconsciously covered his body with mine, and saved him from the blow of the assassin. Some of the attendants had divulged the plot; and when Sekeletu showed me the hut in which I was to pass the night, he said, "That man wishes to kill me." The chief resolved to be beforehand with him. He immediately sent some persons to seize him, and he was led out a mile and speared. This is the common mode of executing criminals. Mpepe's men fled to the Barotse, and, it being unadvisable for us to go thither during the commotion which followed his death, we returned to Linyanti. The Mambari, in their stockade, now their protector had fallen were placed in an awkward position. It was proposed to attack them and drive them out of the country, but, dreading a commencement of hostilities, I urged that their fortification, defended by perhaps forty muskets, would not be easy to take. "Hunger is strong enough for that," said an under-chief; "a very great fellow is he." As the chief sufferers from a blockade would have been the poor slaves chained in gangs, I interceded for them, and they were allowed to depart in peace.

This execution of Mpepe is a characteristic specimen of the Makololo mode of dealing with grave political offences. In common cases there is a greater show of deliberation. The

accuser asks the accused to go with him to the head of the tribe. The complainant stands up in the kotla and states the charge before the chief and the people assembled there. The witnesses to whom he has referred then tell all they have seen or heard, but not anything they have heard from others. The case for the prosecution concluded, the defendant after a pause of a few minutes slowly rises, folds his cloak around him, and, in the most careless manner he can assume—yawning, blowing his nose, &c.—makes his reply. Sometimes, when the complainant utters a sentence of dissent, the accused turns to him quietly, and says, "Be silent: I sat still while you were speaking; can't you do the same? Do you want to have it all to yourself?" When he has concluded, his witnesses, if he has any, give their evidence. No oath is administered; but occasionally, when a statement is questioned, a man will protest, "By my father," or "By the chief, it is so." Their truthfulness among each other is remarkable.

If the case is one of no importance, the chief decides it at once; if frivolous, he may put a stop to it in the middle, or allow it to go on without heeding what is said. Family quarrels are often treated in this way, and a man may be seen arguing his case with great fluency, and not a soul listening to him. But if it is a dispute between influential men, or brought on by under-chiefs, the greatest decorum prevails. When the chief does not see his way to a verdict, he remains silent, and the elders give their opinions one by one. If there is a unanimity of sentiment, he delivers his judgment in accordance with it. He alone speaks sitting. No one refuses to acquiesce in his decision, for he has the power of life and death in his hands; but grumbling is allowed, and, when he shows marked favouritism to a relative, the people are not so astonished at the partiality as we should be in England.

This system was as well developed among the Makololo as among the Bakwains, and is no foreign importation. When I was at Cassange my men had a slight quarrel, and came to me, as to their chief, for judgment. I gave my decision, and they went off satisfied. Several Portuguese complimented me on my success in teaching them how to act in litigation; but I had only followed the plan which I found ready-made to my hands.

Soon after our arrival at Linyanti, Sekeletu pressed me to mention the things I hoped to get from him. Anything, either in or out of his town, should be freely given if I would only mention it. I explained that my object was to elevate him and his people to be Christians. He replied that he did not wish to learn to read the Book, for he was afraid "it might change his heart, and make him content with only one wife, like Sechele." It was of little use to urge that the change of heart implied a contentment with a single consort equal to his present complacency in polygamy. "No, no; he wanted always to have five wives at least." According to the system of the Bechuanas he became possessor of his father's wives, and adopted two of them. The rest were given to influential under-chiefs. When an elder brother dies his wives are taken by the next brother. A chieftain has always a head wife, or queen. Her hut is called the great house, and her children inherit the chieftainship. If she dies, a new wife is selected for the same position.

The women complain that the proportion between the sexes is so changed that they are not valued as they deserve. The majority of the real Makololo have been cut off by fever. Those who remain are a mere fragment of the people who came to the north with Sebituane. Migrating from a healthy climate in the south, they were more subject to the febrile diseases of the valley than the black tribes they conquered. The women generally escaped the attack, but they are less fruitful than formerly, and mourn the want of children, of whom they are all excessively fond.

Each village does not contain above one or two families of true Makololo, who are themselves a compound of many tribes. The members of that miscellaneous nation are distributed as lords among the people they conquered, who are forced to render certain services, and to aid in tilling the soil. They are proud to be called Makololo, but their distinguishing title is Makalaka, which is often used in reproach, as betokening inferiority. The servitude which has resulted from their subjection by force of arms is very mild. Each has his own land under cultivation, and lives nearly independent. It is so easy to escape to other tribes, that the Makololo are compelled to treat them rather as children than

as slaves. Some masters, who fail to secure their affections, frequently find themselves without a single servant.

The Makololo ladies are liberal in their presents of milk and other food. They seldom labour, except to adorn their own huts and court-yards. They drink large quantities of boyáloa, or o-álo, the búza of the Arabs, which, being made of the grain called *Holcus sorghum*, or "durasafi," in a minute state of subdivision, is very nutritious, and gives that plumpness of form which is considered beautiful. They dislike being seen at their potations by persons of the opposite sex. They cut their woolly hair short, and delight in having the whole person shining with butter. Their dress is a kilt reaching to the knees; its material is soft ox-hide, and is not ungraceful. A soft skin mantle is thrown across the shoulders when the lady is unemployed, but when engaged in any labour she lays this aside and works in the kilt alone. The ornaments most coveted are large brass anklets as thick as the little finger, and armlets of brass or ivory. The rings are so heavy that the ankles are often blistered by the weight; but "pride feels no pain," and the infliction is borne as magnanimously as tight lacing and tight shoes among ourselves. Strings of beads are hung around the neck. The fashionable colours are light green and pink, and a trader could get almost anything he chose to ask for beads of these colours.

The women have somewhat the same ideas with ourselves of what constitutes comeliness. They frequently asked for the looking-glass; and the remarks they made while I was engaged in reading, and apparently not attending to them, were amusingly ridiculous. "Is that me?" "What a big mouth I have!" "My ears are as big as pumpkin-leaves." "I have no chin at all." Or, "I should have been pretty, but I am spoiled by these high cheek-bones." "See how my head shoots up in the middle!" As they spoke they laughed vociferously at their own jokes. One man came when he thought I was asleep, and, after twisting his mouth about in various directions, remarked to himself, "People say I am ugly, and how very ugly I am indeed!"

At our religious services in the kotla a small portion of the Bible was read, followed by a short explanatory address. The

congregation which attended at the summons of the herald, who acted as beadle, was often not less than from five to seven hundred. The associations of the place were unfavourable to solemnity. Half an hour after our devotions were ended a dance would be got up on the very same spot. These habits could not be opposed at first, without appearing to assume too much over the people. Far greater influence is gained by gently leading them to act rightly as of their own free will. Yet the Makololo women behaved from the outset with decorum, except at the conclusion of the prayer. In kneeling down, many of them bent over their little ones; and the children, in terror of being crushed, set up a simultaneous yell. At this there was often a subdued titter, which was turned into a hearty laugh as soon as I pronounced Amen. Such incongruities were easier corrected than similar peccadilloes farther south. Long after we had settled at Mabotsa, when preaching on the most solemn subjects, a woman would give a nudge with her elbow to a neighbour seated on her dress, to make her move off. The offender would return it with interest, and perhaps the remark, "Take the nasty thing away, will you?" Three or four more would begin to hustle the disputants, and the men would swear at them all to enforce silence.

I refrained from attending the sick, unless their own doctors wished it, or had given up the case. This prevented all offence to the native practitioners, and limited my services, as I desired, to the severer attacks.

Some weeks after Sekeletu declined to learn to read, Motibe his father-in-law, and several others, determined to approach the mysterious book. A number of men acquired the alphabet in a short time and were set to teach others, but before much progress could be made I was on my way to Loanda. On Motibe reporting that the proceeding was safe, Sekeletu and his young companions came forward to try for themselves. To all natives who have not acquired the art, the mode in which knowledge is conveyed through letters is unfathomable. It seems supernatural to them that we should distinguish things taking place in a book. Machinery is equally inexplicable, and money nearly as much so until they see it in use. They are familiar with barter alone; and in the centre of the country,

where gold is unknown, if a button and sovereign were left to their choice, they would prefer the former on account of its having an eye.

As I had declined to specify any article to Sekeletu which I wished to possess, except a canoe to take me up the river, he brought ten fine elephants' tusks. He would take no denial, and I afterwards gave them to some of his subjects to sell on their own account. During the eleven years I had been in the country, though we always made presents to the chiefs whom we visited, I invariably refused to take donations of ivory in return, from an idea that a religious instructor degraded himself by accepting gifts from those whose spiritual welfare he professed to seek. Though I received some tusks from Sebituane in 1851, it was only to purchase by the proceeds a variety of useful articles which I carried to his son. I had often handsome offers, but I always advised that the ivory should be sold to dealers, who would be sure to follow in my footsteps; and when my friends among the natives had become rich by barter, they might remember me or my children. At the time Lake Ngami was discovered I gave permission to a trader to form part of our company. The return I got for preferring his interest to my own was an assertion in one of the Cape papers that he "was the true discoverer of the lake!"

Barter is the only means by which a missionary in the interior can pay his way, as money has no value. In all the journeys I had previously undertaken for wider diffusion of the gospel, the extra expenses were defrayed from my salary of 100*l.* per annum. This is sufficient to enable a missionary to live in the interior of South Africa, if he has a garden which produces corn and vegetables. Without this adjunct the allowance is barely sufficient for the poorest fare and plainest apparel, unless the missionary spends six or eight months in journeys to the colony, for the sake of getting goods at a lower price than they can be had from itinerant traders. This we never felt ourselves justified in doing; and when to our ordinary expenses were added the cost incurred in travelling, the wants of an increasing family, and liberal gifts to chiefs, it was difficult, with the utmost frugality, to make both ends meet. As, however, my opinion of the

inexpediency of combining the professions of missionary and merchant remained unchanged, I was glad of the proposal of Mr. Rutherford, of Cape Town, to intrust a sum of money to Fleming, the West-Indian man of colour, for the purpose of developing a trade with the Makololo. The goods which he bought were ill adapted to the natives, but, though it was his first attempt at trading, and the distance he had to travel made the expenses enormous, he was not a loser by the trip. Other traders followed, who demanded 90 lbs. of ivory for a musket; and as the Makololo knew nothing of steelyards, and supposed that the contrivance was meant to cheat them, they offered instead to exchange one bull and one cow elephant's tusk for each gun. These two tusks on an average would contain 70 lbs. of ivory, which sells at the Cape for 5s. per pound, while the total value of the secondhand musket was not more than 10s. Success in commerce is as much dependent on an acquaintance with the language as success in travelling. Not understanding each other's talk, no bargain was struck; and when I passed the spot some time afterwards, I found that the whole of the ivory had been destroyed by a fire which broke out in the village when all the people were absent.

I had brought with me as presents an improved description of goats, fowls, and a pair of cats. As the Makololo are fond of improving the breed of their domestic animals, they were much pleased with my selection. A superior bull, which was designed as a gift to Sekeletu, I was compelled to leave behind on account of its becoming footsore. I had brought it, in performance of a promise made to Sebituane before he died, and Sekeletu was much gratified by my attempt to keep my word to his father.

They are all remarkably fond of their cattle. They have two breeds. One called the Batoka, because captured from that tribe, is of diminutive size, but very beautiful, and closely resembles the short-horns of our own country. They are very tame, and remarkably playful. They may be seen lying on their sides by the fires in the evening; and when they go forth to their pasture, the herdsman often precedes them, and has only to commence capering to set them all gambolling. The meat is superior to that of the much larger Barotse breed,

which comes from the fertile Barotse valley. These oxen stand high on their legs, and are often nearly six feet at the withers. They have big horns, and a pair which we brought from the lake measured eight and a half feet from tip to tip.

The Makololo are in the habit of shaving a little bit from one side of the horns while they are growing, in order to make them curve in that direction and assume fantastic shapes. The stranger the curvature, the more handsome the ox is considered to be, and the longer he is spared to be an ornament to the herd. This is an ancient custom in Africa, for the tributary tribes of Ethiopia are pictured on some of the oldest Egyptian monuments bringing contorted-horned cattle into Egypt. This is not the only mode of adorning their oxen. Some are branded in lines with a hot knife, which causes a permanent discolouration of the hair, like the bands on the hide of a zebra. Another mode of decoration is to detach pieces of skin round the head, two or three inches long and broad, and these are allowed to heal in a dependent position.

The Makololo use the ox-hide for making either mantles or shields. For the former purpose it is stretched out by means of pegs, and dried. Ten or a dozen men collect round it, and with small adzes shave off the substance on the fleshy side until the skin is left quite thin. A quantity of brain and some thick milk are then smeared over it. It is next combed with an instrument made of a number of iron spikes tied round a piece of wood, so that the points only project beyond it. This loosens the fibres. Milk or butter is applied to it again, and it forms a garment nearly as soft as cloth.

The shields are made of hides partially dried in the sun, and beaten with hammers until they are stiff and dry. Two broad belts of a differently-coloured skin are sewed into them longitudinally, and sticks are inserted to make them rigid. In their battles they trust largely to their agility in springing aside from the flying javelins, but the shield is a great protection when so many are thrown that it is impossible not to receive some of them. From what I have seen them do in elephant-hunting, I believe, when they have room to make a run and discharge a spear, with the aid of the impulse imparted

by the motion, they can throw it between forty and fifty yards. I saw a man who had received one of these weapons in his shin. The blade split the bone, and became so impacted in the cleft that no amount of pulling would extract it. It was necessary to take an axe and force open the cleft before the javelin could be taken out.

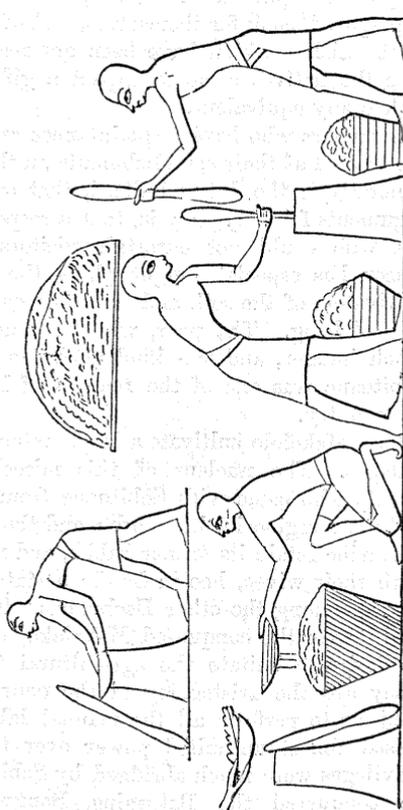
CHAPTER X.

AFRICAN FEVER.—THE MAKALAKA.—DIVISIONS OF SOUTH AFRICAN FAMILY.

ON the 30th of May I was seized with fever for the first time. Cold east winds prevail at this time; and as they come over the extensive flats inundated by the Chobe, as well as many other districts where the contents of the pools are vanishing into the air, they may be supposed to be loaded with malaria and watery vapour. An epidemic is the result. The usual symptoms of stopped secretion are manifested—shivering and a feeling of coldness, although the skin is hot to the touch. The temperature in the axilla, over the heart and region of the stomach, was in my case 100° ; but 103° at the nape of the neck and throughout the course of the spine. There were pains along the latter, and frontal headache. The liver, in its efforts to free the blood of noxious particles, often secretes enormous quantities of bile. Anxious to ascertain whether the natives possessed any remedy of which we were ignorant, I requested the assistance of one of Sekeletu's doctors. He put some roots into a pot with water, and, when it was boiling, placed it near me and threw a blanket round it and me, that I might be shut in with the steam. This being attended by no immediate effect, he got a small bundle of medicinal woods, and, burned them nearly to ashes in a potsherd, that the smoke and hot air might assist to produce perspiration. After being stewed in their vapour-baths, and smoked like a red herring over green twigs, I concluded that I could cure the fever more quickly than they can. The native treatment is,

however, of service, if employed in conjunction with a wet sheet and a mild aperient in combination with quinine. Purgatives, general bleedings, or indeed any violent remedies, are injurious. The appearance of a herpetic eruption near the mouth is regarded as an evidence that no internal organ is in danger. There is a good deal in not "giving in" to this disease. He who is low-spirited will die sooner than the man who is not of a melancholic nature.

On my visit in 1851 the Makololo made a garden and planted maize for me, that, as they remarked when I parted with them, I might have food to eat when I returned, as well as other people. The grain was now pounded by the women into fine meal. This they perform in large wooden mortars, the exact counterpart of those which are depicted on the Egyptian monuments. To this good supply of maize Sekeletu added ten or twelve jars of honey, each of which contained about two gallons. A quantity of ground-nuts (*Arachis hypogæa*) were also furnished every time the tributary tribes brought their dues to Linyanti. An ox was given us for slaughter every week or two, and Sekeletu appro-



Egyptian Pestle and Mortar, Sieves, Corn Vessels, and Kilt, identical with those in use by the Makololo and Makalaka.—From Sir G. Wilkinson's 'Ancient Egyptians.'

priated two cows to our use. This was in accordance with the acknowledged rule throughout the country, that the chief should feed all strangers who come to him on special business, and take up their abode in his kotla. A present is usually given in return for the hospitality, but, except in cases where their aboriginal customs have been modified, nothing would be asked. Europeans spoil the feeling that hospitality is the sacred duty of the chiefs. No sooner do they arrive than they offer to purchase food, and, instead of waiting till a meal is prepared, cook for themselves, and often decline to partake of the dishes which have been got ready for them. Before long the natives come to expect a gift without having furnished any equivalent.

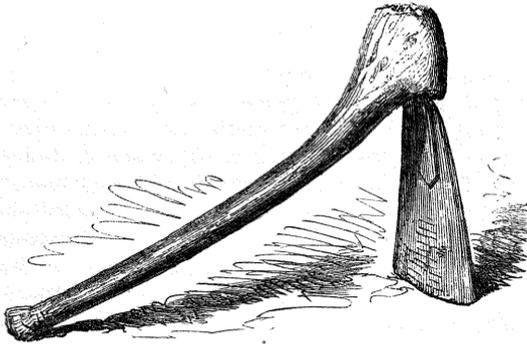
Strangers who have acquaintances among the under-chiefs are treated at their establishments on the same principle. So generally is the duty admitted, that one of the most cogent arguments for polygamy is, that a respectable man with only one wife could not entertain visitors as he ought. This reason has especial weight where the women are the chief cultivators of the soil, and have the control over the corn, as at Kolobeng. The poor, who have no friends, often suffer much hunger, and the kind attention lavished on them by Sebituane was one of the reasons of his great popularity in the country.

The Makololo cultivate a large extent of land around their villages. The nucleus of this miscellaneous nation were Basuto who came with Sebituane from a comparatively cold and hilly region in the south; and those who truly belong to that tribe retain its former habits, and may be seen going out with their wives, hoe in hand; a state of things never witnessed among the other Bechuanas. The younger Makololo lord it over the conquered Makalaka, and have unfortunately no desire to imitate the agricultural tastes of their fathers. They are the aristocracy of the country, and expect their subjects to perform all the manual labour. They once possessed almost unlimited power over their vassals, but their privileges were much abridged by Sebituane himself. When he conquered the Bakwains, Bangwaketze, Bamangwato, Batawana, &c., he incorporated the young of these tribes into his own. Great mortality by fever reduced the original stock,

and he wisely supplied the vacancies by extending the privilege to a large number of the subject Makalaka. Thus we found him with even the sons of the chiefs of the Barotse closely attached to his person; and they say to this day that one and all they would have laid down their lives in his defence. The motto upon which he acted was, "All are children of the chief."

The Makalaka cultivate the *Holcus sorghum*, or dura, as the principal grain, with maize, two kinds of beans, ground-nuts (*Arachis hypogaea*), pumpkins, water-melons, and cucumbers. Those who live in the Barotse valley raise in addition the sugar-cane, sweet-potato, and manioc (*Jatropha manihot*). The climate there, however, is warmer than at Linyanti, and the Makalaka increase the fertility of their gardens by rude attempts at artificial irrigation. The instrument of culture over all this region is a hoe. The Batoka and Banyeti obtain the iron in considerable quantities from the ore by smelting. Most of the hoes in use at Linyanti are the tax imposed on the smiths of those conquered tribes.

Sekeletu receives tribute from a great number of tribes in



A Batoka hoe.

corn or dura, ground-nuts, hoes, spears, honey, canoes, paddles, wooden vessels, tobacco, mutokwane (*Cannabis sativa*), various wild fruits (dried), prepared skins, and ivory. When these articles are brought into the kotla, the chief divides them among the loungers who usually congregate there.

The ivory is sold with the approbation of his counsellors, and the proceeds are distributed in open day among the people. He retains a small portion only for his own share, and, if he is not more liberal to others than to himself, he loses in popularity. I have known instances in which individuals who had been overlooked fled to other chiefs.

An example of this will illustrate the mode in which contests are generated in Africa. A discontented person fled to Lechulatebe in the lake Ngami district, and was encouraged to go to a village of the Bapalleng, where he abstracted the tribute of ivory which ought to have come to Sekeletu. This theft enraged the whole of the Makololo, who had part in the loss. To show their intention of resenting such usage, about five hundred of them went through a mimic fight, in the presence of some of Lechulatebe's people who came on a visit to Linyanti. The principal warriors pointed their spears towards the lake where the chief who had wronged them lived, and every thrust was answered by all with the shout, "Hōō!" while every stab on the ground drew forth a simultaneous "Huzz!" On these occasions everybody capable of bearing arms must turn out. In the time of the warlike Sebituane any one who remained in his house was killed.

The Makololo performance had no effect. Lechulatebe aggravated his offence by repeating it, and by a song which was sung in his town, expressive of joy at the death of Sebituane. That famous conqueror had carried off many cattle from Lechulatebe's father. The son had now got possession of fire-arms, and, considering himself more than a match for the Makololo, was bent on retaliation. I despatched a message to him, advising him to cease his provocation, and especially the song; because, though Sebituane was dead, the arms with which he had fought were still alive and strong. Sekeletu, remembering his father's injunctions to promote peace, sent ten cows to be exchanged for sheep. Lechulatebe took the cows and returned an equal number of sheep, though, according to the relative value of sheep and cows, he ought to have given sixty or seventy. One of the men who conducted the cattle was trying to purchase goats in a village without formal leave from the chief; Lechulatebe punished him by making him sit some hours on the broiling

sand, which was 130° at least. This put a stop to amicable relations. I prevailed upon the Makololo to keep the peace during my stay, but it was easy to perceive that public opinion was against sparing a tribe of Bechuanas for whom they entertained the most sovereign contempt. The young men exclaimed, "Lechulatebe is herding our cows for us; let us only go, we shall 'lift' the price of them in sheep."

Such are the usual causes which produce an African war. The diffusion of fire-arms among them will render their contests less frequent and less bloody. As nearly all the feuds in the south have been about cattle, the risk which must be incurred from long shots generally proves a preventive to the foray. It is rare, indeed, to hear of two tribes who have guns going out against each other. These weapons are only mischievous when they are an exclusive possession, and especially when they fall into the hands of a small tribe, commanded by a weak chief like Lechulatebe, who is thus tempted to try his strength with a numerous and warlike race.

As the Makololo are the most northerly of the Bechuanas, we may enumerate the various tribes included under that generic name before we proceed to the branch of the negro family distinguished by the term Makalaka.* The word Bechuana seems derived from Chuana—alike, or equal—with the personal pronoun Ba (they) prefixed; and therefore means fellows or equals. When addressed with any degree of scorn, they still reply, "We are Bachuana, or equals—we are not inferior to any of our nation." Their name for the whites is Makōa, which might seem to mean "handsome," from the manner in which they use it to indicate beauty, but the conjecture of Burchell is probably correct. "The different Hottenot tribes were known by names terminating in *kua*, which means 'man,' and the Bechuanas simply added the prefix *Ma*—denoting a nation." The language of the whites (or Makōa) is called Sekōa; that of the Bechuanas is termed Sichuana.

The Makololo, or Basuto, have arranged the different

* The Makololo have conquered the country as far as 14° south, but it is still peopled chiefly by the black tribes named Makalaka.

portions of this great family of South Africans in three divisions: 1st. The Matebele, or Makonkobi—the Caffre family living on the eastern side of the country; 2nd. The Bakoni, or Basuto; and 3rd. The Bakalahari, or Bechuanas, inhabiting the central parts, which includes all the tribes living in or adjacent to the great Kalahari Desert.

1st. The Caffres are subdivided into various groups, as Amakosa, Amapanda, and other well-known titles. They consider the name Caffre as an insulting epithet.

The Zulus of Natal belong to this compartment, and are as famed for their honesty, as their brethren who live adjacent to our colonial frontier are renowned for cattle-lifting. The Recorder of Natal declared, that history does not present another instance in which so much security for life and property has been enjoyed as during the whole period of English occupation by ten thousand colonists in the midst of one hundred thousand Zulus.

The Matebele of Mosilikatse, who live a short distance south of the Zambesi, and other tribes who live a little south of Tete and Senna, are also members of this family. They are not known beyond the Zambesi river, which was the limit of the Bechuana progress north until Sebituane pushed his conquests farther.

2nd. The Bakoni and Basuto division contains in the south all the tribes which acknowledge Moshesh as their paramount chief; among them we find the Batau, the Baputi, Makolókue, &c., and some mountaineers on the range Maluti, who are believed by those who have carefully sifted the evidence to have been at one time guilty of cannibalism. They ascribe the abandonment of the practice to Moshesh having provided them with cattle. They are called Marimo and Mayabathu, men-eaters, by the rest of the Basuto.

The Bakoni farther north than the Basuto are the Batlou, Bapēri, Bapō, and another tribe of Bakuena, Bamosetla, Bamapela or Balaka, Babiriri, Bapiri, Bahukeng, Batlokua, Baakhahela, &c. &c. The whole of these tribes, both Basuto and Bakoni, are much attached to agriculture, and raise large quantities of grain. It is on their industry that the distant Boers revel in slothful abundance. The chief toil of hoeing, driving away birds, reaping, and winnowing, falls to the

willing arms of the hard-working women; but, as the men labour as well as their wives, many have followed the advice of the missionaries, and use ploughs and oxen instead of the hoe.

3rd. The Bakalahari, or western branch of the Bechuana family, consists of Barolong, Bahurutse, Bakuena, Bangwaketse, Bakaa, Bamangwato, Bakurutse, Batauana, Bamatlaro, and Batlapi. It is among these last that the success of the missionaries has been greatest. They were an insignificant and filthy people when first discovered; but, being nearest to the colony, they have had opportunities of trading, and the long-continued peace they have enjoyed has enabled them to amass great numbers of cattle. The young, who do not realize their former degradation, often consider their present superiority over the tribes in the interior to be entirely owing to a primitive intellectual pre-eminence.

CHAPTER XI.

LINYANTI TO SESHEKE.—THE LERAMBYE.

HAVING waited a month at Linyanti, we again departed, for the purpose of ascending the river from Sesheke (lat. 17° 31' 38" S., long. 25° 13' E.). Not only Sekeletu, but many of the under-chiefs, accompanied us. The country between Linyanti and Sesheke is perfectly flat, except where patches are elevated a few feet above the surrounding level, or where the termites have thrown up their enormous mounds. No one who has not seen their gigantic structures can imagine the industry of these little labourers. They seem to impart fertility to the soil which has once passed through their mouths, for the Makololo find the sides of anthills the choice spots for rearing early maize, tobacco, or anything else which requires more than ordinary care. The mounds were generally covered with wild date-trees. The fruit is small, and as soon as it is ripe the Makololo cut down the tree rather than be at the trouble of climbing it. The other portions of the more elevated land have the camel-thorn (*Acacia giraffæ*), white-thorned mimosa (*Acacia*

horrida), and baobabs. In sandy spots there are palmyras somewhat similar to the Indian, but with a smaller seed. The soil on the plain is a rich, dark, tenacious loam, known as the "cotton-ground" in India, and is covered with a dense matting of coarse grass, common on all damp spots in this country. The Chobe was on our right, and its scores of miles of reed formed the horizon. It was pleasant to look back on the long-extended line of our attendants, as it twisted and bent according to the curves of the footpath, or in and out behind the mounds. Some had caps made of lions' manes; others, the white ends of ox-tails on their heads, or great bunches of black ostrich-feathers, which waved in the wind. Many wore red tunics, or various-coloured prints, which the chief had bought from Fleming. The common men acted as porters; the gentlemen walked with a small club of rhinoceros horn in their hands, and had servants to bear their shields. The "Machaka," or battle-axe men, carried their own, and were liable at any time to be sent off a hundred miles on an errand, and were expected to run all the way.

Sekeletu is always accompanied by his own Mopato, a number of young men of his own age. Those who are nearest eat out of the same dish, for the Makololo chiefs pride themselves on eating with their people. He takes a little, and then beckons to his neighbours to do the same. When they have had their turn, he perhaps makes a sign to some one at a distance, who starts forward, seizes the pot, and removes it to his own companions. The associates of Sekeletu, wishing to imitate him as he rode on my old horse, leaped on the backs of some half-broken oxen, but, having neither saddle nor bridle, the number of tumbles which ensued was a source of much amusement to the rest.

Troops of leches, or, as they are here called, "lechwés," were feeding heedlessly all over the flats. There are prodigious herds of them, although the numbers that are killed annually, as well as of the "nakong," another water antelope, must be enormous. When the lands we were treading are flooded, the leches betake themselves to the mounds. The Makalaka, who are most expert in the management of their small, light canoes, come gently towards them. When they perceive the antelopes beginning to move they increase their speed, making the

water dash away from the gunwale; and though the animals fly in a succession of prodigious bounds, their feet appearing to touch the bottom at each spring, their pursuers manage to spear great numbers of them.

The nakong is rather smaller than the leche, and, in shape, has more of paunchiness than any antelope I ever saw. It is of a greyish-brown colour, and, as the hair is long and rather sparse, it never looks sleek. The horns are twisted, like those of a koodoo, but are much smaller, and have a double ridge winding round them. The habitat of the nakong is the marsh and muddy bogs, where it is borne up by the great surface over which its weight is distributed—its foot, between the point of the toe and supplemental hoofs, leaving a print which is full twelve inches long. Its gait closely resembles the gallop of a dog when tired. It feeds by night, and lies hid among the reeds and rushes by day. When pursued, it dashes into sedgy places, and immerses the whole body, except the point of the nose and the ends of the horns. The hunters burn large patches of reed to drive it from its lair; but when it sees itself surrounded by enemies in canoes, it will rather allow the projecting tips of the horns to be scorched by the flames, than come forth from its hiding-place.

When we arrived at any village, the whole of the women turned out to lulliloo their chief. Their shrill voices, to which they give a tremulous sound by a quick motion of the tongue, peal forth "Great lion!" "Great chief!" "Sleep, my lord!" &c. The men utter similar salutations; all of which are received by Sekeletu with lordly indifference. After the news has been told, the head-man of the village, who is almost always a Makololo, brings forth a number of large pots of beer, each of which is given to some principal personage, who divides it with whom he pleases. As many as can partake of the beverage, and grasp the calabashes, which are used as drinking-cups, so eagerly that they are in danger of being broken. Bowls of thick milk, some of which contain six or eight gallons, are likewise produced, and distributed in the same manner as the beer. The milk is conveyed to the mouth in the hand. I often presented my friends with iron spoons, which delighted them exceedingly. But the old habit of hand-eating prevailed. They simply used the novel implement to ladle out the milk into their hands.

The chief is expected to feed all who accompany him, and he either selects an ox or two of his own from his numerous cattle stations in every part of the country, or he is presented by the head-men of the villages he visits with as many as he needs. The animals are killed by a thrust from a small javelin in the region of the heart. The wound is made purposely small to avoid the loss of the blood, which, with the internal parts, are the perquisites of the slaughterman. Hence all are eager to perform that office. Each tribe has its own way of distributing an animal. Among the Makololo the hump and ribs belong to the chief; among the Bakwains the breast is his perquisite. After the oxen are cut up, the joints are placed before Sekeletu, who apportions them among the gentlemen of the party. The attendants rapidly prepare the meat for cooking by cutting it into long strips, so many of which are thrown into the fires at once that they are nearly put out. These strips are handed round when half broiled and burning hot. Every one gets a mouthful, but no one except the chief has time to masticate. The prolonged enjoyment of taste is not their aim, but to get as much food as possible during the short time their neighbours are cramming. They are eminently gregarious in their meals; and, as they despise any one who eats alone, I always when breaking my fast poured out two cups of coffee, that the chief, or some one of the principal men, might share it with me. Of this beverage they all become very fond; and some of the tribes attribute greater fecundity to its use. The raw material of one ingredient of the mixture is already a home-growth. They cultivate the sugar-cane in the Barotse country, but only use it for chewing. They knew nothing of the method of extracting the sugar from it. Sekeletu relished my sweet coffee and biscuits, and said, "he knew my heart loved him by finding his own heart warming to my food." He had been visited during my absence at the Cape by some traders and Griquas, and "their coffee did not taste half so nice as mine, because they loved his ivory and not himself."

Sekeletu and I had each a little gipsy-tent in which to sleep. The Makalaka huts are infested with vermin. Those of the Makololo are generally clean, owing to the habit of frequently smearing the floors with a plaster composed of

cowdung and earth. The best class of dwellings consist of three circular walls, with small holes for doors, as in a dog-house. Even when on all-fours it is necessary to bend down the body to get in. The roof is formed of reeds or straight sticks, in shape like a Chinaman's hat, bound firmly together with circular bands, which are lashed with the strong inner bark of the mimosa-tree. The whole is thatched with fine grass. As the roof projects far beyond the walls, and reaches within four feet of the ground, the shade is the best to be found in the country. These habitations are cool in the hottest day, but are close and deficient in ventilation by night. The bed is a mat made of rushes sewn together with twine. The hip-bone pressing on the hard flat surface soon becomes sore, and it is not allowable to make a hole in the floor to receive the prominent part called trochanter by anatomists, as we do when sleeping on grass or sand. In some villages we were driven to desert our tent for a hut, because the mice ran over our faces, or hungry dogs ate our shoes and left only the soles.

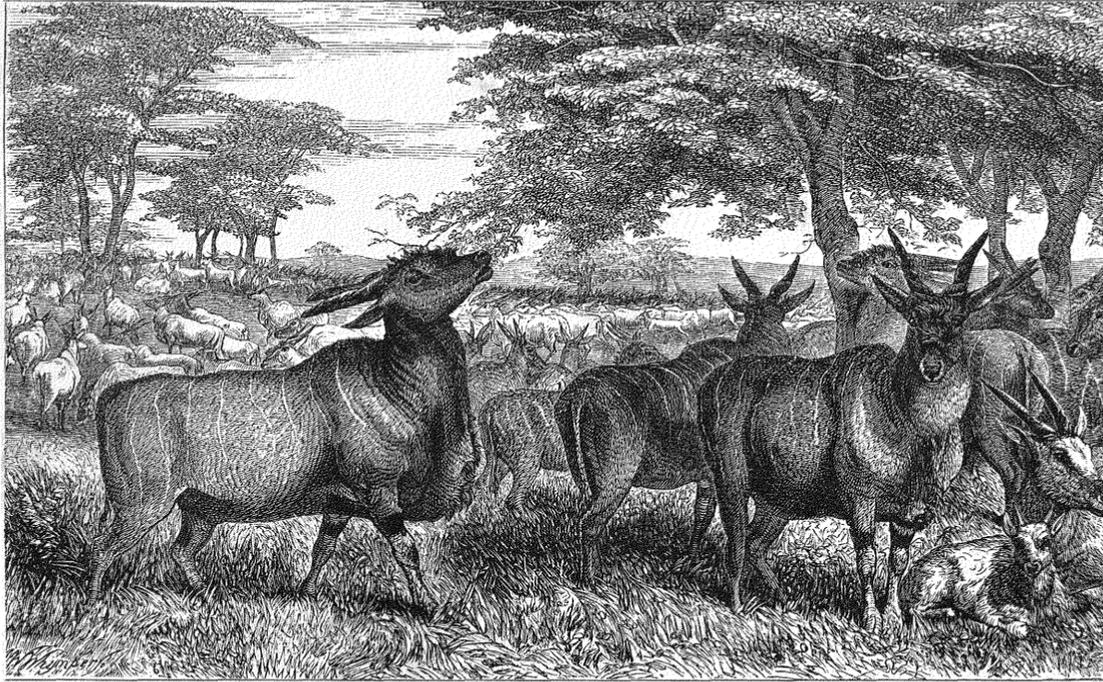
Our course at this time led us to a part above Sesheke, called Katonga—latitude $17^{\circ} 29' 13''$, longitude $24^{\circ} 33'$, where there is a village belonging to a Bashubia man named Sekhosi. The river here is certainly not less than six hundred yards wide. When the canoes came from Sekhosi to take us across, one of the comrades of Sebituane rose, and, looking at Sekeletu, called out, "The elders of a host always take the lead in an attack." Sekeletu, and his young men, were accordingly obliged to give them precedence. It took a considerable time to ferry over our large party, as, even with quick paddling, from six to eight minutes were spent in the passage from bank to bank.

Several days were spent in collecting canoes from different villages for the purpose of ascending the river. This we now learned is called by the whole of the Barotse the Liambai, or Leeambye, which means "the large river," or the river *par excellence*. Luambéji, Luambési, Ambézi, Ojimbési, and Zambési, &c., are names applied to it at different parts of its course, according to the dialect spoken. They have all the same signification, and express the native idea that this magnificent stream is the main drain of the country.

In order to assist in the support of our large party, and get a sight of the adjacent district, I went several times to the north of the village for game. The country is covered with clumps of beautiful trees, and between them fine open glades stretch away in every direction. When the river is in flood these glades are inundated. The soil is dark loam, as it is in all the parts which have washed by the overflow, while among the trees it is sandy, and not so densely covered with grass as elsewhere. A ridge, running parallel to, and about eight miles from the river, is the limit of the inundation on the north. The people enjoy rain in sufficient quantity to raise large supplies of grain and ground-nuts.

This district contains great numbers of a small antelope named Tianyáne, unknown in the south. It stands about eighteen inches high, and is of a brownish-red colour on the sides and back, with the belly and lower part of the tail white. It is very graceful in its movements, and utters a cry of alarm not unlike that of the domestic fowl. Though extremely timid, the maternal affection it bears its young will often induce it to offer battle to a man. When her fawn is too tender to run about with her, she puts one foot on the prominence about the seventh cervical vertebra, or withers, to make it lie down in the place she selects, and there it remains till she summons it by her bleating. If a gregarious she-antelope is seen separated from the herd, she is sure to have laid her little one to sleep in some cozy spot. The colour of the hair in the young assimilates better with the ground than that of the older animals, which do not need to be screened from the observation of birds of prey. I remarked that the Arabs at Aden made their camels kneel by pressing the thumb on the withers. They have probably derived the custom from the gazelle of the Desert.

Such great numbers of buffaloes, zebras, tsessebes, tahaetsi, and eland or pohnu, grazed undisturbed on these plains, that little difficulty was experienced in securing a fair supply of meat for our party during the inevitable delay. Hunting on foot, in this country, is very hard work. Winter though it was, the heat of the sun is so great, that, had there been any one on whom I could have devolved the office, he would have been welcome to all the sport. But the Makololo shot so



A NEW OR STRIPED VARIETY OF ELAND, FOUND NORTH OF SESHEKE.

badly, that I was obliged to go myself in order to save my powder.

We shot a beautiful cow-eland, standing in the shade of a fine tree. It was a new variety of this splendid antelope, marked with narrow white bands across the body, exactly like those of the koodoo, and having a black patch of more than a hand-breadth on the outer side of the fore arm. Evidently she had lately had her calf killed by a lion, for there were five long deep scratches on both sides of her hind quarters, as if she had run to its rescue, and the beast had left it to attack herself, but was unable to pull her down. The milk which flowed from the distended udder showed that she had sought the shade from the distress caused by the accumulation of the fluid. A Makololo gentleman who accompanied me, struck with her beauty, said, "Jesus ought to have given us these instead of cattle."

CHAPTER XII.

ASCENT OF THE LEEAMBYE. — BAROTSE VALLEY. — BANYETI. —
NALIELE. — MAMBARI. — THE MARILE. — SESHEKE.

HAVING at last collected a fleet of thirty-three canoes, and about one hundred and sixty men, we began to ascend the river. I had my choice from all the vessels, and selected the best, though not the biggest. It was thirty-four feet long and only twenty inches wide, and was manned by six paddlers. The larger canoe of Sekeletu had ten. They stand upright, and keep the stroke with great precision, though they change from side to side as the course demands. The men at the head and stern are the strongest and most expert of the whole. The canoes, being flat-bottomed, can go into shallow water; and whenever the crew can touch the ground with their paddles, which are about eight feet long, they use them as poles to punt with. On land the Makalaka fear the Makololo; on water, the superiority appertains to the former. They race with each other, and, dashing along at the top of their speed,

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place their masters' lives in danger. In the event of a capsizing many of the Makololo would sink like stones. On the first day of our voyage an old doctor had his canoe filled by one of those large waves which the east wind raises on the Leeambye, and he went forthwith to the bottom. The Barotse who were with him saved themselves by swimming, and were afraid of being punished with death in the evening for not rescuing the doctor. Had he been a man of more influence, they would certainly have been executed.

We skimmed rapidly along, and I felt the pleasure of looking on lands which had never been seen by an European before. The magnificent river is often more than a mile broad, and adorned with many islands of from three to five miles in length, which, at a little distance, seemed great rounded masses of sylvan vegetation reclining on the bosom of the glorious stream. The beauty of some of them was greatly increased by the gracefully curved fronds and refreshing light-green colour of the date-palm, while the lofty palmyra towered far above, and cast its feathery foliage against a cloudless sky. The banks of the river are equally covered with forest, and most of the trees on the brink of the water send down roots from their branches like the banian, or *Ficus indica*. The adjacent country is rocky and undulating, abounding in elephants and all the other large game, except leches and nakongs, which appear to shun stony ground. The soil is of a reddish colour, and very fertile, as is attested by the quantity of grain raised annually by the Banyeti. This poor and industrious people are expert hunters, and proficient in the manufacture of articles of wood and iron. The whole of this part of the country being infested with the tsetse, they are unable to rear domestic animals, which may have led to their skill in handicraft works. Some make large wooden vessels with neat lids; and since the idea of sitting on stools has entered the Makololo mind, they have shown considerable taste in the forms they give to the legs.

Other Banyeti, or Manyeti, as they are called, construct neat and strong baskets of the split roots of some tree, whilst others excel in manufacturing iron articles and pottery. I cannot find that they have ever been warlike. Indeed, the contests in the centre of the country, where no slave-trade

existed, have seldom been about anything else than cattle, and so much is this recognised that several tribes refuse to keep them because they tempt their enemies to come and steal. I have heard of but one war from another cause. Three Barolongs, who were brothers, fought for the possession of a woman, and the tribe has remained divided ever since.

From the bend up to the north, called Katima-molelo ("I quenched fire"), the bed of the river is rocky, and the stream runs fast, forming a succession of rapids, which prevent continuous navigation when the water is low. They are not visible when the river is full. There are cataracts however at Nambwe, Bombwe, and Kale, with a fall of between four and six feet, which must always be dangerous. The falls of Gonye present a still more serious obstacle. The drop is about thirty feet, and we were obliged to take up the canoes, and carry them more than a mile by land. The water, after it descends, goes boiling along, and gives the idea of great masses of it rolling over and over. For many miles below the fall the channel is narrowed to a hundred yards, and at the times of the inundation the river, where it is compressed between these high rocky banks, rises fifty or sixty feet in perpendicular height. Tradition reports that two hippopotamus-hunters, who were in eager pursuit of a wounded animal, ventured too far into the rush of water, and were whirled over the precipice by the roaring torrent. Another tradition states that a man of the Barotse came down the stream and availed himself of the falls for the purposes of irrigation. Such superior minds must have arisen from time to time in these regions, but, ignorant of letters, they have left no memorial behind them. We dug from his garden an inferior kind of potato (*Sisinyane*), which, when once planted, never dies out. It was bitter and waxy. As it was not in flower, I cannot say whether it is a solanaceous plant or not.

As we passed up the river the different villages of Banyeti turned out to present Sekeletu with food and skins, as their tribute. The tsetse lighted on us even in the middle of the stream, but they appeared no more when we came to about 16° 16' S. latitude, where the lofty wooded banks left the river, and stretched away in ridges, two or three hundred feet high, to the N.N.E. and N.N.W., until they were twenty or

thirty miles apart. The intervening space, nearly one hundred miles in length, with the Leeambye winding gently near the middle, is the true Barotse valley. A great part of its bottom is formed of rocks of reddish variegated hardened sandstone with madrepora holes in it, and of broad horizontal strata of trap, often covered with twelve or fifteen feet of soft calcareous tufa. It bears a close resemblance to the valley of the Nile, and is inundated annually by the Leeambye, exactly as Lower Egypt is flooded by the Nile.

The villages of the Barotse are built on mounds, which, during the inundation, when the whole valley assumes the appearance of a large lake, look like little islands in the surrounding waters. There are but few trees, and those which stand on the eminences have been planted there for shade. The soil is extremely fertile, and produces two crops of grain in a year. The Barotse are strongly attached to this fertile district, over which the Leeambye spreads "life and verdure." "Here," say they, "hunger is not known." Unaided nature has covered the ground with coarse succulent grasses, which afford ample pasturage for large herds of cattle; these thrive wonderfully, and yield a copious supply of milk. During the season of the flood they are compelled to go to the higher lands, where they fall off in condition; their return is a time of joy. Yet this region is not put to a tithe of the use it might be. It is impossible to say whether it would raise wheat like the valley of the Nile, for from its excessive richness the corn might run entirely to straw. One species of grass which we observed was twelve feet high, with a stem as thick as a man's thumb.

This visit was the first Sekeletu had made to these parts since he attained the chieftainship, and the persons who had taken part with his rival Mpepe were in great terror. The father of this aspirant had joined with another man in counselling Mamochisane to put Sekeletu to death and marry Mpepe. On our arriving at the town where these two conspirators lived they were seized and tossed into the river. When I remonstrated against human life being wasted in this off-hand way, my companions justified the act by the evidence given by Mamochisane, and calmly added, "You see we are still Boers; we are not yet taught."

The towns of the Barotse are not large. The mounds on which they are built are small, and the people are necessarily scattered to enable them to look after their cattle. Naliele, the capital (lat. $15^{\circ} 24' 17''$ S., long. $23^{\circ} 5' 54''$ E.), is erected on an eminence which was thrown up by Santuru, a former chief, and was his storehouse for grain. His own capital stood about five hundred yards to the south, on a spot which now makes part of the bed of the river. Only a few cubic yards remain of a mound which it took the whole of his people many years to erect. The same thing has happened to another ancient site, Linangelo. It would seem, therefore, that the river must here be wearing eastwards. A rise of ten feet above the present low-water mark is the highest point the stream ever attains. Two or three feet more would deluge all the villages; and though this never happens, the water sometimes comes so near, that the people cannot move outside the walls of reeds which encircle their huts.

Santuru, at whose ancient granary we were staying, was a great hunter, and was fond of taming wild animals. His people brought him, among other things, two young hippopotami. These animals gambolled in the river by day, but never failed to go to Naliele for their suppers of milk and meal. They were the wonder of the country till a stranger, who came on a visit, saw them reclining in the sun, and speared one of them under the idea that it was wild. The same accident happened to one of the cats I had brought to Sekeletu. A native, seeing a new kind of animal, killed it, and brought the trophy to the chief, thinking that he had made a remarkable discovery. This cut short the breed of cats, of which, from the swarms of mice, we stood in great need.

The town or mound of Santuru's mother was shown to me; which was the first symptom I observed of that greater regard which is shown to the female sex in the districts to the north. There are few or no cases of women being elevated to the headships of towns south of this point. The Barotse showed some relics of their former chief, which evinced a greater amount of the religious feeling than I had ever known displayed among Bechuanas. His more recent capital, Lilonda, which was also built on an artificial mound, is covered with