

green scarabæidæ. The dry mimosa-hedges seemed to be the favourite resort of two handsome kinds of Longicorn beetles.

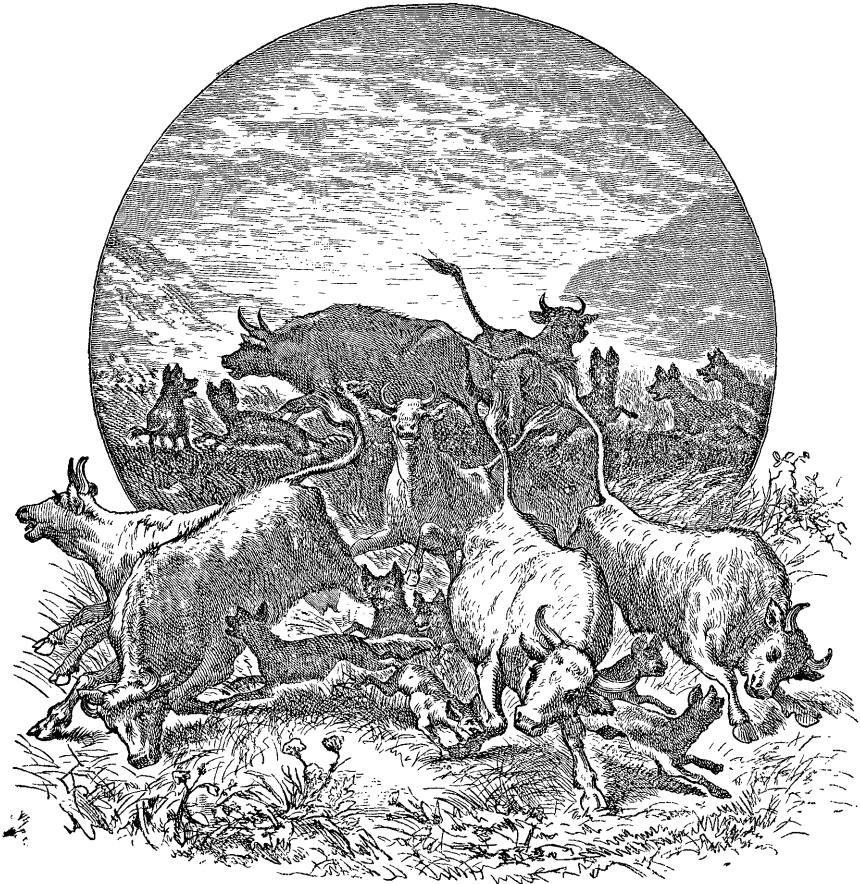
When, on the morning of the 18th, I prepared to start, all the great people of Moshaneng turned out to bid me farewell; Montsua and Mr. Martin each bringing me another beautiful white feather. The king insisted on shaking hands with me over and over again, and as the last proof of his regard offered to lend me a guide as far as Molopolole, the residence of the king of the Bakuenas; although the man did not look very strong, I thought it more graceful to accept the offer.

After leaving the town, we turned first north-west, then north, crossing two rivers, the second of which was named the Koluany; we then came to a hilly country, the scenery of which, in beauty, resembled the imposing Makalaka highlands in miniature. The table-land consisted partly of bushwood, and partly of grass-land, interspersed here and there with thinly-wooded districts, and with rocky eminences sometimes eighty feet in height, composed of huge blocks of granite, generally pyramidal in form. The soil near these rugged crags was usually moist, and they were bordered with mimosas, and covered with rich vegetation, amongst which small aloes with their pink and crimson blossoms, stapelias with their dark velvet-like flowers, and cactus-like euphorbiaceæ, with their wondrous shapes, shone pre-eminent, and charmed the eye not only by their intrinsic beauty, but by the pro-

fusion in which they grew in every cleft of weather-beaten rock, here peeping out from some dark hollow, and there tightly wedged between two blocks of stone. But no object on these rocky heights was so striking as the sycamores that spread their light-grey roots, now broad and flat, now thick and forked, like a network down the steep sides of the cliff, their succulent stems rising from the crevices frequently to eight or ten feet, and terminating in a crown of handsome foliage. Woodsorrels, ferns, mosses, and lichens of many kinds were abundant, and I observed several new lepidoptera and beetles; amongst the mammalia there were some small beasts of prey and a great many rock-rabbits. Towards the west, the land sloped towards a brook that, after rain, assumes the dimensions of a river; from Moshaneng it flows north by west, then north-west, and finally due north, when it joins the Molapo. The declivity is steep, and the upper part wooded, and is known to be the resort of *Hycena brunnea* and *punctata*, as well as of the caracal and leopard.

But the extensive highlands are notoriously infested by large numbers of that most dangerous of all the South African beasts of prey, the *Canis pictus*, also called *Lycaon pictus* or *venaticus*, and ordinarily known as "the wild dog." It is one of the most rapacious and destructive animals on the face of the earth, and is a deadly enemy to all kinds of cattle. Both Montsua and Mr. Martin had warned me to be on my guard against their attacks. "Never let

your bullocks graze out at night," were Montsua's words to me, "and never let them be unguarded even by day, if you expect to bring many of them to



HYÆNAS AMONG THE CATTLE.

Molopolole." In size this dreaded animal is about as large as a young wolf, only more slender, and in shape it is a cross between the proteles and

hyæna. Always hunting in herds, they are especially dangerous; they attack the larger quadrupeds, oxen, elands, and hartebeests, whilst their ravages amongst sheep, goats, and wild pigs are still more destructive; they are not content with one victim, but seize a second and a third, so that the devastation they make is really frightful. They do not confine their visits to the native territory, but make their way to cultivated lands on the border of the Transvaal. They have their holes underground, and sometimes leave their quarters in winter to range over wider districts, returning in the spring. When they start on their raids, they hold their noses high in the air, and if unsuccessful in discovering a scent, they divide into little groups, and disperse in various directions with their noses down to the surface of the ground. Having found the track of any wild or domestic animal, except the horse, which is too swift for them, the entire pack, yelping and baying, darts off upon the chase with such eager impetuosity, that many of them fall into the bushes, or run foul of rocks and ant-hills. Through being so small, they not unfrequently succeed in getting close to cows or antelopes before they are observed; and whilst the cow may be defending herself by her horns from the assailants in front, two or three of the voracious brutes will be biting at her heels, and as many more at her belly; finding defence hopeless, the unfortunate creature will take to flight; this occasionally succeeds, and cows are from time to time seen

reaching their homes in the farmsteads with dreadful wounds all over their bodies; but if they stumble or get seized by the neck or nostrils, or bitten through their knees or in the stomach, so that the bowels protrude, it is all over with them, and they die in the most horrible agonies.

The 18th was spent in crossing the Banquaketse table-land. Everything seemed blooming in the advancing summer, and I did not see a single withered mimosa. Towards sundown we entered the valley of a sand-river, now reduced to a mere rivulet, called the Mosupa, Masupa, or Moshupa; it was said to join the Taung, an affluent of the Notuany. The river-bed and its banks were partially strewn with gigantic blocks of granite that lay in immense flats on the left-hand shore, their upper surfaces being slightly hollowed, forming natural reservoirs. A few hundred yards to the right the stream made a sudden turn to the north-east, and just in the bend rose a fantastic crag connected with two others of inferior height, and formed of huge masses of rock.

As we descended from the high ground towards the valley, some luxuriant woodlands and shrubberies cut off any very distant view, but made some graceful scenery. The setting sun, all aglow, was just resting on the edge of the adjacent table-land, on the east of which the Masupa held its course. As the gorgeous disk became concealed, and a more equal light fell upon the scene, our eyes fell upon an object which drew from us all an involuntary expression of surprise. Had we been anywhere

but in the heart of South Africa, we should have concluded at once that we were looking upon some ancient churchyard ; what we really saw were the ruins of a town, enclosed by a low stone wall. The guide whom Montsua had sent with us, in giving an account of the place, said that until the last few years it had been occupied by a branch of the Banquaketse, but that the son of the chief Mosilili, named Pilani, who was a friend of Sechele, the king of the Bakuenas, had with a number of his dependents left his father's town and Khatsisive's territory, and had settled in Sechele's new district in Molopolole ; whereupon Mosilili, an old ally of Khatsisive's, finding his town half deserted, left the remainder of the residents in the lurch, and took up his abode near Kanya.

During a stroll that I took along the river, I came across some very pretty bits of scenery. The banks were high and thickly clothed with vegetation ; and in the stream the slippery boulders, piled one above another, formed little cataracts and natural weirs that future settlers might well utilize, either for turning mills or irrigating meadows. In the thickets on the banks were flocks of horned guinea-fowl (*Numida coronata*), and in muddy places I saw distinct traces of otters and water-lizards.

At dinner-time we noticed on the over-hanging rocks a number of rock-rabbits, called "dossies" by the Boers. We started off for a chase. These creatures are the smallest of all extant pachydermata, and, on account of being so continually hunted by

the natives, are very shy. As long as we kept near the waggon, which was stationed at the ruins, they remained passive enough, either squatting as they watched us from the ledges of rock, or contentedly seeking roots in the bushes, and figs on the sycamores ; but no sooner did we approach the foot of the crags, than they bounded away instantly into the nearest crevices.

Whilst Eberwald, F., and Stephan were shooting on the east hill, I made my way to the west, and before long spied out a rock-rabbit that seemed quite unsuspecting of my movements, and was crouching in a melancholy attitude, as if oblivious of all the affairs of itself and the rabbit-world in general. With much caution, and not without many ludicrous tumbles, which caused a good deal of amusement to Pit, who was with me, I scrambled on till I was just within range. Pit wanted me to get nearer ; but, assured that my opportunity was now or never, I fired a charge of small shot straight upwards. My aim was perfectly good ; the rock-rabbit rolled on to the stem of a sycamore that overhung the precipice, and fell perpendicularly several feet. We made our way, out of breath, to the foot of the tree, but were doomed to disappointment. Although the ground was all stained with the fresh blood, the creature had disappeared ; we searched every nook and crevice, we investigated every corner, but were completely baffled in finding the wounded rabbit.

This *Hyraæ capensis*, if it be not actually the same



HUNTING THE ROCK-RABBIT.

species as the *Hyrax abyssinicus*, is certainly very closely allied to it. It extends all over South Africa, from the south beyond the Zambesi; it generally selects rocky heights for its habitat; and, having once settled, it is extremely tenacious of its abode, not deserting it even though a farm or a village be established below. It is peculiar in its disposition, having all the appearance of being meditative, as though carefully weighing its movements before action, but withal of a savage and snarling nature. In size it is rather larger than a common rabbit; it has short ears and bright little eyes. Its fur, which is much sought after by the natives, is of a dark yellowish-brown tint. The flesh is eaten both by white men and natives; and many of the tribes, such as the Makalakas, make use of sticks armed with nails, with which they drag the animals out of their holes. Besides being hunted by men, it is preyed upon by the caracal, by the southern lynx (*Lynx pardinus*), and by the brown eagle. In spite, however, of all the persecution it suffers, it thrives wonderfully; and nothing seems to put a check upon its propagation. The young ones are often attacked by genets.

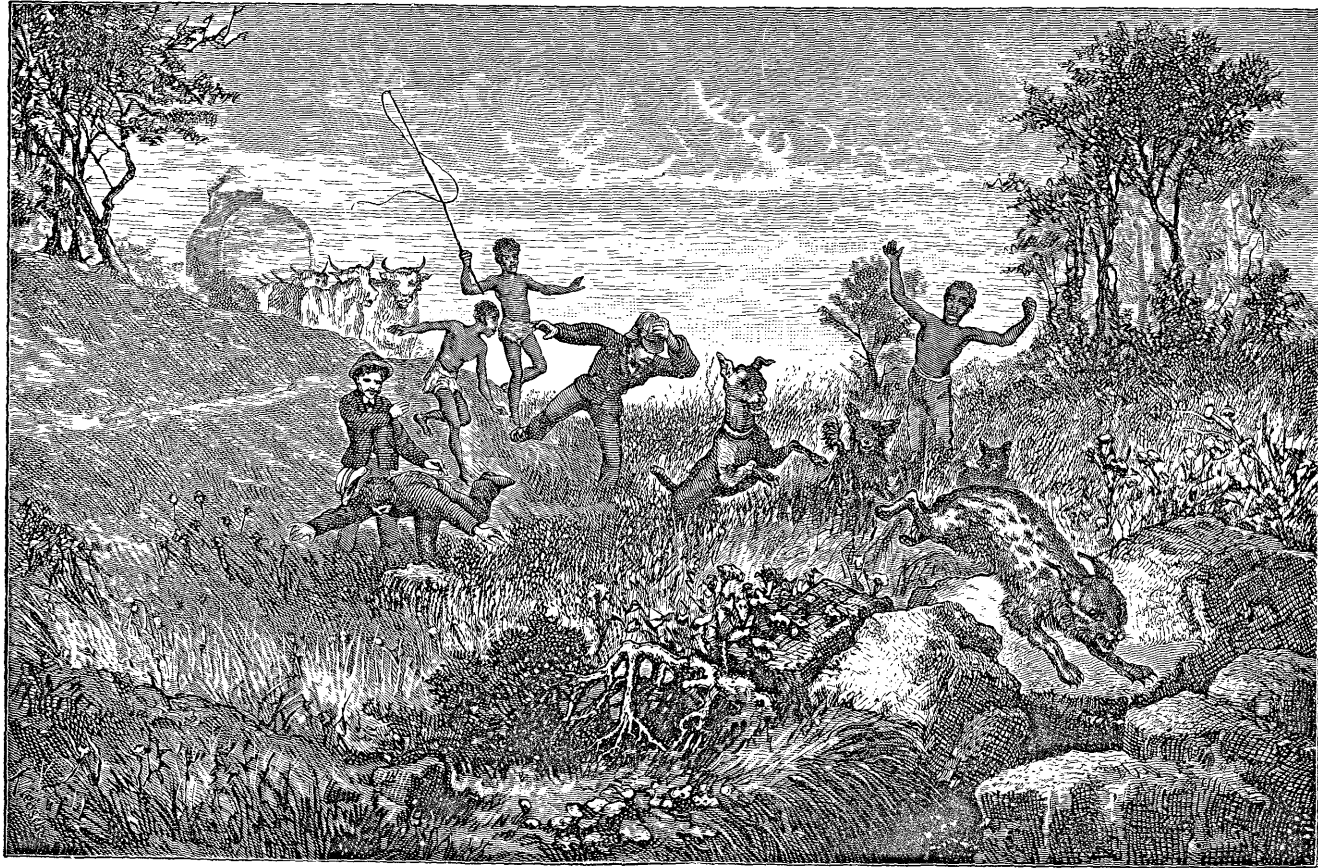
The cliffs that are steepest, and the crags that are the most rugged, are the favourite resorts of the rock-rabbit. It is not unfrequently found with a little hare, but this resides, ordinarily, more on the surface of the ground than in clefts of any depth. It loves warmth; its chief business of life, after providing itself with food, appears to be basking in

the sun; and damp winters, rare though they are on the table-land, and extreme cold, try it severely. In confinement, if it be not allowed plenty of space for moving about, or if it be shut up in any premises that are the least damp, it soon pines away; it is, however, very frequently to be seen in dwelling-houses, tied up by a piece of cord, which it does not attempt to gnaw. The price at which one can be bought varies from two to five shillings.

There is another species of rock-rabbit, one of which, although I saw a specimen, I was never able to procure. It has a foxy-red fur. I saw it in one of the limestone-funnels in the western Transvaal. Besides this, there is a smaller grey sort, found in the wooded districts of the southern part of Cape Colony, in Kaffraria, in Natal, and still further north. Of this I have seen two examples. It is said to have a shrill piping note, and to be very wild, but better able to endure damp than its brother of the woods.

As soon as we had all gathered together again after our little ramble, we made another start. Our road took us across several sandy river-beds, as well as over a great number of rain-trenches, the edges of which were overgrown with fine verdant mimosas. Near one of the trenches, our guide drew our attention to numerous hyæna and leopard-tracks, a hint to be upon our guard, which we did not neglect.

And not without reason. Our bullocks had with much difficulty just effected the passage of the Shutani stream, when the dogs gave tongue



THE AFRICAN LYNX.

furiously, and Stephan screamed out, "Bas, bas! pass up, een chut lup nack ye tu!"<sup>3</sup>

In a moment our attention was fixed upon the direction whence came the sound of an angry barking; another instant and a creature, yellowish in colour, with dark spots, bounded in front of the waggon; a moment more, and it had dashed down the slope. It was a southern lynx, known to the natives as a "thari." It looked so small, and the dogs, with Onkel at their head, were so close upon its track, that we did not wait to fetch our guns, but joined helter-skelter in the chase, rushing headlong over bushes, rocks, and every obstacle. We had not, however, a very long run; the dogs suddenly came to a halt at a mass of stone deeply embedded in the ground, where a rift about sixteen inches wide formed the entrance to a hole; the dogs stood before the gap and barked vehemently; the thari could be heard spitting savagely out of reach.

We could not spare the time to hunt out the lynx from its retreat, and with great reluctance were obliged to return to the waggon. At night, when we made our camp, I enjoined my people to keep the best look-out they could, and as an additional protection against leopards, I ordered several large fires to be lighted.

It was through thick and leafy underwood that we proceeded on our next day's journey. We met two women, whose necks and breasts were covered

<sup>3</sup> "Master! master! take care, something is running at you!"

with many strings of beads, their arms and thighs being encircled with rings about as thick as one's finger, formed also of tiny beads; they were walking, followed by a boy, who was driving a bullock laden with their baggage. By crossing the Koluany we had entered upon the territory of Sechele, the king of the Bakuenas, who, with the exception of the two Bamangwato chiefs, owns more land than any of the Bechuana rulers.

Having made the transit of a little stream called the Malili, the bed of which was partly stony and partly sandy, we had to ascend through a forest where the sand was very deep; when we reached the top we could discern a chain of hills in the north, which seemed to be wooded. They were the central portion of the Bakuena heights, and on coming nearer we found that they were joined by another ridge of hills, high up on one of which was a white speck, like a whitewashed European building. Our guide informed us that it belonged to Molopolole, Sechele's residence. In order to reach the town, which was built on the slope of the range, we had to pass through a wide valley, the bottom of which was occupied by some meagre, ill-cultivated fields.

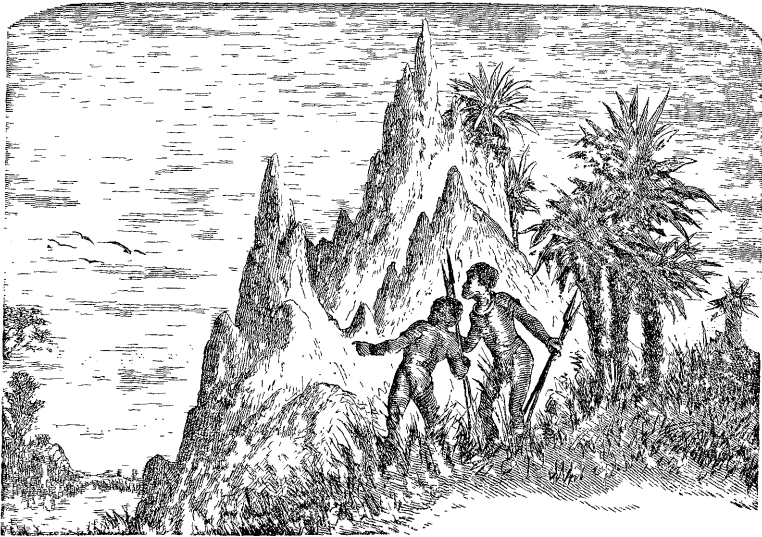
In the evening we made our camp about the middle of the valley, on a grass plot intersected by the bed of a brook, and near three native villages lying at the foot of a hill. About 300 yards to the east were the heights surrounding Sechele's villa, which was built several hundred feet above the level of the brook, and at the end of a shallow pass wind-

ing up the hills to the north. In close proximity to the villa, which was sheltered by a small rocky eminence, were the offices belonging to the royal household, the kotla, or enclosed conference-hall of the Bakuenas, and the residences of some traders, who were making a temporary stay in the place. Down below, on the edge of the valley, was a native village, also a portion of Molopolole; whilst a third part lay at the foot of the isolated southern ridge that was separated from the extensive northern and eastern chain by a long narrow pass called Kobuque by the natives. At the base of the northern hills, near a part that is fallen into ruins, there was yet another quarter of the town; this was not in the valley, but just outside, adjoining the fields that extended to the south-south-west. A second pass, the rocky entrance of which was called Molopolole, and gave its name to the town, ran from the valley in a northerly direction, and formed the course of the brook that descended from the Bakuena heights. Just where this pass joined the valley stood the mission buildings and the school, the chapel being situated in the upper portion of the town.

## CHAPTER X.

## FROM MOLOPOLOLE TO SHOSHONG.

Picturesque situation of Molopolole—Sechele's territory—Bakwena architecture—Excursion up the glen—The missionaries—Kotlas—My reception by Sechele—A young prince—Environs of Molopolole—Manners and customs of the Bechuanas—Religious ceremonies—Linyakas—Medical practice—Amulets—Moloi—The exorcising of Khame—Rain-doctors—Departure from Molopolole—A painful march—Want of water—The Barwas and Masarwas—Their superstition and mode of hunting—New Year's Day in the wilderness—Lost in the woods—Saved by a Masarwa—Wild honey—The Bamangwato highlands—Arrival at Shoshong.



WHITE-ANT HILLS.

VIEWED from the grassy valley in which we were

standing, Molopolole appeared undeniably the most picturesque of all the Bechuana towns. Around us were the rocky heights, most of them absolutely perpendicular in their upper parts, the lower half being formed of huge masses of rock, thickly wooded on the less abrupt declivities, and occasionally adorned with some giant aloe; on our right, overhanging the pass, was the Molopolole rock, with its interesting geological formation, and between us and the mouth of the defile were fine trees shading the mission buildings and their little gardens with their tropical growth of bananas and sugar-canes; in front of us, at the base of a steep cliff on the east, was one native village, and at the foot of a wooded eminence to the west lay another, in which was the spacious store of Messrs. Taylor, which, next to that of Francis and Grant, is the most important in the whole Bechuana country; between the villages the eye rested upon the rocky pass known as the Kobuque, and high above the more easterly of the two stood the portion of the town occupied by the royal residence, and the abodes of the upper class of the tribe. Turning to the north and west, we could see the part of the town that lay at the foot of the northern ridge, whilst outside the valley were the red ruins of a deserted village, and beyond that again the open plain, bounded on the south and south-west by the dark verdure of the woods that we had just traversed. Nothing was more striking in the entire scene than some enormous ant-hills standing at the edge of the

brook at the foot of the hills on the north; the principal pyramid was as much as nine feet and a half in height, and, including some smaller ones at the side, occupied an area forty feet in circumference.

But greatly as the scenery of Molopolole is to be admired, a like measure of approval cannot be bestowed either on the agricultural industry of its population, or on their style of architecture; nevertheless, their ruler deserves some credit for his prudent choice of this natural stronghold for his residence.

Sechele, the present king, to whom Livingstone has devoted more than one chapter of his "Travels," and of whom I have some few further particulars to relate, formerly resided with his Bakuenas to the south-east of Molopolole, near the spot where we now find the town of the Manupi. His tribe had become considerably reduced in numbers, through its wars and skirmishes with the surrounding people. Nothing but ruins now marks the site of his former home, which was near the Transvaal frontier, and called Kolobeng. Here it was that, in 1842, he was visited by the Nestor of African travellers.

Driven from Kolobeng by the Boers, Sechele next settled in Liteyana; but, in 1865, he migrated about ten miles eastward to Molopolole, where already there was a settlement established, and where he was joined by Pilani from Masupa. His territory, which is the most northerly of the four Bechuana kingdoms that I have mentioned, is bounded on the west

by the great Namaqualand; on the north by the eastern and western Bamangwato; on the east by the Limpopo and Marico on the Transvaal frontier; and on the south by the country of the Banquaketse. The southern frontier lies under lat.  $24^{\circ} 10' S.$ , and runs down past Kolobeng, in a south-east direction, as far as the Dwars Mountains and the Great Marico; the northern frontier, on the side of the two Bamangwato kingdoms, is in lat.  $23^{\circ} 30' S.$ , and partly follows the course of the Sirorume River. I should estimate the number of Sechele's actual subjects to be about 35,000, whilst the Batlokas, Bakhatlas, and Makhosi that reside in the country, but are not tributary to him, amount to 18,000 or 20,000 more. The entire population of Banquaketseland is nearly 30,000; the subjects of Montsua, the Barolong king, muster 35,000; whilst the smaller Barolong tribes that reside further in the neighbourhood of such towns as Marokana, and do not pay tribute to Montsua, may be estimated at 30,000 more. Mankuruane, the Batlapin king, has more than 30,000 people under his dominion; and in the little Mamusa kingdom there are now scarcely 8000 inhabitants, although a few years ago there were at least 10,000 in the neighbourhood of Mamusa Town alone.

On the evening of the 21st, our encampment in the Molopolole valley was visited by an ill-clad Dutchman, who worked here as a smith, and by two natives, who directed us where to find pasturage for our oxen. They were soon followed by Mr. Price and Mr. Williams, the two missionaries, who came

to bid us welcome to the place. Mr. Williams has since returned to Europe, and Mr. Price has been ordered by his society to Central Africa. By his second marriage with Miss Moffat, this gentleman became related to Dr. Livingstone.

I took two excursions next morning—one to the ruined town on the west, and another up the glen that opened into the valley, by the Molopolole Pass. Amongst the ruins I noticed some vaulted buildings, constructed of reeds, twigs, and cement, similar to those which I had seen in Mosilili's Town on the Mosupa River. Turkish figs, and the well-known South African datura, with its violet-coloured blossoms, grew luxuriantly about the place.

The huts occupied by the Bakuenas, or Bakwenas, differed somewhat from those of the Batlapins and Barolongs. They were generally less substantially built, and in this respect were especially inferior to the Barolong huts; most of them, however, had the clay enclosures which are formed by the eastern Batlapins round their fire-places, but which are dispensed with by those of the south and west. In the villages, I found small meeting-rooms, or conference-halls, standing amongst the homesteads; they consisted of a conical straw roof, supported on twenty piles or more, the intervals between the piles being filled up half-way by a substantial wall of rushes, ornamented with simple devices in ochre.

My little expedition up the Molopolole glen well repaid me for the trouble. I shot several fish, and by the help of my rod caught no less than seven

sheat-fish. Under the overhanging, almost perpendicular cliff, that formed the left-hand side of the pass, was a deep place that by means of dams, partly natural and partly artificial, was kept perpetually full of water, which got dried up within the town. In arid seasons, this was an excellent refuge for the fish, better even than the smaller pools higher up the glen, which, being exposed to the ravages of otters and lizards, did not allow the fish to be propagated as rapidly as they otherwise would have been.

Accepting an invitation from the missionaries, I paid them a visit, and found that Mr. Price had a home that was furnished with much comfort and considerable taste. It must, however, have been a great difficulty for him to attain such an amount of domestic civilization. He had been one of the two missionaries appointed to conduct the mission into the country of the Makololos; their reverses, however, had been so many, and their non-success so complete, that they had been obliged to abandon their undertaking. His associate, Mr. Williams, belonged, like himself and the other missionaries in Kuruman, Taung, Kanya, and Shoshong, to the London Missionary Society; he had been several years in South Africa, and was now building himself a house. They offered to introduce me to the king. Accordingly, on the second day after my arrival, we proceeded to mount the rocky heights on which, like an eagle's nest, stands the part of the town that is occupied by Sechele and his retinue. Passing the unfinished house of Mr. Williams, we had first to

ascend a narrow section of the glen, at the end of which stood the chapel built by Mr. Price, an unpretending edifice, sixty feet long and twenty-one feet wide, with an aisle and a thatched roof. Thence we passed on through the south-east quarter of the



KING SECHELE.

upper portion of the town, and, before proceeding to the royal residence, had to direct our steps to the kotla, to pay our respects to the king, who had received formal notice of my arrival. By the "kotla," I mean one of the enclosures that I have described as erected in Bechuana villages and towns

for the purposes of conference and debate. On the side of the enclosure facing the royal residence was an opening, capable of being closed at pleasure by trunks of trees. Sitting on a bench near this spot, the king, surrounded by his relatives, subordinates, and the elders of his tribe, listens to the reports of his hunters, spies, and messengers, receives the visits of ambassadors from other kings, who are allowed to squat before him on the ground; and delivers all his judgments, sometimes by his own word, and sometimes by the mouth of one of his representatives. Not unfrequently there is a small wooden hut close at hand within the enclosure, where a fire is kept burning, providing a place of assembly in wet weather. The kotlas are sometimes obliged to serve as forts; and such as are situated at the foot of hills are protected on the side of attack by logs of extra size and weight as a defence against missiles.

Sechele received us standing. He was a man considerably over fifty years of age, stout, very tall, and with such a perpetual smile playing on his face as to give me at once the impression that I was in the presence of an utter hypocrite. This *primâ facie* impression was subsequently confirmed.

After acknowledging our salutations, Sechele turned to Mr. Price, and begged him to tell me that my appearance pleased him more than that of any white man he had ever seen. Mr. Price had hardly finished interpreting what had been said, when, in turning towards the king in astonishment at receiving so flattering a compliment from a man

whom I had never met before, I caught him winking his right eye at a subordinate chief and his son with an expression that completely belied his words. The facility with which, on perceiving my surprise, he resumed his habitual smirk, proved that he had no inconsiderable amount of self-possession.

He then invited me and the two missionaries to accompany him to his house, and to take a cup of tea. It was only a few minutes' walk to the front of his residence, a new and trim-looking edifice. Close beside it was the old house, now occupied by the king's eldest son, and adjoining it were the dwellings of the various other members of the royal family. The new abode had just been erected by the firm of Messrs. Taylor at a cost of 3000*l.*, the money being raised by the sale of ostrich feathers and oxen.

Sechele's establishment is more luxurious than that of any other of the Bechuana sovereigns, and he has quite adopted the European style of living.

Before describing our reception I may say a few words about Sechele himself.

Although he was the first of the six Bechuana kings to profess himself a Christian, he has the reputation of standing lower in moral character than any of them, whilst his northerly neighbour, Khame, the present king of the Eastern Bamangwatos is ranked highest, our good friend Montsua being assigned the second place. Sechele is a thorough intriguer, double-faced, and evidently a firm believer in the maxim that "the end justifies the means."

The name of his tribe, the Bakuenas, is derived from two words, Ba or Ma, and Kuena, or Kwena, signifying "crocodile-men," i. e. the men who dance the crocodile-dance, implying that although they do not actually worship it, they regard the crocodile with a certain amount of veneration. The king's full title is Sechele M'Kwase Morena ea Bakuena.

Quite unprepared for our visit, the queen was reclining in the courtyard, Bakuena fashion, on an oxhide; but as we entered she rose to greet us, and conducted us to the house. She was a tall, muscular woman, wearing a handkerchief bound round her head and fastened behind. She had on a cotton gown, and a great woollen shawl. Her designation is Ma-Sebele, the mother of Sebele, which was the name of her youngest son.

Whilst the queen went to order us some refreshments, Sechele handed us into the reception-room, or, as he called it in broken English, the drawing-room. It was furnished throughout in European style, the chairs and couches being of walnut-wood, covered with red velvet. Nothing pleased the king better than to exhibit the interior of his palace to a white man, and the complacent grin that overspread his countenance, as he ushered me through the apartments, evidently showed that he considered that he was giving me a great treat. After requesting me to be seated, he spread out his pocket-handkerchief, which he did not appear to use for any other purpose, on the chair which he selected for himself, and sat upon it. The queen, when

she returned, seated herself upon a wooden stool.

Sechele now proceeded to question me, through the missionaries as interpreters, as to my own nationality, and the object of my journey. It was the case with him, as with most Bechuanas, that the only white men that he knew were Englishmen, whom he liked, and Boers, whom he did not like; and he was manifestly surprised when he learned that I belonged to neither of them. As soon as he thought he had got the word "Austria" impressed upon his memory, he inquired upon what river I resided, and whether I lived in a town or at a cattle-station, by which he meant in the country. The name of Prague was another puzzle for him, and his surprise was still further increased when he heard that it was twenty times as large as Molopolole; his manner of expressing himself being that "his heart was full of wonder at the greatness of the village."

Turning to his wife, he said,—

"He is a nyaka (a doctor); he is not an Englishman; he is not a Boer; but—"

His memory had failed him, and he had to turn to the missionaries to be prompted.

He caught the word Austrian, and, rising from his seat, stammered out,—

"O-o-stri-en!"

Then, looking round, he smiled as if he had accomplished a prodigious feat.

At this moment a new comer appeared on the

scene. A tall boy came in, about fourteen years of age, dressed in a shirt, trousers, waistcoat, and a red woollen cap. He shook hands with the missionaries, as old acquaintances, and laughed at everything that was said, especially when the queen introduced him to me as her "Tholing Beb (darling baby) Sebele." When he had been with us about half-an-hour he suddenly recollected that he had come to say that tea was ready in the dining-room.

Sechele immediately led the way; we followed him, the queen bringing up the rear. We were all in great good-humour, particularly Tholing Beb and myself, both of us looking forward to partaking (he for the second time that day) of the cakes of the Makoa (white man), which I had not tasted for the last two months. The young prince, however, was not allowed to join us at the round table, but was made to stand aloof, and do all the waiting, an office which he performed very fairly.

The dining-room table was handsome, and covered with a white cloth. Tea was served in cups shaped like little bowls. The king swallowed at least a quart. The sugar-basin, cream-jug, and the rest of the service were placed upon a side-table; they were all of silver, being, as I understood, a present from the merchants who made periodical visits to Molopolole. The tea was good, and the cakes unexceptionable.

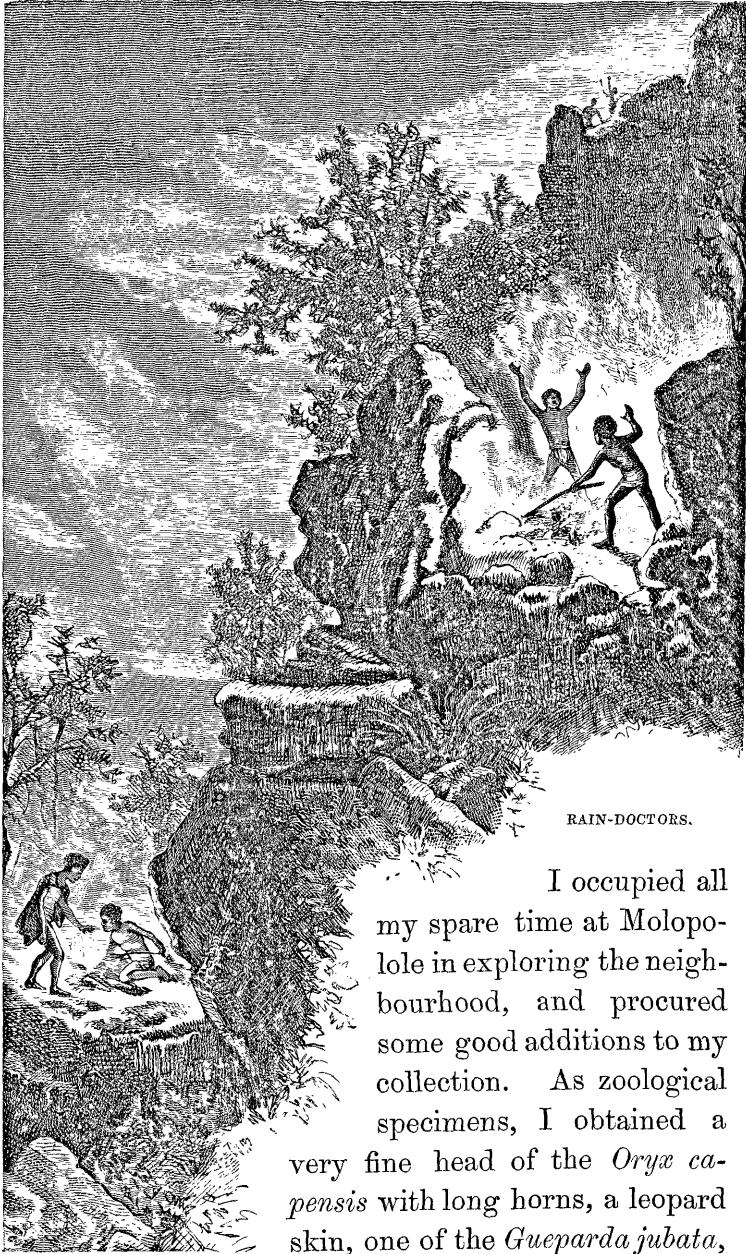
There was now a renewal of the conversation that had commenced in the drawing-room, and I was catechised about the proceedings of the English

Government in the diamond-fields, and those of the Dutch Government in Pretoria and Bloemfontein. The queen clearly had no interest in these subjects, and gradually resumed the nap which had been interrupted by our arrival. Sechele appeared a little vexed at her breach of etiquette, and attempted to rouse her by some spasmodic coughs, which became more violent at each repetition. Failing, however, to awaken her from her slumber, which every moment grew more sonorous, he stealthily gave her such pushes with his elephantine foot that I had the hardest matter to keep from bursting out laughing.

Controlling myself as well as I could, I said, "Morena, when I was only thirteen years old, I read your name in Nyaka Livingstone's book. I little thought that I should ever see you and speak to you: far more surprising is it to me to find myself drinking tea in your palace."

The king, although he still practised rain-magic, had become familiar with some passages of Scripture, and said, with a sanctimonious air, "His ways are past finding out."

But while Mr. Williams had been interpreting what I said to him, he had kept one eye fixed on his wife; and, observing to his disgust that she was almost falling from her seat in her drowsiness, he only waited until he thought I was not watching him, to give her such a tremendous poke, that she had a narrow escape of knocking her cup off the table with her forehead.



RAIN-DOCTORS.

I occupied all my spare time at Molopolole in exploring the neighbourhood, and procured some good additions to my collection. As zoological specimens, I obtained a very fine head of the *Oryx capensis* with long horns, a leopard skin, one of the *Gueparda jubata*,

and several of the Hyrax. I also procured a skin of the *Viverra Zivetta*, which seems to be very rare, besides some of the *Felis caligata*. Mr. Williams brought me the carcass of a three-year-old caama-fox, that had on some previous occasion been caught in a trap and lost one of its hind paws; it had now been caught a second time, and more effectually. The Bakuena heights are the habitat of the beautiful klipp-springer; and in the country north of Molopolole, we for the first time came across elands and giraffes.

I was very much struck by the number of medium-sized birds of prey, such as sparrow-hawks, falcons, buzzards, and kites. Mr. Williams had killed as many of the kites as he could, on account of the depredations they made amongst his wife's poultry. A great variety of owls, white owls, barn-owls, and small screech-owls likewise had their abode in the cliffs, and in the crevices of the rocks there were many sorts of mammalia and reptiles, snakes and lizards finding there a most congenial home. Insects, such as lepidoptera and flies, abounded in the luxuriant vegetation, and in the decaying trunks of trees. I also made a large gathering of beetles, spiders, and centipedes. I may say, without the least hesitation, that a student in almost any branch of natural history could hardly fail to make a visit to the Bakuena hills highly remunerative.

Here, just as on the Bamangwato heights, and other rocky ridges of the high plateau of Central

South Africa in connexion with the Marico or Matabele mountain systems, we find either the steep, fissured slopes of table-hills, or table-lands studded with conical and isolated peaks. The ascent to this network of hills is effected by a wooded and sandy plain with a scarcely perceptible rise, and the descent is just as gradual to a shallow river-bed, beyond which rises again another similar ridge of heights. The geological composition of these highlands consists of granite, quartz-slate, trapdykes, veins of chalk, and ferruginous sandy clay. The vegetation is characterized by some gigantic aloes, which in places form regular groves.

In concluding my account of Molopolole, I may be allowed to introduce a brief notice of some of the religious and social customs of the Bechuanas generally. I obtained many details from the English missionaries, Messrs. Mackenzie, Hephrun, Price, Williams, Brown, and Webb; from the German missionary, Herr Jensen; and from several of the better educated Bechuanas themselves; and in the course of my three journeys into the interior, I was able to verify many particulars by my own observation.

In the strict sense of the word the Bechuanas, that is to say, the branches of that family in Central South Africa, cannot be said to have any religion at all; nevertheless the circumstance, that upon receiving their first instruction in Christianity, they at once applied to the Unseen God the designation of "Morimo," without attaching any difference to

the signification of the word, would lead to the inference that in bygone times they had rendered homage to some presumed divinity either visible or invisible. Another word, closely allied to Morimo, and not unfrequently heard in the vocabulary of the Bechuanas, is "Barimo," by which they appear to signify the spirits of the departed. But although they cannot be said to have any actual religion, the mass of the population put a kind of faith in certain ceremonies, which amongst other people professing polytheism would be regarded as religious rites; they likewise avow a degree of veneration for certain animals, inasmuch as they will not kill them, eat them, nor use their skins. We find also that ceremonies such as these to which I refer are performed and inculcated by persons educated and set apart for the purpose, with the king, or if the king should be a Christian, with the heathen next in rank to him, at their head; thus forming a sort of society of priests, having a high priest, called nyaka or nyaga.

As long as the Bechuanas, though subdivided into several families, were united under a single sceptre, the right of kingship was hereditary in the Baharutse tribe; and subsequently the old royal family retained the prerogative of performing what might be called the sacerdotal part in the ceremonials. For a long while after the empire was broken up, and the various tribes had branched off—one to the north, others to the south, east, south-east, and south-west, forming larger or smaller independent

states of their own—the ancient royal family was not only respected, but notwithstanding that their sovereign control was limited to the small clan from which they originally sprang, they still held the rank of high priests at all the great superstitious rites, so that even members of other reigning families, as well as the nyakas, would journey from the new states back to the court of the Baharutse to see the ceremonials duly performed by their former chief. Of late years, however, since the branch tribes have developed into important states, and many of their chiefs have become Christians, the custom has almost ceased; nevertheless the ancient royal family is always held in high veneration by the whole of the Bechuanas; and this, in spite of its members through mutual dissension having lost every vestige of power, and residing either as subjects of the Transvaal in and about the town of Linokana, or as subjects of Khatsisive in the town of Moshaneng. The present chief of the eastern Baharutse, and consequently the proper sovereign of the Bechuanas is a young man named Pilani.

In the detached Bechuana kingdoms the sovereign institutes and arranges the ceremonies; in districts where several tribes are united under one rule, this responsibility devolves upon the leading chief. The most important of the ceremonies is the formal partaking of the first-fruits, mainly of the gourd; but, in addition to this, there are the initiation into the healing art, the invocation of rain, and the magical

incantations. The partaking of the first-fruits must be performed by the chief alone, in his capacity of head doctor and magician; but in the other rites he is assisted by the linyakas or priests, who also practise the arts of rain-making and magic, and who are generally nyakas, having, in addition to their other attainments, a certain superficial acquaintance with the medicinal properties of plants.

Out of doors these linyakas are distinguished by a short mantle made from the skin of the baboon (*Cynocephalus Babuin*), and their homes are characterized by carpets made from the skins of the *Hyæna crocata* or *maculata*, on which they sit to receive audiences. Many of them wear round their necks whole strings of the bones of different mammals, birds, and reptiles, and all, without exception, are provided with four little pegs, generally made of ivory, but sometimes of horn, and branded over with figures, which are thrown like dice, and used for the ostensible purpose of diagnosis; these pegs are called "dolos," and are occasionally carried by men who, though not actually linyakas, have paid a sum of money to be instructed in their use.

The office of linyaka is hereditary, but young aspirants may obtain admission into the order. Before entering upon the requisite course of study, every candidate must present his teacher with a cow, or some gift of equal value, or if he should happen to have gained some mali (money) in the diamond-fields, he has to hand over a fee, which may vary from 4*l.* to 7*l.* The first step in the course

is to dig up<sup>1</sup> the plants that are reputed to have medicinal virtues, and for this purpose the student is taken through the woods and plains, and made familiar not only with the plants themselves, but with the parts of them that are to be employed, and with the times and seasons when they ought to be gathered. The appropriate parts of the plants having been steeped in water to form decoctions, or dried and pounded into powders, are then, by the use of certain formularies, converted into "medicines;" other formularies being repeated when the remedies are administered, an operation which must of necessity be performed by the doctor himself, and which ordinarily takes place in the presence of a noisy crowd of lookers-on.

In disorders like typhus or dysentery, sudorifics are the remedy most frequently exhibited. The patient is made to lie down in his best fur jacket, or in a warm woollen shawl bought probably for the occasion, and when the medicines have done their work, the nyaka reappears and carries off the reeking garment, in order, as he says, to bury it, sweat and all. The patient may be rejoiced at having the disorder carried so effectually out of the house, but if, when convalescent, he should happen to see the doctor's wife parading the village in his jackal-skin, or in the comfortable shawl, he would never venture to hint at its restoration.

The latter portion of the course of study com-

<sup>1</sup> Digging forms a conspicuous element in all the Bechuana ceremonies.

prises the art of casting the *dolos*. Besides being doctors, the *linyakas* are conjurers and magicians, and accordingly have to teach their pupils how to procure, use, and sell the amulets, which, bound round the forehead, or worn on the neck, are supposed to secure protection from the malevolence of enemies, from the attacks of disease, from the pursuit of wild beasts, or from any injuries by gunshot. Such amulets are manufactured out of the tarsus bones of certain small quadrupeds, the scales of pangolins, the metatarsus bones and claws of several birds, the skins of snakes and lizards, small tortoise-shells, or the bodies of large weevils. None, however, of these are considered of more importance than the *dolos*, with their variegated devices, strung together either singly or mixed with beads on blades of grass, or hairs from the tail of the giraffe. The principal use that is made of them is for purposes of divination; they are brought into play to find out the whereabouts of stolen goods, or the retreat of a fugitive, as well as to exorcise obnoxious men and beasts; they are considered capable of charming away an enemy, and of averting mischief, certain formulæ generally being recited whenever they are employed.

Another department of the *linyakas'* functions is to perform certain public ceremonies for the common welfare, such as burying a couple of antelopes' horns on the paths leading to a town; placing pots on stakes in a prominent part of a village; hanging baboon-skulls near the entrance of a *kotla*; or set-

ting the heads of some large beasts of prey at the gate of a cattle-kraal, the design in each case being to provide a charm against external attack. Occasionally, also, fields are furnished with magic charms to ensure a fruitful harvest, or to keep off locusts; the amulets which are employed for these public purposes being always prepared with mysterious rites, and only the most venerable of the linyakas being permitted to officiate. Amongst the Marutse, on the Central Zambesi, human sacrifices have been made on these occasions.

The public amulets are called "lipeku," and there are some occasions in which the laity are allowed to take part in their preparation. Such is the case with the "khome kho lipeku," i. e. the dedication of the ox to the lipeku. For this ceremony a bullock is selected that has never been in harness; its eyelids are tightly sewn together with fine sinews; it is then turned in again with the rest of the herd, and having been watched for a while, is slaughtered; its blood is then boiled up with other charms, and the mixture preserved in small gourd-vessels. In times of war the king and his generals either smear themselves with the compound, or hang little pots of it on various parts of their bodies.

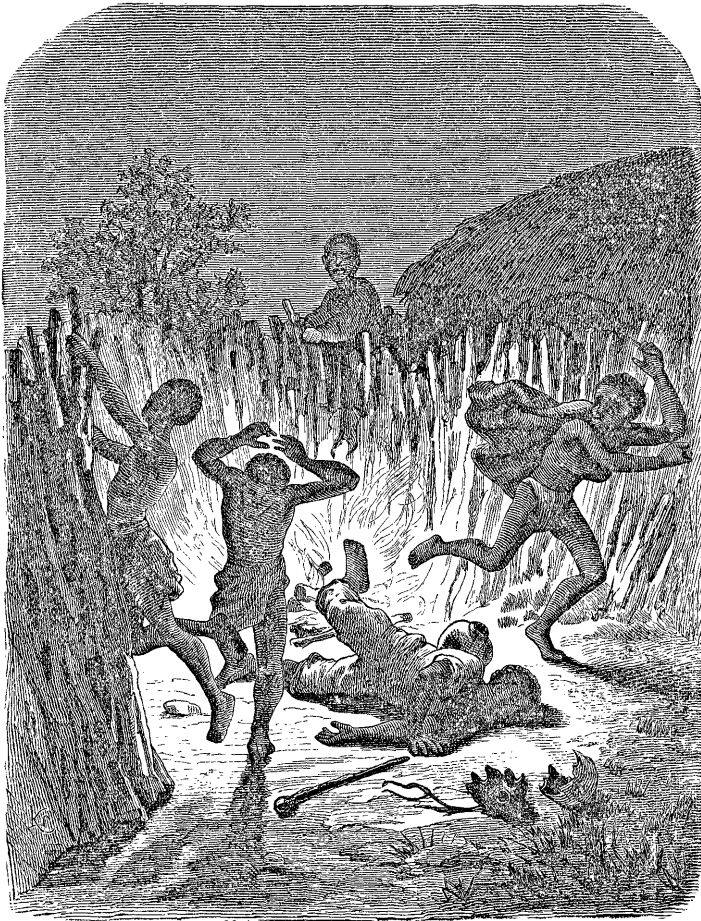
But although the linyakas in general secure the veneration of the people, there is a class of them that is feared and hated. Such of them as have been known to act from revenge, or who have voluntarily done any injury, or whose magic has proved

unavailing, are called "moloji," or evil magicians, an epithet held so detestable that a Bechuana cannot be more insulted than by having it applied to himself. A moloji is considered more potent than a linyaka; it is believed that he can control nature without the aid of any formal enchantment; that he can clamber over rocks, and cross rivers without being heard; that fire does not harm him; and that jackals cease howling at his approach. Mothers often quiet their crying children by threatening them with the moloji.

These evil magicians are credited with the desire of injuring the crops. Sometimes a true linyaka of good repute may be employed by a chief to inflict this injury on an enemy, but in that case the odium would fall upon the chief, without at all affecting the position of the linyaka.

The Bechuanas maintain that the moloji dig up corpses and kill new-born infants, in order to apply certain portions of the bodies to their incantations; but their most formidable charms are believed to be prepared from large serpents and crocodiles, and from other animals that are most difficult to capture. If any one has a grudge against his neighbour he will betake himself to a moloji, under cover of darkness, and pay him a fee for his services; whatever death the intended victim may subsequently die is confidently attributed to the operation of the magician; if he should die a natural death, he has been poisoned by the subtle "molemo," or if he falls on a hunting excursion, he has assuredly been attacked by some beast that the moloji had enchanted.

The accompanying illustration depicts a scene that occurred in Shoshong, in 1866. King Sekhomo was so jealous of the exceeding popularity of his son



KHAME'S MAGIC.

Khame, that he determined to kill him. For this purpose he secretly engaged some moloi to go by night and enact their deadliest enchantments in

front of Khame's house. Awakened by the gleam of a fire just beyond his enclosure, Khame crept out and stood quietly surveying the preparations. One of the performers of the mysteries happening to look round, and catching the sight of Khame's face in the glare, gave a loud cry of surprise; this so startled his companions that they took to their heels. The young man came forward, smashed up all the magic apparatus, threw it as so much lumber on the fire, which he stopped carefully to extinguish, and the next morning, to the chagrin of the king and the discomfiture of the moloï, made his appearance in the kotla as well and hearty as ever.

In conformity with the rest of their character, the moloï have a singular antipathy to rain; they claim the ability to ward it off by burning a fresh green bough, with a suitable incantation, and maintain that they can frighten away the clouds by the mystic use of their guns. In every possible way they lay themselves out to thwart the proceedings of the recognized rain-doctors.

Perhaps the avocation of the linyakas and their chief representative which is really the most important, is the invocation of rain. In protracted periods of drought, when there seems a probability of the accustomed public incantations turning out a failure, recourse is had to linyakas who reside in more rainy districts, the Malokwanas, from the right bank of the central Limpopo, being always ready to put in an appearance in consideration of an adequate present of cattle.

But in ordinary seasons the task is entrusted to the native linyakas, who in the early spring, either alone or accompanied by a few volunteers, betake themselves to a fertile plot of ground selected as appropriate for the purpose, and proceed "tsimo ea pula," i.e. to dig the rain-field. In the four corners of the field the men plant a number of seeds of maize, gourds, or water-melons, over which the linyakas have repeated their incantations, and then the women commence the work of digging the soil. The day of the ceremonial is the occasion of a general holiday, the women not going on with their labour till the following morning.

From that day forward the people are forbidden to gather the young branches of trees, especially those of the warten-bichi, which is regarded with veneration by the Bechuanas. But as soon as the kaffir-corn is ripe, the men, with the linyaka at their head, and provided with hatchets and knives, assemble at the kotla, and proceed to cut some branches from the sacred acacia; with these they first repair the royal cattle-kraal adjoining the kotla, and then make good any defects in their other enclosures. To carry a bough of the *Acacia detinens* round a village at midday before harvest would be regarded as a great calamity to the tribe.

During harvest-time all fruits, ostrich-feathers, and ivory must be brought into the town from the woods covered up. If it has rained in the night, and continues to rain in the morning, no one works

in the fields that day for fear of disturbing the rain, and inducing it to stop. When the wet weather has fairly set in, or as the Bechuanas conceive, when the doctors have brought on the rain, the linyakas have to continue their operation, so as to ensure that the downpour may be of long duration.

For this purpose they are accustomed to resort occasionally by themselves, but much more frequently, in company with their pupils and the owners of the land, to some isolated spot away among the hills, where they whistle, shout, mumble their formulæ, and light fires on the ledges of the rocks, into which from time to time they throw handfuls of their magic compounds.

When at any time the efforts of the linyakas seem unavailing, the fault is supposed not to lie with them, but with certain of the community who must have committed some undetected breach of the laws. Suspicion more often than not falls upon widows or widowers, who are presumed to have omitted some of the purifications prescribed for their condition; they are accordingly sentenced to undergo a public purifying, and the linyakas are paid to erect grass-huts outside the town, where the accused are obliged to reside for an indefinite time, their hair being all shorn from their heads, and whence they are not permitted to depart to their homes until they are pronounced thoroughly cleansed.

If this purification of individuals should prove

unavailing, a general purifying of all fires and fire-places is ordered, and the linyakas proceed to remove from every hearth the three stones upon which the kettle is supported, and having carried them all away, and laid them in a heap outside the town, they consecrate as many new ones. During this ceremony all fires must be put out; and either in the evening of the same day, or early on the following morning, one of the assistant officers brings some brushwood and a light, and kindles the fires afresh.

If it should turn out that even this proceeding is a failure, more vigorous measures still have to be adopted. An universal cleansing of the entire town is proclaimed, and all accumulations of the bones of animals, all fragments of skins, and all remnants of human remains, are scrupulously collected and buried in a deep grave; and if the grave should be anywhere near the burial-place of a former chief, which is generally kept a secret, a cow is slaughtered to appease his anger, which probably has been aroused; and very often hunting excursions, known as "letshulo," are set on foot for the purpose of securing particular animals, some parts of which are essential for the linyakas' enchantments and rain-charms.

Whatever effect Christianity may have had in ameliorating the condition of the wives of the converts, it has done very little to lighten the severity of their tasks; the introduction of the plough, however, which is driven by men with the

help of oxen (animals which the women never touch), has relieved the Bechuana women of one of their most fatiguing labours. It is to be hoped that it will gradually tend to the abolition of all the senseless ceremonies of the rain-magic, which I have made this long digression to describe.

I resume the account of our travels.

We left Molopolole by the Koboque-pass, and proceeded northwards along the valley of an affluent of the Tshanyana. The vegetation around us was luxuriant, the river-banks, valleys, and hill-sides being partially wooded with shrubs and trees, and clothed with flowers and grasses of many varieties. The steep cliffs, here red, there yellow, there again grey or dark brown, formed natural terraces of rock, whilst the great loose boulders, some sharp at the edges, some rounded, were set in a framework of verdure, spangled with blossoms of every hue.

The clouds were not propitious, and it was through a heavy downpour of rain that we had to toil along the sandy road. But this was neither the end nor the worst of our ill-luck. When we came to a halt after the exertions of the day, I found that Stephan and Dietrich, the two servants that I had brought from Musemanyana, had disappeared, and with them two of my strongest bullocks. I had noticed on the previous evening how the runaways had been repeatedly warning me that there were lions in the neighbourhood, and concluded that they had a desire to dissuade me from continuing my

journey. Our distance from Molopolole was about fifteen miles; nevertheless I determined to make my way back, and to ask Sechele to despatch some horsemen over Khatsisive's country in search of the rascals; and finding next morning that the rain had almost ceased, accompanied by Boly and Pit, I set out on foot to the town.

I walked for five hours, but my heavy boots had by that time rendered my feet so painful that I was obliged to stop; and sitting down on the grass at the edge of the pass leading into the Molopolole valley, I sent Boly and Pit to carry my messages to Sechele and Mr. Price.

Hour after hour went slowly by, foreboding no good for the success of their mission, and when they joined me again quite late in the afternoon, it was only to confirm my fear that all search had been unavailing.

It was little less than martyrdom that I endured all the way back to the waggon. Unable to bear the pressure of my boots, I was compelled to walk barefooted, and as the rain had washed down on to the road countless seeds of a kind of ranunculus (*R. crepens*), that the Boers on account of their prickliness have named "Devil's grit," my agonies can be better imagined than described.

Only just before midnight we caught sight of the blaze of our camp-fire, and were greeted with a cheer of welcome.

As the place had no pleasant associations for us, we started as soon as we could on the following

morning, pursuing our way through the sandy woods still to the north. The road led us across some shallow depressions that evidently indicated a slope of the land eastward, in the rainy season containing some of the affluent brooks of the Limpopo.



PIT, THE GRIQUA, DISCOVERS LEOPARD TRACKS.

On the 29th our travelling was exceedingly laborious, not simply on account of the sand, but from the rise of the ground in the direction we were going. The shortest distance by road between Molopolole and Shoshong is 128 miles ; but in consequence of the deficiency of water, it is only at certain times of the year that the direct route is

available, and a long circuit generally has to be made. On foot the journey is shorter, and may be accomplished in five days.

Some traces of lions and leopards that we observed next day on the edge of the barren depressions warned us to proceed with caution, and the sand into which our wheels sank seven or eight inches did not allow our progress to be as rapid as we could desire.

The numerous skeletons of antelopes, elands, and giraffes were a token that at no long period previously the district must have abounded with game. On none of the giraffe-skulls that I examined between this place and Shoshong did I find the bony protuberances on the forehead to be of equal height, and many had one or both covered with exostoses, which in some cases formed a bridge between them across the brow.

Once more, on the 31st, we found ourselves in a sandy forest. During the last two days there had been no rain, and the South African sun poured down upon us its glowing beams. While we were toiling along, Boly drew my attention to some dark objects hanging on an acacia. On closer approach we found them to be large pieces of dry giraffe-hide, which we conjectured that some huntsmen had hung up and forgotten; but while we were handling them we were accosted by a Makalahari, who told us that they belonged to the morena Sechele, and thus put an end to any idea we might have entertained of appropriating them to ourselves. The man told

us that he and a few others were stationed there for giraffe-hunting, the flesh being their own perquisite, while the skins were the property of the king. I gave him a little present, and he told me that we should not meet with any water until the middle of the following day, a piece of information that made us push on with all possible speed, and we did not bring our day's march to an end before it was quite late.

The New Year's morning of 1874 dawned dull and drear. Although the previous day had been so hot the sky was now overcast, and the temperature considerably lower. Towards the middle of the day the atmosphere became clearer, and we saw a small column of smoke rising from a wooded eminence above the valley before us which seemed to extend towards the east. Had it been a column of gold we could hardly have been more delighted than we were at the sight of that dingy vapour, and we had no sooner discerned the miserable huts from which it arose than we sent Pit on ahead to implore the inhabitants to let us have some water to allay our thirst. Some children were playing in the vicinity, and we soon came upon two men in the valley who appeared to be awaiting our arrival. To our grievous disappointment, when we came up with Pit, he told us that he had ascertained that the only places from which the people obtained their drinking-water were a few deep pools, much too small for any animals but goats to drink from, and there was no place in the neighbourhood where

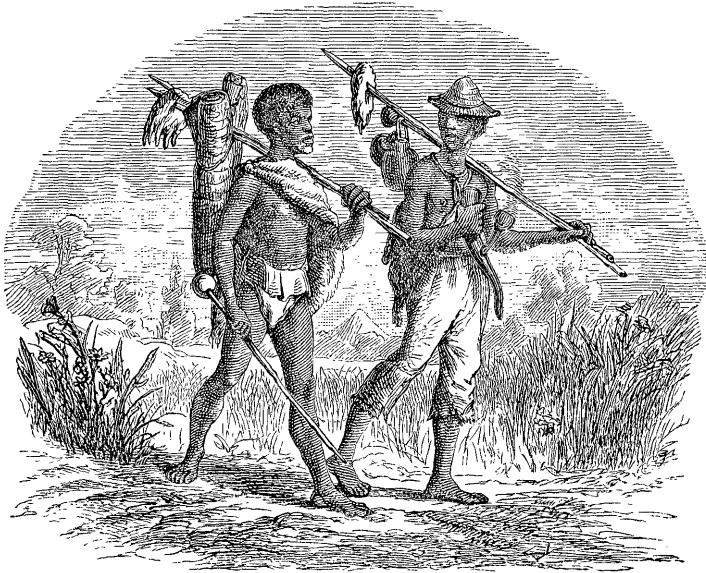
we could water our cattle that it was possible for us to reach before sunset ; and here were two of the people, who having obtained the permission of their master, a Bakuena, offered to show us the nearest way.

One of these volunteer guides was a Masarwa. I think that I have already mentioned that the Bechuanas, like the Korannas of Mamusa, possess servants, or more properly slaves, belonging to the Makalahari race, sometimes termed the Bakalahari, who formerly owned the territory between the Zambesi and the Orange River. Although really slaves they are generally treated with much consideration ; but besides them, there are two other tribes, the Barwas and the Masarwas, that are reckoned as slaves, and are regarded by the Bechuanas with much more disdain ; although at times there are alliances between the Makalahari and the Bakuenas, no free Bechuana would ever dream of allowing a connexion between himself and either of these two subject races.

The Barwas and the Masarwas, although perhaps not really identical, are known by either name promiscuously amongst the northern Bechuanas and the Madenassanas, who live in the upper central parts of the two Bamangwato kingdoms. They may be described as a cross between some branches of the Makalahari and the Bushmen. Their form, complexion, language, and customs afford various indications of their double origin, and I do not think I can be mistaken in supposing them to

be a link between the Bushmen and the Bantu family.

The Makalahari are generally employed by their Bechuana masters as cowherds, and especially as domestic servants, but these Masarwas are perpetually engaged as hunters, a pursuit in which they are far greater adepts than their owners.



NATIVE POSTMEN.

Like the Bushmen they use bows and arrows, to which Bechuanas are little accustomed; they are very adroit also in capturing animals by means of poisoned assegais, and in driving them into pits; and they are remarkably skilful in making battus; in this respect being very like the Madenassanas, a tribe closely allied to them in appear-

ance and language. It must be mentioned, however, that it is especially necessary to be on one's guard against their craft, treachery, and thievish propensities.

In districts where game is abundant they reside in detached villages. Their huts look something like large haycocks, consisting of a framework of stakes driven into the earth, fastened together firmly at the top about five feet above the ground, and covered with a layer of twigs and dry grass; they are surrounded by no enclosure whatever, and a few smooth stones on which seeds are crushed or bones broken, some piles of ashes, some clusters of dry vegetable pods, and a few worn foot-tracks are the sole signs of their being used for human habitation. Though they are slaves, they are entrusted with guns and ammunition, but all the skins, ostrich feathers, ivory, and rhinoceros-horn that they procure, as well as certain wild fruits, such as those of the baobab and fan-palm, have to be handed over to their masters. If while hunting with his slaves a Bamangwato or Barolong master has to return home, he leaves the control with the eldest of them; but after being left they have to go back every three or four months and present themselves at the town to deliver what they have secured. On their arrival they are not allowed to enter during the daytime, but are compelled to wait outside, and to give in their names and an account of themselves to the inhabitant next in rank to the chief, who communicates what they report to him; mes-

sengers are then sent out to conduct them to the kotla. Hunters who omit to attend the royal residence in the proper way are sent for, and by stern reprimand are compelled to perform this duty.

The Masarwas are of medium height, reddish-brown complexion, and a repulsive cast of countenance. Although in form they resemble the Bushmen, in colour and feature they are more like the Makalahari; they are not, however, so faithful and confiding as these, and consequently are rarely engaged either as domestic servants or as soldiers. At the same time, they act very well as spies upon a frontier, and are useful in bringing intelligence of the advance of an enemy.

No people in South Africa are more skilful than the Masarwas in foraging out water in dry districts, or more keen in tracking game. The rough treatment that they have received from the Bechuanas, as punishment for their misdemeanours, makes them very shy of the white man; and in travelling across the Kalahari desert, or through such woods as we had just traversed, or through those between Shoshong and the Zooga, or, again, between the Salt Lakes and the Zambesi, a European may be followed unawares by people of this tribe, who keep their distance from mere fear of being maltreated or put to hard work; but let a good head of game be brought down, and before the carcass is cold he will find himself surrounded by a number of them, ready to receive his commission to disembowel it, and

quite content to receive a good piece of the flesh for their remuneration.

The Masarwas may be said to bear somewhat the same relation to the other South African tribes as the vulture does to the birds and the jackal to the beasts. Wherever his keen eye espies a vulture hovering in the air, he hastens towards the spot where it seems about to settle; there, if (as perchance he will) he catches sight of a lion in the middle of his savage meal, by dint of shouting, hurling stones, and firebrands, he will make the brute retreat, and climbing up like a monkey into a tree, or scrambling like a weasel into a bush, he will take deliberate aim, choosing a vulnerable spot into which he may send his poisoned arrow, and lay the monarch of the forest low.

Like the Bushmen in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, the Barwas and Masarwas have a great aversion to agriculture and cattle-breeding. In their primitive dwellings, they do not seem to practise stone-carving, or to use any stone utensils; and the only attempt that I ever saw at carving amongst them was in extremely simple patterns, something like those executed by the Makalahari. Out of ostrich-eggs, however, they cut circles and manufacture long chains and various other ornaments. I never saw or heard of any formation of caves or grottoes among them, nor of any attempt at adorning the rocks.

Superstition is very rife in the entire tribe. Before his hunting-excursions, whether he goes