

prehensions were relieved by an answer in the affirmative, and by the soft sound of their voices, which we perceived to be female. Upon telling them our purpose, they went back to the fires, but could not be prevailed upon to come near us. On approaching the fires, we found fifteen women and children, who seemed quite happy to hear we were come to save their lives, instead of destroying them, as they at first supposed.* They informed us that there were more women coming along the road; and we now felt at ease, and unyoked the oxen.

Perceiving, however, a fire at some distance, in the direction of Lattakoo, we thought it necessary to ascertain whether we had any thing to fear from that quarter; and therefore leaving Mr. Hamilton to cook some victuals, the Hottentot, our Bechuana interpreter, and myself, walked towards the fire. When within 100 yards, hearing women's voices, we called out to them, and instantly a number of people rushed into the bushes; but not doubting that they were women, we advanced, and spoke to them. Seeing we were not come as enemies, they returned to the fire, and we explained the object of our visit. We then returned to our waggon, and after taking our supper, and committing ourselves to the care of Providence, we went to rest.

Early next morning, having directed the women to go on to the place where we had met the first three refugees, and to wait there till we returned, we proceeded towards Lattakoo. We found a number of dead bodies lying among the bushes, and along the path, being apparently the carcasses of unfortunate creatures that had come on without provisions, and had thus perished.

* The vignette prefixed to this chapter contains portraits of two of the poor creatures rescued by the very meritorious exertions of Messrs. Melvill, Hamilton, and Moffat. The female, by name *Mahum*, has a mild and pleasing countenance, as, indeed, most of the Mantatee females have, indicating nothing of cannibal ferocity. She is now in Cape Town, and has proved herself a very good and faithful servant.

The other figure is that of a boy about nine years of age, named *Tahana*. He was saved by Mr. Moffat, and having lost all his own relatives, has become affectionately domesticated in the family of his benefactor.

Besides the women we had seen last night, we met a few others who had left Lattakoo and were coming onward. We had now passed thirty-seven women and children, most of whom were without victuals, and would, perhaps, have also perished of hunger before they reached Kuruman, if we had not met and relieved them.

After we had travelled about an hour, we halted within three miles of the place where the battle was fought a week before, in a situation where the waggon could not easily be discovered from that quarter. Having ascended a little hill which commanded a view of Lattakoo, we observed the smoke of fires in four different places: smoke was also seen rising from the town, which had been set on fire during the battle, and was about three or four miles distant. Two persons were likewise discovered in a valley, about three quarters of a mile from us, driving a cow. These appearances were rather suspicious, but we still thought there was little reason to fear, and, therefore, went down to the nearest fire, which was in an old cattle enclosure. Here a spectacle presented itself to us, sufficient to touch the hardest heart. One woman was sitting by a fire, boiling and eating her skin carosse: another, who had been wounded by a poisoned arrow, lay expiring, apparently in great agony, and with her body extremely swollen and bloated: a third appeared so weak for want of food, that she could just crawl. They expressed neither joy nor fear at our approach. We endeavoured to comfort them, by explaining that we had come to save their lives, and by supplying them with a little bread; but they appeared so much bowed down by calamity as scarcely to be sensible of our presence.

From this melancholy scene we went on to another fire, about 300 yards farther, and had there to witness objects equally distressing. A woman and two children were sitting over a fire, too faint, apparently, to be able to speak, nor did they seem the least surprised to see us. A youth, about sixteen years of age, was lying under his carosse. He had been severely wounded in the

head, and had apparently fallen upon the fire, for he was lying upon the ashes, and was very much burnt. He was still living, and I doubt not was in great agony, but he could not be induced to get up, nor would he speak a word. Notwithstanding the misery of these people, they never expressed their sorrow by tears or groans.

Not having it in our power to mitigate their sufferings, at least for the present, we proceeded to discover who the persons were whom we had seen driving a cow. On advancing to the spot where we first saw them, we found the cow standing, but the people had hid themselves in the bushes. When we got nearer, one woman started up, and cried out that she had been "taking care of our cow,"—not doubting, I suppose, that we were coming to look after it, and, might perhaps, kill her. Her fears, however, being removed by our manner, and by what we said to her, she came forward, and soon after, the other woman also came out of her hiding-place, and we directed them to go on to the waggon to get something to eat.

From this we directed our course towards two other fires, about two miles distant, down the valley. The smoke appeared to arise from several fires together, so that we conceived there might be some hundreds of women there. Although we had little doubt of their being females, yet, as we were on foot, and incapable of defending ourselves against even a small party of the warriors, who might still be in the neighbourhood, we proceeded towards the fires, not without suspicion, and some degree of anxiety. When we had advanced but a short distance, the Hottentot suddenly halted, and told us we must go no farther; pointing, at the same time, to the footmarks of a great number of people, who, he said, were *men*, and must have passed that way the day before. Upon consideration, it appeared quite probable that they were a body of the Mantatees, and that the fires we had seen were made by them,—the footmarks leading in that direction. It was judged ad-

visable, therefore, to make the best of our way to the waggon; and, as we retreated, we looked suspiciously around us, fearing to be discovered by some of the savages who might be straggling about. On our way back, however, reflecting that we could still only carry home an uncertain report, we agreed to return once more, and reconnoitre the fires after dark.

On arriving at the place where we saw the three women in the miserable state above described, we found, that one of those we had seen with the cow, had stopped here instead of going to the waggon; nor could she now be induced to go forward, but preferred starving with her companions. Her other companion, however, had gone to the waggon, and was supplied with food. After taking some refreshment, towards evening we went back to the little hill from whence we had reconnoitred the neighbourhood in the morning; and one of the party creeping among the grass to the top, looked all around to see if any stragglers could be discovered; but not a human being could be seen, and it was nearly dark before we could discern the large fire which we had seen in the morning. When night closed in we advanced towards the place where we had formerly seen the smoke. Before we got into the plain, it cost us some trouble to descend a steep, rocky declivity. No fire was now to be seen. Having walked more than half an hour, and still seeing no fires, we began to apprehend that we might find ourselves in the midst of them before we were aware; but at length we saw several lights a few hundred yards before us. We proceeded as cautiously as possible, until we got within 100 yards of them; and the Hottentot and Bechuana boy were ordered to creep still closer, to discover whether the voices we heard were those of men or women. In a few minutes the Bechuana returned to say, that he heard men's voices, but the Hottentot thought he only heard women's, and wished me to approach

with him that I might be satisfied. I therefore went with him, and got within twenty-five yards of the nearest fire. There were, altogether, about fifteen fires in different places. Only a few people were sitting by them, but we saw several lying on the ground. Although the two or three voices we heard were women's, we still thought it probable, from the circumstance of having seen the footmarks of men coming down in this direction, that there might be men as well as women present; we therefore deemed it imprudent to venture farther, and finally retreated back as we came, considering it our most obvious duty to rescue the forlorn creatures we had already found, rather than hazard our own lives for an uncertain benefit.

The next morning we set off on our return to Kuruman. At evening we reached the place where we had met the first three women, at the fountain, and found no less than fifty-four women and children waiting for us. Next day we again moved forward, and at dark had proceeded half-way to the Maquareen River. On our way we met two Bechuanas, who brought a note from Mr. Moffat, stating that messengers had been sent to Kuruman with intelligence that the Mantatees, after their defeat, had marched upon Nokuning, captured that place, and carried off all the cattle; and that they had come the following day, and attacked Mahoomapelo and Levenkels, the two Bechuana chiefs who had fled from Lattakoo, and had likewise carried off their cattle and women.

On the afternoon of the following day we arrived at Kuruman, where we found that the Missionaries' wives had departed for Griqua Town, being afraid, as the Grikas had left the country, that the Mantatees would return to attack the place. Mr. Moffat was waiting our return with much anxiety. He had dispatched a letter to the Griqua Chief, Waterboer, informing him of the depredations that the Mantatees were still committing in the neighbourhood of Lattakoo, and requesting him to return immediately to defend

Kuruman. Waterboer received this letter when about half-way between Kuruman and Griqua Town, and sent back an answer, assuring Mr. Moffat that he was quite willing to return, but having received notice that four tribes of savages were coming down the banks of the Gariep, he and his band were obliged to hasten to Griqua Town to defend their own homes. Being somewhat anxious about my family, I left Kuruman on the evening of the 7th, with the missionaries' waggons, consigning the Mantatee women to the care of Mr. Hamilton, to be brought onward at leisure.



CHAPTER XVII.

GENERAL REMARKS ON THE CAFFER TRIBES.—THE BECHUANAS.—THE
AMAKOSÆ AND AMATYMBÆ—TRIBE OF EUROPEAN LINEAGE.—
CONQUESTS OF CHAKA, CHIEF OF THE ZOOLAS.

HAVING in the preceding chapters sufficiently detailed the transactions which took place among the Bechuana tribes whom I visited, upon the approach of the Mantatees, and the subsequent encounter of those marauders with the Griquas, I shall now, before concluding this section of the work, offer a few remarks of a more general nature, in order to elucidate more distinctly the character and present condition of the several divisions of the great Caffer race. The appellation *Caffer* (or unbeliever) was originally applied to the inhabitants of the south-eastern coasts of Africa, by the Moorish navigators of the Indian ocean, and borrowed from them by

the Portuguese. In later times, when the Dutch colonists of the Cape came in contact with the most southern tribe of Caffers (the *Amakosæ*), the Moorish appellation began to be applied exclusively to them; and in this restricted sense it has been used by some travellers, and is still generally used both by the Dutch and English colonists. It has been well known, however, ever since the publication of Mr. Barrow's work on the Cape, that the southern Caffers, and the numerous tribes lying to the north and east of them, are only subdivisions of one great nation, to which, collectively, later travellers, for want of any other term sufficiently comprehensive, have applied the name of *Caffers*; and I shall here follow their example.

The wide extension of this remarkable race of men is now fully ascertained. From a great variety of concurring evidence, it may be considered as sufficiently established, that the tribes commonly called Caffers, or Koosas, (*Amakosæ*), the Tambookies, (*Amatymbæ*), the natives of Hambona, of Natal, of Delagoa Bay, and Mozambique, the Damaras on the west coast, beyond Namaqualand, and the numerous Bechuana tribes who occupy the interior of the Continent to an extent yet unexplored, are not only sprung from one common stock, but bear so striking a resemblance to each other in language, customs, and mode of life, as to be readily recognised as subdivisions of one great family. In language, especially, by which the lineage of barbarous nations is most readily traced, these various tribes are obviously brethren. The Bechuana, or (as some term it) the *Sichuana* dialect, prevails universally among the interior tribes, so far as they have yet been visited, and varies but slightly from that of the Damaras and Delagoans on the two opposite coasts. The Amakosa tongue (which is spoken also by the *Amatymbæ*, and other adjoining tribes,) differs more considerably, but not to such a degree as has usually been imagined. The body of all these dialects is the same; and whatever may be the diversities of idiom and construction among them, it has been found that natives of those several

tribes, when brought into contact, are able, after a very little practice, to converse fluently with each other. How far these affinities of race and language may extend to the northward, I cannot pretend to determine; but I have seen a vocabulary of the language of Joanna, one of the Comoro Islands, drawn up by the Rev. Wm. Elliott, a missionary lately resident there, which proves that those Islanders, and probably also the aboriginal tribes of Madagascar, speak a dialect very intimately allied to those of Caffraria and Mozambique.

Leaving, however, the questions, as to the wide extension of this language, as well as the original derivation of the numerous tribes by whom it is spoken, to the discussion of more learned inquirers, I proceed now to offer some brief remarks upon the present state—

1st. Of the Bechuana tribes.

2d. Of the southern Caffers, viz. the Amakosæ, the Amatymbæ, &c.

3d. Of the Zoolas, or Vatwahs, and the wandering hordes called the Mantatees and Ficani.

The peculiar manners and polity of the Bechuanas have recently been very minutely, or, on the whole, accurately described by Burchell. It is not my intention, therefore, to enter into any lengthened detail on these points; but having visited the Matchapee tribe under circumstances of unusual excitement, their real character was probably, in some respects, more clearly unveiled to my observation, than to that of any of my precursors; and so far as that goes, the details I have already given, may serve to correct or elucidate preceding statements. Every one, indeed, who visits a barbarous people, without some previous knowledge of their character and language, is liable to be continually led astray both by his own misapprehension of what he witnesses, and still more by the imperfection of the channels through which he must necessarily receive information at second-hand. Men of great natural shrewdness, such as Mr. Barrow, will no doubt see more clearly, and

apprehend more distinctly than others ; but the acutest inquirer will find himself frequently liable to mistakes, which ought to render him indulgent to those of his predecessors. For my own part, my pretensions as a scientific traveller are far too humble to allow me to consider myself as the rival of men of such various acquirements as Sparrman, Barrow, Lichtenstein, or Burchell ; and if I am enabled to supply any information which they have omitted, or to correct what they have mistaken, I am very sensible that fortunate circumstances, and not superior acuteness, have favoured me with success.

In depicting the character of the Bechuanas, Dr. Lichtenstein, though an able and intelligent man, has, from too hasty observation, or from inaccurate information, fallen into very great errors. He has represented them as a people of open, manly, and generous character, disdaining in their wars or negotiations every sort of chicane or deceit, " a proof," as he expresses it, " of their natural rectitude and consciousness of strength." Yet the very reverse of all this is the fact. Like most other barbarians, their political wisdom consists of duplicity and petty cunning, and their ordinary wars are merely predatory incursions upon their weaker neighbours, for the purpose of carrying off cattle, with as little exposure as possible of their own lives. Their expeditions against the Bushmen are peculiarly vindictive, and conducted with all the insidiousness and murderous ferocity, without the heroic intrepidity of American or New Zealand savages. The anecdote which Lichtenstein himself relates of a Bechuana warrior murdering one of his bondsmen, in order not to appear among his comrades without the usual savage trophy of heroism, (*viz.* the navel-skin of a slaughtered enemy,) indicates a national character very different from what he has too hastily ascribed to them.

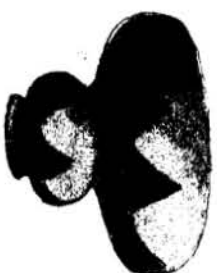
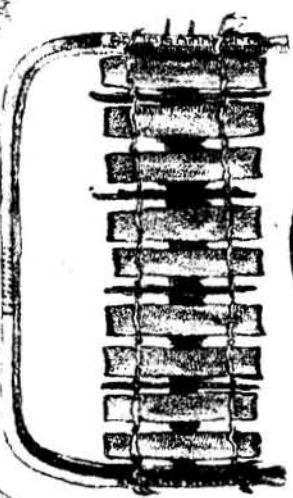
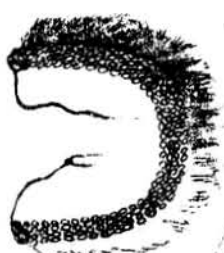
The conduct of Mateebè and his followers towards the wounded Mantatees and the female prisoners, after the combat at Lattakoo, displays still more unequivocally the mean malignity, the utter deprivation of pity, the want

of honour or gratitude, and the brutal selfishness of these barbarians. It is not among the Bechuanas, assuredly, that we are to look either for the innocence which poets have ascribed to the pastoral ages, or for the rougher virtues of the heroic times.

Among other circumstances which point out the low state of civilization among all the Caffer nations, the condition of the women is one of the most obvious. Upon them all the hard work and drudgery devolves ; they alone build the houses, cultivate the ground, reap and grind the corn, and cook the victuals ; while, with the exception of making their leather mantles, the men, when not employed in war or hunting, pass the greater part of their time in sheer idleness, or in empty talk.

In all savage nations, however, the degradation of the females is an ordinary feature. The neglect of the aged is less universal ; for the natural sentiments of reverence and gratitude have among many nations, not in other respects more civilized than the Bechuanas, preserved their full influence in society. Among the latter, however, the general neglect of the old and helpless is even more revolting than the slavery of the women. The chiefs alone seem to have any respect paid them in their declining years.

Having noticed those striking defects, I must on the other hand observe in candour, that these tribes are not destitute of more pleasing qualities. They are generally good-natured and obliging to strangers and to each other ; and however much a traveller may be teased by their continual begging, he is in little danger of being either robbed or ill-used in travelling among them, with however small a retinue. The peregrinations of the missionaries, and of the slave Arend and others among these tribes, without danger or obstruction, sufficiently prove this fact ; and I cannot help thinking that Mr. Burchell has somewhat misapprehended their character in this respect. In his particular case they soon perceived that his followers were both timid and disaffected, and the chiefs did not fail to take advantage of his awkward situa-



tion, to exact all they possibly could from him by importunate begging, and by overreaching him in barter; but beyond this there is no evidence, nor I think likelihood, that their cupidity would have proceeded.

Their industry in cultivation, and the extreme neatness and good order displayed in their houses and inclosures, are also highly deserving of praise.* And though these labours fall at present heavily upon the poor females, the minds of the tyrant sex require only to be enlightened and humanized by Christianity to render them equally industrious. The readiness with which they have already adopted several improvements in their agriculture from the example of the missionaries, may be cited as a very favourable symptom. The Matchapees, for example, have not only adopted the cultivation of the pumpkin, and some other culinary plants, but have begun to water their gardens by irrigation; an operation of almost indispensable importance in the interior parts of Southern Africa, but before the arrival of the missionaries, entirely unknown to the natives. Consequently, their culture was limited to a species of Indian millet (*holcus sorghum*), and to a particular sort of bean and water melon, all of which, though peculiarly adapted to bear drought, were yet frequently injured, and occasionally destroyed by the long want of rain; and

UTENSILS AND ORNAMENTS OF THE BECHUANA AND CAFFER TRIBES.

- No. 1. Bechuana spoon, with carved handle.
- 2, 3, 4. Carved wooden vessels.
5. Earthen jar for holding milk, &c.
6. Ornament for the head, composed of shells woven upon a braid of fine grass.
7. Musical instrument from Delagoa Bay. It is formed of pieces of bamboo resting upon calabashes.
8. Two drumsticks for beating the preceding instrument.
9. Ornament for the neck. It is made of native copper, of a light gold colour, and weighs 1½ lb.
- 10, 11. Needle case and needles, five inches in length.
12. Two pieces of wood for procuring fire.
13. Zoola door key, carved out of hard wood.

scarcity or famine was the consequence. But no sooner had Messrs. Moffat and Hamilton led out the Kuruman rivulet to irrigate their gardens, than the natives immediately perceived the advantage of this art, and became eager competitors for the use of the water.*

* In the close of 1823, Mr. Moffat, having occasion to visit Cape Town, was accompanied, at the desire of Mateebè, by his son Peclu and the chief Teysho, his aged counsellor. An account of their conduct and remarks on this occasion, given by the editors of the South African Journal, will form a suitable appendage to what has been already said of them and their countrymen in general.

"The elder of these strangers, old Teysho, is one of the principal counsellors of Mateebè, king or chief of the Matchapees. He is reckoned a man of prudence and ability, and possesses great influence in the counsels of his tribe.

"The younger chief, Peclu, is the eldest son and heir-apparent of king Mateebè, and seems to be a pleasing and intelligent youth of about eighteen. They are each waited on by a servant of their tribe; and all are dressed in the native mantle or carosse of dressed cow-hide, leopard, or wild-cat skin, according to their respective ranks or wealth.

"The confidence displayed by Mateebè, in thus entrusting both his heir and his "prime minister" to the charge of a humble Missionary, on an unknown journey of 1000 miles, into the territory of a foreign power, is alike creditable to himself and to the prudence and approved worth of Mr. Moffat; and we trust, that what they have seen and learned of us here, will assist in promoting their own welfare, and the civilization of their people.

"Soon after their arrival in Town, Mr. Moffat carried Teysho and Peclu on board some of the largest vessels in Table Bay; and as they had never even seen the "Great Deep" until their arrival at this place, their admiration and astonishment, as may well be imagined, were extreme. When they first embarked in the boat, Teysho remarked, that if he did not perceive from the countenances of his friend Mr. Moffat and the other gentlemen, that they were in no danger, his very heart would melt within him. But, by degrees, both he and Peclu recovered their ease and serenity; and on reaching the vessel, every other feeling seemed absorbed in profound astonishment. It was not without some difficulty that Teysho was convinced that the ship was really afloat, and not a 'water-house,' fixed to the bottom of the sea. One of the party, after surveying the cabin, the hold, and every part of the vessel, exclaimed in his native tongue, that it 'was for certain an uncreated thing,—a thing come of itself and never made by human hands!' In this opinion all his countrymen joined,—and it was only after a long explanation, communicated by Mr. Moffat through the sage Teysho, that they at length gave up this ready solution, and allowed the matchless wisdom and superiority of the 'Maccoas,' or civilized men, whose genius could construct and render subservient to their wishes, such a stupendous and beautiful fabric.

"A few days afterwards, the Bechuana chiefs paid a visit to ourselves, along with Mr. Moffat, at a little cottage, behind the Lion's Head, overhanging the precipitous and romantic

It seems, indeed, not a little remarkable that the Bechuana tribes should have remained stationary at that point of civilization which they have reached. They are agriculturists to a certain extent; but not sufficiently so to derive from the soil more than a precarious and insufficient addition to their subsistence as herdsmen and hunters. They possess the art of working in iron and copper; but have applied this knowledge to no other purpose than the manufacture of assagais, hatchets, and personal ornaments. Their towns are often

shore of the 'broad Atlantic.' They seemed struck and even alarmed at the thunders of the vasty deep; and a ship that was sailing past, and the additional things that were told of its uses and powers, excited their highest wonder.

"We entered into conversation with Teysho, through the medium of Mr. Moffat, and Hatta, the interpreter. Referring to the vessel that was passing by, Teysho said, that a ship was the most wonderful thing he had seen among the 'Maccoas;' and it gave him a very high notion of our wisdom. Our reading and writing, he said, also astonished him. He had observed, that when the missionary received a letter, he was 'almost quite as happy as if he had shaken hands with the friend who wrote it.'—He next turned the conversation to the religious information communicated by the missionaries. We inquired, whether the Bechuanas had heard of a God, or an after-state of existence, before the missionaries came among them. He said, No:—they had indeed heard of the 'Moreemo,' (Deity); but only from their physicians, or 'medicine-men.' The people generally had no idea of the kind: nor had they any previous knowledge of the immortality of the soul.

"We asked him, whether he thought our manner of life, or that of his own country, preferable. He said, each was best for those who were used to it. He saw that we were a wiser and more knowing people than the Bechuanas; but from long habit, he preferred the customs and manner of life of his own country to ours.

"We remarked that it was the *knowledge* of civilized men that made them powerful. He had seen a hundred Griquas defeat 50,000 savage Mantatees, who had previously destroyed so many nations. If the Bechuanas were to learn to plough and sow bread-corn, use waggons, and acquire our arms and knowledge, they would no longer be exposed to destruction from the nations around them. That *our* forefathers had once been a poor and ignorant people like themselves, without stone houses or great ships, and without any other clothing than softened hides, like their own mantles;—but that a wise nation had come over, and taught us *knowledge*, in consequence of which we had since become great, wealthy, and powerful, as he perceived.

"Teysho seemed struck with this fact, and promised to follow diligently, when he returned home, the instructions of 'Moffat,' and learn to plough and sow, and eat bread-corn; and encourage his people to become industrious, wise, and mighty, like the 'Maccoas.'"

I regret to add, that Peclu died at Kuruman, some time after their return.

so considerable as to contain many thousand people; and yet they are removable at the caprice of the chief, like an Arab camp. Their system of government is monarchical, rank is hereditary, and the prerogative of the principal chief is apparently absolute; yet it is obvious that his authority over the inferior captains and separate clans is exceedingly feeble and circumscribed.

In this dubious state, between civilized and savage life; between the fixed and the nomade; partly husbandmen, partly herdsmen, partly hunters; the Caffer tribes appear to have remained for ages, and for ages might still remain, unless the exertions of the Missionaries are blessed with success. Once converted to Christianity, their civilization, to a considerable extent, must necessarily follow; or rather, civil and political improvement must go hand in hand with moral amelioration.

The intercourse of Europeans with barbarous nations, except where it has led (as unhappily it has but too seldom done) to disinterested exertions for their improvement, has usually issued in their enthrallment, their extirpation, or their moral debasement. The present condition of the Caffers on the south-eastern frontier of the Colony, does not contradict this assertion. They have not improved since we came in contact with them. In some respects they have retrograded. Still, however, they are a manly race; and, though somewhat inferior to the Bechuanas in the mechanical arts, they are vastly their superiors in courage, in enterprise, and above all in humanity. Barrow and Lichtenstein, though they have fallen into some inaccuracies, have not exaggerated the fine qualities of this people. I visited them in the year 1821; and though disappointed in regard to King Gaika, (whose good qualities seem to have been greatly overrated,) I was on the whole much pleased with the manners and appearance of the people. The despotism of the chiefs over the inferior ranks is much less oppressive, and more easily evaded than among the Bechuanas; and there is no class of them, like what are called the "poor Bechuanas," in a state of absolute bondage. The power and influence of the

chiefs depend so much on their popularity, and the transfer of allegiance from one chief to another is so readily effected, that the arbitrary power of the hereditary aristocracy is under tolerably efficient checks.

Their internal wars are generally prosecuted with little animosity. The prisoners taken in battle, and the women and children of the vanquished, are uniformly spared. If in their wars with the colonists they have sometimes evinced a more vindictive spirit, it may be questioned whether their ferocity has not been exasperated by the unworthy and cruel treatment they have often experienced from the Christians.

Crimes are tried among them in a public court, by the chief and his council, and all matters of general interest are discussed in public meetings, similar to the Bechuana Peetshoes. The great curse of the people, equally here as among the Bechuanas, is the belief in sorcery, which frequently becomes an engine of dreadful cruelty and injustice. From the progress, however, which the missionaries have recently made among them, it is to be hoped that the phantoms of superstition will ere long give place to the influence of a religion which, wherever it is known in purity, at once enlightens the intellect and elevates the morals.*

THE CAFFER.

Lo! where he crouches by the Kloof's dark side,
 Eyeing the farmer's lowing herds afar;
 Impatient watching, till the evening star
 Lead forth the twilight dim, that he may glide
 Like panther to the prey. With freeborn pride
 He scorns the herdsman, nor regards the scar
 Of recent wound,—but burnishes for war
 His assagai and targe of buffalo hide.
 He is a robber?—True; it is a strife
 Between the black-skinned bandit and the white.
 A savage?—Yes; though loth to aim at life,
 Evil for evil fierce he doth requite.
 A heathen?—Teach him, then, thy better creed,
 Christian! if thou deserv'st that name indeed.

T. P.

This tribe, including the clans of Gaika, Hinza, and several independent chiefs of inferior note, occupies a tract of country extending along the coast from the colonial frontier (now formed by the Keiskamma and Chumi) to the river Bashi or St. John. This tract is about 200 miles in length by sixty or seventy in breadth; and the population of the whole tribe may probably amount to about 100,000 souls. Their country is consequently far more densely peopled than any district of the Colony, or than even the Bechuana country. Having been recently dispossessed of the territory between the Keiskamma and Fish River, their kraals are now crowded upon one another, in such a manner that there is scarcely sufficient pasture for their cattle; and, unless they borrow from the Colony the advantage of an improved mode of agriculture, famine must occasionally prevail, till their numbers are again reduced to the limits which the country can support on their present system. Until some such change takes place, it will perhaps scarcely be practicable, even by an improved system of defence, altogether to repress depredations upon the Colony.

The native appellation of this tribe is Amakosæ, and their country is called by them Amakosina. These words are formed from *Kosa*, which is used to designate a single individual of their nation, the plural and derivatives being formed in these as in other instances, by prefixing the particle *Amma* or *Am*. In the same manner a Tambookie Caffer is termed Tymba or Tembu, while the tribe collectively is called Amatymbæ. A Hottentot is termed Umlào, the Hottentot nation Ammulào, &c. &c. Lichtenstein has described this tribe of Caffers under the name of *Koosas*.*

* For further particulars respecting the Amakosæ Caffers, I refer the reader to the Appendix, where a variety of details, furnished by the intelligent missionary Mr. Brownlee, will be found,—forming, as I conceive, no unimportant addition to the accounts of this interesting people already before the public.

Of the Tambookie (properly the *Amatymbæ*) tribe, it is not necessary to say much. In language, manners and polity, they exactly resemble their neighbours, the Amakosæ. Their territory extends from the river Zwart-Kei, on the frontier of the Colony, to the sea-coast beyond Hinza's country. How far they occupy the country to the north-east, is not precisely ascertained, nor indeed does it seem easy to distinguish them from the adjoining Caffer tribes, who are generally known in the Colony by the corrupt appellation of *Mambookies*. The fact appears to be, that these various tribes, as far, at least, as Point Natal, closely resemble the frontier Caffers in appearance, language, and mode of life, just as the Bechuana clans resemble each other. Neither the Amakosæ, the Amatymbæ, nor the Hambona tribes, are now severally united, each in one community, but are subdivided into many independent sections, governed by their respective chiefs.

It is only within the last ten or twelve years that the Amatymbæ Caffers have extended themselves so far west as the Colonial frontier. In former times the elevated plains, near the sources of the river Kei, were occupied by a tribe of Hottentots or Bushmen; and it is mentioned by Sparrman, that the boors, in his time, used to make incursions into these regions, to kidnap or purchase the natives for servants. Between the Christians, on the one hand, however, and the Caffers on the other, the aboriginal inhabitants have been almost entirely extirpated; and in this quarter, the river Zwart-Kei now forms the boundary between the colonists and the tribe of Amatymbæ. The latter have hitherto been very quiet and orderly neighbours to the Colony, and mutual good-will and harmony prevail between them and the farmers, forming a striking contrast to the animosity and harassing state of reciprocal aggression which has long prevailed upon the more southern frontier.

Following the coast to the north-eastward, we meet with the Amaponda

and Hambona tribes.* These are understood to be Caffer clans, similar to those already described, and require no particular notice. But in this quarter is also found the residence of a small tribe or horde of mixed European and African blood, whose history, obscure and imperfect as it is, can scarcely fail to awaken a more peculiar interest. They are the descendants of Europeans, who were wrecked upon this coast, and who, finding no means of escape, had settled here, and intermarried with the Natives. This point I consider to be fully ascertained; but as much scepticism has been expressed in regard to it, and as the matter is curious, I shall take this opportunity briefly to throw together such information on the subject as has fallen in my way.

The wreck of the Grosvenor Indiaman in 1782, and the expedition dispatched by the Dutch Government of the Cape nine years afterwards to ascertain the fate of the survivors, are matters well known from the publication of Van Reenen's Journal, by Captain Riou. It will be remembered that the exploratory party, on their arrival in the Hambona territory, and just before reaching the wreck of the Grosvenor, fell in with a horde of about four hundred souls, descended from the intermarriage of Europeans with the natives, and found among them three old white women still alive. These women informed them that they had been shipwrecked there when so very young, that they had entirely forgot their native language, and could neither tell the name of the ship nor to what nation they belonged; but that they had been brought up by the natives, and married among them, &c. The horde of mulattoes to whom these women belonged, are moreover stated to have been in possession of herds of cattle, and to have had large and fine gar-

* These words are probably only variations of the same name, which some natives also pronounce *Yambana*. The appellation *Mambooki* appears to have been manufactured by the Dutch colonists out of these names, by some process similar to that by which they transmogrified *Amatymba* into *Tambooki*.

dens stocked with Caffer and Indian corn, sugar cane, sweet potatoes, bananas, beans, and other vegetables: they had obviously derived their lineage from the crew of some vessel wrecked on this coast at a period long previous to the loss of the *Grosvenor*. Of the crew of the latter, the exploratory party discovered no survivors. Such is the account given by Van Reenen, and this account was in all respects confirmed to me by old Peter Lombard, one of his party, whom I saw at Swellendam in 1822. Lombard also informed me that on their arrival, this tribe of Mulattoes made a great rejoicing, and cried out, "Our fathers are come." *

By recent accounts, it would seem that this clan of mixed blood have been driven from their settlements in Hambona, or at least partially dispersed, during the recent disturbances occasioned by the destructive progress of the Zoolas under King Chaka, of which I shall speak farther by and by. In all the reports respecting the Mantatces which were current among the Bechuana tribes at the time of my visit to Kuruman in 1823, the presence of men of yellow complexion and long hair was uniformly stated; and though no individuals of this description were found among the slain on the plain of Lattakoo, the credibility of the statement is not on that account invalidated, when it is considered how small a proportion these "yellow people," (even supposing their whole tribe had been present) must have formed of the numerous host of invaders. The evidence of the female prisoners rescued by Messrs. Melvill and Moffat, some of whom I have since seen in Cape Town, corroborated the preceding statements on this subject.

In connexion with this it may be observed, that Mr. Brownlee, on a visit which he made in 1824 to Vosani, the principal chief of the Tambookies, who resides to the eastward of Hinza's territory, was informed that some families of white or mixed breed, descended from persons who had been

* Some extracts from Van Reenen's Journal, with other particulars connected with this subject, will be found in the Appendix.

shipwrecked on the coast, were still to be found among a neighbouring tribe, whom, however, Vosani (from whatever cause) would not permit him to visit. An individual, seen by Captain King among Chaka's followers, having European features, long hair, mustachios, and a large beard, may also have probably sprung from a similar origin.

From the frontier of the Amapondæ (or Hambona Caffers) on the south-west, as far as the river Mapoota and Delagoa Bay on the north, and as far into the interior, at least, as the great ridge of mountains, in whose western sides the Gariep has its principal sources, the whole country is now under the sway of one formidable tribe, governed by a chief named Chaka. This man, originally the sovereign of an obscure but warlike people, called Zoolas, or Vatwahs, has, within the last eight or nine years, conquered or extirpated the whole of the native tribes from Delagoa Bay to Hambona; and has established a barbaric kingdom of large extent, which he governs upon a system of military despotism, strikingly contrasted with the loose patriarchal polity generally prevalent among the other Caffer tribes.*

* The heads of two Zoola warriors, drawn from life, are prefixed to this chapter. The precise origin of this tribe is not very clearly ascertained; but they are evidently of Caffer lineage; and the following extract from a letter of the missionary Threlfall, written from Delagoa Bay, in August 1823, seems to indicate that they and the Mantatees are only different hordes of the same race:—

“ A powerful tribe, called Vatwahs, have lately overrun many of the little states in the vicinity of Delagoa Bay. All that I can learn of this nation is, that they are originally from the country adjoining to the sources of the Mapoota River, and the mountains west of English River. They are a very bold and warlike people, of a free and noble carriage, and are characterised by having large holes cut in the flaps of their ears, in which they suspend various articles of moderate weight. They have the finest figures of any of the natives of this country that I have seen. For two or three years past, the devastations of the Vatwahs have been like those of a swarm of locusts throughout all the adjoining countries; and being a very manly and martial people, they have driven out the natives, and possessed themselves of the whole territory, from Mamalong, on King George's River, about thirty miles from the Portuguese Factory, up to Port Natal. The Vatwahs, like all the tribes of the interior, from 13° S. Lat. to the borders of the Cape Colony, are well acquainted with the use of iron. It is said

The steps by which Chaka has attained the uncontrolled authority which he now exercises over his followers, are not as yet very distinctly known ; but may be surmised to be similar to those by which savage heroes usually raise themselves to empire—namely, cunning and audacity. Of his destructive wars, as they have affected the other native tribes, I shall speak presently ; but it will be expedient to notice, in the first place, the new British settlement in his dominions.

In 1825, Mr. Farewell, a half-pay lieutenant in the navy, proceeded with a party from the Cape, in a small vessel, to Port Natal ; and having obtained a grant of the adjoining territory from Chaka, he erected a little fort, with the view of commencing an establishment to trade with the Natives. Notwithstanding the loss of two small vessels on the coast, the prospects of a profitable commerce appear so flattering as to induce the party still to persevere. Mr. Farewell and some other Englishmen recently paid a visit to King Chaka, at his chief residence of Zoola, about 140 miles from the English settlement ; and from their accounts it appears, that this barbarian has sagacity enough to appreciate the commercial advantages to be derived from a friendly intercourse with Europeans. He cannot, of course, foresee that the admission of a few mercantile adventurers may perhaps ultimately lead to the subjugation of his kingdom and posterity. The despotic power of this savage conqueror is said to be supported by an armed force of about 15,000 men, constantly maintained under his direct command, and prepared to

that the tribes of the interior manufacture all the implements of agriculture used on the coast even by the Portuguese. Such of the *Vatwadis* as I have seen were naked ; but it is said they generally clothe themselves with the skins of animals, and live much on animal food. In war they cover their bodies with large shields of bullock's hide, and carry in the same hand that bears the shield, six or eight *assagais* and a spear, to be used as occasion demands. They have a manly openness of character, which is very prepossessing ; and though certainly great invaders and oppressors to the weaker tribes, it is said that they never attack an enemy without sending previous notice of their intention, and the time when they will appear."

execute, without hesitation, the most hazardous or bloody orders of their chief. Failure or defeat are said to be punished with immediate death; and an instance is mentioned where one of his captains, and a band of 450 men, were condemned to indiscriminate execution, for having allowed themselves to be defeated by the enemy. Such, it seems, is the severe discipline by which he drills his soldiery. The whole armed force of the Zoola nation is estimated (though I apprehend on very uncertain data) to amount to nearly 100,000 men, including, of course, every male fit to bear arms. The object of Chaka's wars appears to have been originally the plunder rather than the subjugation of the adjoining tribes. In the present state of these people, territory is indeed of value chiefly for pasturage, and cattle are the only property. Latterly, however, uniform success has puffed up the heart of this despot to such a pitch, that he now avows his determination to destroy every tribe that yet remains between him and the colonial boundary. If he survives ten years longer, it appears not improbable that he may actually succeed in executing this threat; and in that event we shall have on our eastern frontier a far more formidable neighbour than has ever yet been known to the Cape settlement. Chaka seems to want nothing but fire-arms to rival a king of Ashantee in audacity as well as cruelty.

The misery already inflicted by the wars of this barbarian upon the Caffer and Bechuana tribes is incalculable, and is far from being confined to the massacre and destruction directly occasioned by his arms. By plundering and driving out the adjoining nations, he has forced them to become plunderers in their turn, and to carry terror and devastation through the remotest quarters of Southern Africa. In short, the people dispossessed by Chaka became the marauding and cannibal *Mantatees*, whose origin and progress I shall briefly endeavour to trace in the following chapter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ORIGIN OF THE MANTATEES.—THEIR IRRUPTION INTO THE INTERIOR, AND DEVASTATING PROGRESS.—THE FICANI, AMAZIZI, &c.—THEIR ATTACK UPON THE AMATYMBÆ CAFFERS, AND APPROACH TOWARDS THE COLONY.

THE reader, by referring to the map, will perceive that the great range of mountains, known in the Colony by the name of Nieuwveld-Bergen, Sneeuw-Bergen, Rhinoster-Bergen, Zuure-Bergen, and Storm-Bergen, is continued through what is called the Mambookie country, and that of the tribes beyond, as far as the vicinity of Delagoa Bay. This prolongation of the great interior range has been set down upon the authority of information derived from a variety of sources, and more particularly from the Wesleyan missionaries, who have penetrated up the branches of the Gariep farther than any other Europeans. Though continued in the map through the Caffer country with a fainter shade (because it cannot yet be laid down with any pretensions to geographical correctness), it seems probable that this ridge, as it extends to the north-east, maintains an equal, if not a superior, elevation to the principal part of the Sneeuwberg, inasmuch as the chief sources of the Gariep are now ascertained to arise in the Mambookie mountains, besides many considerable rivers flowing into the Indian ocean.

It will be observed that I have placed the native country of the maraud-

ing hordes, called Mantatees, among the mountains and elevated plains adjoining to the territory of the Zoolas. Such seems to have been their real origin; and I now offer the following sketch of their history as the result of the information I have been enabled to collect on the subject.*

The whole of the Caffer tribes derive their chief subsistence from the flesh and milk of their cattle; and, during their wars, the limited agriculture which they prosecute is often entirely neglected. If deprived of their cattle, they are consequently driven to absolute desperation, and must either become robbers in their turn, or perish of hunger. Such was the case with the Mantatees. Unable to withstand the overwhelming attack of the Zoola tribe, they were plundered and driven from their country; they joined forces with other clans who had shared a similar fate; and thus rendered formidable both by numbers and desperation, they precipitated themselves, like an avalanche, upon the weak and unwarlike tribes of the interior.

Respecting the real name of the Mantatees, there exists some diversity of opinion. My intelligent friend Captain Stockenstrom, of Graaff-Reinet, who has examined many of the fugitives that have lately taken refuge in his district, states that the word *Mantatee* signifies simply "Invader," or "Marauder," in the Bechuana language, and is an appellation given them by the plundered tribes, which they themselves universally disclaim. Another interpretation of the word was given me by the Barolong refugee whom I saw at Griqua Town; and some of the fugitives have, moreover, affirmed that a tribe named *Mantateezi* does really exist, though the mass of the marauding horde was composed of other clans. This may be dismissed as a question of no great importance. The two chief tribes who formed the

* The information derived from the female prisoners rescued by Messrs. Melvill and Moffat, has been compared with the reports of fugitives of many different tribes, who have since taken refuge in the Colony, and with the intelligence obtained by Captain Owen, Mr. Farewell, and other gentlemen who have lately visited the coasts of Natal and Delagoa Bay.

Mantatee host (for so I shall continue to call the invaders) are termed by the prisoners *Bacloqueeni* and *Mahallogani*, the country of the former approaching towards Hambona and Port Natal, and that of the latter lying about the sources of the river Mapoota.

These having associated themselves, as already stated, with some other clans of fugitives, expelled in like manner by the warlike Zoolas, formed a very numerous host. They were accompanied by their wives and children, and carried along with them, probably, such small part of their cattle as they had saved from the enemy. But a great proportion of this miserable horde of people, especially the women and the aged, appear to have been generally in a state of famine, from the time they first left their own country until the period when they were encountered by the Griquas, about two years afterwards. From the accounts of the prisoners, it appears but too certain that the rumours afloat among the Bechuanas, of their being cannibals, were not without foundation; though famine alone, and not savage propensity, seems to have driven them to prey upon the flesh of their enemies, or their dead comrades.

Having emerged from the great ridge of mountains, the Mantatees followed the course of the chief branch of the Gariep, overpowering in their route various clans of the *Lehoya* nation. They then proceeded to the northward, plundering and dispersing every Bechuana clan with whom they came in contact, to the number, it is said, of twenty-eight tribes. The populous town of *Kurrechein*, the capital of the *Morootzi*, was, among many others, sacked and burned by them. At length they were encountered by *Makabba*, the wary and warlike chief of the *Wankeets*, who, falling upon the Mantatees unawares, while they were divided into two bands, succeeded in defeating them with great slaughter, and turned back the tide of devastation from his own territories.

The invaders after this defeat, the first they appear to have sustained

since they left their own territory, being thrown into some confusion, and in great want of provisions, instead of continuing the contest with Makabba, suddenly changed their course to the southward, and fell with fury upon a branch of the less warlike Barolongs, whom they plundered and dispersed without opposition, and obtained a plentiful spoil of corn and cattle. Continuing their course to the southward, they came next upon the Tamachas, a weak tribe, whom they easily overwhelmed, and carried off their chief a prisoner, forcing him to act as a guide to lead them to the towns of the Barolongs, Myrees, and Matchapees.

Long before this time the rumours of their devastations had spread throughout the Bechuana country, mingled with many fabulous tales, as I have formerly mentioned. The most marvellous of these stories did not fail to meet with a ready credence from the great mass of the weak and timid Bechuanas, especially as the accounts of their vast multitude, their strange arms, their cannibalism, and, above all, their fierce and desperate valour in battle, were found to be fully confirmed by the prisoners who escaped from them. These accounts, and their continued success, had spread the terror of the Mantatees over the whole country ; and, with the exception of Makabba (a man apparently much superior to the Bechuanas in general), they found, wherever they went, the people absolutely paralysed by the mere terror of their name, and, like birds quivering under the eye of the fascinating serpent, incapable alike of resistance or escape.

Such was the state of affairs when I first reached the capital of the Matchapees with Mr. Moffat. The transactions which occurred during my visit, and the defeat of the Mantatees by the Griquas, have been already fully detailed.

It is sufficiently evident that the faint-hearted Matchapees were totally incompetent to encounter the marauders ; and without the double advantage of fire-arms and horses, their desperate valour might have been formidable

even to the best-disciplined troops. But the sight of men on horseback, and the terrible effects of the muskets, both of which were entirely new to them, soon quelled their courage, and forced them to retreat, though with less of panic and disorder than might have been expected. The sound of the musketry, and the wounds inflicted by invisible weapons, were, as may be readily imagined, utterly incomprehensible to them. They conceived, as the prisoners reported, their enemies to be armed with "thunder and lightning;" and it is indeed far more remarkable that they sustained the attack so firmly, and resisted it so long, than that they were ultimately beaten. When they first beheld Arend and me near Lattakoo, they conceived us (as the women said) to be some new sort of animals, and with that belief had attempted to surround and catch us. That they absolutely mistook the Griquas for *centaurs* in battle, is not indeed very probable; for though they themselves have no horses, they use, like the other Caffer tribes, the ox as a beast of burthen, and occasionally for riding; but, nevertheless, the appearance of the cavalry must have been much more terrible to them, than even they themselves were to the Bechuanas.

In the engagement at Lattakoo the Mantatees lost their two kings, or principal chiefs, who were both shot while boldly sallying out to meet the Griquas. This event contributed not a little to accelerate their retreat, and (happily for the Bechuanas) to occasion their subsequent disunion. Soon after their retreat from Lattakoo, the two principal tribes seem to have separated; one division resuming their march towards the north-east, until they were again encountered and repulsed by Makabba. They afterwards formed an amicable junction with the Morootzi tribe, whom they had formerly plundered, and according to the last accounts were *located* in their territories near Kurrechein. The other division, falling back in the direction of their native country near Hambona, dispersed and plundered in their way many tribes who had escaped them in their advance; in consequence of

which, thousands of people were reduced to extreme misery for want of food, and began to flock into the Colony all along the north-eastern frontier, to solicit protection and sustenance.

A party of about 300 men made an irruption into the Tarka Veld-Cornetcy in 1824, and carried off some cattle. They were pursued by a commando of Boors, and on being attacked by fire-arms exhibited the utmost astonishment, and abandoned the plunder without resistance. A few were taken prisoners, who, on being questioned in the Caffer language, said that they belonged to a tribe called *Kouss*, residing many days' journey to the eastward, and that their country having been overrun and plundered by a wandering nation, they were forced by famine to plunder others for their own subsistence. Their emaciated appearance bore witness to the truth of this statement, and after being admonished to beware of again entering the Colony, they were dismissed. These Kouss appear to have been one of the clans plundered by the Mantatecs on their return to the southward.

The first collision of these marauding hordes with the southern Caffers appears to have taken place so early as 1822. In the latter end of that year the Amatymbæ were attacked by a wandering horde whom they called *Ficani*, and whom they then with some difficulty repulsed. The word "*Ficani*" in the Caffer tongue signifies, it seems, "*Invaders*," or "*Marauders*," and is therefore synonymous with the Bechuana appellation "*Mantatees*," according to the most general interpretation. But neither of these appellations, however well merited, are recognised by the wanderers themselves. In 1824, the *Ficani* (apparently the Mantatees on their return from the Bechuana country) renewed their incursions upon the Caffer tribes, as appears from the following extract of a letter written from the Chumi, by the missionary Brownlee, and dated in July 1824.

"We have had late accounts of the re-advance of the *Ficani*, who made

the attack upon the Tambookies about a year and a half ago. They have recently attacked a tribe called Amaponda, who live on the coast to the eastward of the Tambookies. That tribe they have dispersed and plundered of their cattle, and numbers of the fugitives have taken refuge among the Tambookies and Hinza's people. We have likewise had visits from fugitives of another tribe, who call themselves *Amazizi*, and who say that their native country lies upon a river of the same name. From the accounts they give of it, it must lie, I imagine, towards the interior from Delagoa Bay, and they appear, in some respects, more nearly related to the Bechuanas than the Caffers; yet they speak of the people who live below them on the Amazizi River, as speaking the Caffer tongue."

This Amazizi river is, in all probability, either the Mapoota, or one of its principal branches flowing through elevated plains similar to those near the sources of the river *Kei*.*

* The following extract of a letter from Captain Owen, of the *Leven*, engaged at the time I received it in surveying the coast near Delagoa Bay, will throw some farther light on the country here referred to. I trust that a work from that distinguished officer himself will, ere long, render the eastern coasts of Africa, and their various inhabitants, as well known as those of the Cape are now.

"The Mapoota River extends from the southern corner of Delagoa Bay (where it empties itself), south-west, about eighty or ninety miles, and takes its rise about lat. 27° S. long. 31° E. in a range of hills in the country of the *Vatwahs*, or *Butuas*, (*Zoolas*.) English River is the estuary of three rivers, none of them extending far:—the northern one about twenty miles to the N. W.; the central one, or Dundas River, about as much due West; and the southern one about sixty miles S.S.W. The hills in the country of the *Vatwahs* appear to be from fifteen to twenty leagues beyond English River, lat. 26° S. 32½° E. The *King George*, or *Maneess*, falls into Delagoa Bay almost three or four leagues N. of English River, and its source is in about 20° S., its direction being nearly due north from its mouth.

"The language of Delagoa Bay appears to be nearly the same as that spoken on the east coast as far as *Bazaneto Islands*. The Caffers and they understand each other with little trouble; but whether the language is the same, I know not. The *Vatwahs* are a different

The Rev. Mr. Thomson, another missionary in Cafferland, in a letter dated July 3, 1824, not only corroborates Mr. Brownlee's report of the Amazizi refugees, but adds the following particulars, which prove, among other things, that they are unquestionably a Caffer tribe.

"I had a conversation with one of the nation which attacked Lattakoo last year, and collected the following facts from the interview. It is several years since they were driven out of their own country. This man came early last summer into Cafferland. His nation call themselves *Amazizi*, and their enemies call them *Ba-ficani*. They take their name from a river in their native country, which is very large; he says the Keiskamma is but a stream compared to it. There are several other rivers, some of which are dry in summer: there are also several lakes. The water is in general good, though there is much that is brackish. The country is generally flat, and there are no very high mountains. The summer is like that of Cafferland as to heat; and in winter they have frost and snow. He describes it to be much more populous than that of the Caffers and Tambookies. There is very little wood in the country; their houses are formed of reeds and small wood, brought from a great distance; their fires are made of cow-dung and the stalks of corn. The houses are neatly constructed; the kraals for cattle are formed of clay and dung, as also their garden fences. They abound in cattle,

people, and speak a different dialect; but still they communicate readily with those of Delagoa Bay; the former resemble the southern Caffers.

"The natives of Mapoota trade to the interior; and the country of the Wankeets cannot be more than 250 miles W. of Delagoa Bay; but the country where Dr. Cowan was murdered, is said, on the coast, to have been near the sources of the King George and Sofala rivers.

"The natives of Delagoa Bay are a timid race, and seemingly at peace with every body, but the Vawahs treat them like a conquered people, and have lately overrun the country. They offer no objections to any one passing through their country.

"There is no European station in Delagoa Bay, but that of the Portuguese at English River, on the northern bank near its mouth."

sheep, goats, and fowls, but have no horses, nor did they know of them until they saw them in Hinza's country. This man was not himself at Lat-takoo, and never had heard of white men in his own country. He says his countrymen understood smelting of iron and copper; and their smiths make hoes, assagais, axes, and needles. The men and women dig the ground with the hoes; the women cut down the corn, and the men beat it out; they do not bury it like the Caffers, but stack it above ground, and cover it with grass. The produce which they grow is Indian and Caffer corn, beans, water melons, and pumpkins. A spirituous drink they make of millet, and milk is made to acquire a greater consistency than that of the Caffers,—for he said they *eat* it. With regard to wild animals, they have wolves and jackals, and several species of antelopes; but some of the animals common in the more southern parts of Africa are unknown to them.

“They have many Chiefs, whose powers and honours are hereditary. There are few who have but one wife; adultery is punished by death. Their dead they bury in a sitting posture, in a grave about six feet deep; stones are placed about the body, and one stone on the head, and then the corpse is covered over with earth, to prevent the wolves from tearing it out.

“With regard to religion, they can say but little. This man said, he did not know that he possessed any principle within him that would exist for ever; nor does he remember to have heard his countrymen speak about it; he knew not of any place of rewards or punishments; their fathers are dead, but they know not that they shall ever see them again; he says that he had never heard of the Great Maker of all things. Excepting in some words, the Caffers understood him very well; the Caffers say *emanzie* for water, he says *ematenzi*; they say *sonka* for bread, he says *sinka*; they say *hamba* for *get you gone*, he says *kambu*.

“These unfortunate people have been long wandering about among the Mambookies and Hambonas, and many of them have latterly been allowed

to settle among the Caffers, under Hinza, who resides about three days' journey from us."

In 1825, the ravages of the Ficani upon the Caffer tribes were renewed; and by penetrating into the Tambookie country, on the north-east, they approached so near the frontier, as to excite considerable apprehensions for the safety of the Colony. The following is an extract of a letter from Mr. Brownlee, relating to this subject, dated at the Chumi, May 21, 1825.

"We have had lately various reports of commotions among the Tambookies, owing to a second invasion of the marauding horde called Ficani, who formerly attacked them. These invaders appeared to have advanced this time in greater force, and the conflict has been more disastrous to the Tambookies, who were surprised by them suddenly by night, and a large number of their kraals entirely deprived of their cattle. The Tambookies made a hasty attempt to retrieve their loss, but were defeated with considerable slaughter, and several of their principal Chiefs and Captains fell in the conflict. In consequence of this, part of the Tambookie tribes have abandoned their stations, and have fled nearer to the colonial frontier, where it approaches the Tarka. The invaders, it appears, came upon them through a part of the wild Bushman country, lying towards the north-east. The Ficani have for the present planted themselves in the kraals of the Tambookies, whom they have expelled. An officer with a few soldiers has passed this place to-day, towards the upper part of the river Kei, having been dispatched by Major Forbes, the Commandant, to endeavour to procure correct information respecting these invaders."

The officer alluded to by Mr. Brownlee, was Lieutenant Rogers, of the Cape Corps, who visited, on this occasion, some of the Tambookie chiefs, but could not find any safe opportunity of opening a conference with the marauding horde. The information he obtained from the Tambookies respecting them, coincided exactly with that obtained through a different

channel by Mr. Pringle, as detailed in the following extract of a letter addressed by him to me in May 1825, from the location of his party on Bavian's River.

"The various alarming rumours of the approach of your old acquaintance, the roving Mantatees, towards this frontier, have recently induced us to adopt some precautionary measures to prevent our little location from being surprised and overwhelmed by any sudden incursion of these savages; and, in order to obtain correct intelligence, my friends Mr. G. Rennie and Diedrik Muller* made, at my suggestion, an excursion into the Tambookie country a few days ago, and visited some of their kraals a little beyond the river Zwart Kei. They had a long conversation with two of the secondary chiefs, named Quassa and Pewana; who informed them that the invading horde, called Ficani, had been roaming about for a considerable time in their vicinity, accompanied by their women and children; and that about two months ago they had defeated the combined forces of the Tambookies and the Caffer chief Hinza, with great loss, six of their principal captains, and a great number of warriors, having fallen in the engagement. This conflict took place near a mountain called Hanglip by the colonists, which is not above two days' journey from this place. The Tambookies say, that the head quarters of the Ficani are now on the river Somo, one of the branches of the White Kei; but that they frequently send out foraging parties to

* By recent letters from the Cape, I am informed that these two enterprising men were (with the sanction of the Lieutenant-Governor) about to set out on an excursion to explore the country towards Delagoa Bay, by the way of Hambona, Natal, Zoola, (the residence of King Chaka,) &c. and that Vosani, the principal Tambookie chief, had agreed to accompany them. Mr. Rennie is a settler of Mr. Pringle's party, and a relative, it seems, of the distinguished engineer of that name. Diedrik Muller is an untutored African boor—but withal, a fine intrepid fellow, and one of the most adventurous hunters in Africa. I have little doubt that they will succeed in their enterprise (for there are no obstacles in their way which courage and caution may not surmount); and I trust that many beneficial results may arise from it.

plunder the kraals of the inhabitants, sometimes openly by day, sometimes under covert of night; and that they not only carry off their corn and cattle, but cruelly massacre all who fall into their hands without distinction of sex or age. They describe them as being armed partly with clubs and assagais like the Caffers, and partly with battle-axes, and with a hooked weapon fixed to a short handle, similar to the arms used by the Mantatees at Lattakoo. They added, that these invaders make their attack with exceeding boldness and fury, rushing on to close combat through the showers of assagais with which their own warriors encountered them; and that they are so swift of foot, and so formidable from their numbers and ferocity, that the Caffer tribes are unable to stand their ground against them. Quassa and Pewanana had lost many of their own followers, and a large portion of their cattle, and had been obliged to abandon their kraals and corn-fields to the eastward. They pointed out many of their followers who had been severely mangled in the late battle, and whose wounds were not yet healed; and they added, that unless they obtained aid from the Colony, they must on the first advance of the enemy fly across the frontier line, and seek protection beneath the guns of the Christians.

“ Being questioned respecting the supposed origin, or native country of these savages, they said they were informed by fugitives, that this horde had emigrated from a country lying considerably to the north-east; and that they had been driven from their own territory by a stronger nation, among whom were people of the colour of Hottentots, and with large beards and long hair.”

From the above account, which was fully corroborated by Lieutenant Rogers's report to the commandant, it appears that this horde of ravagers had been within little more than two days' march of the Colony; nor was there any obstacle, on their first advance, to prevent them from overwhelming the Scotch location, and other frontier settlements. Fortunately, however,

they contented themselves, at that time, with the plunder of the Tambookie kraals, and soon after retired again to the eastward.

During the present year, (1826,) there have been various rumours of their return, but from the measures now taken by the Colonial Government to watch their motions, there is no longer any reason for apprehension of their being permitted to pass the frontier line. All applications from the Tambookies for aid against them, have been for the present refused. The Caffer tribes must therefore fight bravely for their own existence, or perish like those which have already been overwhelmed by the devastators. Were it not for their internal divisions and jealousy of each other, I should be led to anticipate, from the manly and warlike character of the frontier clans, a far more energetic resistance to the invaders, than they encountered from the mass of the faint-hearted Bechuanas.

The extent of the misery and destruction occasioned among the Caffer tribes, by the dispossession and subsequent devastations of the Mantatee hordes, it is impossible accurately to estimate; but at the most moderate calculation it is believed, that not fewer than 100,000 people have perished by war and famine. Within the last two years upwards of 1000 fugitives, mostly in a state of extreme destitution, have taken refuge in the Colony,—a circumstance wholly unprecedented in any former period. These refugees have been, by the direction of the Home Government, indentured as servants for seven years to such of the Colonists in the eastern districts as are not slave owners; and precautions have been adopted, (efficient ones, I trust,) to prevent any of those poor exiles from being ill-treated, or from hereafter merging into a state of slavery.

PART II.

EXCURSION TO THE COUNTRY OF THE BUSHMEN, KORANNAS, AND NAMAQUAS, &c.

CHAPTER I.

JOURNEY TO THE ROGGEVELD.—COLONISTS OF THE NORTHERN FRONTIER.—WARS WITH THE BUSHMEN.—BAND OF CAFFER EMIGRANTS.—SERPENT-CHARMERS.—ORIGIN OF BUSHMAN ANIMOSITY.—MORE HUMANE CONDUCT OF SOME OF THE COLONISTS.

ON the 24th of July 1824, I again left Cape Town, with the view of exploring the desert country towards the banks of the Gariep or Orange River, and of ascertaining, by personal inspection, whether the lower part of that river was capable of affording any facilities for commercial intercourse with the interior tribes.

This quarter of Southern Africa had not hitherto been visited by any European travellers, except the Rev. Mr. Campbell; and his publication, entirely devoted to Missionary objects, did not afford much information that could

throw light on the geographical features, or commercial resources of the country. I do not state this in order to disparage the work of that meritorious and simple-hearted philanthropist, but to show that, both my objects and my route being different from his, I was now entering upon a field almost new to Europeans, and visited only by vagabond smugglers, and a few missionaries, who had devoted their lives to propagate Christianity among the wandering tribes of those desolate regions.

Having equipped myself in the same simple mode as on my excursion to the Bechuana country, and being provided, through the favour of His Excellency the Governor, with an official order to the inhabitants of the Colony to render me every assistance that I might stand in need of, I proceeded, with horses hired from place to place, without interruption, until I reached Bloem Fonteyn, the residence of Veld-Commandant Nel, in the Roggeveld; where I proposed to make arrangements for proceeding beyond the boundary of the Colony. The line of my route from Cape Town will be found in the map.

To this point I had traversed a district of which the peculiar characteristics have been minutely described by Lichtenstein; nor did I perceive that any very peculiar changes had taken place in the circumstances or manners of the inhabitants since he visited them, twenty years ago. The boors of the Roggeveld are still, like the other frontier colonists, a frank and hospitable, but uncultivated set of men; kind to the traveller, but constantly embroiled in civil disputes with each other, and in a barbarous warfare of reciprocal aggression with the miserable Bushmen.

The Veld-Commandant, whose place I had now reached, I found to be a man of great substance as a stock farmer. The attention of the farmers in this part of the Colony is almost exclusively devoted to pasturage, for which indeed the country is chiefly adapted. Were the climate even better fitted for the cultivation of grain, it could never be an object with them to grow more than what is sufficient for their own consumption. Owing to the

very great distance from any market, corn can never be an article of sale. But, independently of this circumstance, such is the aridity of the climate, that I was told no rain of amount sufficient to make the rivers flow, had fallen during the last *five* years. The rains, scanty at all times, are equally precarious as to the period of their falling, being produced only by thunder-clouds in summer; and the country of the Bushmen extending between the Colony and the river Gariep, is still more subject to excessive droughts.

I visited, with Nel and another boor, the highest point of the neighbouring mountains, called *Uitkyk* (look-out), from which I obtained a view of the country in all directions with extraordinary clearness,—being able to see distinctly the summit of the Hex River mountains, capped with snow, at a distance of about 180 miles; while the country of the Bushmen, intersected only by dry beds of torrents, extended below me far to the north. From this summit I fixed the bearings by compass of several remarkable points in the mountains of Bokkeveld, Cedar-berg, Hantam, and Nieuwveld, which have been erroneously laid down in former maps.

I spent the day in conversing with my host, and another farmer named Vlok, a frank, talkative fellow, who had accompanied me hither from his own place; and I obtained from these men much interesting information respecting their own mode of life, and the condition of the native tribes beyond them. In the evening we were entertained by a Bushwoman, in the service of Nel, playing on the *Raamakie*,—an instrument about forty inches long by five broad, and having the half of a calabash affixed to the one end, with strings somewhat resembling those of a violin. With this instrument she produced a dull monotonous thrumming, in which my ear was unable to trace any thing like regular melody. The commandant informed me, that this woman had lived in his household from her infancy, and that a better or more trustworthy creature he had never had in his service. He remarked, that Bushmen in general, when taken young, make good

and active servants; but that those who have grown up in the wilds to adult age, can seldom or never be induced to remain in the service of the farmers, —having a great aversion to manual labour, and preferring sloth, liberty, and hunger, to labour, servitude, and plenty.

The Bushmen on this frontier, whatever may have been the original condition of their progenitors, are now entirely destitute of cattle or property of any description; and now that the larger game have been generally destroyed, or driven out of the country by the guns of the Boors and Griquas, they are reduced to the most wretched shifts to obtain a precarious subsistence, living chiefly on wild roots, locusts, and the larvæ of insects. The wandering hordes of this people are scattered over a territory of very wide extent, but of so barren and arid a character, that by far the greater portion of it is not permanently habitable by any class of human beings. Even as it is, the colonists are perpetually pressing in upon their limits, wherever a fountain, or even a temporary *vley* or pool of water is to be found: but had this territory been of a character less desolate and inhospitable, there can be little question that it would have been long ago entirely occupied by the Christians. They are continually soliciting from the Government fresh grants beyond the nominal boundary; and at present are very urgent to obtain possession of a tract lying between the Zak and Hartebeest Rivers. In defence of these aggressions they maintained to me that the Bushmen are a nation of robbers,—who, as they neither cultivate the soil, nor pasture cattle, are incapable of occupying their country advantageously; that they would live much more comfortably by becoming the herdsmen and household servants of the Christians, than they do at present on their own precarious resources; and finally, that they are incapable of being civilized by any other means, as the failure of the Missionary establishment among them at the Zak River had evinced. At this institution, I was told, the most strenuous exertions had been employed by the missionary Kicherer, for many years, to engraft upon them

habits of industry and foresight, but totally without avail; for he had been ultimately forced to abandon the enterprise, and the station was now in ruins.* Equally unsuccessful, Nel and Vlok informed me, had been all their own efforts to improve the wild Bushmen. On one occasion, they said, they had given to the captain of a horde a number of sheep and goats, to be kept as a joint-stock between the donors and his people; but on visiting the kraal, a short time afterwards, they found there was not one of the flock remaining, and that the Bushmen were as destitute as before.

Whatever may have been the causes of the failure of Missionary attempts to civilize the Bushmen, I fear that the usual conduct of the farmers towards them has been rather of a description to render them more barbarous and desperate, than to conciliate or civilize them. Latterly, indeed, several of the more judicious farmers had tried milder measures with them, and Nel informed me that a sort of treaty at present subsists between him and the captain of the principal horde in his vicinity. This chief waits upon Nel at every third full moon, and reports the proceedings of his clan; and if their conduct has been praiseworthy,—if they have lived humbly upon ants and bulbous roots, and refrained from stealing cattle, they receive certain allowances of sheep, tobacco, and trinkets, from the Veld-Commandant and the burghers under his control.

According to his own statements, however, a very different system had been long pursued towards this unhappy race. Nel informed me that within the last thirty years he had been upon thirty-two commandoes against the Bushmen, in which great numbers had been shot, and their children carried into the Colony. On one of these expeditions, not less than two hundred

* I have been since informed, that this is not a correct statement, and that, in fact, Mr. Kicherer did not abandon the Zak River Bushmen on account of his want of success among them, but because he was appointed by the Colonial Government to be district clergyman of Graaff-Reinet.

Bushmen were massacred! In justification of this barbarous system, he narrated many shocking stories of atrocities committed by the Bushmen upon the colonists,—which, together with the continual depredations upon their property, had often called down upon them the full weight of vengeance. Such has been, and still, to a great extent, is the horrible warfare existing between the Christians and the natives of the northern frontier, and by which the process of extermination is still proceeding against the latter, in the same style as in the days of Barrow.*

It struck me as a strange and melancholy trait of human nature, that this Veld-Commandant, in many other points a meritorious, benevolent, and clear-sighted man, seemed to be perfectly unconscious that any part of his own proceedings, or those of his countrymen, in their wars with the Bushmen, could awaken my abhorrence. The massacre of many hundreds of these miserable creatures, and the carrying away of their children into servitude, seemed to be considered by him and his companions as things perfectly lawful, just, and necessary, and as meritorious service done to the public, of which they had no more cause to be ashamed, than a brave sol-

* THE BUSHMAN.

The Bushman sleeps within his black-brow'd den,
In the lone wilderness: around him lie
His wife and little ones unfearingly—
For they are far away from "Christian men."
No herds, loud lowing, call him down the glen;
He fears no foe but famine; and may try
To wear away the hot noon slumberingly;
Then rise to search for roots—and dance again.—
But he shall dance no more! His secret lair,
Surrounded, echoes to the thundering gun,
And the wild shriek of anguish and despair!
He dies—yet, ere life's ebbing sands are run,
Leaves to his sons a curse, should they be friends
With the proud Christian race—"for they are fiends!"

T. P.

dier of having distinguished himself against the enemies of his country : while, on the other hand, he spoke with detestation of the *callousness* of the Bushmen in the commission of robbery and murder upon the Christians ; not seeming to be aware that the treatment these persecuted tribes had for ages received from the Christians, might, in their apprehension, justify every excess of malice and revenge that they were able to perpetrate.

The hereditary sentiments of animosity, and the deep-rooted contemptuous prejudices, that had blinded Nel's judgment and seared his better feelings on this point, did not, however, operate to prevent him judging properly enough in a neutral case : as, for example, where two of the native tribes were opposed to each other. The way in which he mentioned the conduct of a Caffer horde in that vicinity towards the Bushmen, offered a striking illustration of this.

A small party of Caffers had found their way about fifteen years ago into the Bushman country, and had settled near the Karree mountains east of the Zak River, where there is sufficient water and pasturage. These Caffers, it seems, not content with taking possession of a valuable part of their country, waged an unjust and ferocious war with the Bushman hordes around them, of whom they destroyed great numbers, and carried off their children into bondage. Their depopulating progress was, however, arrested by the Landdrost Stockenstrom, who came suddenly upon them with a commando, shot the chief perpetrators of these enormities, and took out of their hands upwards of thirty children, whose parents they had slaughtered.

Nel and his companions spoke with detestation of the conduct of these intruders, and applauded the punishment inflicted upon them, without seeming to be aware how close a resemblance existed between their own conduct and that of the Caffers.

This horde of Caffers, learning wisdom from adversity, had ever since their chastisement ceased from strife and plunder,—and betaking themselves

to the peaceable pursuits of a pastoral people, they were, consequently, now in a thriving condition, being in possession of 1100 cattle and 2100 sheep.

Among other remarks on the Bushmen, Nel mentioned,*that within the last forty years they had much improved in the manufacture of the poison with which they imbue their arrows. It is now, he affirmed, much more subtle and deadly than it was in former times, and is composed of certain deleterious ingredients, both vegetable and mineral, carefully concocted with the poison of the most venomous snakes.

He also affirmed, that among the Bushmen are found individuals called *slang-meesters* (serpent-masters) who possess the power of charming the fiercest serpents, and of readily curing their bite. These charmers, it seems, can communicate to others their powers and their invulnerability, by putting them through a regular course of poison-eating. The boors have the most implicit confidence in their medicaments, quackish and fanciful as some of them are. One of their most common applications is urine, which the colonial Hottentots also use in similar cases, mixed with gunpowder, and, as is affirmed, usually with good effect.

AUGUST 1. — Being desirous of penetrating the Bushman country to the northward, and to ascertain, if possible, the junction of the Zak, or rather the Hartebeest River, with the Gariep, I had persuaded the Veld-Commandant to send round messengers to several places, in order to procure me horses and attendants; but not being able to find a single Hottentot in this vicinity who would engage to accompany me, I found myself obliged to skirt the Colony farther towards the West, in the hope of completing my arrangements at the Hantam. This morning, therefore, I left the house of old Nel, a man who, whatever be his defects, certainly possesses the virtue of hospitality in high perfection. With all their roughness and rusticity of manner, and with all their cruel unchristian prejudices in regard to the poor

natives, these colonists still retain much patriarchal simplicity, and many traits of good-nature and friendliness in their general character. We parted with mutual good wishes.

Nel had supplied me with fresh horses and a guide. I proceeded over an elevated tract of country, from whence I occasionally caught glimpses of the Cedar mountains. The scenery was haggard and uninviting, and the climate bleak. Yet I saw occasionally warm nooks among the mountain glens, where most of the colonial fruits are brought to perfection. In the evening I reached Downes, the residence of Schalk van der Merwe, situated at the north end of the Roggeveld-Bergen, which terminate here in bluff detached hills.

I found the lady of the mansion *kraaling* her flocks and herds, her lord being absent; and soon ascertained from her, that neither horses nor guides were to be obtained here; but being informed that some free Bastard-Hottentots resided at a distance of about six miles, I set off on foot by moonlight, with the view of engaging one or two of them as guides, and of collecting information respecting my proposed route.

An old Hottentot servant of the family accompanied me. This man was between sixty and seventy years of age, and had all his life resided upon the Bushman frontier. I found him communicative, and elicited some interesting information from him. He said he could recollect the time, when few or no murders were committed by the Bushmen,—especially upon the Christians. The era of bitter and bloody hostility between them commenced, according to his account, about fifty years ago, in the following manner.—The burgher Coetzee Van Reenen had an overseer who kept his flocks near the Zak River: this fellow was of a brutal and insolent disposition, and a great tyrant over the Bushmen; and had shot some of them at times, out of mere wantonness. The Bushmen submissively endured the oppression of this petty tyrant for a long period; but at length their patience was worn out; and one day, while

he was cruelly maltreating one of their nation, another struck him through with his assagai. This act was represented in the Colony as a horrible murder. A strong commando was sent into the Bushman country, and hundreds of innocent people were massacred to avenge the death of this ruffian. Such treatment roused the animosity of the Bushmen to the utmost pitch, and eradicated all remains of respect, which they still retained for the Christians. The commando had scarcely left their country, when the whole race of Bushmen along the frontier simultaneously commenced a system of predatory and murderous incursions against the colonists, from the Kamiesberg to the Stormberg. These depredations were retaliated by fresh commandoes, who slew the old without pity, and carried off the young into bondage. The commandoes were again avenged by new robberies and murders; and thus mutual injuries have been accumulated, and mutual rancour kept up to the present day.*

* The following remarks, extracted from a letter received from Mr. Melvill of Griqua Town, dated August 3, 1825, show that some of the colonists are at length adopting a more humane policy towards this persecuted race; and the pleasing result of milder measures proves, at the same time, that the Bushman is neither insensible of kindness nor incapable of improvement:—

“In the year 1821, on my way to Griqua Town, while I was at Graaff-Reinet at the house of the Landdrost, Capt. Stockenstrom, a Veld-cornet came to request permission to make a commando against a kraal, or party of Bushmen; who, he said, had committed some depredations. The Landdrost appeared very angry with the farmer, and expressed his disapprobation, in strong terms, of the conduct of the farmers in general, when they were allowed to go against the Bushmen.

“On my way from Graaff-Reinet, I had some conversation with the Veld-Commandant, Gert Vanderwalt, who resided on the Zeekoe River, respecting the Bushmen. He told me, that both his father and himself had been for many years at war with this people. From the time that he could use a gun he went upon commandoes; but he could now see, he owned, that no good was ever done by this course of vindictive retaliation. They still continued their depredations, and, retaining an inveterate spirit of revenge, he was constantly in danger of losing his cattle and of being murdered by them. But having at length seen the evil effects of war and cruelty, he had, for a few years past, tried what might be done by cultivating peace with them; and experience had convinced him that his present plan was most conducive to his interest. He said, the Landdrost Stockenstrom was also friendly to pacific measures, and encouraged the plan he had adopted. This plan was to keep a flock of goats to supply the Bush-

On reaching the Hottentot kraal, I found that the men were all absent, and only the women and children at home, with a few cattle and sheep. I made my way, therefore, with my old guide, to the nearest boor's place, which was old Hans Coetzee's, between the Hantamberg and the Paardenberg. We found all the family asleep, and gained admittance, not without some difficulty. Nor was the accommodation very comfortable when I got in. The old boor yawned forth an apology, that he had no bread to offer me; so I obtained a glass of water and a sort of shakedown to stretch my wearied limbs on, and every other want was soon forgotten in sound repose.

men with food in seasons of great want, and occasionally to give them other little presents; by which means he not only kept on friendly terms with them, but they became very serviceable in taking care of his flocks in dry seasons. He said, that on such occasions, when there was no pasturage on his own farm, he was accustomed to give his cattle entirely into the hands of the Chief of a tribe who lived near him, and after a certain period they never failed to be brought back in so improved a condition that he scarcely knew them to be his own.

"A few days after, when I came into the Bushman country, I witnessed the beneficial effects of cultivating the arts of peace with this people. Seeing a Bushman village, or kraal, about a quarter of an hour's ride from the road, I went to it; and so confident was I of the peaceable disposition of this people, when not provoked, that I went alone and unarmed. When I came to the kraal, I was gratified with a most pleasing indication of the improved habits of the individuals composing this little horde. On the brow of a hill were seen grazing a flock of goats, and a number of young kids were tied to stakes round about their huts. Upon inquiry, I found they had belonged to the late Missionary Institution of Heephzibah, in the Bushman Country; and from what I could understand from one or two who spoke a little Dutch, they were exceedingly sorry that the mission had been given up, and said they would go again to reside at a Missionary station, if one were established. They spoke much in favour of the Veld-commandant Vanderwalt, to whom, I believe, they were indebted for the goats I had seen.

"About a day's journey farther, I came to a place called Dassen-Poort. Here a farmer had been residing, and had built a hut, and raised some wheat—but had been ordered away from it by the Landdrost, on account of its being beyond the boundaries of the Colony. I found at this place two Bushmen, under whose custody a quantity of wheat had been left by the farmer when he removed from the place—another proof that it is not so difficult to cultivate peace with these oppressed people, if measures of real kindness are adopted towards them."



CHAPTER II.

JOURNEY TO THE HANTAM.—HOTTENTOT GUIDES.—DEPARTURE FROM
THE COLONY.—INTERCOURSE WITH THE BUSHMEN.—SALT LAKE.
—EXCESSIVE DROUGHT.—KAT'S-KOP RIVER.

AUGUST 2.—HAVING here procured fresh horses and a guide, I sent for my saddles and baggage from the last boor's place, and started again after breakfast. I continued my journey through an arid, and apparently very barren country. On my left was the Hantamberg, an insulated mountain of great extent, being about two days' ride in circumference. The top of this mountain, which is flat, and of no very great elevation, is considered extremely salubrious for the grazing of horses at certain seasons of the year, when the periodical sickness prevails in the adjoining plains. Nor is it this destructive distemper, and the robberies of the Bushmen, that the

farmers have alone to dread in this vicinity. The wild beasts also are exceedingly fierce and numerous. At Schalk van der Merwe's, I was told that upwards of thirty horses had been destroyed upon the farm by the leopards and hyænas, in the course of the season. Another farmer had had, within a few days, nine fine young horses killed by the wild dogs.* It would require great profits to compensate for the losses and vexations to which the frontier boors are thus constantly exposed.

In a narrow defile between two mountains, called Morderaar's Poort, (Murderer's Gate,) on account of several colonists having been here killed by the Bushmen,—my guide pointed out six very large piles of stones or cairns, which had been raised, he said, by the Hottentots, to commemorate a bloody conflict that had taken place here between two tribes of their countrymen, before the Europeans came and reduced them all to bondage.

At a place called Welledag, (Karel van der Merwe's,) where I halted, I found an English settler from Clan William, a carpenter, working at his trade in the service of the farmers. Adventurous persons of this description are now to be found scattered through the remotest parts of the Colony; and are gradually introducing among the African boors, not only improvements in agriculture and in the mechanical arts, but also a spirit of civil independence, which will, ere long, supersede the servile docility, which long submission to every *fiat* of the provincial functionaries has superinduced upon the naturally sturdy and stubborn character of the Hollander.

The boor at this place mentioned to me, among other disadvantages of

* Burchell has ranked the African wild dog as a species of hyæna, under the name of *Hyæna Venatica*. Other naturalists class it as a genus. It forms, in fact, the connecting link between the wolf and hyæna tribes; and in its habits and physical conformation partakes of the character of both. Wild dogs always hunt in packs, and are exceedingly fierce and active. In some quarters of the Colony their ravages upon the flocks, and on the young horses and cattle, are very severely felt by the farmers.

the farmers in this quarter, the prevalence of a poisonous plant called jackal's-bush. This shrub, when other vegetation fails in the dry season, is apt to be browsed upon by the sheep, and frequently destroys multitudes of them. Five or six hundred will sometimes perish from this cause in a single day. If, however, they recover from the sickness caused by this plant, they are, in future, proof against its deleterious effects.

Truly these frontier boors have no very enviable life of it! Here I also learned that four slaves belonging to a neighbouring farmer (T. Trone) had just absconded, taking with them six horses and as many muskets, and had fled, as was supposed, to join the marauding banditti of run-aways and Bastards who have their retreats about the banks of the Gariep. Such occurrences are not unfrequent, and add one to the many arguments for the gradual and equitable extinction of slavery in southern Africa.

Late in the evening I reached the Veld-cornet Louw's at Tee-Fonteyn, anticipating all the comforts of a social meal and a warm shelter from the cold wind and drizzling rain. My disappointment was comparatively great when I found the house locked up, and three or four slaves and Hottentots alone left in charge of the place, residing in a miserable straw hut. After some parley with them, I adopted the plan suggested by one of the slaves, of gaining admittance by force. A little supper was prepared for me, and I listened to the storm now raging without, in tranquillity and comfort. It is remarkable that the heavy rains, which come this length with the west winds from the Atlantic, do not extend farther into the interior.

3 —This morning opened gloomily. A heavy drenching rain continued the whole day, grateful to the parched country, but unfavourable to my journey. About mid-day, the owner of the place, for whom I had dispatched

a messenger, made his appearance. My apology for taking forcible possession of his house was readily received; and as he could not himself make the necessary arrangements for facilitating my journey, he accompanied me to Groote-Toren (Great Tower), the place of William Louw. Louw himself was absent at Cape Town, but his wife and family afforded me every assistance in their power; and messengers were instantly dispatched in search of a couple of Hottentots to accompany me into the Bushman Country.

While waiting for them, I had some conversation with an English settler of the name of Freyer, a man of considerable intelligence and enterprise, who had married into this family and settled here. From him I obtained some interesting information respecting this quarter of the Colony, and also the Namaqua Country, where he had been travelling. It is not a little surprising to see a man of this sort, with all the advantages of a good education, setting himself down among the rough and untutored inhabitants of these deserts. Yet the leaven of English feelings and English blood thus scattered, is doubtless a most desirable event for the improvement of the country.

At this spot formerly resided a boor of the name of Pienaar, who with his family were murdered by the Namaqua robber Africaner. Little can be said in palliation of an act of bloody violence like this; yet, from what I could learn, it seems to have been not altogether unprovoked on the part of the colonists. Adjoining to the house was a sort of clay fort, with loopholes to fire from in the event of any formidable attack of the Bushmen. Many of the farmhouses, along both the Caffer and Bushman frontier, are protected by similar defences.

4.—The rain still continuing, though more moderately, I was detained here the whole of this day much against my will; for the boors are so excessively afraid of getting wet, that none of them would ride out to enforce

the requisition for Hottentots and horses which the Veld Cornet had issued. Many of them, indeed, are afflicted with severe rheumatic complaints, which they ascribe to getting wet with rain, but which, I think, may be more justly attributed to their frequently sitting or sleeping without changing their wet clothes.

5.—This day still continued showery and cold. The females sat with Dutch stoves under their petticoats, issuing orders to their slaves and Hottentots. The men sat talking and smoking around an iron pot filled with burning charcoal. None of the boors have chimneys in their dwellings, even in these cold regions; and their stoves and pots of charcoal afford to a European a very indifferent compensation for the want of a cheerful blazing hearth.

About noon, a Hottentot named Witteboy, who had been requested to accompany me, arrived. After many interrogations about my proposed route, my objects and intentions, &c., he declared the journey too hazardous without more company, and declined proceeding without a comrade. I was thus again as much at a loss as ever, when fortunately another Hottentot (Jacob Zwart) arrived; and after similar inquiries and much humming and hesitation, they both engaged in my service, and agreed to meet me next day, at Tee-Fonteyn, where the horses were to be prepared for us.

6.—The rain had ceased, and was followed by bright and beautiful weather. I met my Hottentots at the Veld Cornet's before mid-day; but such were the tardy movements of the boors, that the horses were not yet ready, and I was obliged to delay another night, with my patience now almost worn out.

7.—At length this morning, at an early hour, I and my two guides got on horseback, having two led horses to carry our knapsacks, and to change

occasionally with those we rode. I soon found, however, that the boors, with all their outward civility, had played me a scurvy trick, by giving me young horses scarcely half broke. The consequence was, that we had scarcely started, when the one that carried our knapsacks became restive, broke off from the man that led him, and cost us a chase of nearly an hour, before we could catch him again; and what was ultimately of far more consequence, our stock of provisions was shaken from his back, and a great part lost, and the calabashes for carrying water broken in pieces; but I was so provoked and out of patience, that I would not turn back for a further supply, but ordered my men to proceed. This was imprudent; but I had at that time no doubt that our guns would procure us game enough on our way.

About noon we reached Slinger-Fonteyn, the last place inhabited by colonists. An old German of the name of Richert, resides here in a miserable reed hut. We unsaddled and refreshed ourselves for a couple of hours, and then again proceeding, left behind us civilized man and his haunts; and once more I found myself, with a mingled feeling of awe and exultation, a traveller in the waste and solitary wilderness.*

In about an hour after passing Slinger-Fonteyn, we passed a conical hill called Spioep-Berg, (Spy-mountain,) looking over the boundless plains to the

Mr. Pringle's poem, "Afar in the Desert," (first published in the "South African Journal," a few weeks before I set out on this journey,) expresses so well the feelings of a traveller in the wilderness, and contains such lively and appropriate sketches of African scenery, that, though somewhat long for a foot note, I gladly avail myself of the author's permission to add it to the other illustrations which he has kindly contributed to my work.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the present, I turn to the past;

north. The first part of these plains was sprinkled over with singular piles of rocks, looking almost as if placed there by art, and assuming at

And the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
 From the fond recollections of former years ;
 And the shadows of things that have long since fled
 Flit over the brain, like the ghosts of the dead—
 Bright visions of glory, that vanish'd too soon,—
 Day-dreams that departed ere manhood's noon,—
 Attachments by fate or by falsehood reft,—
 Companions of early days lost or left,—
 And my NATIVE LAND ! whose magical name
 Thrills to my heart like electric flame ;
 The home of my childhood ; the haunts of my prime ;
 All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
 When the feelings were young, and the world was new,
 Like the fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view !—
 All—all now forsaken, forgotten, or gone—
 And I, a lone exile—remember'd of none—
 My high aims abandon'd—and good acts undone —
 Aweary of all that is under the sun,—
 With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
 I fly to the Desert afar from man.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
 With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
 When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
 With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife ;
 The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear ;
 And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear ;
 And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
 Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy ;
 When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
 And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—
 Oh, then—there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
 Afar in the Desert alone to ride !
 There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
 And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
 With the death-fraught firelock in my hand,
 (The only law of the Desert land,)