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J.W.

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THE TRADITION OF RA'LOLO.

By Rev. J. A. WINTER.

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THE TRADITION OF RA'LOLO.

By Rev. JOHANNES AUGUST WINTER.

INTRODUCTION.

Ra'lolo (pronounced Rachlolo) is one of the greatest Indunas of the present paramount chief Sekukuni II. He is a man of about 50, I should say, iron gray, slender, with an intelligent face, and of very quiet manners. He is the son of old Selai, who used to be called, by his own wish, Satan, mothsabatho (the burner of men). This Selai was the most intimate friend of old Sekukuni I. When the latter, while still a young prince, was banished from the capital by his father Sekwati, because of his misconduct with one of his father's wives, the young Selai went with him. They always hunted together. On the very night of Sekwati's death both hurried in the dark to the capital, and, before anyone knew of it, Sekukuni took possession of the chieftainship against his rival Mampuru. In January, 1880, when I came to establish a Mission Station alongside the capital, then recently burnt down by Sir Garnet Wolseley, I went to a little kraal in the mountain to tell the chief there: "Do not be afraid if you see a strange fire in the plain; it is mine." I found in the expression of face of this chief a very sad dignity, not often seen in any man. I saw, squatting on a stump, a bald-headed, oldish-looking chief—with just the face you see in pictures of Mephisto—above the ears on both sides little bushes of hair like small horns. I was told it was old Satan, the man who urged on Sekukuni to kill the Christians, at the time of the martyrdom of our oldest Bapedi Christians. I had with me one of the best of all Native Christian men, old Johannes Maeli, of Botsabelo, of Maleo's tribe, one amongst ten thousand, 50 years old, a man of no bigoted or hypocritical ways, but a sober, practical Christian, who was always greeted by the Mapoch warriors, "*Sagobona mabule*" (greeting, opener), because when the others were afraid to fire the first shot at the Boers before their home, he was the first to shoot. This man was known by hearsay to old Satan, who loved all brave men. Both started chatting. I shall never forget how Maeli told Satan what Christianity meant. He said (looking down on the ruins of the old capital): "Where is the capital? The capital is, where all **difoka* are brought together."

This word interested old Satan, and wishing to hear more, he actually accompanied us down the hill. Both his wives were amongst the first I baptised, and strangely, both loved each other without jealousy! Once the younger complained that

* "*Difoka*" is their war-flag, a stick covered with black ostrich feathers borne alongside the chief when marching, always waved up and down.

Satan had thrashed her. I sent for him, and told him: "You were quite right" (because she, when going to church, always left her young child alone to old Satan's care). He never came to church, but yet to the end we were good friends. Ra'lolo is his son. When Mr. Hunt sent Ra'lolo to me to assist me in writing the old Bapedi history I told him of the many tales I had heard of the cannibals,* *e.g.*, that they fattened their captives like cattle, and, when they intended to kill them, made them hold up their arms above the head like horns of cattle. Ra'lolo would have nothing of this, and said that these were mostly fictions; he would tell me only sober, historic facts. Ra'lolo is still living at Sekukuni's capital; he and one other being the only two men who were against Sekukuni allowing the Lutheran Bapedis to build a church there. Nevertheless, I like the man.

RA'LOLO'S STATEMENT.

I was born at Phiring (Magalie's), and am about 50 years old. Our Kgoro is called Mapitsing. My father's name was Selai, or Kgoloko.† Our family (Kgoro) is connected with Tulare, the famous old King of the Bapedi. Tulare's father—Moroamotshe—was also the father of Kgoloko, my great grandfather (Kgoloko, Puthi ea thokas, Selai).

First I shall tell you what the old man told me, when young; then what I myself have seen. In the oldest times we were at a place called Mapogote or Malakoaneng (a place still called so by the Basuto), not far from Moshesh, Basutoland (source of Vaal River?), in the Highveld, as the name Malakoaneng shows (which means "amongst the sugarbush"). At that time no rumour of a white face had been heard of. We left there, not after a fight, but were probably tired of the land. The name of our oldest known Chief at that time was Motshe-tabane. Then we and the Bakgatla were still one tribe. We settled at Marapazane (Schildpadfontein), district Pretoria, near Warmbad, Waterberg.

When Motshe was an old man we left there. We were driven away by the Bakgatla. They said: "*Lca re lolela*" (you bewitch us). Our old great-grandmother—Matebele—most beloved wife of Motshe, was the cause of jealousy with the other wives and their children. They first made mocking songs about Matebele, saying, "Her child cried, when still in her mother's womb." So this child's name was called "*Le Lellateng*" (you cry inside). They tried to kill this child. We then left them. The Bakgatla, from the other greater sons of Motshe, were then our superiors, which later changed. Even now, when someone greets us "*Dumela Mokgatla*" we respond. The name Bapedi we took from the country now called Sekukuni's, Bopedi.

* Not so long ago a middle-aged woman told me she was compelled to eat the roasted arm of her uncle.

† His name during the persecutions of the first Christians at Mosego.

Our Chief, under whom we left, was Tobele. He was still young. We were very many, and very rich in cattle, sheep, and goats. We crossed the Olifant's River at Mola'legi's (where President Burgers had his fight against Sekukuni), below the junction of the Elands and Olifants Rivers. This country was then ruled by the tribe Mongatana. The name of their then Chief I do not know.* To the east of the Lolu Mountain at that time were found the tribes of Masemula (Magalie) with that of Matlala (Pokwani), or Pahla, or Mmopong (Passoane's tribe, where now is Kgolane's kraal). All of them had come from the Swazis. We crossed the Lolu Mountain at the Pass of Mo'laki (Genokakop). Before this we were ba-bina-kgabo (the ape being our tribe's holy sign). When we came down the Lolu Pass at the place called Seolo-mathebo (a big anthill covered all over with long stripes of kweek-grass like the many floskels of a kaross—it is still there) we found a porcupine bristle, and from then commenced being ba-bine-nuku. We then commenced our most solemn tribe-song, still used at great national festivals: It is this:—

*Re bua Mo'laki, Mo'laka-Marole,
Mo'loping oa Masebutla-Sadimo-
Seola-Mathebo
Oa naka dira le magodu
Mabije-Maramage
E kago mae a Tshiloane
Re Bamookptsi oa Kotongoane
Adimaloo-Labioa-
Re Ba'laku ba Rapogole.*

When our impis come home victorious, they are greeted with this song. Also when the cattle for marrying enter the kraal of the father-in-law, throughout Bopedi. Our Chiefs then had no hymn upon their names, it being not the custom of the Bakgatla. This we commenced here, when we became a big tribe.

We crossed Steelpoort and built our kraal across the river at the Mogokgoma tree.† We found on this side of the river a kraal, called the Maripane, a kraal left by the Baroa when they came from Swaziland. These brought us to the capital of the land, to Fighting Hill, the Mongatane. At the time we knew nothing of guns. We fought with assegais only, and hatchets and kiris of rhinoceros horn. The Mongatane, being Baroka, fought with bows and arrows. Before we came they had fought the Mapalakata, the old miners from the East Coast, who

* It was Mashabele.

† A tree like a weeping-willow, very scarce, with iron hard wood, not touched by ants, and bearing a little sweet yellow fruit, which, fresh and dried, was the chief fruit of old Sekukuni at Fighting Hill, where there are still a few of these trees.

had very long thin rifles and had killed them all, at a place where the Magakala now live, keeping these guns, which were always shown at their big festivals and danced round. We believe them to have been Arabs with red fezzes. The Malepa—who are still found here—with Mohammedan religious laws, might have been left by them and intermarried. The son of Tobele was Kabu. There was no war all this time. We paid our tribute in thatching grass and building-poles; we paid no other taxes. The sons of Kabu were Tobele and Tobejane. Tobele made use of his father's wives, when not yet circumcised—not yet a man. So the nation grumbled and mocked him. He went with his friends to the cattle-kraal, where the young girls brought the ground Kaffir-corn for porridge. One day he left with these girls and all the cattle, and fled away. We do not know where his tribe is now—perhaps at the Victoria Falls. He had many followers, also the Ba-Ramapulana (Batsuetla, ba-Makgato—against whom the South African Republic had its last Native war in Zoutpansberg). These Batsuetlas were then of our tribe, but later changed even their language.

Tobele being, in fact, the Chief, we did not follow him to fight, but remained with his younger brother Tobejane. It was a peaceful rule, without wars. We still greet each other after him: *Dumela moroa oa Tobejane*. His son was Moukangoe. Both Tobejane (his name of praise: Tobejane *oa* Botobele) and Moukangoe (his name of honour): *Moukangoe oa dila tse Tobele*) had hymns upon their names. Moukangoe lived very long, and became so old that the wrinkles of his forehead covered his eyes*. He was much beloved by his people. Our taxes from that time till to-day to our Chiefs were: the right-side-ribs of an ox, and of grain a leselo of Kaffir-corn. It was not compulsory to bring him beer. Those who brought these got something killed for them. It was a voluntary sign of loyalty. Moukangoe was very rich in cattle, not taken from other tribes, but peacefully bred in that splendid grazing country, although the country was full of big game, and sometimes the tsetse killed many. When very old he went no more to the Kgoro, the council-fire-place before or at the entrance to the cattle-kraal, round which our huts were built. His eldest son was Lesailane (Passoane), who soon died, without leaving any children. The second son, Mohube, was already acting Chief, when the old Chief grew too old. One day Mohube went to the cattle-kraal. His young men then killed a piece of game. A Bakone tribe, ba-Gakomana (now on De Kom, Lulu Mountains), whose kraal was near Mohube's cattle-kraal, quarrelled about this game, claiming it as theirs. They killed our young men and Mohube, but did not take the cattle. The Gakomana went quickly to headquarters at Fighting Hill, to

* He therefore had his skin tied up by a bandage, so that he could see a little.

tell the Paramount Chief their deed of bravery, having killed a Chief, bringing the shield, arms and beads of Mohube there. Our young men waylaid these messengers and killed them at the Steelpoort Drift (Fort Burgers). One of the enemy escaped and went to the Paramount Chief at Fighting Hill, to complain. We also had already sent to complain, but the ba-Mongatana only laughed at our Chief being killed. The ba-Mongatana sent a big Impi, because their old subjects had been killed. It crossed the Steelpoort. The fight began near our home. It was daylight, and the fight lasted only a short time. We got the best of it. We did not follow them to their home, but took many of their cattle-herds. We turned back from the Monpetsi River (Clapham). Our Chief now was Mampuru, the third son of Moukangoe, who was still alive. This Mampuru was the Chief from whom the Magakale tribe came. Then we went and attacked the Ba-Gakomane. The man who had killed Mohube was killed by Sethabalake, of the Kgoro Bogopa. Those of the Gakomana who were left, and had fled far away, later sent a girl as peace-offering, and built again near their old kraal. The Mongatana sent as peace-offering the son of the Paramount Chief, Magosi. Mampuru gave this man his daughter Nthane as a wife. Both went home to Fighting Hill, and there was peace. Mampuru regarded himself only as acting Chief, and brought up Moroamotshe, Mohube's son, as real heir, together with his own son Nthobeng. These two were Mampuru's fighting generals in all his expeditions, which were many. There was a Chief Mamaile (on Groot Hoek), who, although in some way of the same race as ba-Mongatana, made himself independent of both, the Maroteng (Sekukuni's tribe) and the Mongatana. Against him Mampuru sent his first Impi. He himself went with his son and nephew. Mamaile in his stronghold (even now a landmark) was, however, too much for Mampuru. He had to return unsuccessful. Then Manoamagoadi, a man of Mampuru's, went to Mamaile, telling him that the cattle of ba-Maila (a tribe at the Western base of the Iola Mountain *ba-binc-tlou*) were near by at Suale (Maandags Hoek). Mamaile went with his men to take them. Mampuru was in ambush on his road, waiting for him. When Mamaile came, Mampuru killed him and burnt his kraal, and took his people with him.

Then Mampuru went to Mmopong, to fight the ba-Mangangeng. He was very successful in this raid. The rest of that tribe, their Chief being Mangane, gave a girl to Mampuru as peace-offering. Then Mampuru went to attack the Bakoni on the other side of Lydenburg. But the stronghold had only one entrance, which was successfully defended by the enemy. A man of the Bakoni from whom his people had taken his wife, went out of the stronghold in the night, to Mampuru, and promised him to show him a feasible entrance to the stronghold

with all the cattle of the Moshatte to a cattle-kraal not far from home. A Mokoni, having no food, went to the kraal, begging milk. Moroamotshe gave him milk, but said: "Do not go out with me to the pasture of the cattle, you are still too weak from hunger." Later he went out with him into the field, to look after the cattle. In the field he said: "Chief, take off from me my skin-blanket." Moroamotshe said: "Take them off yourself." When he had taken off his dress, he showed to Moroamotshe, between his shoulders, a bag full of beads, and gave them to Moroamotshe. He sent them to Mampuru. Mampuru thanked him gratefully, and sent them to his house. The messenger of Moroamotshe, on his return, told him that Mampuru thanked him, but has sent the beads to his own house, not to Moroamotshe's. He became angry, and this caused again great unfriendliness between Mampuru and Moroamotshe.

Moroamotshe now fled away with the cattle and his young men. Mampuru followed him with an Impi, because he had also taken cattle belonging to his children. They fought. Moroamotshe got the better. Mampuru's men, when flying, threw down even their assegais. Mampuru went a second time to fight him. During the fight Mampuru was wounded by a Chief of the tribe of Manganeng, who also was wounded by Mampuru. Moroamotshe got Mampuru into his hands as prisoner, but did not kill him. Instead of that, he nursed him and cured him. The Chief who was wounded by Mampuru grew worse, and his people demanded from Moroamotshe that he should deliver him into their hands to kill him, so that both might die. But Moroamotshe refused to do this. The Chief of Nkoane in the night advised Mampuru to fly, and to build a kraal of his own in some kloof. Mampuru agreed, and when not yet quite recovered, fled to his kraal, and from there with his people to the hill Suale. Moroamotshe would not follow him. He said: "Let him live quietly; he is my father." At this time Moroamotshe had built his new kraal higher up the river (where now the farm Goudmijn is). Mampuru was nevertheless uneasy so near by, and went farther beyond Pasha's near Nkoana's Kraal. From there he went again farther away to Magalie (Masemula). To all these moves Moroamotshe consented. But when Mampuru wished to go across the Olifant River to Bokgatla (Waterberg District), Moroamotshe refused. Afterwards Mampuru returned and settled at the Kloof Malokelo.* While he was there, Moroamotshe died. Mampuru sent his men to assist at the burial. The sons of Moroamotshe were Dikotope, Tulare and Motodi. Mampuru was on friendly terms with Tulare, and invited him to visit him. He went. Mampuru now advised Tulare to fight

* Now Putney, where their old stone-walls are still to be seen. The throne of Mampuru was made of Kudu horns at the back, and his seat was of Buffalo-horns on which nobody was allowed to sit except himself.

his elder brother Dikotope while he (Mampuru) was still alive. He also asked Tulare to bury him (Mampuru), after his death, at their head kraal, alongside Moroamotshe.

Dikotope wished to go back to their old home at the Mogok-goma-tree, lower down Steelpoort. Tulare said to him: "Go on, I shall follow you later." So Dikotope went, but Tulare remained. One day the cattle-herds, incited by Tulare, drove all the cattle from Dikotope, when they were out grazing, to Tulare. Dikotope was afraid to attack Tulare. The latter formed an *Impi*, and went to kill Dikotope, who fled away with his people to near Ohrigstad. When there he secretly arranged an expedition against Tulare, joined by the Bakoni and the Ba-Mongatana, who were still sore at heart at having lost their Paramountcy. Tulare heard of this. He went on with a strong *impi* to prevent the two *impis* of the enemy from joining. He went down Steelpoort, near the old kraal of the Bapedi, and waited there for the ba-Mongatana. These came too early, before Dikotope had arrived. The ba-Mongatana (with ba-Pasha and ba-Nkoana) camped on this side of Steelpoort, opposite Tulare on the other side. Early in the morning, when the ba-Mongatana were still smoking dagga, Tulare's men attacked them, gained a splendid victory, followed them up to the Moupetsi river, took large numbers of their cattle, and then went back to attack Dikotope's kraal, while the latter was still away forming his Bakoni *impi*. The kraal was empty. Tulare's force waited there for Dikotope to come. He came, but his auxiliaries were still behind. They fought. Tulare again had the victory. Dikotope was killed, as also the Chief of Maëpa (the Bakoni), Mo'labini. Now Tulare went home, the real undisputed Paramount Chief of the country. He became the greatest and, till to-day, the most renowned Chief of the Bapedi.

Mampuru, when afraid of Dikotope, fled out from Malokelo (Putney) into the mountains near Olifants River. The old Chief went into a big cave, which is still to be seen, and is still called: *Leoa* (because it is a precipice) *la mokgalabye* (the old man's cave). Even now, when Natives on this hill are digging for Letsuku*—even now, before they take out this stuff, they still pray to this old Chief in his cave, saying: "Allow us to take out our Letsuka; we have not come as enemies, but as your children."

He is said to have lived seven years in this nearly inaccessible cave.†

Subsequently, Mampuru returned to Malokelo. When very old, and he no longer actually ruled, one of his sons, Nkoana, was acting Chief, another son, Molamosu, was near him.

* The yellow slate, which when burnt gives them their red ochre colour, which when mixed with butter is used to colour their skins and in their opinion beautifies them.

† I once camped inside it.

He sent for Tulare. Although Tulare's *Indunas* advised him not to go—lest he should be murdered—he went out in the night, with three men only, dressed in an humble-looking kaross, with a cap made of cattle-skin. When he arrived it was still dark. Nobody there knew of his having come. The old Chief was very glad to see him, and said: "Be not afraid, my son Molamosu is only a mouse." Early in the morning Mampuru dressed him in his jackal's kaross, with his hat of jackal's-skin, and told him to go to the council-place and to sit down on his (Mampuru's) throne of buffalo-horns. Meantime all the men were called to this place by the old man. When the men arrived they found Tulare sitting on Mampuru's throne. Molamoso rose and told the men: "Greet the Chief there." All said: "Morena, Morena!" He only answered with the usual "Age!" Ch-ha and after a little while went back to Mampuru's house. Mampuru said to Tulare: "When I am dead—even when buried—exhume my body, bring me to our old home and bury me there. My son, if my people steal your cattle, don't kill them. Kill them, if they have killed somebody." Then Tulare went home. Not many days after a man from Magakel came to tell him: "Mampuru is dead; we have buried him."* Tulare went with many men, exhumed him, and took him to their old home at the Mogokgoma-tree, where he buried him.

The Magakal men were angry, and went out with a strong commando, and burnt many little kraals of Tulare's people at the lower Steelpoort. Tulare, with his *impi*, went round the Mount Moroni, and came upon them from behind. Tulare camped at the tree. Magakal's men, from this side Steelpoort, crossed the river to attack Tulare. They fought. Very soon Tulare drove them back and followed them, but not to their home. His instructions were not to kill all of Mampuru's children. All the big Chiefs and *Indunas* were killed, except Molamoso (the least amongst them) and Mogase. These were caught and hidden away during the fight, so that Tulare's men might not kill them, not knowing them. No guard was left with them. Later, both came out and went home. Tulare sent his men to take the cattle. Molamoso, with all his people and his many auxiliaries from the Baroka, fled across Olifants River, and settled at the Mo'lapitsi River, where, only during the last year, 1900, the greater part crossed back, and now are settled at Surbiton. They did not ask for peace from Tulare, and he no more molests them because of old Mampuru.

Now the Matebele tribe of Zebediela, with Mapahlele, made an arrangement in secret with Magakal to this effect: "Tulare is too great for us at his home. Let us go and deceive him, telling him that there are many herds of cattle far away in Zoutpansberg—and when he is there, all tribes together fall upon him and kill him."

* The Natives bury at once after death has taken place.

Tulare heard of this, and straightway went to attack Zebediela with a big army, but allowed that tribe to believe that he was not out against them, but for the cattle that they talked of. At first he passed their kraal, but, when on the other side, he sent word to call them to show him those herds. When Moletlane's men came, he ordered all the young men of his and their army to a certain distant camp, and as soon as they had left, he fell, with his men, upon the men of Moletlane and killed them all. The young men of Moletlane, hearing of this, fled away. Tulare did not burn their kraal. He did not even take all the goods, nor all the cattle, from the old woman-chief, mother of the dead Chief Lekoba. Tulare went home rich in cattle.

Shortly after, Tulare made his greatest expedition, up Steelpoort, passing the Mapoch's, Maleoskop, far into the Waterberg and Zoutpansberg District, up to Ganana (Blauwberg), and back over the Draken Mountains. The whole mass of Natives of Transvaal, afraid to fight, asked for peace, and gave tribute. except Moletake (north of Pietersburg).

When back at home, he said: "The whole world I have conquered. There is only one single man, near me, whom I cannot conquer, Modimo (God)." A time of great peace now ensued, as far as Vaal River, and further.

Wherever there was trouble, he sent his sons, and no longer went personally. He was never cruel, and gave many presents. His numerous cattle-herds covered the country from the Lolu to the Komati River. In his judgments he was impartial. His wives were innumerable. His chief sons were: Malekut, Matsebe, Pethedi, Sekwati, Makopole, Makgeru and Sebas.

Behind his house there was a hill, which is still pointed out, and which nobody, no *Induna*, no child nor woman, was allowed to step on. He reserved this hill for himself alone.

Regarding the period, we can only estimate it by this: Tulare's fourth son, Sekwati, died in 1861, an old man. Allowing him to have been 90 to 100 years of age, would bring us back to about 1761 as the time of Tulare.

Sometimes his *Indunas* and people in the morning were astonished to find strange tracks (horses') at the back of Tulare's huts, round his famous Witgat (Mo'lope) tree.

Many times his son, Makgeru, was reported to be sick, and was not seen for a long time. He was secretly sent to the white men at the sea coast, and brought back from there many useful things.

As Tulare grew old he saw, with great pain, the jealousy amongst his sons. Once he is said to have told them: "This great capital will one day become a wilderness. The ostrich will lay its eggs under this Mo'lope tree, and the rhinoceros will rub itself against it."

He loved his son Makgeru best of all, and impressed on his eldest son Malekut always to take care of him after his death. Tulare died peacefully in old age.

The next Chief was Malekut. He made a fighting expedition as far as Rustenburg. When he returned he brought back a great many herds of cattle. Soon he became sick. Makgeru went to see him. He said: "When you die, Matsebe (the next heir) will kill me; you had better fight with him at once." This was the first root of the fall and decadence of the mighty Bapedi rule. Malekut agreed to this advice of Makgeru.

Nearly all men liked Matsebe, but not Malekut. They wished Malekut to die. One night all the men with Matsebe went out of the kraal. One man went at the same time to steal some of the Chief's grass-bundles, which were standing against a tree, outside the kraal. He listened, and heard their secret talk. Makgeru was present at this secret conference, and said: "I protest against your plans against Malekut. I am on his side; better kill me, if you wish to kill him." The hidden thief under the grass now went and told Malekut all, also that Makgeru alone was against their plan to kill him. Makgeru also went and confirmed all, saying: "If you do not do what I advised you, I alone shall be the enemy of them all. Motodi now left Matsebe and went over to Makgeru. Malekut died. Matsebe refused to bury Malekut, took his weapons, and, with his party, went out to prevent the others from burying him. Notwithstanding, the others buried Malekut. Matsebe now left altogether, with all his party and cattle, crossed Steelpoort, and camped at Mapodile (Winterveld). The war-horns were now sounded across from the home-kraal. They came on and fought. They killed Matsebe's younger brother Rampelane, and gained a complete victory. Matsebe fled up a rock. Motodi cried out: "Let him alone, he will ask for peace." But as soon as they had left him, he fled farther away to Magakal. From there his men always came back in the night and murdered everyone they could find. Now Pethedi went, with a strong force, to attack Matsebe across Olifants River. Magakal's and Matsebe's men fled into the Draken Mountain, behind Magakal. In the night they returned to kill Pethedi's men, when asleep. First they came to Pasha's men. The other part of the camp, being awakened by the noise, now ran to assist Pasha's men, and soon drove them all away into the mountains. They then burnt Magakal's kraal and took their cattle. A second attack was made by Magakal. They tried to draw Pethedi's *impi* into a narrow kloof, hoping that their large numbers would then be of no avail to them. But again they were defeated. Matsebe was killed. Pethedi now invited the ba-Magakal to come down and make peace, which they did.

After they left, the ba-Magakal went out to attack the ba-

Mongatana. Just when Pethedi's *impi* to assist the ba-Mongatana were out, a messenger arrived, saying: "Makopole is flying out to join the Bakoni." The ba-Magakal did not fight with the ba-Mongatana, but only took their cattle and went home. Makopole was now as the Chief of the Bakoni (Tshianyana) round Lydenberg. Pethedi went there with his *impi*. But the stronghold was too much for him. So he returned home. Some time after the Zulus, under Mosilikatse, came and killed Makopole, the other side of Lydenberg. When a part of the Zulus came to Krugersrust, Pethedi went and killed them. Some of these Zulus crossed the Olifants River and went into the low-bush-field (now Portuguese). Gunganyane was their Chief.

Now, the greater part of the Zulus under Mosilikatse came down Watervall. They divided their forces. Our *Impi* came over the hills to the right of Dwars River, the other through the nek (*sefata sa Ngoaneng*, Olifants Nek). Pethedi's young men went to attack the latter. When they were away, the war-cry was heard from the hills behind. Pethedi with his men went against them. He and all the sons of Tulare were then killed in a fierce fight except Sekwati. Pethedi's only fell, being full of wounds, after a very brave fight. The young men did not find the enemy and returned home. In the afternoon the Zulus arrived and found that the women and children had fled up the Lolu. So they only burned the kraal. This was the end of the rule of the Bapedi in Sekukuni's land. The Zulus now settled down on both sides of Steelpoort. All Basutos had left their kraal and fled far away. Now all the Basutos of all tribes from Magalie to the west of Lolu made a big *Impi* together. They came down the long kloof from Schoonoord to Steelpoort (Waterval), and killed all Zulus round about. These were only *Impis* of Mosilikatse. He himself was still behind. The very day the Basuto killed these Zulus here, Mosilikatse himself came with his chief regiments. He killed all the victorious Basutos and finished them. That was the final end of all Bapedis and Baroas. Sekwati was on the Lolu (at the Honoko-cave) that day. He fled into the Zoutpansberg district. A few of the Bapedis and Basutos lived in the caves of the Lolu. Many a day they spied from the mountain, where the little Zulu herds let the cattle go astray, and came down and stole and ate a great many of them.* That kept them alive, as they did not dare to make gardens. The Zulus also had no grain and lived upon their enormous herds of cattle, sheep and goats. Mosilikatse only stayed for one year. Some of the Bapedi and other went with him, when he left. They also became Zulus, and had their earlobes perforated like them. From here Mosilikatse went to near Pretoria, from where later

* One of them is said to have cut off, fried and eaten the tail of a live sheep.

the Boers (Paul Kruger as a young boy) drove him northwards.*

After the Zulus left, came the awful time of the cannibals. The first Chief who, with his people, commenced to use human flesh as food was Monaoe, a Chief of the Batsoako, near Ohrigstad. They did it from hunger at first, all their grain and stock having been taken by the Zulus. They followed those few single men and families, which lived dispersed in kloofs and caves. They caught first the Chiefs of the ba-Gakomana, but did not eat them, but took their kraal and compelled them to live with them and to feed upon men like them. They trained their dogs to follow the spoor and footsteps of men. After again making gardens, they continued to hunt men, because they liked the meat. One day they had a *letshima* (a numerous party to weed a garden) and got the fancy to kill a man of Gakomane out of their number and to eat him. The ba-Gakomane refused to allow this. It came to a fight, and the ba-Gakomane killed these makgema (cannibals), but they continued to hunt men and eat them; they ate the very cannibals, who first taught them. None of the other tribes asked for peace, being afraid of being eaten. One day they surrounded the ba-Mongatane round Fighting Hill, when they came down from the caves to make their garden. The Chief—Passoane—was a very fat man, and although in the pot for a long time, would not become done. Another day they went over the Lolu and caught Lekgolane, daughter of Tulare, sister of Malekut. They brought her down to Fighting Hill. They did not kill her, but released her, saying, "She is also a great and fat Chief, and will not be done by cooking like Passoane, who even was a lesser Chief: let her go and make up another kraal of people for us." Then there rose up a certain Marangang from the Bakoni. He was no Chief, but became a great Chief by his valour and prudence. He tried to kill out the cannibals with an *Impi*. But they fled into a certain great cave near Ohrigstad, and although he made a big fire at the mouth of it, could not manage to kill them. After Marangang left, the cannibals made their kraal inside a big thicket of trees and shrubs. Now Kabu, son of Makgeru, who was then near Magnet Hights—went with another *Impi* to destroy them. It was summer time. They saw one of the cannibals in the gardens, who had not yet seen them. They sent four men to kill him. One of the four, Sethokgoa, stabbed the cannibal, who also wounded him; the other three fled away. Then the other cannibals saw the *impi*, and, leaving their kraals, fled into the thick bush. But Kabu's men caught some women.

* It may be of interest to say that the late President Paul Kruger one day sent a message through the writer to Sekukuni's people saying: "We Boers found you living in kloofs and caves, being woodcutters and watercarriers for Mosilikatse, from whom we delivered you. Why do you now quarrel with us?"

† This Lekgolane was the mother of Kogolakai, chief wife of Sekukuni.

and made them prisoners. The cannibals now sent two girls with many valuable beads to ask for peace. Kabu told them: Yes, on the condition that they were to cease eating men. This was the end of the cannibalism.

Marangang ruled them all until Sekwati came back from Zoutpansberg. There he had been growing rich, powerful, and renowned. His son, Sekukuni, then a baby, was with him there.



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