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CAMEOS FROM THE KRAAL

BY

M. W. WATERS, L.L.A.,

AUTHOR OF

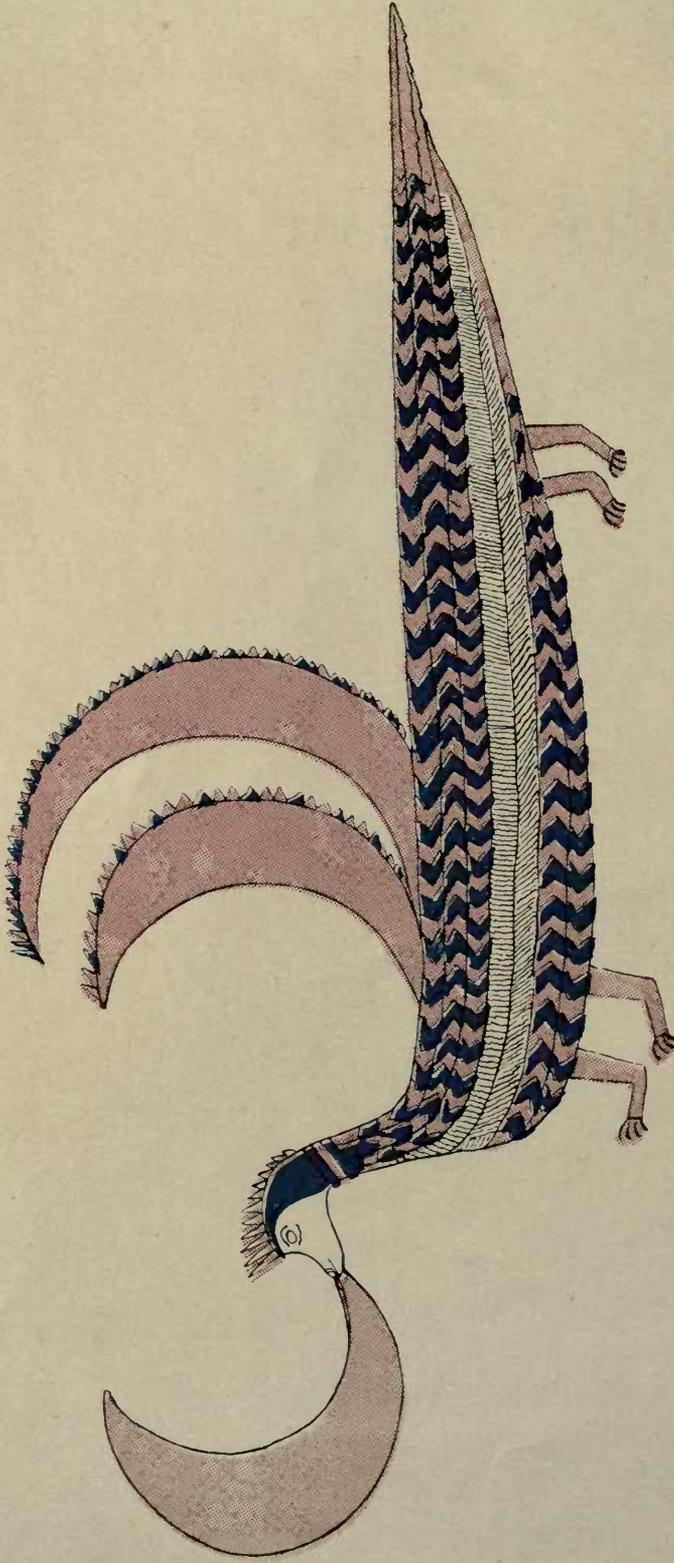
"Nongqause," "Ukukanya; The Light."



With Illustrations by a Raw Native.

307

CAMEOS FROM THE KRAAL.



THE UMPUNDULO
OR LIGHTNING BIRD.

(Makulu's Stories.)

CAMEOS FROM THE KRAAL

BY

M. W. WATERS, L.L.A.,
AUTHOR OF
"Nongqause," "Ukukanya ; The Light."



With Illustrations by a Raw Native.

TO MY FATHER,
WHO LOVED THE NATIVES
AS HIS CHILDREN.

CAMEOS FROM THE KRAAL.

PART I.

THE TALES OF THE CHIEF—XUNU.

PART II.

THE TALES OF MAKULU—THE GRANDMOTHER.

PART III.

THE TALES OF MLUNGU—THE WANDERER.

INDEX.

PART I.

1. Introduction.
2. Jackal and Oom Wolf.
 - (a) The Feast of Meats.
 - (b) The Feast of Fruits.
 - (c) The Marriage Feast.
3. Why Jackal Laughs at Night.
4. Why the Tortoise Moves so Slowly.

PART II.

1. The Battle of the White Eagle.
2. The Winter Tale.
3. The Story of the Native Doctor.
4. The Story of the Mpundulu, or Lightning Bird.
5. The Story of Mfene, The Rain Doctor.

PART III.

1. Why some Men are Black and some are White.
2. Why Dogs Sniff at one another's Tails.
3. How it is that the Secretary Bird is the Wisest of all Creatures.
4. How the Monkey got his Tail.

The illustrations in this book are remarkable in that they have been drawn by an untrained Native who had never received a lesson in drawing.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Frontispiece—Page 3

The Umpundulo, or Lightning Bird.

Opposite Page 17

The People mocking at Omwolf the Bridegroom.

Opposite Page 26

Why the Jackal laughs at night.

Opposite Page 31

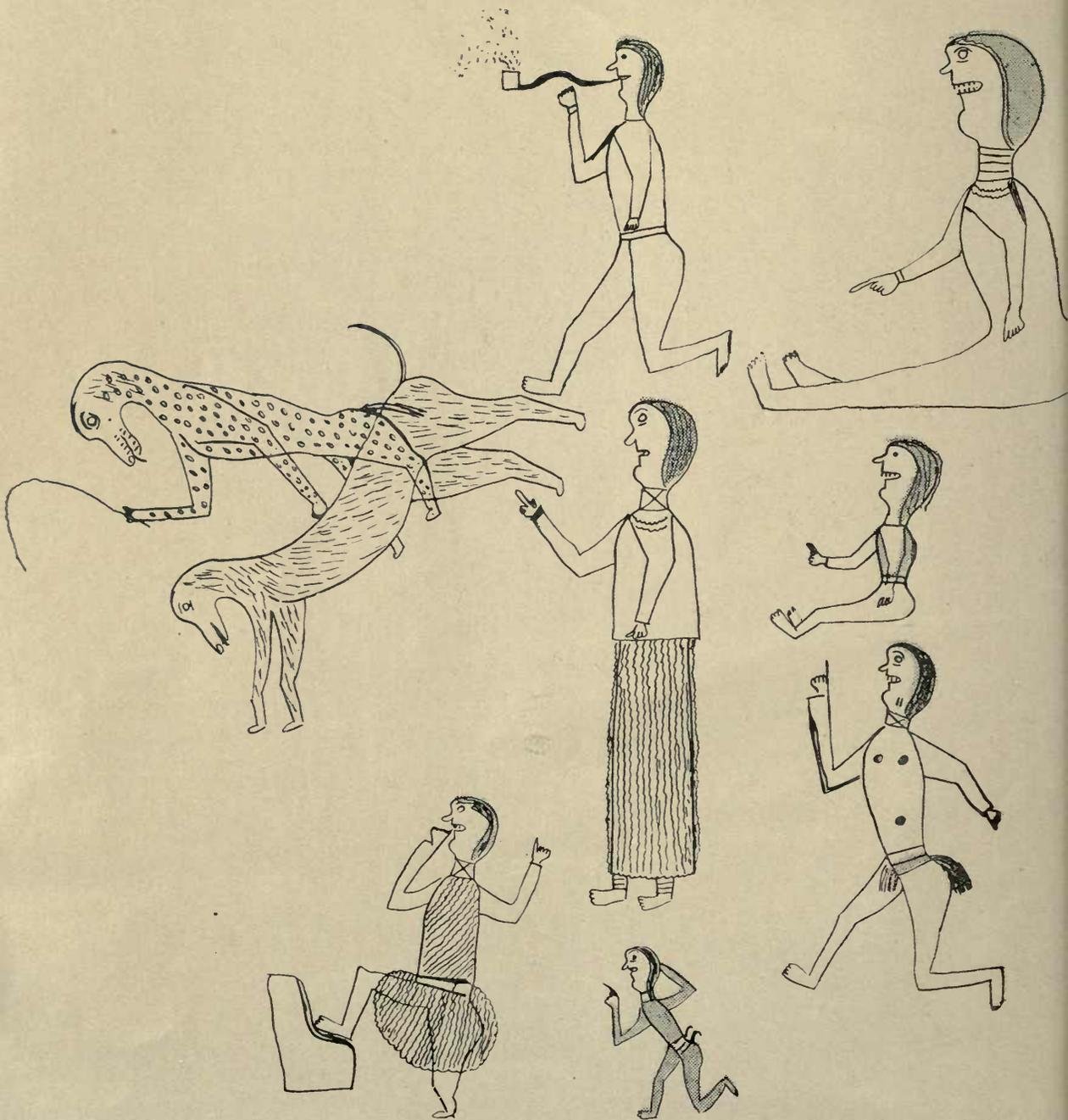
Makulu telling stories in the Inkundla.

Opposite Page 44

The Umpundulo at Work.
The Lazy Monkeys stealing Fruit.

Opposite Page 57

How the Monkey got its Tail.



THE PEOPLE MOCKING AT OMWOLF
THE BRIDEGROOM.

Part 1.

THE TALES OF XUNU, THE CHIEF.

1. INTRODUCTION.
2. JACKAL AND OMWOLF.
 - (a) THE FEAST OF MEATS.
 - (b) THE FEAST OF FRUITS.
 - (c) THE MARRIAGE FEAST.
3. WHY JACKAL LAUGHS AT NIGHT.
4. WHY THE TORTOISE MOVES SO SLOWLY.

INTRODUCTION.

My home lies in the heart of Kaffraria, and I have lived among the Native people for many years. Last week I took a walk along the banks of the Xuka River, which winds along the base of the great Drakensberg Mountains. The Natives were busily at work hoeing their lands which lay green as a sea of emerald with countless waves and eddies.

My path led me down the hill to a heathen kraal which nestled in the valley. There, before his hut, sat the owner, the powerful Xunu, in the inkundla, basking in the sun. A group of men sat round him, while in the distance his great wife was cooking the evening meal.

"Molo, N'kosikaas." (How do you do, lady,) he said, as he rose from his seat to greet me. How strong, tall and muscular he looked with his oxhide toga thrown across his massive shoulders. "Will you come into my hut and drink of the amasi?" (thick milk).

"Xunu," I said, "I am come to hear you tell some stories, you who are the great Xosa story-teller."

Xunu laughed. "I was telling stories when you came," he said.

"Tell me the stories of the Jackal," I pleaded.

I followed him into the mud hut, and he motioned me to be seated on a log of wood, while he stretched himself on a straw mat, with his children around him.

What a romantic scene it was; the hut with its savage fittings, and that great savage actor, telling me the stories of the child races.

He rested his head on his elbow, half closed his eyes, and began. His voice was beautifully modulated, and he held us spell-bound. How his audience enjoyed it—how they laughed and chuckled at the tricks of the Jackal.

THE FEAST OF MEATS.

In the days of long ago, jackal and omwolf lived together, and in that land there was a great famine.

"Omwolf," said jackal, for he is the wisest of all the creatures, "See how thin we grow. Unless we find food we shall both surely die. Let us make a plan. See, we will build in the middle of this land a great wide kraal. We will build it of mimosa bushes and aloes, and we will leave a narrow, narrow entrance. Then, omwolf, you will enter by this narrow way, and you will lie in the middle of this kraal as one dead; while jackal will hurry to call all the brothers of the field, to come and see omwolf their enemy dead, and to rejoice."

It came to pass that the kraal was built and omwolf entered the narrow, narrow way and lay as one dead.

Jackal carried the tidings first to the baboons in the krantzes. They entered the great kraal with branches in their hands, saying, "Let us touch him first with the thorny branches, lest he deceive us." And lo, at their touch, omwolf trembled, and the wise, wise baboons returned through the narrow way to the krantzes, for they said, "Omwolf is not dead."

When jackal saw that the baboons were wise, he did not pass by the krantzes, but carried his news through the valleys.

"Rejoice O brothers," he cried, "Omwolf lies dead in the middle of the kraal."

These creatures were not as wise as the baboons for they believed the jackal.

They hurried into the kraal, and lo, when the kraal was full of the wild creatures, the jackal closed the narrow, narrow entrance, and omwolf awoke from his sleep of death, and sprang on the wild creatures and killed them—so that not one went from the kraal.

Jackal cried aloud, "O Great and Strong One, live for ever." And omwolf and jackal had a great feast, in the midst of that great kraal with the narrow, narrow entrance.

THE FEAST OF FRUITS.

It came to pass that jackal and omwolf again grew hungry but searched in vain for food. "Jackal," said omwolf, "do you remember the river Xuka? On its banks there grows the Mgwenye tree (wild plum), and lo, it is summer time, and its branches will be heavy with the juicy fruit. Let us go and satisfy our hunger."

Jackal and omwolf went to eat of the mgwenye fruit and omwolf gathered many many plums, while jackal sat and ate only. Then they returned home and jackal grew hungry by the way.

"Give me of your mgwenyes," he said to omwolf.

"No," was the answer, "you will not have of my fruit." Jackal answered nothing. Presently they came to a marsh. In this marsh there were two paths, and jackal and omwolf hesitated before those paths.

"Omwolf," said jackal, the wise one, "I will take this side path through the bulrushes, will you follow me?"

"No," said omwolf, "I will take the straight road through the thicket, for that side path is but a child of the road."

"Beware," said jackal, "the umtakati (the evil one) lurks in that thicket, and it will frighten you, and hurt you. You will see it draped in the leaves and twigs of a tree."

Omwolf laughed and mocked at him and continued on his way. Jackal hastened along the side path, draped himself in the leaves and twigs of a tree, and hid himself in the thicket. Presently Omwolf came that way, carrying much fruit. Jackal longed for that fruit, and he sprang out at omwolf like a whirlwind, draped in twigs and leaves.

Omwolf dropped his fruit and fled in terror, crying, "Alas, alas, it is the evil spirit. Jackal, jackal, O wise one." And the jackal ate the fruit, and when his hunger was satisfied he went on his way home. There he met omwolf, still shaking with fear, and when omwolf saw him, he ran to him, crying, "O jackal, O wise creature,

how truly you spoke. The umtakati attacked me, and would have killed me, had I not fled. Would I had listened to you."

Then jackal smiled and answered, "Thou hast spoken truly, for has not Hlakanyana the jackal tasted of the herb of wisdom."

THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

And it came to pass that omwolf grew weary of jackal. "I will marry," he said, "and then jackal will leave me." Thereupon omwolf crossed the river, and went to a kraal to seek the hand of the chief's daughter in marriage.

On his return he told the news to jackal. Jackal spoke nothing, but said to himself, "This marriage shall not be."

That night jackal made his way secretly to the kraal and asked to speak to the chief and his people. "Is it true that your daughter is to marry omwolf?" he asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"How can that be?" cried the jackal in feigned astonishment. "Omwolf is my horse and my servant, how can he marry the daughter of the chief?"

The peopled laughed him to scorn. He stamped his foot in rage, and said, "Next time I come to your kraal to see you prepare the marriage feast, I will ride on omwolf, my horse."

And it came to pass that the day for the marriage drew near, and omwolf again went to visit the chief's daughter. The jackal asked that he might accompany him, saying, "Soon I shall lose my friend, and till then we must not be parted."

Omwolf accepted his offer, but in his heart he was not pleased.

They set off and crossed the river bed, and lo, jackal sank to the ground, his hand pressed against his side and his body convulsed with sobs. "Oh my side, my side," he said, "A cow ran her evil horn into my side this morning."

"Why did you come?" asked omwolf in alarm.

"I could not bear to part with my friend," groaned jackal.

Omwolf had a tender heart, and he was much touched. "What can I do," he said, "to help you?"

"Do not leave me, but carry me a little way on your back," said jackal. The tender-hearted omwolf lifted his friend, and placed him upon his back. And thus they continued on their way, jackal riding upon the back of omwolf, as on a horse. Presently jackal spoke, saying "Omwolf, give me a switch that I may drive off the flies, which add to my pain." So the tender-hearted omwolf gave him a switch.

As they drew near the kraal, omwolf said, "Jackal, let me put you down, for I cannot carry you on my back to the kraal. What will the people say?"

Jackal cried aloud in pain, "Oh no," he said, "If you put me down you will kill me. Besides, dear friend, when the people see how good you are, how kind and tender-hearted to your friend, they will say, "O fortunate girl that such as omwolf will be your husband."

So it came to pass that omwolf reached that kraal carrying jackal on his back, with a switch in his hand. And jackal shouted, "Come and see, O people, I come to you on my horse's back."

The astonished people ran out of their huts and they saw this thing; and lo, jackal lashed omwolf with the switch and omwolf struggled to free himself of jackal.

At last jackal fell on the ground with laughter. "See," he said to the chief, pointing to omwolf, who slunk off in shame, "See the gallant bridegroom."

Thus jackal fulfilled his vow and prevented the marriage, but it came to pass that from that day omwolf and jackal parted company.

WHY JACKAL LAUGHS AT NIGHT.

And it came to pass that jackal went on his way alone through the dense forests, far from the abode of man; and he gathered a coil of the monkey rope, which dangles from the branches of the great trees.

And lo, as he walked under the trees, he saw his friend the elephant, eating of the juicy leaves and berries.

"Greeting to you, mighty brother," said the jackal, "Have you heard the great news?"

"What news? asked the elephant, with his mouth full of leaves and berries.

"The King of beasts has declared that the jackal is the strongest of all the animals."

"How can that be?" said the elephant. "How can the jackal be stronger than the mighty elephant? Look at my trunk—how thick and strong it is. See, how small in comparison you are, jackal. Behold the bulk of my body; even the trees of the forest bow before me."

And jackal became secretly wrathful with the elephant, and he looked at the monkey rope; and he made a plan.

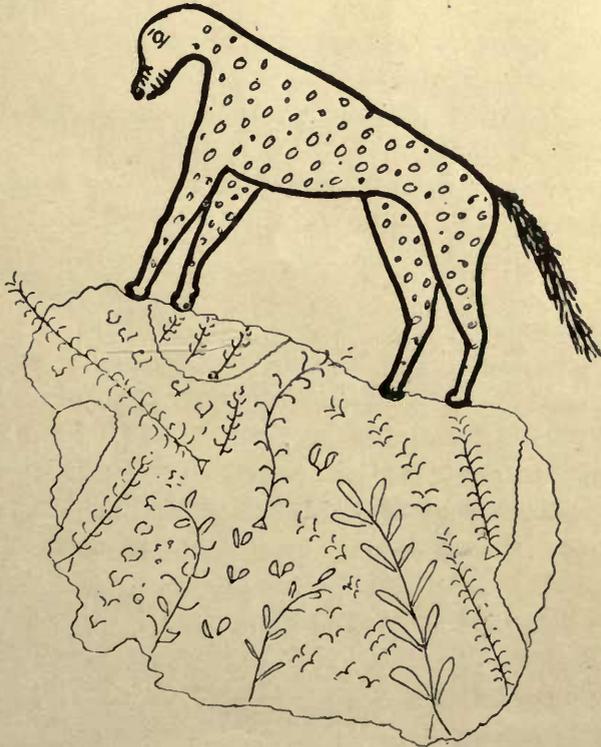
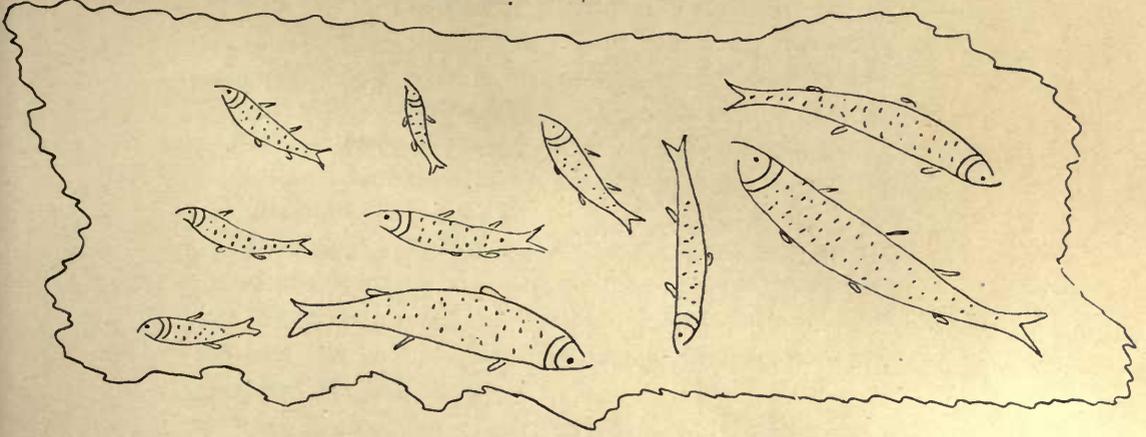
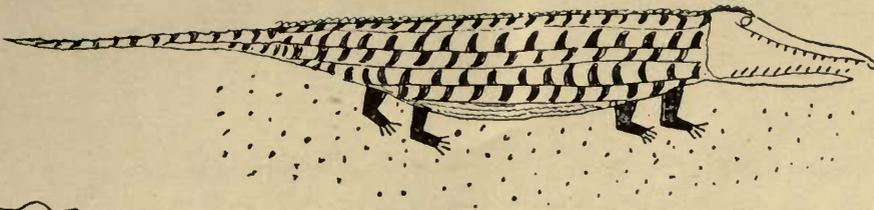
"Here, brother," he said, "Let us test our strength. Take hold with your mighty trunk this end of the monkey rope, and I will stand on the rise of yonder hill. When I shake the rope, then we will pull, one at either end. We shall see then, O brother, which is the stronger."

And elephant, the great elephant, took the end of the monkey rope in his trunk, and waited.

And it came to pass that jackal ran to the hill, and lo, jackal, the strong, brave jackal, grew afraid of his brother the elephant.

And when he stood on the rise, he saw a great river on the other side, and in this river there lay a great crocodile; and jackal, the wise jackal, thought of yet another plan. He hastily ran down the hill and came to the river.

"Greetings, brother crocodile," he said, "have you heard the great news?"



WHY THE JACKAL LAUGHS AT NIGHT.

The crocodile opened his evil mouth and shut it again, so that jackal trembled once more with fear.

"What is it?" said the crocodile.

"The king of beasts has declared that the jackal is the strongest of all creatures."

At this news the crocodile again opened his evil mouth and shut it. "If that be so, brother jackal, why do you hold that rope?"

"Because," said jackal, "I do not believe it, and I beg of you to hold this end, that we may prove that the king of beasts has spoken falsely." And the crocodile opened his evil mouth, and held the monkey rope between his evil teeth.

Then jackal ran swiftly to the top of the hill, and when he looked, lo, the elephant held one end of the rope, and the crocodile the other. Then jackal laughed and shook the rope as a signal for that contest of strength.

And the crocodile called to the river creatures to help him to draw the cunning jackal into the water. And the river creatures pulled and pulled, and the elephant also pulled and pulled; but the creatures of the river were stronger than the giant of the forest, and slowly, slowly, over the brow of the great hill came the mighty elephant, and he rolled, and rolled down that high hill, into the evil, evil jaws of the crocodile.

And it came to pass that the jackal laughed and laughed at the contest of strength between the elephant and the crocodile. And he went his way, still laughing.

At night when the humans hear jackal laugh, they know that he still laughs at that great, great elephant rolling, rolling into the evil mouth of the crocodile.

WHY THE TORTOISE MOVES SO SLOWLY.

And it came to pass that the sun grew hot and dried up all the vleis (pools) and streams, and the great elephant summoned his brothers, the creatures of the forest and of the field. "Oh brothers," he said, "let us build a great dam, with a stone wall round it, and then, oh brothers, when the Great Great opens the heavens, the rain will fill our dam; and then all the creatures of the field and of the forest will have water to drink, and none will go thirsty."

All the creatures of the forest and of the field agreed to this plan, the plan of the wise elephant, save jackal, the cunning jackal. "I will not build your dam, O brother elephant," said he, "but I will drink from your dam, and I will bathe in its waters." Then all the creatures of the field waxed wrath with the jackal, and they made a vow that jackal should never drink of the waters of their dam.

So a great dam was built in the midst of that land, and a mighty wall encircled it, and the creatures of the field looked at their work and they saw that it was good. And lo, the door of the heavens opened, and the rain filled that great dam.

And it came to pass that the creatures of the field went ahunting, and they left the monkey, the wise monkey, to guard that dam. For had not the creatures of the field made a vow that the jackal should not drink of its waters, nor bathe in them?

And as the monkey sat by the mighty wall of the dam, there came the jackal, the cunning jackal, and as he walked he sipped the golden honey from a horn in his hand. "Let me drink of the waters of the dam," said jackal, cunning jackal.

"No," said the monkey, "the beasts of the field have made a vow that jackal shall not taste of the waters of the dam, nor bathe therein."

"My water is sweeter than yours," said jackal, as he sipped the golden honey from the horn. But the monkey spake nothing. "Come taste of my sweet water," said jackal, and he put his honeyed finger into the monkey's mouth, and the monkey tasted it, and his mouth watered for that honey.

"Give me more of your sweet water, O jackal," he pleaded.

"Brother monkey, you shall have of my honey in abundance. Let me bind you to yonder mimosa tree, and then I will give you of the honey in my horn," and the monkey, because of his desire for that sweet golden honey, suffered himself to be bound to the tree.

When jackal had tied the monkey to the tree, he laughed, and he put the honey on a rock afar from the monkey. Then he leaped on to the mighty wall of the dam, and he drank of its waters; and when his thirst was satisfied he bathed in that great dam. But when he saw the creatures of the field afar off, hastily he picked up his horn of golden honey, and ran away.

And lo, when the creatures of the field came and saw the muddy water, and the footprints of jackal, they waxed wrath. "O faithless monkey," they cried, and they took branches of the trees and they chastised the monkey.

And it came that on the morrow they left the tortoise, the wise tortoise, to guard that dam.

And the tortoise made a plan.

He took of the glue of the trees, and he covered his great shell with it; and he lay as one dead, among the great stones, on the wall of the mighty dam.

Jackal came that way, again sipping his honey and he looked and saw no guard. "Ha ha!" he laughed, "now will I drink from the dam, and bathe in its waters." So he climbed on the great wall. And when he looked he saw one black, shining stone, more beautiful than any

of the stones on that wall. Again he laughed. "Ha ha! from that stone will I leap into the clear waters of the dam."

And jackal stepped on to it, and that black, shining stone was the back of the wise, wise tortoise, and lo, his feet stuck, for was it not covered with the glue of the trees. And jackal tried to free his legs with his two arms, and they too stuck to the back of the tortoise. And jackal bit at that beautiful shining stone, and lo, his nose stuck to the back of the tortoise, for was it not covered with the glue of the trees?

And it came to pass that when the creatures of the field returned, they saw, from afar, jackal fast bound to the back of the tortoise, and they rejoiced and cried, "O wise, wise tortoise, the honey is yours." And lo they took jackal and they slew him, and they gave the golden honey to the wise tortoise.

And you will see the tortoise, O human, creep slowly, slowly, for he sips and sips of that golden honey.





MAKULU ON THE SUMMER EVENINGS.
MAKULU TELLING STORIES AT THE INKUNDLA.

Part 2.

THE TALES OF MAKULU—THE
GRANDMOTHER.

1. THE BATTLE OF THE WHITE EAGLE.
2. THE WINTER TALE.
3. THE STORY OF THE NATIVE DOCTOR.
4. THE STORY OF MPUNDULU, OR LIGHTNING BIRD.
5. THE STORY OF MFENE, THE RAIN DOCTOR.

Told by Maria—the White Girl.

STORY 1.

THE BATTLE OF THE
WHITE EAGLE.

The Xosa people love to listen to stories; they love to hear of the mighty deeds of their forefathers, of their customs, of their traditions, of their legends; but the stories I specially loved were those told by Makulu, the grandmother, for she could hold me spell-bound—each story seeming more wonderful than the last.

When the long summer day had ended she would hobble out of the hut, leaning on her old stick, to enjoy the cool of the evening, and to watch the sun as it slowly sank behind the mountains, casting its long shadow across the valleys and gilding the mountain tops. Makulu would take her accustomed seat of honour by the cattle kraal, her face turned westward—was it because her journey west was not far distant?

The great Drakensberg mountains with their jagged peaks towered behind her, a fitting background for the gaunt old figure. The wrinkles on the mountain side seemed to intensify the wrinkles on her face, both alike showing on their furrowed countenance the ravages of time. "Makulu, Makulu," we children would call as we, Black and White, gathered round her, "Intsomi, intsomi," (a tale, a tale). For answer she would look up to the great mountains, and pointing with her stick, would say, "Ah, if only those mountains could speak, how they could tell of the deeds of the Ama-Xosa, when they were a great nation, when the chiefs were great men, and when they were free, free to live their own lives, free to dream their own dreams, and free to do mighty deeds, good or bad."

Then would follow tale after tale of the stirring deeds of the heroes of the past. One story, that of the White Eagle, especially thrilled us and we never wearied of

hearing it. "To-day, Makulu, the battle of the white eagle," we pleaded, and the wonderful story-teller would begin :—

"It was the season of spring, when the corn lay sleeping in the lands of the great Ama-Tshaka people. Tshaka, the king, sat at the great place, counting his cattle as they passed by, one by one, into the fold; and idly talking to his councillors as they lay around him. In the midst of their talk, they observed a quantity of small white flowers, light as thistle down, blown from the shrubs of a neighbouring kopje. These floated in the air, and covered the whole space of the kraal; then they were wafted away on the first ripple of the breeze.

"'Call the seers,' shouted the king, 'and let them interpret this omen.' A group of men came from the doctor's hut and followed the scent of the flowers into the bush. They returned and knelt before the king. 'You mountain, you lion, you tiger, you that are black, there is none that equals you. The spirits through the flowers give a message. The enemy, O king, lies two nights from here, their shields shine as the sun upon the water, and their spears are greater in number than the blades of the grass, and lo, O king, their faces are turned to the great place, and they thirst for the blood of thy army. But, O mighty One, as the flowers were wafted on the breeze, so will the enemy vanish before the hosts of the King.'

"'Let their thirst be satisfied,' roared Tshaka in wrath. 'Let the birds of the air feed upon their flesh and taste of their blood. Summon my impis, that I may send them forth to destroy these dogs, that cast their eyes on the Great Place.'

"The war cry arose through all the land, and lo, that night, when the moon was full, I looked and I saw the great impis of the Ama-Tshaka assemble before the King. And as I looked I saw the impi (regiment) of the black shields, a great and a strong impi, march before the King, and lo, it stood at his left hand. And there

followed the impi of the white shields, which shone like milk in the moonlight, and it passed and stood before the King. And there followed the plumed impi who, because of their feathers, run lightly and swiftly. And they passed and stood before the King. And then arose a great shout, and lo, there came the King's impi, the greatest in all the land, and the warriors of that impi are as brave as the lion, and their shields were of the skin of the lion, and they stood at the right hand of the King.

“And lo, I looked, and the great impis fell on their faces before the King, and they cried with a loud voice ‘Bayete’ (royal salute) ‘O great one, O great lion, we go to the victory.’ And Tshaka the great king arose and stood before them and said: ‘Behold the white eagle flies south—Go, my sons, to battle, as brave as lions, and as swift as eagles.’

“And lo, the great army passed on, and the great place was as still as the night, save for the distant cry of the hungry jackal.

“And the great army marched through the night and crossed the mighty Umfolosi River and came into the country of the enemy. And on the second night they came upon the enemy, sleeping in the Unzini Valley, which lies sheltered from the great winds, and guarded by the great forests of the Unzini Mountain.

“And at the rising of the sun the generals of the impis made ready for battle, and lo, when I looked I saw the impi of the lion skin on the right hand, and the impi of the plumes on the left hand, and the impis of the black and white shields in the centre. And the war cry arose, and swiftly and silently as leopards that great impi rushed into the valley, and when I looked, lo, the mists had lifted in the valley, and the horns of the arms had met, and the enemy lay encircled.

“And I closed my eyes, and when I looked again,

behold, the enemy lay dead as a great wall. And the Unzini river ran red with their blood, for not one of that mighty army escaped.

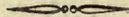
“The Zulu impis plunged into the enemy’s country, and they destroyed their homes and their crops, and brought back great herds of cattle for their King.

“And lo, when the King heard of their approach, he prepared a great feast for them. And he arose and went out to meet them. And I looked, and behold that great host came over the hill, and their shields shone as a great sun, and lo, when they beheld their King they cried with a loud voice:—

‘Greetings, O King, O Great One,
 Thou hast finished, finished the nations.
 Where wilt thou go to battle now?
 Ah, where wilt thou go to battle now?
 Thou hast conquered kings.
 Where art thou going to battle now?
 Thou hast finished, finished the nations.
 Where art thou going to battle now?’”

.

As the summer moon arose the black children would creep away to dream of still greater deeds to be done by them, the heroes of the future.



Told by Maria—the White Girl.

STORY 2.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

Again, after we had sadly watched the winter sun swiftly disappear, leaving a warm afterglow on the snowclad peaks of the mighty berg, we would hasten to the hut from the chilly blasts which swept through the valleys. Here we would find Makulu crooning over a glowing fire of mealie cobs. By the flickering light we could count her wrinkles, how many there were, and no wonder, for Makulu was old, very old, so old that it seemed to our childish imaginations that she had always lived, for had she not even been a seer to the great Ama-Tshaka, the Zulu nation. In the flames she seemed to read the past, the present and the future. She always sat thinking, thinking, sometimes so still and quiet that we thought her asleep. One winter's night, when a deeper sigh than usual had escaped from Makulu, I nestled closer up to her. "Makulu, of what is it you are thinking?"

"Of man and of life," came the dreamy answer.

"Ah, tell me, grandmother, you who know all things, tell me, your child, whence we came, and whither we go."

In answer she raised her old stick, carved with magic emblems, and with it traced a circle on the ground.

"See, my child," she said, "the circle here (indicating the beginning) this is the first of life, where we enter into this great world. See how the circle grows," said she in a tense voice, "here is our growth into manhood, the time of life when the blood is strong, and hope beats high." Slowly the voice faded as the circle grew. "And here is the end. See, see how it meets again, that is the end, when the limbs fail and the blood runs cold.

"For some the circle is large, those drink the cup of life to the dregs; for others the circle is small, they but

sip the cup of life; but for all the circle must be complete." The story ceased and her voice broke into a dirge, which was an old Zulu song set to a tune taught her by the spirits:—

"Man is as the wind that blows,
Whence he comes and whither he goes,
This, no living man knows."

This song filled us with sadness, and many of us wept.

"Makulu," we pleaded through our tears, "tell us why man must die. Why is it that to-day man is strong and merry, full of life and hope, while to-morrow he may lie cold and still, with all hope dead?"

At this Makulu raised her bony hands, as if groping in the dark. "Thus must it be. It is ordained," she slowly said. Seeing our puzzled faces she continued, "My children, it is of death you ask me. Listen and I will tell you from whence death came.

"The Unkulu Unkulu, the Great Great, made all things—man, cattle, water, fire, the mountains and whatever else is. He also appointed their names, my children, yours and mine.

"Do you know how he made us? Some say He split a reed and man and woman issued from the cleft; but others say that He shook the reeds with a strong wind, and there came out man and woman.

"The Great Great looked at what he had done, and saw that it was good, and He said, 'Lo, I will appoint unto man his servants—the horse, with his speed to carry him; the dog, with his faithfulness to serve him; the bird, with his song to soothe him;' and many other servants did he apportion to man. And the Great Great looked at what he had done, and saw that it was good, and He said, I will appoint the lizard and the chameleon to be my messengers to man.'

"And it came to pass that he called the lizard and the chameleon, and they stood before Him, and He said, 'Go, my servants, and carry to man the messages of

life and of death.' O my children, woe to us that he chose the chameleon—for it was commissioned to direct man to live, to live always, in this great and beautiful world. The lizard was sent, alas, to command man to die. The slow-paced messenger, the chameleon, tarried by the way and slept, while the swifter messenger, the lizard, delivered his fatal message of death. The chameleon came, alas, too late, and when it saw this, it crept and crawled away in shame, for the mischief it had done.

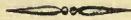
“And it came to pass that the Great Great saw this thing, and He said: ‘O faithless messenger, because of the evil thou hast brought to man, I will cause a curse to fall upon thee. Thou shalt creep and crawl upon the trees and the shrubs all the days of thy life.’

“But the chameleon pleaded before the Great Great, ‘O merciful Creator, save me from the wrath of man.’

“And the Great Great said, ‘I will cause thy skin to be as the bark of the tree, or as the leaf of the twig, or as the flower of the field, so that man may not see thee, and vent his wrath upon thee.’

“Thus man lost immortality, and death became the doom of all.”

Makulu's story ceased, and we softly crept away to sleep while Makulu wove dreams of peace by the dying embers.



Told by Maria—the White Girl.

Story 3.

THE STORY OF THE NATIVE DOCTOR.

We sat by our huts in the cool of the autumnal evening, peeling mealie cobs into our baskets, and watching the golden clouds and the shadows which heralded the coming night. All was still, save for the distant lowing of the cattle as they leisurely made their way to the fold.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a long wail as of some creature in distress. The nearer it came the intenser it grew. We ran to Makulu, who sat as usual like an ebony statue in the hut.

“Makulu, Makulu,” we cried in terror. “What is that? Is it not some great cannibal which has come to eat us?”

“No, my children,” was the answer, “that is the cry of the witch doctor. He goes on his way to help a man who is ill and suffering.”

Thus encouraged we peeped out of the hut door and saw the witch doctor pass with his attendants. The light of the setting sun made the symbol of his office—a necklace of berries—gleam like rubies; around his shoulders he wore a toga of cow-hide and in his hand he carried his carved magic stick; but what held our attention was his face. It was terribly contorted, and filled us with awe. His attendants carried his charms and medicines in various shaped skin bags decorated with the tails of the monkey and the jackal. Gradually the figures disappeared and the wailing died away.

“Who is it, Makulu?”

“Xeni the great Xosa Doctor who goes to cure the Chief's son at the Great Place?” With eyes filled with wonder we asked Makulu to tell us from whence the doctor had his power.

Makulu closed her eyes and remained motionless for a moment. "The doctor," she murmured, "is all powerful. It is he who deals with the spirits of the departed and you will find them there in the glory of the setting sun. At night they wander to the recesses of the mountains and it is there they disclose their secrets to the initiated. When I was young," continued Makulu, "there was given to me the power of the seer; in sleep the spirits commanded me to go to the mountains, so away to the great forests I hastened and there I wandered alone in the dark places of the earth, and there the spirits of the ancestors revealed to me the mysteries of life and of death. They taught me the cause of suffering, and also gave me the gift of healing. In many dreams wild creatures would come to me; great white elephants, would eat out of my hand, lie by my side and teach me of the herbs of the forest. After this I returned to my people, a seer and a healer.

"At that time there were forebodings of a great war between Dingaan, the great Tshaka King, and the Amaswazis. The King sent to me this message 'Prepare for war, O wise one, make my army invulnerable, and what you ask will be yours.'

"That night I went to the mountains to seek counsel of the spirits. 'Kill,' they said, 'a young bull and take the medicine of a herb which the white elephant will show you. Give the warriors to eat of the flesh of the bull, and of the herb of the field, so that the spear of the enemy will fly from them. On their way to battle let them suck the juice of the herb, and victory will be theirs. The ancestors will lead them into battle and fill the hearts of the enemy with fear.' And lo! the hosts of the Amaswazi fell before the warriors of the great King Dingaan and victory was ours."

"Did the spirits always give prosperity to the people?" I asked. "No," sighed Makulu.

“My child, do you not know of the evil that befell the Ama-Xosa in the days of Sarili, the Great One?

“There appeared to Nongqause, the seer, a great vision; and her spirit was carried to the land of the departed, and lo, the great ancestors, Hintza, Makana and Umlangeni, stood before her. They spoke to her in dreams and said:—

“‘Lo we will return to the Ama-Xosa, O daughter, in the lightning and the thunder; in the whirlwind and the storm; we will bring life and immortality to the Ama-Xosa, the old shall grow young, and the bloom of youth shall abide for ever. The rivers will divide, and lo! from the depths, great white cattle will arise in numbers which no man can count; and the fields will yield abundant harvest.’

“Nongqause the seer looked, and she saw the land of the Ama-Xosa, and lo, it was a land of plenty, and the Ama-Xosa its people were a great and a wonderful people.

“And behold the spirits spake saying—‘Go, Nongqause the seer, and give the Great Chief Sarili of your vision—tell him to prepare for the coming of his ancestors, by the slaying of the cattle, and the emptying of the grain pits.’ The spirits vanished—Nongqause awoke from her long sleep, and delivered her message to the great one, Sarili.

“He received the message with joy, and lo, there was rejoicing through all the land of the Ama-Xosa; and behold the land lay black with the bodies of the cattle, and the air was darkened with the birds of death.

“The Tembu tribes were the first to finish the work; and lo, in the reeds of the mighty Bashee River, there was heard the lowing of the cattle; and in the rushing water was seen the golden corn. At the great place, the sound of voices was heard under the ground; and it was said—‘The father of Sarili, Hintza the great one, comes.’

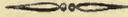
“But alas, the hearts of the Amatonza tribe were hardened, and they hearkened not to the voice of the spirits, for the lowing of cattle was heard in their kraals, and the golden corn was seen in their pits.

“And lo, the spirits waxed wroth at this, and Sarili sent messengers to the Amatonza tribe, and said, ‘O people of the Amatonza tribe, hearken to the voice of our ancestors, kill your cattle, and destroy your corn, lest a worse evil befall you. But the hearts of the Amatonza were hardened, and they listened not to the messengers of the King.

“And lo, when the spirits saw this, they were grieved, and said—‘Alas, the Ama-Xosa are not worthy to be a great nation, they are not worthy of the gift of immortality,’ and in grief and sorrow they returned to the land of the departed, to the land of the blest; but a great famine fell upon that land, and the Ama-Xosa, because of their hardness of heart, perished by their own hand. Would they had listened to the voice of Nongqause the seer.”

The Storyteller’s voice broke into song—a song to bonga the Witch Doctor:—

Look upon us, look upon us from above,
Give to us riches, prosperity and love.



Told by Maria—the White Girl.

STORY 4.

**THE STORY OF THE MPUNDULU,
OR LIGHTNING BIRD.**

The day had been close and sultry; work had been difficult in the mealie lands, and many had returned home early. Even the cattle felt the heat, they crowded under the trees for shelter, and the birds drooped their wings listlessly on the branches.

Towards noon the heat grew more intense, and dark clouds gathered in the West. The flashes of lightning were followed at intervals by low rumblings of thunder. "There is a big rain coming," said the Head of the Kraal to the herds, "bring the cattle into the fold lest they stray in their terror of the storm."

The thunder grew louder and louder, and the flashes of lightning more frequent. The rain fell in torrents, we could see the whole country in flood through the rapid flashes of lightning, which for a moment revealed the earth and the sky, and then were lost again in the darkness. How vivid that lightning was. What weird forms it took. Sometimes that of a great tree with its naked branches outspread, while at others it looked like a serpent writhing in agony across the sky.

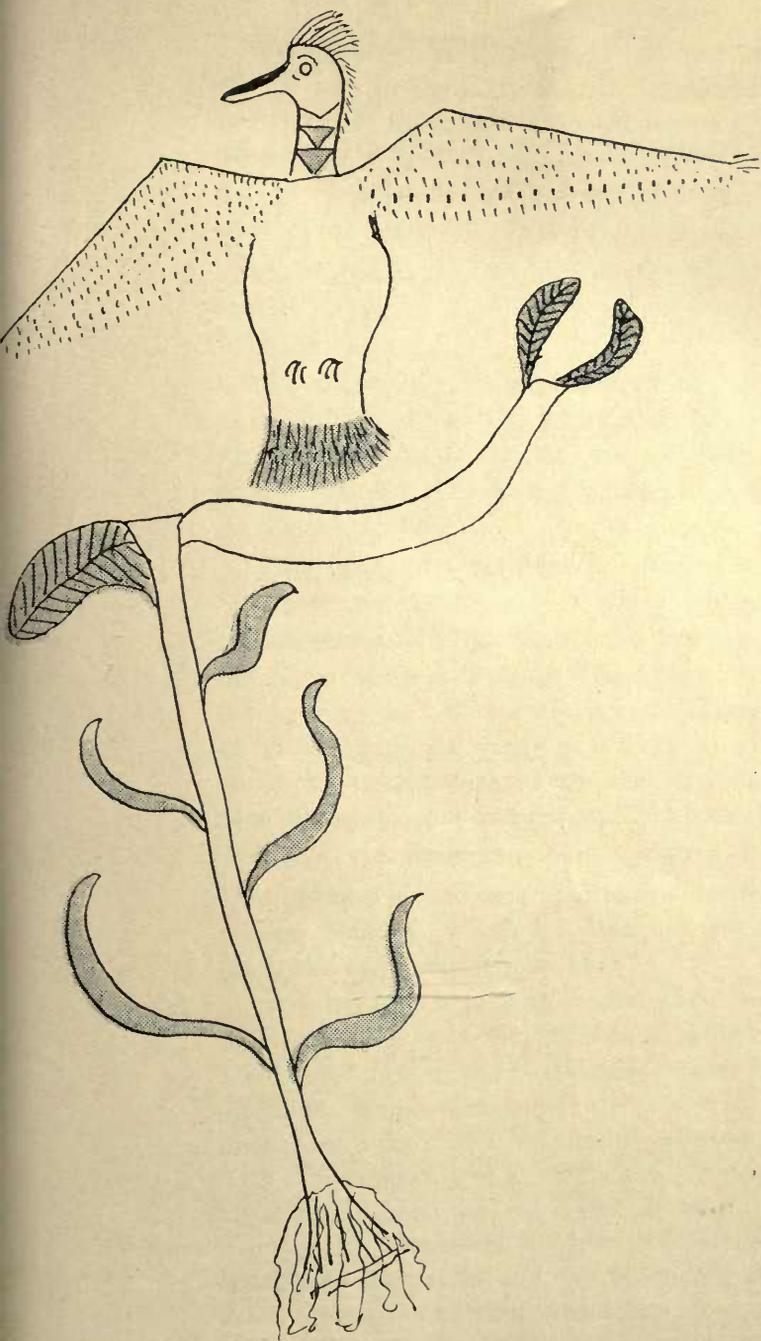
Another blinding flash of lightning, followed by a loud clap of thunder, rent the air and seemed to penetrate right into the bowels of the earth.

"Something is struck," said Makulu, "The Mpundulu has done its wicked work."

We crept closer to her in terror. She sat quite motionless, as was her wont, like one of the dark poles in the hut, a prop and a support.

"How is it," I whispered to the others, "that Makulu does not fear?"

"Why should she fear,?" was the answer, "She who knows all things, fears nothing."



THE LIGHTNING BIRD.



LAZY MONKEYS STEALING FRUIT.

When the storm had ceased and departed sobbing on its way to the east, with its attendant spirits, the thunder and lightning, we looked out on a watery land. Down below us we saw the hut of our neighbour in flames. "What is it?" we asked. "Hush! it is the work of the Mpundulu. Speak quietly, lest it hear."

That night, as we sat round the fire talking in hushed voices Makulu told us the story of the Mpundulu in her own way:—

"The Mpundulu is a great white bird that lives in the sky. It has red legs and wings, and it roosts on a tree above the clouds, but it finds no food there. Its food is on the earth, for it lives on the blood of human beings." At this we shuddered.

"How does it get this food?" I asked.

"There are certain people who wish us ill, they are evil and are called 'Matakati,' and they ask the help of the Mpundulu to kill us, by sucking our blood, and thus taking our life. When we hear the thunder then the Mpundulu flaps its wings, it is happy, for its hunger is about to be satisfied. Then the bird flashes down, does its work, and returns to its abode in the sky. You saw the Mpundulu this day when it visited the hut of Mazosiwe and took the life of his wife?"

"But, Makulu," I asked, "May not this big bird be prevented from entering the hut?"

"Yes, my child, then it is that the Doctor, who is so strong, can fight the Mpundulu and drive it away. The Doctor gathers the intsihlo herb—part he boils into medicine, with which he smears his body, to shield it from the attacks of the Mpundulu. Then he burns the bush at the doorway of the hut, so that it may not enter. He thrusts a spear into the thatch of the hut to frighten it away. In the storm he faces the lightning with his spears and aims at it, and the Mpundulu cannot enter there, for the Doctor is the stronger.

There was silence in the hut, and gradually the fire died out, till there was but a faint glow. It seemed

to me that in my dreams the Mpundulu was there, and that I could hear the flapping of its wings. It flew nearer and nearer—I cried aloud. "Sleep, my child," said a voice, the voice of Makulu, "you but dream of the Mpundulu. It cannot harm you. The spirits are with me, and they are stronger than the Mpundulu, which is but a bird."

I fell into a dreamless sleep, safe in the knowledge that Makulu was there; and that she, who was greater than the Mpundulu, watched over me.

Told by Maria—the White Girl.

STORY 5.

THE STORY OF MFENE, THE RAIN
DOCTOR.

The kraal of Makulu lies at the foot of the great Gulandoda Mountain, whose woody heights have always held a strange fascination for me. Many stories are told as to what may be found on that mighty top, whither all fear to climb. Why is it called the Gulandoda, the groaning man?

The legend is that a man, more daring than the rest, climbed to the top. What he saw there so staggered him, that he fell backwards down, down to the bottom, where the great Xuka River winds on its way through the valleys to the sea. The groans of the falling man echoed around the country-side. Since then all save the initiated fear to approach the mountain top. Strange stories are told of ghosts, and of witches, of lost souls turned from the land of the blest.

It is said that even the spirit of the sea visits there, and leaves behind his messengers, the sea shells; so that if you hold a shell to your ear, it will whisper to you the call of the sea, and the story of the great white sea horses that rush on the shore.

It is on this mountain top that the great seers dream dreams, and see visions. It is here that the wild creatures of the woods, the elephants and the lions unfold to man the mysteries of life. It is here that the spirits of the departed tell of the future life of man.

“Makulu,” I asked one night, as we sat round a winter’s fire, warming our hands and looking into the flames, “Tell us of the Gulandoda Mountain to-night.” And so she began:—

“It is there my brother, Mfene the rain doctor, learnt of the secrets of the sky and of the clouds from the spirits on the Gulandoda Mountains.”

“Tell us, Makulu, how he learnt them.”

“It was of the sea they taught him, when he lay in sleep in the forests, with his spiritual counsellors. ‘Go, Mfene, they said, to Gcalekaland, to the sea. Go into the water. First you will see the great white horses toss on the shore, plunge through these, and you will reach the black waters, which are still and deep; swim, Mfene, further, till you see the still clear water with its many coloured fish, beyond that you will see the red bloody water, which bubbles and boils. When you see that, return to the shore; you have opened the sky, and the rain will fall.’ Then will the dam of heaven overflow; the rivers will run into the mealie lands, and the land will smile at its fruitfulness.

“Alas, now that Mfene, the great one, has departed, the land is a desert, the rivers are dry, and the calves are no longer fat.”

At this Makulu’s voice trembled, and then burst into wild weeping. “Ah, ah,” she said, “that I should see this day, when the Great have left and gone their way.”

At last the sobs subsided, and Makulu sat calm as an image again. “The great have gone,” continued the voice, “they have gone to a wonderful land, the land of the departed, the land of the blest. It is there beyond the sky. The grass is green and long, it waves with a rustling sound. Food is to be found there in plenty, and wild animals in abundance for hunting. Our Creator is there, only we cannot see Him, for He dazzles us with a great light like the sun.”

“Do all enter there, Makulu?”

“No, my child. The abatakati (those who bewitch) are not allowed there. Their spirits wander on earth, and they bring to man sorrow and suffering.”

Her voice changed and adopted a sad note.

“Soon, soon, my children,” she said, “my spirit will leave you, and as you lay my tired body to rest, you will say, ‘Makulu, look upon us from above, bless and prosper us.’ I will visit you in dreams to ask for food. You will not deny it me, you will say, as you kill your favourite white ox :

“‘Here is our gift, Makulu, bless us from where you are,’ and I will bless you, till the time comes for you also to be gathered into the abode of the blessed, into the land of your fathers.”



Part 3.

THE TALES OF MLUNGU—THE
WANDERER.

1. WHY SOME MEN ARE BLACK; AND SOME ARE
WHITE.
2. WHY DOGS SNIFF AT ONE ANOTHER'S TAILS.
3. HOW IT IS THAT THE SECRETARY BIRD IS THE
WISEST OF ALL THE CREATURES.
4. HOW THE MONKEY GOT HIS TAIL.

Told by Noxegi—a wise man.

WHY SOME MEN ARE BLACK AND SOME ARE WHITE.

“O father of mine, O wise one, tell me why it is that one man is black and another is white.”

“I will tell you, O beautiful white one.”

“The Great Father created the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, and He saw that it was good.”

“Now,” He said, “I must create Man, the great wise Man, and I will make him beautiful, and all the birds of the air and the beasts of the field will be his servants.”

The Great Great created Man, O wise one. He made him in the rushing of the wind, and when He looked He was not pleased with his work—Man was black, and he was not beautiful. The Great One said to Man, “Go far from me, and I will give you of the fruits of the field.” And the first man passed on.

The Great Great created the second man, and he was black, and tall, and shiny, and the second man loitered by the wayside and sank down upon the earth, and, O child of the White Man, his skin swelled and swelled, and became wrinkled and wrinkled, and then it broke, and when the second man had shed his first skin, lo, there appeared a new skin, beautiful, white and shining, and the second man was full of beauty, and strength, and the Great One said, “O second Man, my work is good, and I will give you all power, and all wisdom, and you will be greater than the first man.”

So it is, O son of the great white man, that some are black and some are white.

Told by Ntsigo—a herd boy.

WHY DOGS SNIFF AT ONE ANOTHER'S TAILS.

O child of the white man, O wise one, listen and I will tell you why it is the dogs always sniff at each others tails on meeting.

In olden days the dog, the faithful dog, lost his freedom and became the servant of man. O child of man, look into the face of the dog, the faithful dog, and you will see that it is sad, always sad—for O wise one, he thinks of the loss of his freedom, of the days when he too had his own kingdom and how he lost it.

It came in this way, a quarrel arose between the kingdom of man and the kingdom of dogs, and a mighty war was waged. The kingdom of man, O wise one, was the stronger and so won the day.

And it came, that because man is great, and wise, and just, he wrote a letter making a peace with his enemy, the dog, and in that letter he said, "We will give you your liberty, O enemy, if you will accept our terms."

The dogs rejoiced, O child of man, at this news, and answered it, saying, "O wise man, O great man, we accept your terms, and we thank you for your generous peace." They tied the letter to the tail of a trusted dog, and sent the messenger to the kingdom of man.

Alas, that trusted messenger strayed and never did man receive that message—thus it is, O child of the white man, that the dog is the servant of man.

But the dog is always hopeful, he always searches for that letter. Do you not see him wandering in strange places, looking for strange dogs? When he sees one, he will joyfully run to greet him, he will sniff and sniff round the tail, and search there for the lost letter, for when, O child of the White Man, he finds that letter, then shall the dog, the faithful dog, be free from the service of man.

Told by Noqina—the hunter.

WHY THE SECRETARY BIRD IS THE WISEST OF ALL THE CREATURES

Do you know, O child of the White man, why it is that your black brother declares the Inxanxosi (the Secretary Bird) to be the wisest of all the creatures? Wiser even than Hlakanyana, the Jackal, who has tasted the herb of wisdom. Harken, to the tale of Noqina, the hunter.

One day, Hlakanyana, the jackal, grew hungry, and he wandered among the trees searching for food. Suddenly he spied a dove, sitting in her nest at the top of a tree. "Ha ha!" said the jackal to himself, "there is my breakfast." He approached the tree, and said very politely: "How do you do, Mrs. Dove, and how are you and your chicks to-day?" She answered, "My chicks and I are well." "Are they as beautiful as you are?" asked the jackal. "I do not know," answered Mrs. Dove shyly. "Throw one down," said the jackal, "that I may admire it." "Oh no," said the dove, "I fear you."

"Have you not heard the news," said the jackal? "There has been a great council, and the king of beasts, the lion, has ordered that all the creatures of the forest should live in harmony, and therefore I am forbidden to do harm to your chick. Surely you will not refuse me the treat of holding in my arms the child of such a beautiful mother." Thereupon, the dove, hearing these words, threw down one of her young ones to the jackal, who ate it. "What a beautiful child," said the jackal, "Let me see your second one, that I may compare them." And the silly dove threw down the second one, and jackal devoured it. "Have you not yet a third child, that I may still feast my eyes on all this beauty?"

"I have no more children," said the dove. "Well," said the jackal, "will not the mother fly down to complete the family?" The dove peeped down and saw that the jackal had eaten her children. Just then the jackal, in an angry voice, called out, "If you

will not come down I will climb up the tree and devour you." And he made a scratching noise with his paws on the trunk of the tree, as if he were climbing. The dove in terror flew off to tell her trouble to the secretary bird, who is a very wise bird; it lives on the land and knows of the ways of the animals and of man.

"The jackal has deceived you," said the secretary bird, "there has been no council and he cannot climb trees. You will know better next time." Just then the jackal appeared. "Good day," he said to the secretary bird, "Have you heard the news? I have been sent by the king of beasts to learn from you how to run, you the fastest of all runners. Will you show me?" The secretary bird spread its wings and ran a short distance, the jackal following behind. Just as the jackal was about to spring on it the bird turned round.

"I have an all seeing eye," he said, "and I could see behind me. At what were you about to spring?" "Oh," said the jackal, "I was but imitating you." Then the jackal asked, "Do you never sleep, you the fastest of all the creatures?"

"Oh yes," said the secretary bird. "I do rest—see." The secretary bird folded its wing, and hid its head under one of them, but one eye was open.

The jackal being sure now of a meal, prepared to seize it.

Meanwhile the secretary bird, who had been watching the jackal, said politely—"Pray, Mr. Jackal, are you still imitating me? You forget I am no dove." With this the secretary bird ran off at full speed, leaving the jackal wondering at its cunning.

And now, O child of the White Man, that you have heard the tale of Noqina, the hunter, you will see that the inxanxosi (secretary bird) is the wisest of all the creatures.



MEN AND WOMEN AT WORK.

N.B.—Note the lazy monkeys who won't work, stealing fruit.

Told by an old Monkey.

HOW THE MONKEY GOT HIS TAIL.

I am an old monkey, and before I die I should like to tell you how we fell from our place among men. Listen, child of man, to my tale.

Once upon a time we were men, as you are; see how alike we are, but for our tails and fur.

The Great Great created us, and ordained that we should get our bread from the fruits of the field.

Our neighbours worked hard, they tilled the ground through all the summer months, and in the autumn they gathered in their crops, and we, O child of man, we asked them to give us of their harvest, and they did so. After a time they wearied of us. "You are lazy, you are indolent," they said. "Why do you not till the ground and eat of your own harvest, as was ordained by the Great Great?"

"Do not call us lazy and indolent," we answered. "Give us implements, give us seed, and we also will till the ground and give you of the harvest."

Our neighbours brought us shining hoes and baskets of corn, and we promised to give them of the fruits.

The rain came in the spring and we arose early to work in our lands. We tilled the ground till the sun scorched us, and our backs ached, and our knees trembled. "Let us rest," we said one to another, "in the shade of yonder green trees, and then we will have strength to continue with our work." And so we slept, O child of man, we slept till the sun set in the west, and lo, when we awoke the ground was hard, so that the seed did not sink in.

Then came our neighbours to us. "Give us," they said, "our hoes and our corn. You are lazy. You are indolent, you will not till the ground."

We seized our hoes, placed them behind us and rested upon them. "You shall not have your hoes," we said. "We are not lazy, we are not indolent. We slept, for we were weary."

Then our neighbours waxed wroth and they said: "It is ordained by the Great Great that man should till the ground, and because you have not obeyed his order, you are no longer of us. Your bodies will be covered with long fur, and you will grow tails as the creatures of the field, for we will not own as men, those who do not till the ground." And lo, we looked, and the hoes had grown into long tails and our bodies were covered with fur.

When we saw this we were ashamed, and we fled to the mountains to hide our reproach. Here we dwell in the caves and dark places of the earth. We visit the haunts of man at night only, for we are ashamed that we were not worthy to take our place among men.



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