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**A Glimpse into the Mythology of the Maluti Bushmen.**

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[*With Chromo-lithograph Illustrations.*]

THE rugged mountain chains called Maluti by the Basutos and Amalundi by the Kafirs (plural of luti or lundi, a ridge) extend from the Wodehouse and Aliwal districts to near Harrismith and Maritzburg. They are the highest mountains in South Africa, reaching in some parts eleven thousand feet in altitude; and are formed of peculiar brown rock overlying the great beds of sandstone forming those edges of the great central plateau—called in parts the Stormberg and Drakensberg. This sandstone when it crops out among and about the Malutis and elsewhere, forms here and there overhanging rocks, sometimes so hollowed as to be caves. Under such rocks Bushmen paintings are frequently found. Mr. George Stowe collected a number of copies of these in the Queen's Town district; and at his request I copied such as I found during surveying trips in the outskirts of the Malutis in the Wodehouse district. Many of the paintings of animals and men are surprisingly well done; and I may here suggest inquiry how far these paintings extend in South Africa, and whether any differences exist between the traditions, mythology, and religion of those Bushmen tribes who do not paint and of those who possess a talent so remarkable in a savage tribe, and whether its development or loss may be attributed to cave facilities and their want, or to some other cause? (There are also Bushmen tribes in some parts who make no bows,—) Dr. Bleek could probably suggest the direction of inquiries supplementing his researches, and there are yet many Bushmen in every part of South Africa who must retain their traditions, and many gentlemen who could afford a few hours' leisure to make inquiries for him. Mr. Stowe and I both found paintings with apparently a mythological meaning, or representing certain quasi-religious rites. These are not always fit for publication,—they coincided curiously with representations from ancient mythologies. We could not obtain a clue, and one old Bushman questioned by Mr. Stowe was obstinately mysterious and silent. At last I chanced upon at least a partial clue, which may perhaps lead to others. The rebellion

of Langalibalele's tribe led me to pass through a part of the Malutis generally unknown, and which had been exclusively the haunt of Bushmen. The Natal Government informed me that the rebels were moving through the Malutis, intending to enter the territory under my charge, and I was desired to act against them. While forces were moving up, well provisioned scouts had to be sent many days journey into the Maluti to look up the rebels. They found the rebels were not within a week's march, and this made it evident that they had, as some Natal reports then stated, turned to the right and crossed several branches of the Orange towards Molapo. Meantime all these branches filled, and became impassable. In inquiring for efficient scouts I had heard that one Bushman, named Qing, a couple of years ago escaped from the extermination of their remnant of a tribe in the Malutis, that he was the son of their chief, and was now a hunter in the employ of Nqasha, son of Morosi, on the Orange River. I had sent to obtain his services, without success, and now heard that he was hunting in the mountains beyond the main branch of the Orange, which was full, and that it would be difficult to get him to come, as he had never seen a white man but in fighting, and that it would be difficult to get Nqasha to produce him, as he would fear his hunter would be decoyed from his service. It was so important to secure Qing as a guide, that I rode off myself to Nqasha while the police and other forces were preparing to enter the mountain region. Nqasha consented after my assurances and promises to produce Qing, and sent one messenger after the other for him. I succeeded in impressing Qing's wives favourably—his own wife and his brother's widow—whom I found at Nqasha's kraal, diminutive young creatures, and fair-complexioned. I gave them a liberal supply of tobacco. Nqasha overtook our expedition with Qing when we had almost given him up, and he proved a diligent and useful guide, and became a favourite, he and his clever little mare, with which he dashed and doubled among the stones like a rabbit when his passion for hunting occasionally led him astray. When happy and at ease smoking over camp-fires, I got from him the following stories and explanations of paintings, some of which he showed and I copied on our route. I commenced by asking him what the pictures of men with rhebok's heads meant. He said "They were men who had died and now lived in rivers, and were *spoilt at the same time as the elands* and by the dances of which you have seen paintings."\* I asked when were the elands spoilt, and how. He began to explain, and mentioned *Cagn*.† He said, "Cagn made all things, and we pray to him." I asked was he good or malicious. He said, "At first he was very very good and nice, but he got spoilt through fighting so many things." I said, "How do you pray to him." Answer, in a low imploring tone, "'O Cagn! O Cagn! are we not your children, do you not see our hunger? give us food,' and he gives us both hands full." I said,

\* χορος πρηπων.

† I used Kafir orthography. One might write the word *cthaggn*.

“Where is Cagn?” He answered, “We don’t know, but the elands do. Have you not hunted and heard his cry, when the elands suddenly start and run to his call? Where he is, elands are in droves like cattle.”\* He had mentioned Coti, the wife of Cagn, and that Cagn was the first being. I asked, “Where then did Coti come from?” He said, “I don’t know, perhaps with those who brought the Sun; but you are now asking the secrets that are not spoken of.” I asked, “Do you know the secrets?” He said, “No, only the initiated men of that dance know these things.”

I shall string together Qing’s fragmentary stories as nearly as I can as he told them to me. I noted them down from him then and since; I only make them consecutive. They either varied a little, or I failed to understand him accurately when speaking through different translators. The language he spoke best besides his own was that of the “Baputi,” a hybrid dialect between the Basuto and Amazizi languages. Qing is a young man, and the stories seem in parts imperfect, perhaps owing to his not having learnt them well, or imperfect translation; perhaps they may be corrected if heard from other Bushmen of the same race in Basutoland, Kafirland, &c., or they may be different from those of other Bushmen tribes. These Bushmen were formerly very numerous, and the Basutos say they lived on good terms with them and among them before the game country became occupied. Nqasha’s father, Morosi, and his people were succoured by them through their skill in hunting, when the Basuto’s were impoverished and nearly starved by Chaka’s wars, and Morosi allied himself to them by marriage. They have been gradually exterminated by wars with all other tribes (even with Bushmen tribes) and Europeans, and their remnant was long living secluded in the Maluti, hunting game and occasionally making raids.

Qing’s stories are as follows:—

Cagn was the first being; he gave orders and caused all things to appear, and to be made, the sun, moon, stars, wind, mountains, and animals. His wife’s name was Coti. He had two sons, and the eldest was chief, and his name was Cogaz; the name of the second was Gcwi. There were three great chiefs, Cagn, Cogaz, and Qwanciqutshaa (of all three legends are here given), who had great power, but it was Cagn who gave orders through the other two.

Cagn’s wife, Coti, took her husband’s knife and used it to sharpen a digging stick (“Cibi,” on which a perforated stone is put), and she dug roots to eat. When Cagn found she had spoiled his knife, he scolded her and said evil should come to her. Upon this she conceived and brought forth a little eland’s calf in the fields, and she told her husband, and said she did not know what sort of a child it was, and he ran to see it, and came back and told Coti to grind cannā, so that he might inquire what it was. She did so, and he went and

\* It will seem, however, as if beside this worship of a beneficent maker, they have, in case of sickness, something which seems like pythonic and phallic worship in dances conducted by men initiated in certain mysteries.

sprinkled these charms on the animal, and asked it "Are you this animal? Are you that animal?" but it remained silent till he asked it, "Are you an eland (Tsha)?" when it said "Aaaa." Then he took it and folded it in his arms, and went and got a gourd, in which he put it, and took it to a secluded kloof enclosed by hills and precipices, and left it to grow there. He was at that time making all animals and things, and making them fit for the use of men, and making snares and weapons. He made then the partridge and the striped mouse, and he made the wind in order that game should smell up the wind,—so they run up the wind still. Cagn took three sticks and sharpened them, and he threw one at the eland and it ran away, and he called it back, and he missed with each of them, and each time called it back, and then he went to his nephew to get arrow-poison, and he was away three days. While he was away his sons Cogaz and Gcwi went out with young men to hunt, and they came upon the eland their father had hidden, and they did not know about it. It was a new animal. Its horns had just grown, and they tried to encircle it and stab it, and it always broke through the circle and afterwards came back and laid down at the same place. At last, while it was asleep, Gcwi, who could throw well, pierced it, and they cut it up and took the meat and blood home; but after they had cut it up they saw the snares and traps of Cagn, and knew it was his, and they were afraid. And Cagn came back the third day and saw the blood on the ground where it had been killed, and he was very angry, and he came home and told Gcwi he would punish him for his presumption and disobedience, and he pulled his nose off and flung it into the fire. But he said "No! I shall not do that," so he put his nose on again, and he said, "Now begin to try toundo the mischief you have done, for you have spoilt the elands when I was making them fit for use," so he told him to take of the eland's blood and put it in a pot and churn it with a little native churn-stick, which he made to spin in the blood by rubbing the upright stick between the palms of his hands, and he scattered the blood and it turned into snakes, and they went abroad, and Cagn told him not to make frightful things, and he churned again and scattered the blood and it turned into hartebeests, and they ran away, and his father said, "I am not satisfied; this is not yet what I want; you can't do anything. Throw the blood out! Coti, my wife! cleanse this pot and bring more blood from the little paunch where they put it, and churn it," and she did so, and they added the fat from the heart, and she churned it, and he sprinkled it, and the drops became bull elands, and these surrounded them and pushed them with their horns, and he said, "You see how you have spoilt the elands," and he drove these elands away; and then they churned and produced eland cows, and then they churned and produced multitudes of elands, and the earth was covered with them, and he told Gcwi, "Go and hunt them and try to kill one, that is now your work, for it was you who spoilt them," and Gcwi ran and did his best, but came back panting and footsore and worn out; and he

hunted again next day, and was unable to kill any. They were able to run away because Cagn was in their bones. Then Cagn sent Cogaz to turn the elands towards him, and Cagn shouted and the elands came running close past him, and he threw assegais and killed three bulls, and then he sent Cogaz to hunt, and he gave him a blessing, and he killed two, and then he sent Gcwi, and he killed one. That day game were given to men to eat, and this is the way they were spoilt and became wild. Cagn said he must punish them for trying to kill the thing he made which they did not know, and he must make them feel sore.

A daughter of Cagn became cross because her father had scolded her, and she ran away to destroy herself by throwing herself among the snakes (qabu). The snakes were also men, and their chief married her; and they eat snakes' meat, but they gave her eland's meat to eat, because the child of Cagn must eat no evil thing. Cagn used to know things that were far off, and he sent his son Cogaz to bring her back, so Cogaz went with his young men, and Cagn lent him his tooth to make him strong. When the snakes saw Cogaz approaching with his party, they became angry and began to hide their heads, but their chief said, "You must not get angry, they are coming to their child;" so the snakes went away to hunt, and his sister gave him meat, and they told her to tell her husband they were come fetch her, and she prepared food for the road, and they went with her next morning, and they prepared themselves by binding rushes round their limbs and bodies, and three snakes followed them. These tried to bite them, but they only bit the rushes; they tried to beat them with reims, but they only beat rushes, and they tried throwing sand at them to cause wind to drive them into the water,\* not knowing he had the tooth of Cagn, and they failed. The children at home, the young men with the chief of the snakes, knew that when those snakes came back they would fill the country with water. So they commenced to build a high stage with willow poles, and the female snakes took their husbands on their return and threw them into the water, and it rose up above the mountains, but the chief and his young men were saved on the high stage; and Cagn sent Cogaz for them to come and turn from being snakes, and he told them to lie down, and he struck them with his stick, and as he struck each the body of a person came out, and the skin of a snake was left on the ground, and he sprinkled the skins with canna, and the snakes turned from being snakes, and they became his people.

The big people you have seen painted with deformities are the Qobé,—they carried battle-axes, and are so drawn,† they were cannibals, they cut people's heads off, they killed women and drew the blood out of their noses. Cagn sent Cogaz to their residence to deliver a woman from them, and he lent him his tooth. His tooth-

\* I have formerly seen Bushmen throw sand in the air and shout out on seeing the crescent moon when it first appeared.—J.M.O.

† *πριηποι*.

ache had told him to send Cogaz. Cogaz went, and when he was coming back Cagn saw the dust, and sent the little bird that flies up and says tee-tee, called moti in Sesuto, and qouka in Bushman language, but it told nothing; then he sent another bird, the tink-tinki, or tintinyane,—qinqininya in Bushman,—and it brought no news. Then he sent a third, the qeiv, a black and white bird that sings in the early morning, called tswanafike in Sesuto; and he rubbed cannā on its beak, and it flew to the dust and brought back word that the giants were coming. The giants attacked Cogaz several times, but he used to get upon the tooth of Cagn and it grew up to a great height, and they could not reach him. He used to cook his food up there, and then he used to play on his reed flute, and this put them to sleep; and he would go on, and they would wake up, follow him, and he would get up on the tooth again. At last, when they continued attacking him, he killed some of them with poisoned arrows, and Cagn said he would not have these people, but drive them far off and kill them as they were cannibals; and he cut up his kaross and sandals and turned them into dogs and wild dogs, and set them at the Qobé giants and destroyed them.

Qwanciqutshaa, the chief, used to live alone. He had no wife, for the women would not have him. A man sent a number of little boys to get sticks for the women to dig ants' eggs. One of the women grumbled, saying the stick she received was crooked and those of the others were straight. That night she dreamt that a baboon came to take for his wife a young girl who had refused Qwanciqutshaa. Next day, as she was digging alone, the baboon came to her in a rage (it had been present and heard her observation about the stick, and thought she was mocking at the crookedness of its tail), and it said, "Why did you curse me?" and it threw stones at her, and she ran home and told the girl of her dream and that it was coming true, and told her to escape to Qwanciqutshaa. The girl sunk into the ground, and came up at another place, and sunk again. She sank three times and then came up and went to Qwanciqutshaa's place. Qwanciqutshaa had killed a red rhebok and was skinning it when he saw his elands running about, and wondered what had startled them. He left the meat and took the skin and went home, and found the young girl there, and asked why she came. She said she was frightened of the baboon. He told her to fetch water to wash the blood off his hand, and she went, and came running back in a fright, and spilt some on Qwanciqutshaa. He said, "What is the reason of this?" She said, "It is fright at the baboon." He said, "Why are you frightened; he is your husband, and comes from your place?" She said, "No, I have run to you for fear of him." Then he put her up on his head and hid her in his hair. The baboon had in the meantime come to the people she had left, and asked for her, and they said they did not know where she was; but he smelt where she had gone down into the ground, and he pursued, scenting her at each place, and when he came towards

Qwanciqutshaa the elands started and ran about and gazed at him. He came up to Qwanciqutshaa with his keeries, saying, "Where is my wife?" Qwanciqutshaa said, "I have no wife of yours!" It flew at Qwanciqutshaa, and fought him, but Qwanciqutshaa got it down and stuck it through with its own keerie, and Qwanciqutshaa banished it to the mountains, saying, "Go, eat scorpions and roots as a baboon should," and it went screaming away; and the screams were heard by the women at the place it came from, and all the baboons were banished. And Qwanciqutshaa killed an eland, purified himself as the baboon had defiled him, and he told the girl to go home and tell the people he was alive. But the young men wanted to marry this girl, and she said, "No, I love none but Qwanciqutshaa, who saved me from the baboon." So they hated Qwanciqutshaa; and when he had killed a red rhebok and put meat on the fire to roast, those young men took fat from a snake they had killed and dropped it on the meat, and when he cut a piece and put it in his mouth, it fell out; and he cut another, and it fell out; and the third time it fell out, and the blood gushed from his nose. So he took all his things, his weapons, and clothes, and threw them into the sky, and he threw himself into the river. And there were villages down there and young women, and they wanted to catch Qwanciqutshaa; but he turned into a snake, and he said, "No, it is through women I was killed," and he eluded and threatened them, and they all ran away. The only girl that remained was the girl he had saved, and she made a hut and went and picked things and made cannā, and put pieces in a row from the river bank to the hut. And the snake came out and ate up the charms, and went back into the water, and the next day she did the same; and that night he came and went to the hut and took a mat and went up to the sky and got his kaross and came down and slept on the mat. And when the girl saw he had been there she placed charms again, and lay in wait; and the snake came out of the water and raised his head, and looked warily and suspiciously round, and then he glided out of the snake's skin and walked, picking up the charm food, to the hut, and when he was asleep she went in and seized him and quickly forced more charms into his mouth, and he struggled to escape, but she held him fast, and he was exhausted and trembled, and said, "Why do you hold me, you who caused my death?" And she said, "Though I was the cause, it was not my fault, for I loved you, and none but you!" and she smothered him in the kaross, and ran to the skin and sprinkled it with cannā and burnt it, and they remained there three days. And Qwanciqutshaa killed an eland and purified himself and his wife, and told her to grind cannā, and she did so, and he sprinkled it on the ground, and all the elands that had died became alive again, and some came in with assegais sticking in them, which had been struck by those people who had wanted to kill him. And he took out the assegais, a whole bundle, and they remained in his place; and it was a place enclosed with hills and precipices, and there was

one pass, and it was constantly filled with a freezingly cold mist, so that none could pass through it, and those men all remained outside, and they ate sticks at last, and died of hunger. But his brother (or her brother), in chasing an eland he had wounded, pursued it closely through that mist, and Qwanciqutshaa saw the elands running about, frightened at that wounded eland and the assegaai that was sticking in it, and he came out and saw his brother, and he said, "Oh! my brother, I have been injured; you see now where I am." And the next morning he killed an eland for his brother, and he told him to go back and call his mother and his friends, and he did so, and when they came they told him how the other people had died of hunger outside; and they stayed with him, and the place smelt of meat.

Cagn sent Cogaz to cut sticks to make bows. When Cogaz came to the bush, the baboons (*cogn*) caught him. They called all the other baboons together to hear him, and they asked him who sent him there. He said his father sent him to cut sticks to make bows. So they said, "Your father thinks himself more clever than we are; he wants those bows to kill us, so we'll kill you," and they killed Cogaz, and tied him up in the top of a tree, and they danced round the tree, singing (an intranscribable baboon song), with a chorus saying, "Cagn thinks he is clever." Cagn was asleep when Cogaz was killed, but when he awoke he told Coti to give him his charms, and he put some on his nose, and said the baboons have hung Cogaz. So he went to where the baboons were, and when they saw him coming close by, they changed their song so as to omit the words about Cagn, but a little baboon girl said, "Don't sing that way, sing the way you were singing before." And Cagn said "Sing as the little girl wishes," and they sang and danced away as before. And Cagn said, "That is the song I heard, that is what I wanted, go on dancing till I return; and he went and fetched a bag full of pegs, and he went behind each of them as they were dancing and making a great dust, and he drove a peg into each one's back, and gave it a crack, and sent them off to the mountains to live on roots, beetles, and scorpions, as a punishment. Before that baboons were men, but since that they have tails, and their tails hang crooked. Then Cagn took Cogaz down, and gave him canna, and made him alive again.

Cagn found an eagle getting honey from a precipice, and said, "My friend, give me some too;" and it said "Wait a bit," and it took a comb and put it down, and went back and took more, and told Cagn to take the rest, and he climbed up and licked only what remained on the rock, and when he tried to come down he found he could not. Presently, he thought of his charms, and took some from his belt, and caused them to go to Cogaz to ask advice; and Cogaz sent word back by means of the charms that he was to make water to run down the rock, and he would find himself able to come down; and he did so, and when he got down, he descended into the ground and came up again, and he did this three times, and the third time he came up near the eagle, in the form of a large bull eland; and the eagle said,



“What a big eland,” and went to kill it, and it threw an assegai, which passed it on the right side, and then another, which missed it, to the left, and a third, which passed between its legs, and the eagle trampled on it, and immediately hail fell and stunned the eagle, and Cagn killed it, and took some of the honey home to Cogaz, and told him he had killed the eagle which had acted treacherously to him, and Cogaz said “You will get harm some day by these fightings.” And Cagn found a woman named Cgoriöinsi, who eats men, and she had made a big fire, and was dancing round it, and she used to seize men and throw them into the fire, and Cagn began to roast roots at the fire, and at last she came and pitched him in, but he slipped through at the other side, and went on roasting and eating his roots, and she pitched him in again and again, and he only said “Wait a bit till I have finished my roots, and I’ll show you what I am.” And when he had done he threw her in the fire as a punishment for killing people. Then Cagn went back to the mountain, where he had left some of the honey he took from the eagle, and he left his sticks there, and went down to the river, and there was a person in the river named Qüuisi, who had been standing there a long time, something having caught him by the foot, and held him there since the winter, and he called to Cagn to come and help him, and Cagn went to help him, and put his hand down into the water to loosen his leg, and the thing let go the man’s leg, and seized Cagn’s arm. And the man ran stumbling out of the water, for his leg was stiffened by his being so long held fast, and he called out, “Now you will be held there till the winter,” and he went to the honey, and threw Cagn’s sticks away; and Cagn began to bethink him of his charms, and he sent to ask Cogaz for advice through his charms, and Cogaz sent word and told him to let down a piece of his garment into the water alongside his hand, and he did so, and the thing let go his hand and seized his garment, and he cut off the end of his garment and ran and collected his sticks, and pursued the man and killed him, and took the honey to Cogaz.

The thorns (dobbletjes) were people—they are called Cagncagn—they were dwarfs, and Cagn found them fighting together, and he went to separate them, and they all turned upon him and killed him, and the biting ants helped them, and they eat Cagn up; but after a time they and the dwarfs collected his bones, and put them together, and tied his head on, and these went stumbling home, and Cogaz cured him, and made him all right again, and asked what had happened to him, and he told him; and Cogaz gave him advice and power, telling him how to fight them, that he was to make feints and strike as if at their legs, and then hit them on the head, and he went and killed many, and drove the rest into the mountains.

Cagn found a woman, who had been left behind by people, and he thought he would take her home and make her his wife, so he picked her up and put her on his back, and she stuck on his back like wax, and he went to a tree to scrape her off, and she stuck to the tree too

like wax. At last he got home to his wife Coti, and she scolded him for his conduct—he who was so great a king, picking up any woman he met with—and she boiled water, and melted the woman off him, and when he got loose, Cagn gave her a tremendous thrashing for sticking to him like wax, and he drove her away.

The men with rhebok's heads, Haqwé and Canaté, and the tailed men, Qweqweté live mostly under water; they tame elands and snakes. That *animal* which the men are catching is a *snake* (!) They are holding out charms to it, and catching it with a long reim—(see picture). They are all under water, and those strokes are things growing under water. They are people spoilt by the — dance,\* because their noses bleed. Cagn gave us the song of this dance, and told us to dance it, and people would die from it, and he would give charms to raise them again. It is a circular dance of men and women, following each other, and it is danced all night. Some fall down; some become as if mad and sick; blood runs from the noses of others whose charms are weak, and they eat charm medicine, in which there is burnt snake powder. When a man is sick, this dance is danced round him, and the dancers put both hands under their arm-pits, and press their hands on him, and when he coughs the initiated put out their hands and receive what has injured him—secret things. The initiated who know secret things are Qognqé; the sick person is hang cäi.

Bushmen have lost different arts. They formerly knew how to make things of stone over rivers, on which they crossed; and knew how to spear fishes. It was formerly said when men died they went to Cagn, but it has been denied. There is a thing with one fiery eye, which flies by night; creeps on the ground, holding one arm up; it crushes the breath out of people, and leaves the bodies dead. It is cannibal. Cagn forbade its name being often mentioned. Its name is *Cadintaa*.

Qing did not know any story about the moon and a hare; but I asked him did they eat all parts of a hare, and he pointed me out the back part of the thigh, and said Cagn had forbidden them eating that because it was human flesh. I asked this after the expedition, as I then heard of some of the stories Dr. Bleek had collected. I asked what caused the milky way, and he said Cagn placed it there to support the snow.

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Remarks by Dr. Bleek.

[It is well-known that Dr. Bleek has been engaged in researches into the Bushman language and traditions for some time past, and the latest of his official reports on the subject is now in the hands of the

\* I have not noted the name of this Bushman dance—*Basutos* call it *Mogoma*. In some pictures the dancers have their heads painted white.—J. M. O.

Government. We have requested him to make what comments he might deem fit on the preceding paper by Mr. Orpen, and he has been kind enough to favour us with the following.—E.D. C.M.M.]

We must be greatly obliged to Mr. Orpen for this very interesting paper of original research, which throws a good deal of new light upon the subject of Bushman mythology, and upon the vastness of the legendary lore of this highly curious people. The principal figure in the Bushman myths given by *!king* or *!ing* (as in our orthography the name of Mr. Orpen's informant would have to be written) is not only the same as the chief mythological personage in the mythology of the Bushmen living in the Bushmanland of the Western Province, but his name has evidently the same pronunciation. Mr. Orpen's *Cagn* or *Ctkáǵǵn* (c the dental click of Kafir orthography = / of Lepsius's alphabet) must have exactly the same sound as *!kǵǵn*, the Mantis, the most prominent subject of the mythological tales collected by us. His wife's name also, *Coti*, according to Mr. Orpen, may be identical with the beginning of one of the names given to us for the Mantis' wife *!búǵǵntu !!(k)att !!(k)atten*, the first syllable of which word *!búǵǵn* indicates a "dasse" (hyrax); but this is not certain, and it is little more than guesswork if we compare the names of the elder son, as given by Mr. Orpen, *Cogaz* to *!kwámmanga*, the husband of the porcupine (*!Xo*) who is the adopted daughter of the Mantis; and if we identify the younger son, *Gewi*, with the *!ni* or Ichneumon (the son of *!kwámmanga* and the porcupine) who is the constant adviser and admonisher of his grandfather, the Mantis.

Although the general character of the myths recorded by Mr. Orpen is mainly the same as that of those collected by us, yet there is not one of his myths which is exactly identical with any one of ours. Of course, it is possible that this is a proof of an especially fertile genius for myth formation, inherent in the Bushman mind, which had given rise to different circles of myths round the same central figure among different Bushman tribes. Yet it would be rash to say that none of the myths narrated by *!(k)ing* were known to our Bushman informants or their tribe. On the contrary, it may well be that even most of these myths are the common property of the Bushmen of Western Bushmanland, as well as of those of the Malutis. In fact, though our collection of Bushman folklore is far more extensive than our most sanguine expectations at the beginning might have led us to hope for,—yet, from their own internal evidence and from glimpses which they allow us to get of myths and legends still untold, we had already become convinced that we have to look upon them as containing, as yet, only a very small portion of the wealth of native traditional literature actually existing among the Bushmen.

But whether the stories given by *!(k)ing* are only tribal compositions, or form part of the common national property of the Bushmen, a slightly different character is attributed in them to the Mantis (*Cagn* = *!kǵǵn*) who, according to the myths told by our Bushman informants, is very far from being represented as a "beneficent" being; but, on the contrary, is a fellow full of tricks, and continually getting into scrapes, and even doing purely mischievous things, so that, in fact, it was no wonder that his name has sometimes been translated by that of the "Devil." I must refer here to my Second Bushman Report, sent in to the Honourable the Secretary for Native Affairs, in which I give a short outline of the Bush-

man literature collected by us. But even the myths told by *!(k)ing* bear out, to a certain extent, this character of the Mantis (*Cagn*): for example, in the story of the woman sticking to *Cagn's* back, which reminds us of the eggs of a magic bird sticking to *!kúggén's* mouth and back. (Second Report, § 9.)

Further, our Bushmen seem to know nothing of any worship of the Mantis, so that the prayer recited by *!(k)ing* was quite new to me. But they have given us prayers addressed to the Sun, to the Moon, and to Stars, besides a number of myths referring to these celestial objects. These latter were, as *!(k)ing* states, unknown to him, because, being a young man, he had not been initiated. Our best Bushman informant was nearly sixty years of age, and was picked out from among twenty-eight grown-up Bushmen as one of the best narrators. But, if a young man like *!(k)ing* could give, and that through the medium of an imperfect interpretation, so much important information regarding the mythology of the Maluti Bushmen,—what may not be expected if Mr Orpen should succeed in discovering, among the sources of the Orange River, some old Bushman or Bushwoman, and if the traditionary lore, of which they are the repositories, could be noted down from their lips in their own language, which we conclude to be essentially the same as, although dialectically differing from, that of the more Western Bushmen.

But if Mr. Orpen's contributions to our knowledge of the Bushman folklore and mythology are important,—the Bushman paintings copied by him are not less valuable. They are in fact the most interesting Bushman paintings I remember to have seen, and they fill us with great longing to see that splendid collection of Bushman paintings which Mr. C. G. Stowe is said to have made. They are evidently either of a mythological character, or illustrative of Bushman customs and superstitions. Before I saw Mr. Orpen's paper, I laid his copy of these paintings before the Bushmen who are now staying with me, and who come from the Katkop Bergen, north-north-west of Calvinia. Their explanations (differing somewhat from those of *!(k)ing*), as far as they understand the pictures, are as follows:—

The paintings from the cave Mangolong represent rainmaking. We see here a water thing, or water cow, which, in the lower part, is discovered by a Bushman, behind whom a Bushwoman stands. This Bushman then beckons to others to come and help him. They then charm the animal, and attach a rope to its nose,—and in the upper part of the picture it is shown as led by the Bushmen, who desire to lead it over as large a tract of country as they can, in order that the rain should extend as far as possible,—their superstition being that wherever this animal goes, rain will fall. The strokes indicate rain. Of the Bushmen who drag the water cow, two are men (sorcerers), of whom the chief one is nearest to the animal. In their hands are boxes made of tortoise (*!khū*) shell (containing charmed boochoo) from which strings, perhaps ornamented with beads, are dangling down. These are said to be of Kafir manufacture. The two men are preceded by two Bushman women, of whom one wears a cap on her head. The Kafirs in the other picture (which is from the upper cave at Mangolong) are said to assist in the ceremony, and to stand at the side. These Kafirs are three men with knobkerries in their hands and bundles of assegais on their backs. Between them are two women. The spotted appearance of one of the men

could not be explained by my informant. The caricatured style in which these Kafirs are drawn, with their tail-like dresses made so long as to give them quite an amphibious appearance, is very remarkable. On the whole the red Bushman looks down upon the black man quite as much as any orthodox white skin does.

The paintings from the cave of Medikane are thought to represent sorcerers, wearing gemsbok's horns, and two of them having sticks in their hands. They are said to belong to the ancient Bushmen, or to the race preceding the present Bushmen, and who it is believed killed people. The white figures also, with steenbok horns, from the cave of the source of the Kraai River, are believed to belong to these same people. There is something reminding one much of the Egyptian mode of mythological representation in these animal heads on human bodies; but, of course, the reason for this combination of the animal and human may in each case be quite different; but this is a point which only a thorough insight into the mythology of both nations can decide.

The fact of Bushman paintings, illustrating Bushman mythology, has first been publicly demonstrated by this paper of Mr. Orpen's; and to me, at all events, it was previously quite unknown, although I had hoped that such paintings might be found. This fact can hardly be valued sufficiently. It gives at once to Bushman art a higher character, and teaches us to look upon its products not as the mere daubing of figures for idle pastime, but as an attempt, however imperfect, at a truly artistic conception of the ideas which most deeply moved the Bushman mind, and filled it with religious feelings. A collection of faithful copies of Bushmen paintings is, therefore, only second in importance to a collection of their folklore in their own language. Both such collections will serve to illustrate each other, and to contribute jointly towards showing us in its true light the curious mental development of a most remarkable race. A Bushman painting will frequently help us to unearth a myth, legend, or fable, which otherwise would have been forgotten, and might have remained unrecorded, although of importance perhaps for the explanation of the nature and origin of Bushman mythology.

At the end of these remarks, hastily drawn up (as the paper was only submitted to me when already going through the press), I wish to express the earnest hope that Mr. Orpen will continue to take the active interest in these researches which has already given us this valuable paper,—and that many others may be found to tread in his footsteps; and especially that those who have it easily within their reach to copy Bushman paintings, will furnish us with faithful copies. Where photography is available, its help would be very desirable, as the general public is sceptical, and not unfrequently believes that the drawings are too good not to have been vastly improved in copying, thereby doing scant justice to Bushman art. It would also be desirable to have, besides an indication and description of the locality, a statement of the actual size of the figures, &c. That the copies should give the true colour of the originals (as essential to their value) is of course understood.

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