

A Short Autobiography

of

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the author of the book "The History of the Church of the South in the Colony of Natal" (1894) and the book "The History of the Church of the South in the Colony of Natal" (1894).

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THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF THE SOUTH IN THE COLONY OF NATAL

by

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THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF THE SOUTH IN THE COLONY OF NATAL

Chapter 1.

At the outset I must give the history of the Zima Clan, as reported to me by the late Rev. Gqamana. This gentleman travelled much from place to place, and his knowledge of tribal genealogies gave him pre-eminence. He was of the Khuma clan, and therefore a Thembu.

Mr Gqamana tells us that his father's fathers left their country of the Xesibe in pursuit of game until they came to the land of the Thembu. When they arrived, they discovered that the weapons were izikwili — primitive assegais — for the Thembus had had not yet knowledge of the art of smelting iron.

Zima.

On their arrival in Thembuland, it was a son of the chief who ruled the land, a very tall man, with red eyes, whose name was Zima, son of Nxekwa, of Ntoyi, of Cedume, of Bomoyi, of Thembu. This giant acted as Regent for his nephew in the tribe. It was apparent that he was determined to retain the position, and not to give way to the rightful heir, even although he had attained the age for ruling. The tribe was afraid of the giant because he was surrounded by brothers, and other members of the family, and the whole thing ended in secret murmuring.

When the Thembus observed that the ~~Khm~~ Khuma had good assegais, they held council with them secretly, and came to an agreement to set this chief aside.

The Thembus ~~set~~ at once set about carrying out this plan, and presented the Xesibes with a cow, whose fat was to be used as a war charm. After much preparation and many ceremonies, the people saw that now the hour had come for them to strike. Much beer had been brewed and wild herbs were mixed with it for the purpose of crippling the enemy. Strong

attle-kraals, made of stone, were put up where the beer-gathering

would ~~assemb~~ assemble.

A polite invitation was sent to the chief to attend a feast made in his honour.

The chief, accompanied by his younger brothers, and a great number of counsellors, arrived, and sat round in the midst of a great assemblage as was usual. Food and beer duly doctored were handed round, and in the process of time it became clear that some of the chief's party were beginning to get drowsy, and others were finding it difficult to get up, and their knees were weakened.

Then the Thembu signalled one to the other. The forces outside the kraal began to prepare, and the order to charge was given. A rush was made, and the cry arose, Hihi, hi, hi-ii . Ha-ha-ha-a-a. Hiki. Hiki. Hiki, while assegais were doing their work, any who escaped, did so very narrowly through those stone fences, and scattered as they ran in every direction.

Many of the Zima family took refuge among the Pondo, and the Pondomise, and others among the Xhosa. Mr Gqamana ends his story with the words, "Old as I am, I have not as yet met a single Zima who is not in a position of honour wherever he is.

Chapter 11.

Sheshegu.

Among those who had abandoned the country altogether, was Sheshegu, a very tall man. It is said of him that in all his long journey from Thembuland to the Dange tribe of the Xhosa, he never looked back. In those days the Dange occupied the country extending from Middledrift to Somerset East. The place where Sheshegu built his kraal is the present division of Victoria East. After he had settled down, many came to live with him— mostly his relations.

Chapter 111.

Mqhayi of Jadu.

In the Xhosa tribes nothing raised a man to pre-eminence more than that people coming from other tribes should come into the tribe through him. The tribes needed warriors, and consequently keen competition resulted. Now, Sheshegu, father of Mqhayi had a number of men from other lands who had joined the tribe through him, and although he was a new-comer, this gave him much prominence in the country of his adoption.

Land Settlement.

In our days there is much questioning concerning land as to whether land was subject to purchase in former days, and as the powers of minor chiefs in charge of certain areas entrusted to them. Land was never subject to sale, for it belonged to that particular tribe with its chief. It was looked upon as an inalienable treasure. When a new-comer arrived he would state his business. He would be asked where he would like to build his kraal, and the matter would be referred to the neighbours for their approval. He was then required to see to it that he attended all meetings summoned at the great place, and gave the tributes that were due to the chief.

The central part of the new home was the space between the huts and the cattle-kraal (inkundla), where the most intimate family affairs—marriage, ritual sacrifices, installations, etc.—were conducted.

The strip of country known as Sheshegu is an unattractive country, without much arable land, but there was plenty of game in that land, and cattle fed on the bush yielded much milk. Maize, kafir-corn, and other vegetable products formed the chief diet for women and children.

Mqhayi, the son of Sheshegu was already well known. This was due to the dignified position which his father held, and to the admiration

He was a very tall man(probably about 7ft.), as his father, and also his father's fathers were. Also he was famous as a singer and a dancer.

The blood of Ginya speaks.

Here we touch on a sad story, of an incident perpetrated by the Zima upon another of the clan in the neighbourhood of Sheshegu. While the Zima were scattered around Sheshegu, there was a Zima of very strong physique, named Ginya. This man was rich, but he was a miser, mean and niggardly, a fault not easily ~~forget~~ forgiven. Also he neglected to attend meetings called by the chief, and withheld his tributes to the Great Place. His friends saw that he was a disgrace to the clan, and held council on the matter. Thereupon a number of men, on a certain day, visited his kraal, while he was milking his cows. He perceived at once that the mission of these ~~me~~ men was not one for peace, for although they tried to dissemble by asking each other for tobacco, there were low murmurings apart. Then suddenly they sprang upon him. The man defended himself desperately, and blood was spilt all over the place. At last because of their number, they overwhelmed him and overcame him, and put him to death.

There came a strong reprimand to those men from the Great Place. They were fined, because this they did in the absence of Mqhayi, their leading man. In addition to the fine, another misfortune befell these men, for they were all killed in war by the British forces, and not one escaped. This was a great shock to the whole nation, and it was surmised that this was a vengeance for the blood of Ginya. Further, the large and well-known family of the Kotis, of the Kwayi clan, after they became converted to the Gospel message, used constantly to cry out, "The blood of Ginya speaks." Krune, the son of Mqhayi, also accepted the Gospel message from the day it came, and did it with fear and trembling,

uttering something concerning the blood of Ginya. This is how God prepares the hearts of men for His Word.

Mqhayi is promoted.

In the course of events Mqhayi was taken by Gaika, the paramount chief, and transferred to his own special section through a councillor. It was great promotion for Mqhayi to be made a councillor of the Great Place, instead of settling in a small tribe.

The story goes that on a certain day a dance was held at Balura near Sheshegu, and as usual Gaika with his party special dancing party arrived on the scene, with steps that indicated authority and joy. But they found that their arrival did not arouse the usual stir and admiration. The Dange dancers were well-organised, and had banded themselves for the dance. They were at it already, dancing round a giant who towered above the crowd, and chanting his praises.

That day it appeared to the Chief that ~~the~~ the day was not his, and that the Dange meant business, and that his attendants, big as they were, looked small indeed in comparison to the Dange giant who was the hero of the occasion. Mqhayi too went on with the dance, paying little attention to the Chief. Being told who this tall fellow was, Gaika was displeased that he had not been informed of the arrival of this family from Thembuland, and forthwith transferred Mqhayi from the Dange. By way of compensation, a great number of cattle were given them.

Mqhayi at once went to settle at Jadu near to Seymour. He died ~~the~~ there in the year of the War of Hintsa, (1835). It is said that when he died he was all alone, fighting against the British forces, his clothing being full of bullet holes. ~~THE NAME THAT GAVE HIM~~ His son Krune narrowly escaped being shot the same day.

He died before attaining the age of 50 years, leaving three sons

Chapter.IV.

Krune, Nzanzana, and Peku.

These are the names of the three sons of Mqhayi. The eldest of them is Krune(1800—1895), who was the only child by the wife of the great house, of the Nkabane clan. Nzanzana and Peku are the issues of the daughter of Phono of the Nqhosini clan—there is a daughter in between them. We are now going to deal with the short life incidents of these three men, beginning with the youngest.

Peku(1827—1904)

Peku was still very young when his father died, and went away with his mother who returned to her people of the Ndlambe tribe. When he grew up he refused to leave the Ndlambe, until his mother's family was broken up by the Cattle-killing of 1857. Peku, along with other vagrant to Cape Town, he escaped and worked his way back ~~him~~ to his old home. He died at Emgwali of the Gaikas, in his own home in the year 1904.

Nzanzana(1825-1891)

This was a distinguished son of Mqhayi. He was known by magistrate as a headmen; known in the Presbyterian Church as an Elder; known to the Xhosa as a counsellor of the Great Place, especially with the portion of the tribe under Maqoma. He was a man rich in live-stock, and made much money by transport-waggons. He was a remarkable fighter, and went through the war of 1877 with his Chief.

At the end of the hostilities in 1879 he reluctantly crossed the Kei River with Kona Maqoma who did not take part in the war. He was famed as an orator, and became ~~in~~ the right-hand man of his missionary the Rev. J.M.Auld.

Krune(1800-1895)

This is the one son whose name is used by the womenfolk of the
He was born near Sheshegu in a small place

called Gubura in the district of Victoria East. As his brothers and sisters were mostly young when his father died, it fell to him to act as their guardian.

After the death of Gaika, the control of the tribe was vested largely in Maqoma, the son of the Right-Hand. When his son Kona entered the initiation school, Krune was appointed his attendant—a high honour. In later life he settled among the missionaries at Macfarlan, near Lovedale. The first Christians bore much hardship in their service Christ, because they were accused of abandoning their Chiefs in embracing the Christian faith. Krune then was one of those who bore that hardship.

There was one son born to Krune by his wife, the daughter of the Hugu of the Sukwini clan. This woman did not love the Word, because she was an eminent woman doctor, and she left when her husband came over to the Church, but in the long run it so happened that the Word of God ultimately claimed Hugu's daughter. She departed this life at Lovedale at an age of over 100 years. Krune himself died an elder of the Free Church of Scotland Mission at Macfarlan.

Ziwani(1830-1920)

Ziwani was the only son of Krune. He was a child dedicated to the ministers as he grew up in their midst. He gave himself to education, and embraced the Word in his youth. He was known for his humility, self-control and patience. Also he was familiar with all the languages spoken in South Africa. In his youth he travelled with his uncle's transport wagons, and taught for a time in the Chumie valley. Like his forbears, he was very tall and well built. In 1861 he married a woman of Gcaleka and Fomvana descent. That woman gave him four daughters, one after another

It is said that it was not until they had made special petition that they were rewarded with a son. After a period of residence in the Transkei, he finally settled in Grahamstown, when he became a leading man in his church, famous for his counsel, his preaching, and his singing. Old as he ~~ix~~ became, he never needed spectacles, and his hearing was unimpaired, and he never lost a tooth. He died in 1920 at the age of 90. He was much mourned in Grahamstown as a great man, who was a pillar and the pride of the congregation. The three men heading this chapter, together with their eldest son, Ziwani, lived their life in their country with singleness of heart. With Samuel, the seer, they might have stood up and faced the whole of Xhosaland, and said: Here we are, witness against us to the Lord; whose ox have we taken? or whose ass have we taken? or whom have we defrauded? or whom have we oppressed? whom have we bruised? or of whose hand have we received any bribe to blind our eyes therewith? The answer would have been also the answer of the Isrealites to Samuel.

Chapter IV.

Samuel.

This is now the name of the author of this paper. He was born in the Chumie valley at that old Mission station known as Gqumahashe. It is said it was in the hoeing season for the women threw down their hoes to go and attend his mother giving birth to a child. This was on the 1st December, 1875. The women of the village made much of their duty as midwives, because it was the first male child born to my father, and moreover, my father was the best educated man in that area. The poet sums up the whole rejoicing in the following lines:

What is this movement,

Among men and mothers?

As if it is for a time for merriment?
Ziwani's wife has given birth
The village is full of joy.

Horses are running about,
To-day in this Gqumahafe;
Even hoes are thrown away,
The message is startling;
Ziwani's wife has given birth
To-day she is delivered of a bold one.

Shall we rejoice, or be anxious?
Are we to be happy, or to hope?
We have often given birth to children,
To maidens or to lads.
This day Nomentl is delivered of a child,
She wept for this little one.

Let us rejoice with her,
For we wept with her.
Her petition has been received;
Her groaning has been answered,
She has been delivered of a son,
And she said he is equal to ten sons.

Hail thou, with the little one.
So say we the same to you, young man.
Although we are lacking in presents,
Lacking in words suitable for prayers;
Health to you child of Bedle.

For we asked of the Creator,
This man appeared through petitions.
And his name is "asked for"(Samuel).
Ziwani's wife has given birth —
The Lord is gracious.

Petitions are answered;
Trials are dissipated;
Lift up your ~~heart~~ hearts,
With the "I & Am" there is listening
To the groanings and petitions
He has caused the heart to rejoice.

We pray for the young man,
And to the "I Am" we give thanks to,
^{preserve}
Would He would ~~present~~ the lad
From things that come knocking,
That seek to surround him,
And prevent his succeeding.

We say it of wars and beer-gatherings;
We say it of poverty and famine;
We say it of pride and envy;
And of being lifted up in honour;
May he never to be drawn to evil gain;
And that until he has wrinkles.

Therefore we expect him to be preserved;
We ask for all gifts for him;
For those of the earth and heaven
For those of the deep unto deep

To be a strength unto the race.

Amen.

In those days English and Dutch names were much admired. Although one had a Xhosa name, a child would receive another name the day he went to school, or was admitted to the Church. Xhosa names were associated with heathenism. Therefore the privilege of a Xhosa name could not come my way, my father being a child of the ministers, and one who was expected to be an example to other people. As a reader of the Holy Scriptures, he gave me the name, Samuel, where he could have said, Sicelo(petition) or Mcelwa(one petitioned for).

It is true that I used to hear Xhosa names used of me in my youth. There was one, "Loliwe", because I was born in the year of the arrival of the railway in this country. My mother's pet name for me was Nxheke-nxheke(loose lips) and in short it was Nxheke. I am glad that this name ~~did~~ did not persist.

In the year 1882, I was sent to a school some distance away from home; I estimate that distance at something like six miles. I myself was six years of age. The mistress of the school came from Eefegu. She had a good reputation for teaching and singing: a Miss Emily Langa, who left soon after. After her came a most famous teacher, a Mr Joseph Fondini. He was a man of many talents, and also people admired his manner of doing things. This man had been working at East London before, and he came with the town fashions. He belonged to the Wesleyan Church. He at once showed his ability inasmuch those who had left the school returned to it. Even his music seemed to have been different from the music of other teachers. In his general appearance, he was smart and lively and with it went self-respect, and consciousness of his being an educated man.

At an anniversary held for all the schools under the management of

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Rev. E. Makiwane, our school which was the largest, succeeded in gaining many prizes, and the teacher himself gained a personal prize. The adjudicators were Revs. P.J.Mzimba and E.Makiwane, with Mr. J.Tengo Javvu, who was then Editor of the paper, "Isigidimi" (the Messenger). The teacher was so uplifted that he gave us all new names. It was on this occasion that I got the name of "Edward", which was never used in my home. So my name is now "Samuel Edward Kpone Mqhayi".

This teacher, who had been so loved by the parents, did not remain long at this school. Soon after him, came a very young man who took great pains in his teaching, and made me understand what I was learning. This teacher's name was a Mr. Ebenezer Tsewu Mfilini. I think this young man found the teaching difficult, because he was teaching at his own home and as a consequence he was despised; and he was succeeding as a teacher of Fondini's reputation. I left this school when my father moved to Kentani. Mr. Tsewu did not remain long at this school. He and I grew up saw each other often after I grew up, and we became friends. He takes a great interest in the Xhosa language, as I do. Even in school he used to encourage me to interest myself in it.

Chapter VI.

Pastimes and Playthings of Youth.

I do not remember what play-mates I had when I was under five years of age. Those who knew me intimately, say that I was kept to myself and preferred playing alone. Even when my mind was developing, I had but few play-mates, and I did not keep them long. This was because I was the only boy at home, and therefore always busy. My having no play-mates, I attribute to my avoidance of smoking and beer-drinking. Even now I always say to young people, "It is far better not to have play-mates, than to have play-mates from whom you learn habits that are for

13 I used to ~~play~~ play by the cattle-kraal all day long. My play-thing consisted of forked-sticks, imagining that the branches were the horns, and the stick an ox—I yoked together those sticks and called them oxen; then I inspanned them to a small branch, or with a larger stick, I would plough on the dry cow dung in the kraal. There was another pastime riding on a stick, as on horseback. Of course I had to do the galloping like a horse, and bolting, and cantering, which made me tired, and hungry. It is said that one day I came into the house from my play when people had finished the meal. When I was told how I had been forgotten, I looked at the pot and asked: What is in here? The answer was: It is hot water. "Then, give me hot water," said I. I had heard people call coffee "hot water". There was coffee in the pot. At this time I had a play-mate whose name was George Mali, son of Baram of the Ama-Qocwa clan. This boy must have been of a quiet disposition, because I do not remember any of his remarks. Our pastime was to inspan cats to draw brush-wood with, and make miniature cattle-folds into which, for cattle we put the fruit of a certain tree, or clay cattle. Sometimes we used to be overheard by children going to school, as we talked in the bushes; when one would say to the other, "By Goerge". This is time for the inspanning of cats now". "Yes, by Sam."

One day I offended my mate seriously. At home a young mare brought forth a foal—and the men, seeing how hungry the foal was, took hold of the udder and milked it, to see if the mare had milk. I was looking on at what the men had been doing. The next day, I met my play-mate, and said, "By Goerge. Oh. By Goerge. You know, that mare can be milked. Let us also go and milk it for ourselves. George did not ask any questions, but at once went into the house, and came out with a small tin pail. He made straight for the horse, while I went to it sideways to take hold of its head. George went round behind the mare which allowed him to come

... it suddenly stood on its front

legs, and caught him with its hind ones. He was sent flying against a grain enclosure. Nobody ever knew what had become of the milk pail. And where was Sam, the one who started the play? He was aghast. He ^{was} ~~was~~ ~~running~~ running from hut to hut trying to hide. He could not bring himself to go to George to see how he was, nor could he go to people to report the accident. I stupidly betook myself to George's home, when his father gave it to me. I still ~~xxxxx~~ remember these words: "Get away here, is it not you who caused George to be kicked by that horse." And surely I did not go slowly in getting away from there. Fortunately George suffered no after effects of the kick. There was another small gray horse,

my uncle, Mr. Spelman Fuku, used to take us out, to teach us how to ride. After the matter of the mare, he did it no more.

One day, while I was playing with George, we were surprised by George's brother, Jimmie, saying, "Come, you boys, I want to take you to school." There he went with us to that far off school, carrying us by turns on his back. The school children looked at us with surprise, laughing at the dirty-looking children coming into school when it was the time for the recess. This Jimmie was known especially for his exaggerated talk. Even on this day he planned a reason why he had come late, by saying that we had cried out that he should take us to school; which we had not done. The teacher took us and placed us in the Sub-Standard A class. It was a great thing ~~xxx~~ with us to be seated on benches, looking at the teacher while writing on that big slate of his—the black-board. Afterwards, the teacher came to our class to teach us. He drew us up in line together with the children who had been at school before, and I got above them, for my sisters had seen to it that I learnt something at home.

At one time a Xhosa Reader was bought for me, so that my elder sister might teach me at home. This teaching went along with the switch.

It so happened some day while I was at school that

George, I shouted to him, "Do you see what is the cause of our being ¹⁵ beaten? You say we must tear it into pieces." So saying I took the book out—because we always had it with us while tending cattle in the veld, while big boys taught us, again with the help of switches. We held the book between us, and tore the leaves off, for the wind to toss about. One of the big boys found the pages on the way. George and I admitted what we had done. But a new book was bought whereas I had hoped there ~~was~~ was an of it, and the switch. One day George said, "Do you know, Sam, a man came to my home, who laughs thus:—"He-he-he-he". We then went to allow me to see him also. Truly I heard this man talk loudly ~~and~~ and laughing as George had described. Soon the man mounted his horse and went away. Then a young man ~~xxx~~ x came out and said: "You see, you boys, that is the minister who comes to fetch you to go to school. Therefore you must know that you have to go to school". It was then true that this was the minister, the Rev. E. Makiwane, collecting children for the school. This was the first occasion on which I had seen a minister. Even this name, George, I believe I heard. One day I ~~was~~ received a thrashing which I consider I had long ~~xxx~~ deserved. My mother had died while I was still two years of age, and then my eldest sister, being still a young child of only ten years of age, had to bear the ~~xxxx~~ burden of looking after me. So I grew up watching my sister, crying after her, wanting to go wherever she went. That morning I saw my sister carrying a pot and going towards the fields; this was in autumn. I decided at once to go also, for I had seen good things, like green mealies pumpkins, sweet cane, and water-melon, coming from the direction of the fields; and today a pot was being carried to cook them. My father called me back, and I reluctantly returned, and sat down. After a moment's rest I said to myself, "Father would not see me go;" and I went. He saw me, and called out for me to come back and I returned. My father was busy

going off for the third time, and as they looked, they saw me suddenly stand still and then go backwards and backwards and again stand still. They guessed that I had seen something, and was in difficulty. This time my father did not shout to me; he came himself, and saw a puff-adder slowly making for me to attack. It would not allow me a single step forward, but stood in my way. My father came and killed it with a blow, and after laying it aside, he then dealt with me. I got what I deserved that day, and dared not afterwards follow my sister, Satyi. Here in the village I had another play-mate, whose name was Simon Baßala, whose other name was Langeni. This boy had a younger brother, Paulus. Those two also had a mishap that befell them through me. Below the village was a stream, and across this stream men were digging out a big dam to catch water from this stream, to provide water for our live-stock—a precaution for times of drought. Soon after the dam was finished, rain came down in torrents, and filled the little stream to overflowing. When the rain ceased, the dam was full to the brim. The grown-up people came out to see and admire the dam. Some even stripped themselves of their clothes and went in for a swim. All this time I was present, looking on. Then late in the afternoon, when the sheep we were tending were pleasantly feeding beside the village after the warm summer rain, I met my companions, Langeni and his younger brother. "Isay," said I, have you seen how full the dam is—and besides there was swimming there. Let us also go and have a swim." Off we went with great merriment. At first we meant to bathe at the edge of the dam, but the youngest of us, wishing to appear brave, went further and further into the water than we did, and began to taunt us for cowardice. As we went in after him, he stepped further and further on, jeering at us. Then he suddenly tumbled over and over, and there he appeared in the centre of the dam. His brother, Langeni, made an effort to rescue him, but he also got into

"Paulus is drowned in the dam." He had not to repeat it twice. There was a rush of the men of the village, with his grand-father in front. Fortunately he had been collecting the stock below the village. He threw himself at the boy, carried him out. The boy's mother and grand-mothers were with their hands on their heads, wailing as for the dead. They laid him down on his stomach, with his head down the slope, and gently pressed the stomach, until he vomited out the water. He soon recovered and although he was dazed, he was able to walk. Langeni got a switching from his grandfather, but the grandmothers cried the more saying, "No. Mehlo's father, do not finish them all up." They were sure Paulus was dead. What did I do, the one who had been the cause of all this trouble? When I saw that things were bad, I leapt for the bushes, snatching up my shirt as I ran. I dodged from bush to bush to see what was happening and unable to tear myself away. When they carried Paulus out, I was already on the brink of the dam, mixing with the people, with my shirt in hand. I was sent away very sternly by my uncle, Fuku, who said: "I am sure you too ought to be thrashed." People now began to dislike my coming into contact with their children. I think they were right in that; although no case was ever made of these things, because people in those times had a reasonable way of looking at things, knowing what mischief there is in a boy. On another day, I got myself into a proper mess. I had seen my uncle running past in the midst of a swarm of bees in flight. He was running to an fro, laughing. People remonstrated with him, saying that he would be stung. Now I thought that what I saw my uncle doing must be a brave act, so soon after, as I was awalking with girls older than myself, and we saw a swarm of bees settled on a bush, I went and stood over them, wearing only a shirt. "This is what uncle

did," said I. Then the bees took a hand, and began to sting first here, then there. As I cried out, they came in greater numbers, getting under my shirt and stinging me all over. One of the girls came and snatched me off away, and ran off with me. The whole of my body became swollen, and I was seriously ill. On another day, I saw two mounted Native policemen, with a crowd round them. I arrived at the close of the talking, but I heard one of the policemen say, "Men, search for the man, do not take it easy." This took my fancy, and I repeated the sentence over and over again. Some men noticed what I was repeating. After this, and wherever men assembled, men would call out for me, and then give me something of what they were eating; and always asked me, "Sammy, what did that police man say?" As I repeated the sentence, the men would burst out laughing, and others would ask me to say it again. Later when some Fingo men from Gaga were present, I found out we had amused the men of our village—the policemen were Fingos, and I have said the words as the Fingos do. George's father said to the Fingo, "You hear then, you Fingos, your faulty speech is detected by a little child." This was at a time when it was maintained by the Xhosa that the Fingo teachers spoilt the Xhosa language.

What about the man who was wanted by the police? He was a ~~big~~ big boy, Richard Sonyo, of this place; he was being stalked by two big boys from Gaga—with whom he had fought in faction fights. As they came stealthily on, he saw them, and got ready; and on his getting up he gave one of them such a blow that he died, and the other was wounded. Later he was caught and sentenced to imprisonment and lashes. We met afterward and became intimate friends with each other and with that policeman, Mdinisa. Richard now lives in a big beautiful home which he has put up for himself, and is a notable Christian. Whenever we meet, one says, "Men, search for the man," and the other finishes with the sentence,

"do not take it easy," in the Fingo style.

Chapter VII.

At Kentani.

In the year 1885, known in Xhosaland as the year of the famine, when tree-roots were eaten, my father removed from Zinqhayi in the Victoria East district, to Kentani in the Transkei, to the place where his uncle Nzanzana was. By this time I was nine years of age. When they spoke of Gcalekaland in those days, one used to think it was a land not worth speaking about at all. The people about us had the idea that it was a country infested with disease, famine and poverty, and that war still raged in that country. When people asked me why I looked forward to going to a country like Gcalekaland, I would answer, "I go to the people of my race." And again when they asked me what I was going to do as the country was always engaged in war, I would answer, "I shall fight. Those who left then were my father, myself, and my two sisters aged 16 and 14 respectively; my eldest sister stayed behind. We arrived at the great big homestead of Nzanzana, who was headmen of that area. We arrive in the month of June, and there was not a mealie-stalk on the land. My father had been told of this state of affairs before he left Zinqhayi, but my father was a man who did not easily change his mind; he took a long time to think a thing out, and then kept to his decision. The famine of that year was very hard on the people of that place; it was known as the famine of the phunzisa, a tree with fleshy roots, which people ate to keep body and soul together. There was much theft of stock and grain, and trading stores were broken into. Stock suffered from ticks and diseases that came with them. But by the helping hand of the Almighty the famine passed away, and was followed by great plenty.

Those six years.

In those six years I learned much & respecting Xhosa life, inclu-

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ding the refinements of the Xhosa language. I saw the various Xhosa dances, and tribal ritual such as the initiation ceremonies of boys and girls, and the work of the Xhosa doctors; and all the details of marriages ceremonies. But what affected me most was listening to the chief's counsellor, hearing and debating a law-suit. As boys belonging to the headman's kraal, whatever we were doing, if we heard a suitor cry from a distance, "I complain," we would shout each, "Proceed," and so it would go on until he would state his case, and if there were men at the kraal, they would put questions to him. The questioning might be so severe that he could decide to settle the case with the defendant by agreement, rather than proceed at the chief's kraal. These experiences gave me the material for my story, Ityala lamaWele (The law-suit of the Twins), to the publication of which I owe much of whatever success I have had. (W.B. This book is one of the classics of Xhosa and has been sold in thousands. W.G.B.) If I had not had the opportunity of living at Kentane for those six years, it appears to me I could not have given my people that I have been able to make. I thank my father for taking me to Kentane, for it was the means of my getting an insight into the national life of my people. I attended school in that country, but my schooling was often broken by my having to herd stock. Everybody at home wished well for me in my education, saying: "This boy will be a student, he must be educated." The minister, Rev. J.M. Auld, in his examination of schools, and at anniversaries, used to single out my sister, Jane, and me, as being the best scholars in all his schools. We often received presents at such occasions. We excelled especially in Scripture knowledge.

In my desire to learn, I left no stone unturned; any book I saw, or even a paper tossed about by the wind, I would pick up and study carefully, whether it were in English or in Xhosa. I also aimed especial

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t a good knowledge of the Scriptures. I would pray in the veld until I
rept, because it seemed that I was losing the chance of getting educa-
tion.

About 1882, there came to Kentane a magistrate who took a great
interest in the "school people." He even asked the Government to agree
to a settlement for them, when each settler was to have as much land as
would be equal to a small farm, to enable each holder to grow both sum-
mer and winter crops-- to plant trees and lay out orchards, and build
square houses and keep so much live-stock as would be in keeping with
the size of his farm, to fence in their homesteads, and educate their
children, to teach themselves how to manage their affairs by applying
the system of Village Management Boards. I regret to say those men never
used the right that the magistrate made possible for them. This magistra-
te was Mr. Wm. Girdwood, who afterwards became a Missionary at Thuthura.
And yet even so in all the district of Kentane this place sets an exampl
for cleanliness and progress.

There, as I tended stock, I decided on sites on which I would like
to erect my own home, where I would make water-furrows, lay out a garden
and build a house to my own liking; I had a mind for those things,
although I had not a shirt to cover my body.

In the veld, herding stock, we used to mix with the Red(heathen)
boys. Being a boy from the Headman's kraal I used to receive due res-
pect, all the more because I was good with my sticks, which meant much
with Xhosa boys. I used to attend their dances on Saturdays, dressed in
my sheep-skin kaross, armed with two sticks. I would sit throughout the
night, looking on, neither dancing as boys do, nor singing. Then at day-
break, boys from another village would challenge us to a bout with sti-
sticks. And if there were no boys from other parts, we would spar among
ourselves. We called this "playing" with sticks, but there would be

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aping wounds on our heads and elsewhere, with blood flowing. In the mischief indulged in by the Red boys such as throwing sticks at people's fowls, stealing green-mealies in the fields, to be roasted in the veld, I never took part. Thus the other boys ~~be~~^u became afraid of me in addition to the respect they already had. This they ~~did~~ preferred to keep their cattle away from mine, and I also was pleased. For I always looked for the greenest pasture ~~x~~ so as to gain my uncle's approval, as he saw how well-fed the cattle looked, compared with the other herds. Through the confidence my uncle had in ~~me~~ my herding of the stock, I acquired fresh responsibilities in the affairs of the kraal. I would in-span oxen to fetch brush-wood for the gaps in the cattle-kraal; and whenever I saw a beast sick I dosed it. I knew that if ~~I~~ I did not do these things I should be asked to whom I looked to do them. Because I was in charge of the stock, my uncle forbade the women and girls to send me on errands, to my great relief. During this time, my father had gone to settle at Grahamstown. He was a child brought by the missionaries. He pretended that he was going there for work. He met his mother's people, the Coloured, and in their church(the Congregational); he was held in high esteem. He, therefore, lived in that part of the country, until, he died. My two young sisters remained with me. They kept a close watch on me, admonish me, and remonstrate with me. They ~~and~~ did not like my spirit of independence, and thought I got it from the Red boys in whose company I was when herding stock in the veld.

Answer accorded to prayer.

No one knows what grief and pain I suffered in not getting an education. My sisters shared in this grief and pain. I took every opportunity of attending Divine worship on Sundays, but herding did not allow me much chance of doing so.

It was about this time that I heard of my father's desire to send me to an educational institution, but there was a delay after a delay. It was not because they did not like the idea of my going; the difficulty had been the care of stock.

By this time my uncle, Nzanzana, was dead. Then my eldest sister arrived with her husband, saying that they had been sent by my father to fetch me. The people I was with were speechless not knowing what to do. Then they said they themselves would put me to school and so on. My sister and her husband were pliable and found it hard to oppose others. It looked as though I should be left, whereas we suggested that they should see me, for I was away at a cattle-post. So off they went to where I was, a distance of twenty miles.

I was lying resting and reading the New Testament at the words, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled," when suddenly I saw two women arriving. They were my sisters. On their arrival they told me they had come to fetch me, and that the people at home refused to give me up. When they were preparing to return, I put on my sheep-skin kaross, took my two sticks, and left everything as it was, the cattle grazing on the slope of the hill, with no one responsible for them, the head of the kraal being away but not far. Off we went to the central kraal. There was not much to say, for all saw how determined I was to go. They did not like to hurt my feelings on what they clearly saw had to be.

On the 15th April 1891, we left what had been my home for 6 years. The first stage was very heavy, for, having been directed to certain short-cuts, we spent time in seeking the right path. At two kraals we were refused lodging, and at the ~~the~~ third, we were received with suspicion. We got up at dawn for to go, but my uncle found that a pipe he valued had disappeared. After much search and argument, it was recovered from two boys who had shared the hut with us. We crossed the Great Kei bridge, and a few miles further on we came to wagons standing at the outspan. They belonged to the man with whom we went across to the Transkei. We travelled on those wagons to King William's Town. Here a pair of trousers and a jacket were bought for me. The following day we reached Lovedale. The next day, Sunday, I and a boy who had come with us went sight-seeing, and greatly admired the things we saw. On Monday, I was made to put on my first trousers and jacket. Hitherto my only clothing had been a calico shirt or a sheep-skin kaross, and sometimes an old jacket given to me by someone. The kaross blanket I left at Kentane, and I travelled in a blue shirt and a policeman's discarded jacket which fitted me like an overcoat, for it reached below the knees.

On the Monday my sister took me to the elementary school which took pupils to Standard III. We were received by the Lady Principal of this School. I was taken in and seated. I was even feeling very nervous of

I was going to learn. It soon

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school concert gained much applause, and was from the first a Chapter of The Pilgrims Progress.

Staying in my sister's house, I became a herd boy, and milker, and at the ploughing season also I helped them. The boys with whom I ~~wax~~ went, were big boys; when I first saw them, I thought that they were men but I soon saw they were boys by their habits and actions. They were ~~xx~~ very much in disfavour with the young men. There was nothing these boys liked better than seeing little boys fight. They would find a young girl alone cooking, and eat up everything in the pot. They would come upon a little boy milking, stop him, and then they would milk the cow into their mouths. A dog or cat seen going about was immediately hunted and often killed. They would suddenly attack a stranger in the twilight, and then run away. It was not long before these fellows made me one of their company, because I was good with my sticks. Nevertheless, I kept the school and refused to stay away for weddings and activities.

At that time there was not this system of taking three years in the Normal school for the teaching profession. After passing StdV we ~~were~~ used to enter the teachers' class, and take the certificate examination as soon as we were fit for it. So in time, I entered on the course of training. The work was hard, for to get money I used to work for the institution at 1d. an hour for 3 hours every afternoon, ~~xxxx~~ and 1/6 on Saturdays. The work was weeding paths, cutting down aloe hedges, digging out and spreading gravel. In the vacations I went to East London and took any work that came my way first whatever it was. Fortunately I had a cousin living in the house of the Rev, ~~xx~~ W.B. Rubusana, and I also lodged there. Mr. Rubusana was much pleased to see my keenness for

At the beginning of the year 1894, I became restless and refused to go to school. I did not remain at one place, but went about visiting friends in one place and another. My friends could not understand it. The fact was that my companions were about to enter the initiation school, and I was not going to be left behind. I knew how hateful the circumcision school was to the ministers, but I had determined to be expelled rather than not become "a man". In my own mind I felt that I was going to be a ~~xxx~~ worker for my own people in my own country, a worker for the Gospel for social service, in politics, and in educational matters; and it was clear to me that I could not accomplish my work if I did not become a man as they were. At last on the 5th March, 1894, the assegai did its work. When the ~~x~~ assegai has ~~done~~ made its cut, the operator tells you to say, "I am a man." There were 25 of us, but 10 of these used to come up secretly at night owing to their fear of the ministers, and then go back home at day time to put on their old rags.

I had now given up all hope of further education, knowing that the missionaries might exclude me on my return to the institution. But when we came out of the school, I first got work with one of the European staff, and later was pardoned and admitted. But Mr. J.K. Bokwe, a leading supproter of the ministers spoke to me most severely, for trying to get education and then going back to heathen customs.

The act of accepting the Gospel.

My sisters had continually urged me pay regard to the Gospel and enter ~~xxxx~~ Church fellowship, but I knew that if I did so, I should be cut off for going to the circumcision school, and on this my mind was set. So I hardened myself, and did not give anybody the slightest notion that I was already a convert to the "Word". When I first went to Bayi at the age of 7, a number of us wandered to a spot

then I heard a sound of soft murmuring. A sister of mine said, "Go and pray, they are praying there." So going behind a bush, I knelt and said, "God of David, of Abraham, of Jesus," and could get no further. The people by this time had finished, and to my great relief we went home. Next day it occurred to me to say The Lord's Prayer, adding some words of mine own. This gathering became a daily custom in cold and heat; in rain and sunshine.

This was the beginning of my giving prayer its due place. To this day I do not like to go through a bushy place without falling on my knees in prayer. This is referred to in my book, Don Jadu. After returning to school, I perceived that there was no obstacle to my accepting the "Word." The opportunity came when revival meetings were held in the village. These were held in one house and another throughout the week. Upon a certain day, then, there was held a revival meeting here in the village. The minister himself was present together with senior students from Lovedale institution. One thing that troubled us Xhosa was that some evangelists expected one to cry and bewail one's sins. Some of us did not understand this, and surrendered quietly. Another was the rigorous questioning by some evangelists regarding visions and experiences. But that day I went to the revival meeting determined to remain for the enquirers meeting. The text seemed to suit my case:- "By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter." Choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. (Heb. 11: 24-25). I remained when the others went out. The minister came to me and asked me if I was giving myself up. I said, "Yes, I am." So he took me by the hand and led me up to the front, as I was sitting by the door. In due

added to Church membership, and that was a great day.

My being at Lovedale opened up opportunities which proved ~~ex~~ of great value later. Krune, my grand-father, I got to know thoroughly, for he lived in the Chumie valley. He was very old, and died in 1895 at the age of 95. It was about this time also that I came into close contact with the Rev. P.J.Mzimba and the Rev. E.Makiwane, the first ministers I ever knew. It was Rev. Mzimba who ~~gave~~ baptized me, and received me into Church membership. At Fort Beaufort, not far away, I met some of my kindred who had settled there, and men like the Rev. ~~xx~~ E.Wauchope and Charles Sinxo. I also used to visit Grahamstown where my father lived, and Port Alfred. It was on these trips that I sketched out my story of ~~of~~ Don Jadu. At Alice I saw for the first time some of the difficulties between White and Black, when cattle of the Natives were seized because the owners were running too many on the town commonage. On my arrival at Lovedale, I had found that European and Native boys were attending the same classes, and that was a good thing, as it was profitable to both. Those white boys went out to be magistrates, ministers, and merchants or traders in Native areas, and would go knowing the Native.

While I was at Lovedale, Mr. John Knox Bokwe, a leading official at Lovedale, visited Scotland, and on his return, he gave very interesting reports of that country. Soon after his return, the Rev. P.J.Mzimba went overseas, and took the opportunity of collecting money for the enlargement of his Church building. He also reported well of that country. But difficulties arose over the spending of the money he had collected, and three years later he separated himself from his Church, and founded a Church of his own free of European control. Various other secessions from Mission Churches took place about the same time. These were the fore-runners of other difficulties between White and Black in their relations.

Chapter X.

Out in the world.

On leaving Lovedale, I went to East London, and this time I went in doubt whether I would return to school. The Rev. W.B. Iufusana offered me a school at the West Bank, East London with a Government grant of £6 per Quarter, with £2 from the parents in addition. I accepted the offer out of respect to the minister, as in my own mind I had not regarded teaching as my future profession. At East London I became secretary to the Congregation and to the Vigilance Association. This gave me my introduction to social questions, and the question of the relations of the races.

The Gomo Poet.

Soon after going out into the World, I acquired the name of "The Gomo Poet". This is how this happened. In the month of November, 1897, a new Xhosa newspaper was started at East London, called "Izwi Lafentu" (the Voice of the People). Chief Nathaniel Cyril Umhalla was its editor. He ~~was~~ was Chief of the Ndlambe tribe, and was educated at St. Augustine Canterbury. He was assisted by Mr. George Tyamzafu who had Matriculated from Lovedale. The first time I wrote for this paper, I sent in two poems—"The country of the Ndlambe", and "Ntsikana". I sent them to the paper unsigned. Before they were out Dr. Iufusana ~~who~~ had asked me if I had heard of my new name, "the Gomo Poet", and under that name poems appeared in the paper. The whole community became much interested in trying to discover who this poet was. For long the secret was well kept.

I had always liked poems and the praise-verses (izifongo) in honour of persons or objects or events. It used to be pleasant when someone chanted praises of me, and I used to chant praises about some of the cattle I herded, dogs, and about my companions. The verses would just

of time, the Chief Umhala resigned the Editorship of the paper, and Mr. A.K.Soga took his place. Mr. G.W.Tyamzafé also resigned from the paper, and I was put in his place.

"The Poet of the Race."

Later I received another name in connection with my services to the race. It was given by someone whom I had never seen; the editor of a paper in Johannesburg, called "Batho" (the People). I sent that paper some poems in connection with the end of the year, signed "The Gomo Poet". But the paper came out with this, "The Gomo Poet and ~~the~~ Poet of the Race". The editor went on to say, "It is impossible for you to be the poet of a place, because we have discovered that you have embraced all the Black races in yourself." The man died before I ever saw him.

At this time we were busy organising the people in order to be able to speak in one voice in political affairs, but found that nothing was more difficult for the Black races. Even the hard rule of some Municipalities failed to unite them. European ministers were losing confidence in us, as a result of secessions in the Churches, while the Government seemed to us to be playing off one tribe of Natives against another. This state of things continued. By our divisions, we still make ourselves an easy prey to those who are against us. Many of us have become traitors to their people because of poverty, for our wages are low and produce fetches little. Also we have frequent struggles with Municipalities to secure greater amenities and to preserve our rights.

At the Great Place in Grunze.

In course of time I left the Izwi laSantu and I went back to Kentane, this time, to the Great Place of Kona's, the eldest son of Maqoma, my grand-father's Chief. Xhosa chiefs had long complained of neglect by the educated sons of Councilors, and the people were

welcome. But I was pulled two ways, between the Transkei and the Cis-
 kei. Further, Kona, the Chief, died. So after six years in Kentane, in
 response to an urgent appeal, I returned to the Izwi laFantu. I returned
 to the newspaper at a time when it was staggering to a fall owing to
 lack of financial support from the people even while, in words, they
 praised it. Apart from this, the Directors were not in harmony among
 themselves, or with the editor, Mr. A.K.Soga. There was only one course
 open therefore, and that was to close down the paper. Before the closing
 down of the paper, I had written a pamphlet entitled "Samson" and had it
 printed at Lovedale. People soon bought out the edition, and spoke in
 high terms about it. Further there was not much of Xhosa literature in
 those days. Enquiries for a second edition are still made, and I hope to
 republish it as soon as circumstances permit. I now went and settled
 among the Ndlambe tribe, in the division of East London, as a teacher.
 I was granted a building site and also land to plough, the community
 expressed its joy at my coming among them. School inspectors expressed
 themselves as very satisfied with my method of teaching wherever I
 taught. The schools in which I had taught were under the Anglican Church.
 The managers were anxious for me to become a Church of England man and
 be confirmed by the Bishop, but I was set on opening work for the Con-
 gregational Church. Then my own Church asked me to go and open a school
 at Macleantown, and I went.

At Macleantown.

This little village is in the land of the Ndlambe, where Ndlambe
 himself was buried. It was here that the first Anglican missionar^eies
 began work among the Ndlambe. The Ximipa stream, which is all famous
 throughout Ndlambe-land, runs right through the village of Macleantown.
 Here I ~~remained~~ remained more than ten years. On arriving I discovered

I did not receive a cordial welcome here at first, as I did in other places, and yet yet I was well-known to the people.

I was successful here. The school advanced and reached a position it had never attained to before. When I came here also I discovered that the Native residents of this village had no say, nor a representative in the Village Management Board; I did all I could to secure a member in the Village Management Board, to represent Native interests among the Dutch and German settlers of this village. On some Sundays, the Native Church was empty; I not only put an end to that, but caused the large Congregational Church to be filled with people. Native children's games on Public holidays created such an impression as to attract even white children; prize distributions and concerts used to be organised at the end of the year, at which speakers would be invited from among the village residents or from the neighbouring farmers. The Board became very friendly and assisted regularly by giving contributions towards the children's parties. The school drew children from afar, and Sunday Schools and a Band of Hope were established.

I had many enemies here, but because I was always busy and did not treat them as enemies, they became powerless.

"I became Editor of the Imvo."

At this stage there was a persistent request made by the old editor of the Imvo, Mr. J. T. Jafavu, that I should give up the school, and come and take his place, owing to his ill-health. I considered this matter for some considerable time, until he himself became impatient. Among the friends from whom I took counsel none tried to dissuade me from accepting the offer. And Mr. Jafavu's two sons, one now lecturer in the S.A. Native College, and the other, the present editor, favoured the idea of my coming, so I was received by Mr. Jafavu on a certain day, and put me

accounts—and he also carried on his work; we worked together and assisted each other in folding the paper on the day of publication. The only hindrance was the lack of funds, which were in the hands of the proprietor. I opened new columns which were much appreciated, one of personal items, another of news, from the Great Places of the chiefs, and one of humorous bits. At Mr. Jafavu's death, I represented to his sons that it would not be wise for me to be a burden upon the paper, because there were no funds for my salary; it were far better that I should be allowed to go. I could still be of help although I lived at home. We came to an amicable agreement, and I went to my old school at Macleantown.

W. G. BENNIE, B.A.

There was now close co-operation between Mr. W. G. Bennie, who had been appointed to the new post of Chief Inspector for Native Education, and myself. Mr. Bennie was working more attention to the Xhosa language and for its purity. For it had become clear that the language had suffered from neglect. Each one wrote in his own way, and there were those who said, "I only write that I may be understood," caring nothing for the language. Mr. Bennie frequently consulted me on points of Xhosa usage, grammar and vocabulary, for the benefit of teachers. At one time he commissioned me to translate a book on school gardening, prepared by the Rev. F. G. Dowdsley, of Grahamstown. We accomplished the work in happy cooperation.

"The Case of the Twins."

About this time I made a name for myself among my people, by a small book-pamphlet of which I had never thought very much, but which aroused much interest in my people regarding their language, and Xhosa history. Europeans who could read Xhosa were also interested. The book was prescribed as a Reader in Schools. Probably it owed its much of its

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from England with his London degree. He and the Rev. J. B. Ross did much by writing and speech to make the book known; and Mr. Bennie spread it abroad through the schools. Mr. Bennie continued to encourage me to help in developing Xhosa literature by writing. We assisted each other in various ways, and today the language is on a firm basis largely through his efforts. It was his grand-father who wrote the earliest Xhosa literature, after reducing the language into writing. We are not yet finished, for we still work in co-operation.

There were other pamphlets I wrote, but some have not been published for lack of funds. Also I was always ready to assist young men who aspired to writing.

My "Call" from Lovedale.

Then the Rev. John Knox Bokhwe returned to his home, at Lovedale, owing to ill-health abroad, he interested himself in Xhosa publications. We agreed that it would suit us better to be nearer each other and so as to co-operate better in this work, especially as his health did not allow him to do much. But no invitation had come to me to return to Lovedale, when Mr. Bokhwe died in 1922. I received various letters and telegrams inviting me to return to Lovedale, soon after the death of Mr. Bokhwe to take up the post formerly held by Mr. Ngandela as a teacher in the Elementary School. After some hesitation, I accepted.

When I arrived, the Principal of the Institution was on his way overseas on account of his health; but he soon returned; and we worked together amicably. But in course of time I could see I was not well understood. Objection was taken to some of my views on the history of the Xhosa, and on other matters, and I left Lovedale. It rejoices me today that the misunderstanding between Lovedale and myself did not last long; and other missionaries who were the friends of Lovedale did well in not interfering. I also owe something to Mr. Bennie, whom I regard as

my elder brother, and who, when, in my Xhosa pride and obstinacy, I note against my own interests, pointed out my error.

Chapter XI.

At Ntaf'ozuko.

This is the name of a little place where I now live. It means "Mount of Glory." Leaving Lovedale, I went to my former home at Mncotfho among the Adhlanbe tribe. I had kept in repair, and regularly paid rates and taxes. But I ~~fox~~ found there were houses crowding near it. I accordingly asked for a new site and obtained permission to build on what was called Tilana's Hill. I wanted an open space which could fence in, in order that I might plant trees and grow vegetables in both winter and summer, and showing my people how one could make a living out of the land. The ~~authoritat~~ authorities were much pleased with the object I had in view, and I received permission to occupy 8 acres. I gave it a new name and called it "Ntaf'ozuko," where I hoped God would glorify Himself in me. I have now been ten years a resident of Ntaf'ozuko; but very little has been done owing to my lack of money. I felt that I should concentrate on giving my children an education in the hope that they might assist me after completing their education, and they have just recently left school to work for themselves. Moreover I am the head of the family, which among the Xhosa, that every orphan child in your family will be brought to you, to bring up, feed, clothe, and educate without any recompense in the future, and sometimes to find that the ones you helped have become your enemies. And so it goes on. One cannot refuse to accept these orphans, for in Xhosa society, to do so would put one without the pale. Even if one who is openly your enemy should come back to you again in his difficulties, you have to feed and clothe him before he leaves you.

when I first settled on it. Perhaps the Government may some day be gracious enough to assist such poverty-stricken people as we are, as they keep the white farmer.

Again in this Mtaq'ozuko, I am in a very central position among the Ndhlambe and Gaika tribes, and I am in close contact with the Goalekas. Labourers among the Midland farmers, and young men working in the gold mines also look to me to help and advise them. Also I am in touch with the Chiefs. I am frequently asked to attend functions and festivities of various kinds. I preside over meetings at Sandile's Great Place; at gatherings of the Ciskeian Chiefs; and at meetings of the Agricultural Society of the Ndhlambe. I am secretary to the Chief of the Ndhlambe. When Edward, Prince of Wales, and George, Duke of Kent, visited S. Africa it fell to me to recite their praise-verses in the Ciskei. I play a similar role on the occasion of visits of the Governor-General and other notabilities to the Ciskei. So while I am in close contact with my own race, I am also in touch with the European races, and with all religious denominations who worship the Living God. The Authors' Conference for the advancement of Bantu Literature has given me a place in its midst. Moreover, the Bible Revision Board has included me in its council as one of its members. My little mountain is situated on the Main Road between East London and King William's Town, and it is in the magistracy of East London although nearer to King William's Town. The little village of Berlin is one and a half miles from the homestead. There we get our post, and catch our train.

Marriage.

The reader may wonder whether I was ever married. I was twice married, each time according to Christian rites. A Christian and educated person could not marry according to Thosa custom even though he

by those of our tribe who are Christians. The Government on its part recognises it. When I was first married I was still young, being twenty four years of age, and my wife was seven years younger than myself. Now, that my mind is fully developed, I advise young men not to get married until they reach at least the age of 30 years, and the girls should not marry before 25. My first wife was a girl whom I had known for 5 months. She was a daughter of Petros Xhe, one of Mtsikana's followers whom he handed over to the missionaries at his death.

After some years my wife died, while we were at Kentane. I buried amongst her father's people at Lovedale. I remained unmarried for six years before I saw another beauty in the person of Miss Amy Cukudu, of the royal blood, who lived at Engwali. I had a very happy life with this woman. I never had any anxiety whether we had educated guests from European centres, or whether chiefs of the Xhosa tribes with their counsellors, in their red blankets. It is two years now that this Princess departed this life. I have The few children I have are the children of these two great friends I had.

Conclusion.

The day I left Lovedale, since I was now going out into the world, I sought to equip myself. As I stood, it flashed upon my mind to take up the Book of Books for a word of counsel by the way. As I opened it, my eyes fell with the 10th verse of the 4th chapter of the General Epistle of the Apostle James. It was an English Bible, and the words were:

"Humble yourselves in the face of the Lord, and He shall lift you up."

The passage startled me because I had not read it before. Then I read it in my own language; I found that the words said the same thing. Those words recurred to my mind throughout all that day, and in many

following days, until this day, Therefore in all that I do, and in all that I undertake, this counsel has always remained in me. I have proved that it is true, it helps, and it uplifts. In the days I was at Kentane, there was a little boy who used to refresh us with little praise verses I do not know whether he imitated other people's or whether they were his own thoughts. That little boy used to recite of me:-

"He's a red robin that which we missed while we were boys,

We missed it even when we were men.

He's a ponderous stone of the AmaZima olen.

One bathing in a bath like a Princess.

He keeps to his own like a European lord,

^{us}
The robust bird is the barbet

^w
For it runs away even with its bowels hanging out.