

Ilanga lase Natal.

Friday January 14, 1910.

A NATIVE SCRIBE.

Mr. Cleopas Kunene of Chaka's Kraal has given further evidence of his ability as a literary man, he having won the first prize given by Mr. H. E. V. Pickstone for the best essay on his pamphlet in reply to Lord Selborne's questions, aent the Native Affairs in South Africa. The Editor of the Christian Express (Lovedale) and Mr. Pickstone were the judges of merits of the Essays sent in—all written by natives—and they both at once concurred as to which deserved the first prize (£5.) and Mr. Kunene's was accepted as the best. We have read the Essay and Mr. Pickstone's letter to the Editor of the Christian Express (Dec. 1st '09.) and we are pleased to find the subject treated in a masterly way. There is throughout the Essay a well sustained critical spirit, and never is there a sign of truckling or of loss of manly independence; that is very creditable to Mr. Kunene. The main theme of the Essay is the work-someness of a segregative policy, and the question of cost, both financial and by loss of convenience, stands out as a great difficulty. Mr. Kunene just touches upon it as a something that will qualify the proposal. Our opinion seems to agree with Mr. Kunene's impression that is implied, that it will cost too much to segregate the natives. No one can doubt Mr. Pickstone's sincerity, but we may suggest that the difficulties of South Africa want broader aspect than can be drawn from any local source. From what we have gathered from many centres, the native policy of South Africa will have to be Provincialized, yet under the guidance of general rules that will apply to them all; probably partial segregation will be adopted. Mr. Pickstone is doing good work for his adopted country, and Mr. Kunene is proving that the native can hold his place in the world's civilization. Most colonial profess to admire the late C. J. Rhodes, now they will have an opportunity of proving their admiration. The good old saying that "right is right" and that "wrong is no man's right" is very well brought out in the Essay. In behalf of the intelligent natives hereabout, we thank both Mr. Pickstone and Mr. Kunene for the valuable literature bearing on a vital subject that deeply affects the people, and also, in that it favourably affects the progression of the mental activities of a nation growing under the Divine Providence of the All-Father.

ON THE EVE.

Before another six months are ended the Union Parliament will be sitting, and South Africans will have practically entered the arena in which their fortunes, good or bad, must be decided upon. And as the scene will probably be one of great complexity, we adopt the chemical method of arranging the parts, with all their inherent qualities that we may have a forecast and a survey of that wonderful whole.

We know that some ingredients of the grand compound are of a nature that demands the utmost care of, even adepts in Chemistry/Science, and hence there is a fear that the less learned may rush in where angels might fear to tread. It is easy to upset a kettle of boiling water, but in such cases Dame nature will not prevent the scalding of any one who happens to be in the way; and which of our dear ones may be in the way on such sad occasion?

The Sutro element is being alluded to by the press as dangerous, but in our survey we note that the dangerousness is really in the mode of treatment, there can be nothing to fear provided the Manipulator is wise and skillful. To make a valuable asset a means of loss is unpardonable folly, yet such may happen through blundering conceit. Every one capable of reasonable argument is entitled to speak to prevent indiscretion in the management of the great house in which he, or she, has to live.

An old proverb says "it takes two sides to make a quarrel," and we add that if there should be one side foolish enough to want to quarrel, the duty of the other side is to abstain; we say duty, because it evidently is the duty for Christian men, and sensible men so to act. Should any part of the Union forget its duty to the whole, let it stew in its own juice until it finds what an ass it is making of itself. It will not soon repeat the experiment, and the major part will have the satisfaction of knowing that it has not lost its head, and that it has behaved a reasonable and capable father who earns and gets the well deserved honour from all who have the good fortune to be under his control.

History of the Zulus.

REV. A. T. BRYANT.

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17. THE STORY OF THE NEIGHBOURING CLANS—THE TONGAS.

IV.

In the malarial wastes of sand that stretch along the coast from the Zulu border to Delagoa Bay, the traveller will come across the sparsely scattered kraals

THE NEW-YEAR'S CHALLENGE.

From the events of the past year we ought to be able to gather many a lesson, and apply those lessons in such a way as to make them useful in the future that is upon us. It is scarcely likely that any body of men can claim exemption from the rebukes of Chronus, the wisdom of the most talented group of men does not secure them from every tinge of folly; thus it becomes us all to humble ourselves to that great Power that disposes our destinies. The theological world is not without its shortcomings, and the aberration of the political elements of society are too well known to be overlooked. Yet observed failures will not be used for the general good unless the pride, which clings so tenaciously to those who do not wish to humble themselves, is distinguished as a quality that is not compatible with those qualities that work together for true progress. Riches (increase of money) have often been mistaken as a sign of a nation's progress but what gain is there in having much money if the majority of the people are unhappy. Even the rich sometimes can dimly admit that they are not happy; what then shall be said of the many who are leading very straitened lives? And, who it may be asked is responsible for the bulk of society's misfortune, who but they who have the guiding of those theological and political teams that draw Society's coach hither or thither? As each New Year arrives so the leaders of the people are entering another portal of the castle of the future, and the challenge comes how will you apply the lessons of the past? If for the practical good of common humanity, the way to order is opened; but if the application is to be for conserving the interests of a few then, the only way that is opened for such, leads down to hard discipline, for that is the only way in which callous soul will learn. The New Year brings the challenge, whom will ye serve, God or Mammon?

A THEOLOGICAL BOGUS.

The old scholastic blunder of Ham being cursed by Noah, and of that event being somehow connected with the people of Africa, is still being held by some foolish persons as a sacred item of the past; in the current literature it is sometimes held up as a sort of proof that God has

through Noah, cursed the Africans, and has by sheer force (not logic) condemned the Africans to penal servitude for ever.

But that theological bogus will not bear critical inspection, for we find Ham, the faulty one in the Biblical narrative, is not cursed at all, but his so called grandson is

brought in as a kind of scape goat. And if we take medieval or a modern view of the case, we find the ancient narrative used as a cover for theft and murder in all their variety of cruelty, for the weaker brother (the African) has been systematically pounced upon to serve the avarice of the so-called superior people. No nation can claim the questionable honour of being the only marauders, but it is evident from history that glut of wealth rather than poverty has been, and still is, the great incentive to marauding. This the African is beginning to understand, and therefore will not seriously accept the bunkum re the cursing of Ham etc. No! not even though there be the scholarly theologic (?) recommendation for the name of the filchers.

We hope, now that the "cat is out of the bag" there will be no more bold-faced ignorance put forward as pious knowledge, for to those who know, it is the most despicable cant. We are not deriding Holywrit, that, we hold is above the predaaceous soul, who, if he touches anything higher than his own aim in life, will do whatsoever he can to bring it down to his own level. Thus we have sacred words quoted by devils. The plea for chattel slavery having been proved to be spurious, the plea for economic slavery in any form is found to be untenable. The day is past for supporting such evil with arguments theologic or political—recourse must now be to arms, for deception is "played out."

of a very large foreign tribe, unlike any other in these parts. Their *isiZALO* or clan name, they will inform him, is *TEMBE*, and their *isiBONGO* or cognomen *Mbhudu*. The chief of these people of Tembe in these present days is *Ngwanaza*, son of *Noziyigili*, son of *Hluma*, son of *Makasana*, son of *Mwayi*, son of *Mangobe*, which latter reigned on the *Tembe* river (entering Delagoa Bay) about the year 1757. Behold here *Makasana*, the lord of the locusts! Behold too *Mangobe*, the namesake of Miss Pussy,—whose pushful subjects, from the European mariners at Delagoa Bay, purveyed for their customers in Kafirland, those precious rings of rough copper and brass (*umDAKA* afterwards to be transformed into wristlets (*inxGxota*) for the king's courtiers and arm-rings (*amaSongo*) for his wives; those pretty red beads (*ingweli*), Shaka's favourite body-ornament, and the black ones (*isiSimbula*) and the white (*imasa*) so beloved of his sweethearts; and, finally, as a specially attractive novelty, an effective specific for rats, pretty little, soft-coated Pussy.

These Tembe people, then, mark the extreme southern limit of that group of the Bantu race which (following the Zulu custom) we have designated Tongas. Perhaps the majority of those Natives passing in Natal under this latter appellation (or sometimes as Tongas of *Noziyigili*) belong to this tribe or its offshoots. Tested philologically, there seems ground for believing these people to belong to the more inland, Karanga-Nysa section of this so-called Tonga or East Coast Bantu group. Being essentially a people of industry and peace, they were loath to enter into any ruinous conflict with Shaka to whom and whose successors they meekly submitted and paid tribute. But even this wise step did not entirely preserve them from a certain amount of disintegration and invasion.

The great army which Shaka despatched to the north, as well as the wild and disorderly rabble of fugitives led by *Soshangane*, *Nxaba* and others, all swept through the length and breadth of their country; while large numbers of Kafir refugees forcibly settled in their midst. The consequence of this all-permeating Zulu-Kafir ascendancy was that the distinctive Tonga character of the Tembe people became considerably modified (especially in regard to their speech), assimilating itself ever more and more to the Zulu type. To-day the Zulu language is quite commonly spoken among them.

But the story of the Tembe or Bhudu Tonga has its commencement long before Shaka's time, aye even long before the dawn of the Zulu history. It furnishes us with perhaps the very earliest information we have of any Suto African Bantu tribe still recognizable. The founder of the tribe was presumably a personage named *Tembe*; and its original habitat was along the banks of the river, flowing into Delagoa Bay, called after him, the *Tembe* river. To which clan this Tembe himself may have belonged, we are unable to say; but probably he sprang either from a clan or an ancestor called *Bhudu* or *Mbhudu* (the present cognomen of the tribe), whose headquarters were about the river styled, after his descendants, the *Mbhudu*, or, as the Portuguese have it, the *Maputu* river, whose debouchure is southward to that of the *Tembe*. Inasmuch as the designations, *Tembe* and *Mbhudu*, were both in vogue when the Portuguese first reached these parts, we may conclude that the clans so designated were also in existence.

Our first absolute knowledge of the *Tembe* ancestors is contemporaneous with the discovery of East Africa by *Vasco da Gama*, more than 400 years ago. Upon his second voyage to these parts in 1502, one of his vessels became disabled and had to fall to the rear. It providentially managed to strike an excellent natural harbour afterwards to be renowned as *Delagoa Bay*. Though the coming up from the sea of this awe-striking monster, and its cargo of no less singular beings, must have amounted to a veritable prodigy to these uninitiated Africans, nevertheless we read that they approached the strangers with a childlike confidence and treated them as friends. The strangers on their part, alas! utterly failed to attain this higher moral level, but proved their intellectual smartness by kidnapping several of the trusty Natives and transporting them beyond the seas.

The reflection of this infamous contract between the behaviour of Black and White duly appeared three years afterwards, when another crippled galleon of *Pedro da Nhaya*'s fleet was thankful to hobble into the security of *Tembe* haven and seek help from its so amicable Natives. Alas! when they drew nigh to the latter to beg for bread, they received in response to their appeal a shower of assegais bringing an unexpected death to each of them, very few escaping—fitting echo to that clamant violation of the eternal law of confidence and hospitality perpetrated by their fellows.

I suppose the most 'celebrated' European (though hardly the most meritorious) who visited Delagoa Bay in those early times, was he to whom the beautiful modern town there erected is a standing paean of praise. *Lourenco Marques*—that was the name of the insignificant individual—had been commissioned by the Portuguese authorities at Mozambique to explore, for trading purposes, the coast to the south of them. He relates that the chief, found by him ruling over the country betwixt the *Maputu* river and the sea, was an amiable old gentleman with a very black skin and a very white beard. But he forgot to tell us—what was much more important—his name. Or rather, he leaves us a name we have little use for; for, thinking to discern in the sable potentate some striking resemblance to a certain friend (or otherwise) of his, and being in a sarcastic mood, he christened him, without further enquiry, 'Governor Garcia de Sa'!

The principal discovery this *Lourenco Marques* seems to have made on this memorable voyage, was that the *Delagoa* Natives possessed a large store of valuable ivory; and his most brilliant achievement was that he induced them to part with the same in exchange for a quantity of trumpery glass beads. Whereafter he returned home in triumph from a most successful expedition, and forthwith retired from business; for the Natives, at any rate, heard no more of him. His admiring compatriots, however, duly honoured him by erecting, on the sight of his exploits, a beautiful town, in perpetual memory, presumably, of his keen 'exploring' instincts.

Eight years had elapsed, when 'Governor Garcia de Sa' was one day amazed to behold what appeared to be another expedition, of much more formidable size, approaching of the glass-bead trade.

The great Portuguese galleon, the *San Joao*, had been wrecked, on the 18th. of June, 1552, near the *Mtambvane* river, south of Natal, and these were the survivors, who had wearily marched up the coast, expecting to find at the Bay one of the small Mozambique trading vessels which were accustomed to visit the spot. Governor Garcia de Sa' maintained his reputation for amiability by treating the foreign sufferers with such sympathy and kindness as the most cultured king could not have surpassed. He provided gratuitously for all their bodily needs, and despatched a party to seek and aid the stragglers. Much to his regret and in opposition to his advice, the forlorn wanderers, finding no vessel in port, continued on their dismal way, hoping, no doubt, to ultimately reach some outpost of their countrymen further along the coast. In reality, alas! from a haven of certain rescue and rest, they were but marching to their doom; for they soon fell into the hands of *Fuma*, the dreaded chief of the *baRumo* tribe, dwelling beyond the *Mbosi* river, against whom they had been so charitably warned. Men, women and children were there stripped of their clothing and plundered of all they possessed. Nude of person, exhausted of body, crushed down in spirit under their ever increasing burden of sorrows, poor nature at length gave way. Some became demented; others fainted away never more to rise; only twenty two attained to the crown of victory in their struggle, throughout nearly a whole year, against continuous and overwhelming adversities.

The good old chief, 'Governor de Sa,' after having been the saviour to so many hapless mariners, had himself, let us hope, been safely steered into the Elysian port when, thirty seven, years later, another party of stranded whitemen cried for his assistance at *Nyaka* (*Ish* or, as the Portuguese write it, *Inhaka*), at the entrance to *Delagoa Bay*. The *Ship San Thome*, caught in a gale off the coast of Natal, had sprung a leak and been hastily abandoned. The single boatload of survivors had at length safely reached the island just mentioned. There, it is said, they would have perished outright of fever, had not the attention of the *Bhudu* Natives on the mainland been drawn to them by the smoke of one of their fires. True to the reputation of his father and tribe, the reigning chief immediately ordered out canoes to ferry them over to safety. The majority of the party then proceeded on foot to *Sofala*; but a number including two ladies, preferred the less risky delights of Native hospitality, there to peacefully await the coming of the Mozambique trading-vessel. In due time the happy tidings were brought that the little bark was in the Bay; and in her, after enjoying a kindly and unmolested sojourn, of nearly a year's duration, amidst these reputed 'savages,' the two European ladies and their compatriots, departed for more congenial surroundings.

Siti ku bantu ake bazo zi bonela nje esinako ngalesi sikati ku gcwele izimpahla zika kisimus zezi nhlobonhlobo. Imbila yeswela umsila ngoku yale zela. Wozani bobaba, bo mane, zinzizwa nani zintombi, Umsiko wetu udhlu munyu. Sisikela izinsizwa nama kosazana kakulu ezemisado zavo makoti. "Nabafuna uku sheshiselwa imisiko yabo yemishado nokunye sibenzela ngosuku lunye."

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