

CHAPTER I.  
CONDITION OF AMA-XOSA WHEN CHRISTIANITY  
CAME.

THE progress made by the Gospel of Jesus Christ in Africa—considering that only a century has elapsed since its advent—is indeed surprising. But it is not with Africa in general that the present story deals. It is with the southern part of the continent, and, more particularly, with a certain clan in Kaffraria known as Ama-Ngqika, Anglicised for easier pronunciation as the “Gaika.” This clan comprised several branches under different chiefs, but these were all subject to the paramount chief of the whole Ama-Xosa, or Kafir tribe, who at the period of which I write was Krelu. The Gaika was the most powerful and warlike division of the Ama-Xosa in the south. It occupied the territory named by the early European settlers Kaffraria, the central town of which is King William’s Town.

The story of Ntsikana, the first Christian convert among the Kafirs, requires some description of the characteristics and customs of the people, which it may be convenient to touch upon here. The colour of the Kafirs is more brown than black. To protect themselves from the effects of the hot sun, the women especially, and to some extent the men, paint their faces, and the exposed parts of their bodies, with red ochre, or brownish clay, and anoint themselves with fat. This gives them the colour of polished bronze, though before the clay has been rubbed off their appearance is hideous and unnatural.

As to dress, originally the skins of animals formed the only material. The skin of the leopard or tiger was reserved for chiefs and principal councillors alone. All other kinds could be used by the common people. The women wore short leather skirts at all times, and decorated their persons with ornaments, such as shells and teeth of animals used as necklaces, and copper, and

ivory rings, on their arms, The latter ornaments were also worn by men.

The Gaika lived in villages, in huts shaped like beehives, constructed on strong wicker-work frames, thatched with reeds or grass, and made proof against rain and wind. To this hut there was only one opening, a low, narrow aperture, which served for all purposes of light and ventilation. A fire was made in a round, shallow hole, in the centre of the hut, round which the family gathered. There was no chimney, so the smoke found its escape through the door-way, or through the thatched roof. There were no separate rooms; one hut served for dining room, parlour, pantry, kitchen, and bedroom for the whole household, and sometimes for pet animals besides!

The chief builder of the house was the woman. She had to gather the material, build, thatch, and furnish, ready for occupation. The only thing the man was called upon to do was to fix the four or six pillars supporting the roof of the hut. Chairs or tables were not needed, the flat mat spread on the earthen floor being sufficient for purposes of comfort. A low wooden block, or stool, might sometimes have been found. It was, however, not a necessity.

While in their heathen state, the Gaika believed that there was a God, but they had no way of describing Him. They had no idol worship. They believed in the survival of the spirits of their departed ancestors, who, they thought, had power to regulate their condition of life, could take care of them on their travels, and intercede for them with the Being whom they called *Qamata*, God, or *Nkulunkulu*, the Greatest-great. The chiefs of the tribe, who were the only personages that had the privilege of a funeral ceremony, were invoked to intercede with this great Being—now that they had newly gone to join the spirits of the ancestors—for those left behind, and to speak well of them when they had

reached the land of bliss. One form of prayer followed a custom of throwing a pebble on a heap of stones at a road-side or near the ford of a river. While throwing it, the suppliant exclaimed: "May God and the spirits of my fathers befriend me in the hour of need."

They had a strong belief in witchcraft. Every sickness or death, however natural, was attributed to this cause. The belief pervaded almost every act. An infant sleeping soundly on its mother's back, when about to cross a stream for the first time, must needs have its neck, or forehead, smeared with wet clay, taken from the water's edge, to propitiate the mermaids. A wolf was a witch, so was an owl; and when the latter uttered its doleful screech or hoot, it was supposed to be out on an errand of destruction. Each Gaika in the heathen state suspected the other of possessing deadly charms, or being in league with a diminutive elephant, wolf, or baboon, which, amid the darkness of night, fulfilled his evil-disposed commissions. On his person, and in his tobacco pouch, he carried secret amulets to ward off evil. The clashing of the elements in a thunderstorm was believed to be the flapping of the wings of an unseen bird, called *Impundulu*, bearing messages of death from the great Being. The vicinity of a river was greatly feared. It was supposed to be the resort of a snake,—*Icanti*—which had the power of changing itself into other forms, and the coming in contact with which was the cause of leprosy and other diseases. They also believed in the existence of water creatures whose looks had such powers of allurements, that all cases of drowning were attributed to them. If a person had to cross a ford, he was recommended first to throw a stone into the nearest deep pool so that while the dreaded nixie was winking with alarm, he might have time to run for his life across the river!

Such was the state of this African tribe, typical also of other tribes, before the truths of the Gospel penetrated

the land. The story of Ntsikana forms a connecting link between that period of utter darkness, such as I have described, and the now dawning epoch of civilisation.

The spread of the Gospel in South Africa is due to faithful and earnest missionary enterprise, and to the printing of the Holy Scriptures and other Christian literature in the vernacular. These agencies are now penetrating thousands of homes.

A knowledge of the Gospel truth is thus being gained, which is firmly establishing itself among the people. In the days of Ntsikana such advantages did not exist. No missionaries had settled in the country, It was only one precious seed falling from a stray traveller that took root in Ntsikana's heart. But the ever-careful Divine Husbandman tended it, and fruit has been reaped abundantly.

## CHAPTER II.

### NTSIKANA'S PARENTAGE, BIRTH, MARRIAGE.

NTSIKANA was of the Gaika tribe. His father's name was Gaba. He was a polygamist—as most Kafirs are till they profess Christianity.

At the time of his birth, his father was living among the Ndlambe. His mother, Nonabe, was second wife to Gaba. Perhaps because Nonabe was better loved by their husband, the first wife availed herself of the illness of another member of the family to bring a charge of witchcraft against her. She consulted a Kafir doctor, and succeeded—as it was easy to do—in getting him to confirm the charge. Ntsikana's mother was therefore adjudged a witch, and had to flee for her life to her own kindred.

A few months later Ntsikana was born, and he spent his childhood among his mother's people. At the age of twelve or thirteen, he was sent for by his father Gaba, who laid claim to the lad on account of the cattle that had been paid for the mother before marriage, and paid another beast for maintenance of the child from infancy.



*The man-making Custom—" Abakweta " Dance.*

Gaba's first wife, Noyiki, had, as yet, presented him with only one child, a daughter, so Ntsikana was adopted as her eldest son. There were no schools in Kafirland in those days, and as soon as a boy was eight or nine, he was sent out to tend the goats, and herd the sheep. At the age of fifteen, he was promoted to herd the cows and oxen. He then learned to use his knob-kerry, and throw his assegai, in hunting game and guarding his father's cattle. Thus he prepared himself for fighting his chief's battles. His only article of clothing was a sheep-skin; and if he washed himself once in six months, he did well; indeed, nobody cared if the boy did not wash at all.

Ntsikana was at this cattle-herding age, when one day a strange, elderly, white man arrived in Gaikaland. After being cautiously welcomed by the chief, he was allowed to pitch his tent on the banks of the Keiskama River. The natives gave the stranger a name peculiar to the circumstance of his arrival, as they have since done to every European who has come to dwell with them, sometimes descriptive of a blemish in his person, or a certain mannerism in his bearing. The name given to the new arrival was *Nyengana*, meaning one who had appeared sneakingly, as if by accident. His European name was Johannes Theodosius Vanderkemp. He visited Gaikaland in September, 1799.

The stranger carried a Book in his hand when the tribe gathered to see and hear what his business was. There stood the brave soldier of the Cross, telling the Good Tidings for the first time to a congregation of wondering Gaikas! Alone, yet not alone, he had left his home in obedience to the command of his Master and Saviour—"Go ye and teach all nations." How attentively they listen; how carefully they scan his features! A little distance away sits a small crowd of boys, clad in their karosses, parts of their black bodies rendered grey by the scratches of the thorny thickets

through which they have had to creep. One of these boys seems especially to drink in the words of this strange white man. This is Ntsikana receiving the precious seed. It lay in his heart as it were barren, but it was destined one day to take root, to spring up and bear abundant fruit, to the glory of its ever-careful Husbandman.

From the herding age, there is a stage higher in the promotion of boyhood life in Gaikaland. Ntsikana is only a boy, and, before he can exercise any influence, he must needs be *made* a man. A special ceremony is performed before lads are admitted to the standing of men, and reckoned as of the fighting force of the tribe. While this ceremony lasts, the lads live by themselves, in the veldt, away from their homes, and each party is looked after by one man, during that period. The lads are covered from head to foot with white clay and present a ghastly appearance. In this state they are called *Abakweta*. On occasions they go round to the neighbouring villages, when there is a good deal of singing, dancing, feasting, and beating of dried ox-hides. This revelry is continued for weeks or months, until by order of the chief the lads are recalled. At the dance they wear a mask head-dress, and round their waists is tied, in folds, a sort of kilt made of the fronds of rushes.

On the day they are recalled, the white clay is washed off. The lads are assembled to receive instruction from the old men as to their new duties as men, and then they are publicly discharged.

Such was the rite Ntsikana had to undergo. Not long after, messengers were observed driving cattle to a neighbouring village, to get a wife or wives for Ntsikana. It was not necessary in Kafirland for a young man to meet his future bride. The chief concern was the number of cattle that was offered for her; and, perhaps without the interested parties having seen one another, the engagement was complete when the cattle were delivered

by the young man's friends, and accepted by the other party. The young woman agreed to go, or was compelled to go, the marriage taking place in due course. It was no doubt in this way that two damsels were brought back by the aforementioned messengers to be wives for Ntsikana. The first was *Nontsonta*, who became the mother of one child, who was named *Kobe*. The second was *Nomanto*, who was the mother of *Dukwana* and two younger brothers. About this time Ntsikana's father died.

### CHAPTER III.

#### EARLY CHRISTIAN AWAKENING.

NTSIKANA, on inheriting his father's property, having wives and children of his own, and enjoying a prominent and influential position amongst those around him, struck out for independence, collected his all, and moved from Peddie district in a north-westerly direction. Somewhat changed in his features since we saw him years ago, we wonder whether this one of Dr. Vanderkemp's most attentive, and more or less regular, hearers has preserved his early impressions. The spark then kindled had been kept alive by the arrival in 1816-17 of the Rev. Joseph Williams, also of the London Missionary Society, who came preaching the same story. Ntsikana at last found a home at the Gqora, in the valleys of the Mankazana hills in the Kat River district. Here he halted, built his huts, and fenced his kraal. But even here Nyengana's "thing" followed him, for *Ngcongolo* (Rev. James Read, who succeeded Dr. Vanderkemp in 1811) was proclaiming the same news! These were striking coincidences; but the words come to remembrance—"My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither your ways My ways, saith the Lord."

The Kafirs as a pastoral people, are accustomed to early rising. One of the first things a man does when he comes out in the morning, is to go to his kraal to count and admire his cattle. Ntsikana had a favourite ox,



an ugly-looking animal of large size, and long horns, dun coloured, but here and there spotted with white. He had given this ox the name of *Hulushe*, and when he spoke of it, he used to add a peculiar expression of praise not easy for a European to pronounce, because of two click sounds in the word. Ntsikana, in his language, thus praised his favourite ox:—

*“Hulushe ngqezeqamtweni,  
Lunga lama Pakati;”*

Which means, literally translated—

“Hulushe, thou store of milk sacks,  
Thou dappled one of the Councillors.”

Ntsikana one morning went, as usual, to the kraal. The sun's rays were just peeping over the eastern horizon, and, as he was standing at the kraal gate, his eyes fixed with satisfied admiration on his favourite ox, he thought he observed a ray, brighter than ordinary, striking the side of his beast. As he watched the animal, Ntsikana's face betrayed excited feelings. He enquired of a lad standing near by: “Do you observe the thing that I now see?” The lad, turning his eyes in the direction indicated, replied: “No, I see nothing there.” Ntsikana, recovering from the trance, uplifted himself from the ground, on which he had meantime stretched himself, and said to the puzzled boy: “You are right; the sight was not one to be seen by your eyes.”

What can this mean? Is it possible the rays of that morning's sun were to play an important part in the life of this heathen man? Is it possible that on the outside appearance of that ox, standing all unconscious of the charmed gazer's eye, there was figured a totally different picture of a heavenly object? Can the story of the Apostle of the Gentiles be repeating itself, though on a lesser scale? “Suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven. And he trembling, and astonished, said, ‘Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?’ And the men that journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing a voice, but seeing no man!” (Act ix: 3, 6, 7.) We shall see!

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE GOSPEL SEED TAKES ROOT.

NTSIKANA left the puzzled boy at the gate of the cattle kraal, and went straight to his hut. A little later, the order is shouted "The morning is too far spent; get ready, and let us start!" For that day there was a great dance in a neighbouring kraal, and Ntsikana and his people had been invited. In a few minutes the thus have almost all been vacated, and in single file, a procession is directing its steps to the spot. They are all in good spirits, each determining to outdo his neighbour so as to gain the much envied praise of the lookers on. The women, of course, treated always as the beasts of burden, are heavily laden with *amasi*, in milk-sacks, or in closely knitted baskets, on their heads. All that the men carry, as lords of creation, behind whom these poor, burdened women follow, is their stick, a blanket, and a wallet.

Ntsikana was among the last to start this morning. He looked a little put out. His features, betraying a disposition to what some people call "dwelling in the me," appeared even more reserved than usual. The day was as fine and as beautiful a summer day as could be wished, and the sky overhead was clear and cloudless.

It may here be remarked that for such gatherings nothing stronger than *amasi*, the curdled milk of the cow, was ever used as a beverage by the Ama-Xosa. For solid food they cooked mealies, or Kafir corn, and, of course, meat. Hence contributors to these feasts were expected to bring only such supplies. The white man's brandy, wine, and other intoxicating liquors, which are bringing such a curse upon the native people, were not known. Neither did Ama-Xosa know anything of the use or brewing of what is termed *Kafir Beer*. That was an innovation of the *Fingo* tribe, after their settlement among the Kafirs. But when the Gaika chief discovered it, he added to his harem one or two Fingo

women, expected to make him this beer. It was a clever stroke of the introducers to style it *Utywala bama-Xosa*—Kafir beer—in order thus to give it its popularity, which calling it *Utywala bama-Mfengu* would have lacked. The white man's brandy gained footing among the Chiefs by being represented as "the drink of the great white chiefs across the sea, who take it to make them strong as well as brave!"

As we approach the kraal we notice a large concourse of excited people. The dancing has commenced. Hark! the singing, or rather—what shall we call it? for, to an ear trained in civilized music, the discord is something unbearable,—the yelling, howling, and shouting, each one at the top of his voice! For an accompaniment, there is loud clapping of hands, and by way of mechanical variation an unmusical, monotonous sound, made by beating on an old ox-hide, the drummers being a company of women, each wielding her own stick! They manage to keep pretty good time, though! Turn to the other side, and what do you see? an irregular row of men, each bearing, in one hand, his *mqayi* (a long stick without a knob) lifted up in a perpendicular manner and held at the sharper end, and all in a state of absolute nudity! They too join in the music, and with their deep voices produce a sort of croaky bass, now and then raised to a higher pitch, which unfortunately resembles nothing better than the bellowing of an ox, and by no means lessens the discord. Their dancing displays extraordinary contortions of the body, now a jump, and then a quivering of the chest, ending with a twist, each in his own fashion trying in all this to outdo his neighbour, but with very little regard to regularity of motion, not to speak of decency. What with the sun overhead, and the exertions above described, all the performers are in a flood of perspiration, and yet they do not seem to feel it.



*Xosa Women as musical drummers in "Abakweta" dance.*

In the afternoon Ntsikana at last appears, stalking slowly from the company of lookers on towards the dancing party. For some reason or other, he appears to-day not to be quite in the humour for this dancing. One of his admirers notices this, and, by way of trying to put him right, shouts out a flattering address, well known to, and greatly appreciated by Ntsikana :— "*Wesuka u-Nokonongo, imaz' egush' ibele*" [There goes Nokonongo (nickname), cow that conceals her udder, i.e., keeps back her milk, hinting at great reserve of power.] He gives a start. Suddenly a violent gale arises. At first, no one heeds it. It keeps on, however, till at last the dancers stop for a little, and Ntsikana returns to his seat. Strange to say the wind suddenly subsides! His neighbours resume the dance; and he too after a while gets up again. But, immediately the gale rises once more! Again Ntsikana returns to his seat, as crest-fallen as ever; and the wind ceases. A third time, he gets up, and a third time this horrid gale arises as furiously as ever. The interested and superstitious gazers exchange looks of astonishment at this strange occurrence repeating itself each time the son of Gaba rises to join the dance! Who has bewitched him?

All at once, the vision of bright rays which he saw in the morning shining gloriously on the side of his favourite ox, Hulushe, is recalled to his remembrance, and without a single word of explanation, or apology to any one, he orders his people to get ready to return home! All of them, surprised, and whispering puzzled enquiries as to the cause of so early a departure, obey the order and march home, greatly vexed that their pleasure has been so abruptly brought to an end, with no explanation hinted as to the reason why. As they neared home, they came to a small river. Here Ntsikana threw aside his blanket, plunged himself into the water and washed off all the red ochre that painted his body.

He then proceeded on his way, while his followers were yet more surprised at this additional strangeness and eccentricity of behaviour. That night all the inhabitants of Ntsikana's kraal betook themselves to their huts with not a little to comment upon. This introduced the precedent of washing off the red-clay when any one professes conversion, or of becoming what is sometimes spoken of as a *School-Kafir*, because he has discarded red ochre for civilized clothing.

The next day Ntsikana, as usual, rose up very early and went to the kraal. This morning, as he stood at the gate, his manner still was strange. At one time he hummed a sort of musical chant, at another he murmured something audibly enough, were there any one up to hear it. He keeps repeating this over and over again. Both what he sings, and what he speaks, sound unfamiliar to the ears of the listeners, now beginning to stir about. The music which he is chanting, as far as we can catch it, is something like the following strain:—

**s, f: m, m: m, m | r: l<sub>1</sub>:— | r:—:— | d: s<sub>1</sub>: — ||**

*Ele le le le le home, hom, hom-na*

This is the music of the chant, which however is quite distinct from Ntsikana's more famous hymn, and must not be confused with it. He later on added words to this chant, composing the hymn styled, Ntsikana's "Round Hymn" (see Chapt. vii).

We said he also spoke something in a murmuring tone. What he said was "*U-Nxele ubukuqekile, ubalahleki-sela-nina abantu?*" [Nxele is thrown off his balance, why does he mislead the people?] By this time the people of the kraal are all awakened, and they sit outside, with their eyes fastened on the object of their amazement—Ntsikana, the son of Gaba. They are concerned to know what is the matter with him. Presently one whispers an opinion, it spreads from mouth to mouth—"Our father is going mad!" No sooner does he observe this than he replies, "The thing that has entered within me directs

that all should pray ; no one understands it in this country as yet, except perhaps Ngcongolo" (Rev. James Read.) So saying, Ntsikana strikes up his chant again, continuing thus the whole day long. This was Ntsikana's first sermon! Visitors who chanced to come from other kraals, and found him engaged in this way, returned to their homes surprised, and related the strange news round their own fires—all alike wondering what this meant, and all curious to know who this *Nxele* was, so graphically described as a person thrown off his balance, and a *misleader* of the people.

All this happened at Gqora, in the valleys of the Mankazana hill, Kat River District, where Rev. James Read was stationed. I regret that I cannot state the exact dates of these occurrences, but if I may be allowed to make a guess, it was some time about 1815. Our English readers must excuse this want of exactness, as my countrymen were as yet not very particular about counting up days or months, or sometimes even years.

## CHAPTER V.

### NTSIKANA MAKES A STAND AGAINST "NXELE" AS A RIVAL.

WE shall now enquire who this *Nxele* was, unknown to those congregated round Ntsikana, and perhaps unknown also to our readers. When Dr. Van derkemp retired to Qagqiwe, in the neighbourhood of Uitenhage, after he had visited Kaffirland, he formed a mission station there, the inhabitants of which were chiefly Hottentots. He kept up his evangelistic meetings and many attended. Among these was a young man by birth a Ndlambe Kaffir. How he got there, I do not know. Dr. Vanderkemp's addresses on the "great resurrection day, when the dead shall rise up at the setting of the last sun", were especially interesting to *Nxele*, the son of Balala. Possessed of great powers of mind, he framed a creed for himself, by combining what he could learn of Christianity (especially on the sub-

ject above referred to), with different Native superstitions. When he returned home, he was quite prepared as to what path to follow so as to gain property and fame for himself, and to satisfy an ambitious mind. He announced to his countrymen that he was in communication with the spirit-world, and that he was no more to be called the son of Balala, but the son of God, from whom he had now received power to raise from the dead, on a certain day, all those who lay in their graves. Herds of cattle flocked in from all sides, to enrich this man, from people who had lost dear relatives, in hopes that Nxele's announcement would come to pass. This was what Ntsikana referred to when he said "Nxele is off his balance, why does he mislead the people?"

That day he sent off messengers to Nxele, demanding return of the ox he also had allowed himself to be misled into sending a few days before. As the messengers did not know the man, he told them that the first man they should meet on their way thither would be Nxele himself, and they were to deliver their message fearlessly, making him understand that he was just deceiving the people by his false announcement. As instructed, so they found and did everything.

Notwithstanding Ntsikana's advice to the contrary, many people resorted to the sea-beach at East London, to a place known as "*Gompo*." On the beach may be seen a large stone with a big, curved hollow, on which the waves beat with a loud report, and it is from this circumstance that the spot is named. Here, then, a large crowd had gathered to witness the wonderful sight which the morrow would bring. The graves would deliver up their dead, and expectant friends would welcome their dear lost ones again. Night closed. It seemed very long ere the great day dawned. Long before the signs of morning light appeared, many had already washed themselves and dressed, and were quite ready. The day dawned, with a clear, cloudless sky. As it wore



on, the expectation increased, and the anxiety. The afternoon came and the sun set, yet no one had appeared. Could it be possible that Nxele had really been misleading and deceiving them? Yes, it was true; and many reproached themselves for not heeding Ntsikana's advice: "No one will rise from the dead, as stated by Nxele. You only go to wash yourselves with sea-water at 'Gompo.' Nxele is misleading you." At once, these two became rivals, Ntsikana, an acknowledged authority among his own Gaika tribe; Nxele, notwithstanding his failure, still an oracle whose orders carried much weight, specially on the Ndlambe side.

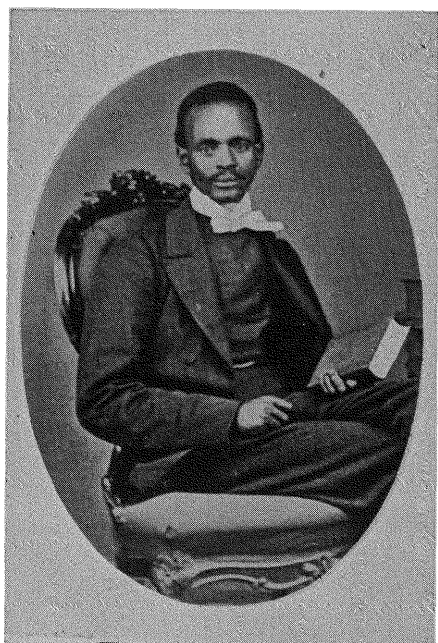
Shortly afterwards Nxele again announced that the spirits had told him that the 'Gaika were going to become *firewood and ants.*' This report was circulated, and many of the Gaika, along with their chief, were on the point of fleeing from the calamity by joining the Ndlambe. Ntsikana, on hearing this, at once despatched messengers (Peyi and Kupa) to Ngqika, with the following message, "Why do you disperse our people? Not one of these things spoken by Nxele will happen. Let them remain. I too am coming." The chief as well as the people were thankful to receive these assurances, and Ntsikana's messengers returned with word to that effect. Accordingly Ntsikana removed from Gqora to Ngqika's great kraal at Mankazana, where he was received joyfully by all the people. At once, the women set about building him a large hut, and the men fenced him a cattle kraal.

Here Ntsikana went on with his preaching work in right earnest, and crowds came to listen to his words. In some hearts the seed was taking root, and eyes were being opened to the importance of the thing spoken about. This they showed not merely by attending the meetings regularly, but by praying even in their houses. It is noteworthy that old Soga, the father of the Rev. Tiyo Soga and others of that name, was

first among the Gaika to embrace Ntsikana's new teaching and accept these beginnings of Christianity. Being Ngqika's leading councillor, Soga had been commissioned by the chief to visit Ntsikana's kraal, and personally investigate the truth of Ntsikana's message, as it was causing a mighty stir in the land. The old councillor came back much impressed by what he had seen and heard, reporting that there was something in these religious gatherings. He recommended that the chief should accept Ntsikana's lead. By way of example Soga himself introduced in his own village family morning and evening prayers in imitation of Ntsikana's fashion. It was thus Soga's family embraced the Gospel to the extent that a proverbial phrase was sung to their praise in these words: "*Lomzi ka Konwana siwubizile!*"— [This village of Konwana (nickname) we have called.] Something similar to "Is Saul also among the prophets?" was the implication.

Is it not an outstanding result, for which not only the Soga family, nor alone the Xosa tribes, but many Native Christians of to-day should praise God this step on the old Gaika councillor's part? It has borne fruit in producing the first fully educated and ordained African Native minister of the Christian religion who is worthily regarded as a becoming model for the Native ministry. It was Soga's family and relatives who formed the first nucleus of a Christian Native congregation when the European missionaries arrived to settle at the Gwali Mission Station. It was from Gwali, after war dispersion, that our fathers and mothers spread out to form other stations, one of which is Emgwali, whose first missionary was the old councillor's son, the Rev. Tiyo Soga.

One day Ngqika himself visited Ntsikana and, as usual, a great many followers went with him. It was at this time that a spirit of prophecy seems to have taken possession of this remarkable man. At one of the many religious meetings that were held during Ngqika's visit, Ntsikana said, "A time is coming when you will see



*Rev. Tiyo Soga, first ordained Xosa minister.*

people whom you have never seen before, whose ears, which are bored, are like the curve of a dried ox-skin. Be careful of those people; do not receive them to dwell among you, but let them pass unmolested. If you receive them, they will raise their 'stuff' and leave it on you, if you do not accept this word. I see this country white with waggon roads. I see flocks of sheep grazing on it. I see this land studded with white houses. There are those present who will bear me witness; but beware of strange doctrine, it will mislead many."

Ntsikana, under the large meeting-tree, dismissed his congregation after he had delivered this prophetic address, so strange and difficult for his hearers to understand, but which we can interpret now in another and clearer light. Time has worked changes, and events have occurred, and are occurring, which are remarkably in keeping with what he said would befall his country in subsequent years.

Ntsikana's speech, from beginning to end, was listened to with rapt attention by the crowd of Gaika seated round him, with the chief in their midst. For a little there was utter silence, then the chief exclaimed "I thank you, my father's child, son of Gaba, for this news. I seldom hear any now. When there is any, no one thinks it worth his while to tell me. The honour of our tribe is being tampered with by that prater, Nxele, the son of Balala, who says we are going to become firewood and ants." In reply Ntsikana assured Ngqika that nothing of the kind would happen, and that Nxele was misleading the people. Ngqika's visit thereupon came to an end.

It may be necessary perhaps to explain what Nxele meant by the Gaika becoming 'firewood and ants.' He meant that they would be slain in the war with the Ndlambe, which was then hatching, and that their dead bodies would be food for the ants and dung for the forest. No doubt the prophecy was a well-devised Ndlambe ruse to strike terror into their Gaika foes.

According to Ntsikana's prediction, people did arrive, scattered from their Northern homes by Chaka's ravag-

ing armies. Their ears were bored, and giving themselves the tribal name of "*Ama-Mfengu*," or Fingo, they sought shelter and homes among the Xosa, were received by Hintsa, the paramount chief, the father of Krelu, and allowed to settle first among the Gcaleka clan of the Xosa till removed by Rev. John Ayliff, Wesleyan Missionary, to the Colony in 1835-6. Other Fingoes refused to emigrate and their descendants remain among the Xosa till this day.

### CHIMES OF NTSIKANA'S BELL.

"NTSIKANA'S BELL"—*Was chanted by the composer at dawn of day, standing at his hut-door, summoning his congregation to morning prayers. As people gathered they joined in the strain adding the other vocal parts.*

KEY  $A\flat$ . To be sung IN UNISON—*ad libitum*.

<i>Verse 1.</i> <i>Repeat.</i>	}	$\hat{\phantom{s}}$	s : - : -   s : :   s : - : -   $\hat{\phantom{s}}$ s : : s s s   m : : m   d : : r
		s : - : -   s : :   s : - : -   s : : s s s   m : : m   d : : r	
		Se - le! se - le! a-hom, a-hom, a-	
		Se - le! se - le! 'Zani ku - v'Izwi le	
		s : - : -   s : :   s : - : -   s : : s s s   m : : m   d : : r	
			s : - : -   s : :   s : - : -   s : : s s s   m : : m   d : : r

}	D.C.	s <sub>1</sub> : - : -   s <sub>1</sub>   : d   l <sub>1</sub> : - : l <sub>1</sub>   f <sub>1</sub> : - : l <sub>1</sub>   m <sub>1</sub> : - : s <sub>1</sub>   r <sub>1</sub> : - : s <sub>1</sub>
	s <sub>1</sub> : - : -   s <sub>1</sub>   : d   l <sub>1</sub> : - : l <sub>1</sub>   f <sub>1</sub> : - : l <sub>1</sub>   m <sub>1</sub> : - : s <sub>1</sub>   r <sub>1</sub> : - : s <sub>1</sub>	
	hom ! Nko si! } A- hom, a - hom, a - hom, a - hom, a -	
	s <sub>1</sub> : - : -   s <sub>1</sub>   : d   l <sub>1</sub> : - : l <sub>1</sub>   f <sub>1</sub> : - : l <sub>1</sub>   m <sub>1</sub> : - : s <sub>1</sub>   r <sub>1</sub> : - : f <sub>1</sub>	
	s <sub>1</sub> : - : -   s <sub>1</sub>   : d   l <sub>1</sub> : - : l <sub>1</sub>   f <sub>1</sub> : - : l <sub>1</sub>   m <sub>1</sub> : - : s <sub>1</sub>   r <sub>1</sub> : - : s <sub>1</sub>	

}	d : - : - : -   - : -
	s <sub>1</sub> : - : - : -   - : -
	hom !
	m <sub>1</sub> : - : - : -   - : -
	d <sub>1</sub> : - : - : -   - : -

*Ntsikana's Bell.*

Verses 2, 3 and 4.

{	^	^	^	^
	: s , s	s : - : -	s : : s , s	s : - : -   s : : s , s
	2. Sa-be	la - - ni,	sa be-	la - - ni
	3. Li-bi-	ye - - lwe	langqo-	nga - - na
4.	Se - - le!	Se - - le!	A -	
: s , s	s : - : -	s : : s , s	s : - : -   s : : s , s	
: s , s	s : - : -	s : : s , s	s : - : -   s : : s , s	

{	^	^	^	^
	m : - : m	d : - : r	s <sub>1</sub> : - : -   s <sub>1</sub> : : s , s	s : - : -   s : : s , s
	bi -	zwa e - zu-	lwi - ni ;	Zani no - nke zihlwele
	zwe	lo - ba - wo	be - nu.	Owo- li - va ngowoli
hom,	a - hom, a-	hom!	Sabe- la - ni, sabe-	
m : - : m	d : - : r	s <sub>1</sub> : - : -   s <sub>1</sub> : : s , s	s : - : -   s : : s , s	
m : - : m	d : - : r	s <sub>1</sub> : - : -   s <sub>1</sub> : : s , s	s : - : -   s : : s , s	

{	^	^	^	^
	s : - : -   s : : s , s	m : - : m	d : - : r	s <sub>1</sub> : - : -   s <sub>1</sub> : : d
	ndi - ni kunye	na - ni ba - ntwa-	na - na.	A-
	kau - la! A -	hom, a - hom, a-	hom!	A-
la - ni Niya-	bi - zwa e - zu-	lwi - ni!	A-	
s : - : -   s : : s , s	m : - : m	d : - : r	s <sub>1</sub> : - : -   s <sub>1</sub> : : d	
s : - : -   s : : s , s	m : - : m	d : - : r	s <sub>1</sub> : - : -   s <sub>1</sub> : : d	

{	^	^	^	^
	l <sub>1</sub> : - : l <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub> : - : l <sub>1</sub>	m <sub>1</sub> : - : s <sub>1</sub>   r <sub>1</sub> : : s <sub>1</sub>	d : - : -   - : : -
	hom, a - hom, a-	hom, a - hom, a-	hom!	-
	hom, a - hom, a-	hom, a - hom, a-	hom!	-
hom, a - hom, a-	hom, a - hom, a-	hom!	-	
l <sub>1</sub> : - : l <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub> : - : l <sub>1</sub>	m <sub>1</sub> : - : s <sub>1</sub>   r <sub>1</sub> : : f <sub>1</sub>	m <sub>1</sub> : - : -   - : : -	
l <sub>1</sub> : - : l <sub>1</sub>	f <sub>1</sub> : - : l <sub>1</sub>	m <sub>1</sub> : - : s <sub>1</sub>   r <sub>1</sub> : : s <sub>1</sub>	d <sub>1</sub> : - : -   - : : -	

Translated into English, the exclamation "Selo!" being accepted as equivalent to *Ahoy!* while the chiming of "*A-hom*" is a softer imitation of *Ding-dong*. The words of "*Ntsikana's Bell*" may be thus rendered;—

Verse 1.           Selo! Selo!  
                   Ahom, ahom, ahom!  
 Come hearken, come hearken the Word of the Lord.  
                   Ahom, ahom, ahom, ahom, ahom.

- Verse 2. Respond ye ! respond ye !  
 Respond to the Heavenly Call.  
 Ye multitudes come, and all ye children come !  
 Ahom, ahom, ahom, ahom, ahom.
- Verse 3. It has fenced in, it has surrounded,  
 This land of your fathers,  
 He who obeys it by responding will be blessed.  
 Ahom, ahom, ahom, ahom, ahom.
- Verse 4. Sele ! Sele !  
 Ahom, ahom, ahom !  
 Respond ye ! respond ye !  
 To this call that comes from Heaven,  
 Ahom, ahom, ahom, ahom, ahom.

## CHAPTER VI.

## FRUITLESS ATTEMPT TO PREVENT WAR.

JUST as the morning prayers were over, a few days after Ngqika's departure, Ntsikana called to him, Ncamashe, one of his men, desiring him to take a message to Ngqika. Seeming greatly put out, and looking distressed, he said "Go, and call Ngqika ; tell him some calamity, I do not know what, is about to happen. I see the heads of the Gaika being devoured by ants." This referred to the encounter shortly to take place between the Gaika and the Amandlambe, afterwards known as the Battle of Amalinde, in which the former were shamefully defeated. It was not long after Ncamashe had returned from delivering the above message, that word was brought from Ngqika that the cattle had been carried away by the "*plumed ones!*" Ntsikana replied "Do not follow them." Shortly thereafter, it was reported that the army of the Amandlambe was coming, and then order was given for all to dress skins for shields. Ntsikana's voice was raised against this war altogether. He warned the Gaika, but in vain. At last, he said "If our people did not belong to the chief, they would not go to this war, but remain at home. If you go, then take care when the enemy retire not to follow, for a dangerous trap is laid for you, from which there will be no escape." When Ntsadu, Ngqika's messenger to Ntsikana, delivered this message to the chief and councillors, one of them, Manxoyi, was disposed to think lightly of the timely warning. Afterwards in the field of battle, it was he

that wholly misled the Gaika army to go against Ntsikana's advice. To draw the Gaika into the war for which he had been preparing Ndlambe had sent a party to seize the cattle belonging to one of Ngq'ka's headmen. The Gaika retaliated, and advancing into the enemy's country unexpectedly found themselves opposed by an overwhelming force of Amandlambe and Amagcaleka that had been lying in wait for their coming.

In his "Compendium of South African History and Geography," Dr. Theal thus describes the battle of Amalinde :—"The warriors set out from the Chumie before sunrise of a winter morning, and marched until they reached Debe Nek. There on the plain, below their feet, they saw the Amandlambe arrayed for battle, and spread out like a great red carpet. The plain is called by Europeans the Commetje Flats, from a great number of saucer-like cavities in its surface. By the Kaffirs these depressions are called Amalinde, and from this circumstance the battle of that day is still spoken of by them as the Battle of Amalinde. The Kaffir warriors are always divided into two bands. Of these, one is composed of veterans, whose heads are adorned with feathers of the blue crane, as a mark of distinction. They are supposed to attack those only who have similar marks of honour, and hold everyone else in disdain. The other division is composed of young recruits, who go by the name of 'round heads.' At the commencement of an action, if the plumed ones come in contact with round heads, they will protect themselves with their shields, without using their assegais ; but in the heat of battle all such distinctions are forgotten. As soon as the (Gaika) enemy came in sight, Ndlambe sent his round heads up the mountain side to meet them, but these were easily driven back, and the Gaika came rushing down after them, yelling defiance. This was all that was desired, for now the plumed ones sprang to their feet, and the fight commenced in earnest. Maqoma, the eldest of Ngqika's sons, in after years to be known as the bitter foe of the white man, was the hero of his father's side in this, the first battle in which he



was ever engaged. He led his braves right into the centre of the field, and charged again and again into the thickest mass of the foe. At length he was so sorely wounded that he was compelled to leave the field, narrowly escaping being made a prisoner as he did so. The bravest on each side, engaged hand to hand with each other, and as soon as each plumed one lay low on the ground, another rushed forward to take his place. It was not long past midday when the battle began, and all the afternoon it lasted, till, about sunset, the Gaika were driven from the field with dreadful slaughter. As long as they could see, the Amandlambe pursued them, and when darkness closed in, the victors returned to the scene of carnage and kindled fires, by the light of which they sought out their wounded enemies and put them to death with brutal ferocity. The night was bitterly cold, and hundreds of poor wretches, who managed to crawl out of sight, were found next morning dead and dying round the battle field." There was hardly a family which did not suffer in this disaster. Of some families all the men who went to the fight perished there, leaving behind them only helpless women and dependents to mourn their loss. The grief can hardly be described. What a sight! The bodies of sons of royal blood, councillors, and stalwart men—the noblest and the bravest of Ngqika's clan—strewn the ground of that far stretching plain. And, hark! what is this we hear, as we approach the bereaved villages? The hills and valleys along the Amatola mountain ranges will now for ever be filled with saddest memories. Such weeping and wailing of the bereaved Gaika mothers has never before re-echoed there. Would to God it may never again be heard! Can it be wondered at that this event cannot be referred to by those who witnessed it but with tears and great anguish? And yet it might have been avoided, for Ntsikana protested against the war, and, with prophetic foresight, warned, and implored the chief, councillors, and people, to let it alone. But alas! the Gaika paid no regard, and their "heads were devoured by ants," as they were told. This battle of Amalinde took place in 1818.

## CHAPTER VII.

## GOSPEL PREACHER TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

AFTER this war Ntsikana survived only for about three years, during which time he was constantly carrying on his work of preaching. His meetings were held under a large shady tree called in Kafir *umqonci*, round which were collected some stones which were used as seats. I believe this interesting spot may still be recognised, and my aged informant told me that in order to retain and freshen up the pleasant recollections of his younger days, he had often revisited the place where he received his earliest religious impressions from the teaching of Ntsikana, the son of Gaba. The songs here reproduced are Ntsikana's beginnings of Christian church praise among his heathen countrymen who gathered to hear from him God's word.

## "DALIBOM" KA-NTSIKANA.

## LIFE CREATOR.

NOTE.—*Ntsikana* after his "Bell" would settle the assembly down with chanting "Dalibom"—*Life Creator*, or "Ingomz Enqukuva"—*Round Hymn*, also reproduced below.

KEY A<sub>b</sub>.

{	s	:—	s		m	:—	:m		l	:r	:—		s	:—	:—		l	:r	:	.r		s	:—	:s				
	1. He!		Nanko		.		k' u.		Da		-		li		-		bom		Wa		-		s'		kolwe		-	ni.
	2. He!		Nanko		.		k' u.		Da		-		li		-		bom		Os'		bize		-	sihle		-	li.	
	3. He!		Nanko		.		k' u.		Da		-		li		-		bom		Wasinga				pezu		-	lu.		

Translated these lines are

1. See ! there stands the Life-Creator ; He of the School.
2. See ! there stands the Life-Creator ; Who calls us to rise,
3. See ! there stands the Life-Creator ; He has ascended.

## PREACHING TO HIS COUNTRYMEN.

At one of these meetings one day, Ntsikana, in his usual mood, was heard to say:—"To show that sin will have increased in the world, there will smoke even a young child. I see the plumes of the Gaikas waving on the borders of the Kei. I see the forests full of roads, and the trees split into splinters, (or planks—*amacangci*). In the distance, there comes a great war of races, which

will cause men to wade almost knee-deep in blood. There will be fighting and fighting, and then a time of respite, in which there will be a friendly giving of tobacco (*ncazela*) to each other. Then, at the last, there will be a general rising, in which a mother will quarrel with her own daughter and daughter-in-law; the son will rise against his father, and friend against friend. Men will stab each other's shoulders (*ezixingeni*), and there will be such crossing, and re-crossing, as can only be likened to ants gathering stalks of dried grass (*imicinga*). But these things are only as the travail-pains of child-birth. Then the end will come,—the beginning of peace for which there had been no preconcerted council, or arrangement, of man. The reign of BROAD-BREAST (*Sifuba-Sibanzi*) will commence and continue in the lasting peace of the Son of Man." (The name *Broad-Breast*, for the Saviour, may be compared with Bunyan's *Great-heart*.)

## "INGOM' ENQUKUVA" KA NTSIKANA.

### THE ROUND HYMN.

NOTE.—After some remarks, or by way of quieting the audience, Ntsikana would raise "The Round Hymn," chanting it first as a Solo, latterly the congregation joining him in parts and the Chorus as reproduced. The "Ele, le, le homna" sounds pretty much like Hallelujah, Amen.

s.f:m :m	r :l <sub>1</sub> :—	r :— :—	d :s <sub>1</sub> :—	s.f:m :m
Ele, le, le	hom na	hom	hom-na,	Ele, le, le

r :l <sub>1</sub> :—	r :— :—	d :— :—
hom,	hom,	hom !

1. La - tsho e - 2. La-tsho kwa - 3. Lafi - ka la - : : : :	s.f:m :m	r :l <sub>1</sub> :—	r :— :—	d :s <sub>1</sub> :—	s.f:m :m
	Gqo - ra ;	:	l <sub>1</sub> :— :	d :s <sub>1</sub> :—	:
	Ga - ga ;	:	Hom,	hom na !	Ci bi ni le
	te - ta ;	:	Hom,	hom na !	Nakwa Manka
	:	Hom,	hom na !	Ele, le, le	:
	:	fe :— :—	m :m :	:	:
	:	r <sub>1</sub> :— :	d <sub>1</sub> :d <sub>1</sub> :	:	:

{	r :l <sub>1</sub> :-	r :- :-	d :- :-
	: :	l <sub>1</sub> :- :-	s <sub>1</sub> :- :-
	Ntonga	Hom,	Hom!
	za - na	Hom,	Hom!
	hom na,	Hom,	Hom!
: :	fe :- :-	m :- :-	
: :	r <sub>1</sub> :- :-	d <sub>1</sub> :- :-	

CHORUS.

:s		m :- :-	r :l <sub>1</sub> :-	r :- :-	d :s <sub>1</sub> :-		m :- :-
:d		d :- :-	r :l <sub>1</sub> :-	l <sub>1</sub> :- :-	d :s <sub>1</sub> :-		d :- :-
A -		hom !	hom na,	hom,	hom na !		Hom,
:s		s : :-	fe :fe :-	fe :- :-	m :m :-		s :- :-
:m <sub>1</sub>		m <sub>1</sub> :- :-	r <sub>1</sub> :r <sub>1</sub> :-	r <sub>1</sub> :- :-	d <sub>1</sub> :d <sub>1</sub> :-		m :- :-

{	r :l <sub>1</sub> :-	r :- :-	d :- :-
	r :l <sub>1</sub> :-	l <sub>1</sub> :- :-	s <sub>1</sub> :- :-
	hom na,	hom,	hom !
	fe :fe :-	fe :- :-	m :- :-
r <sub>1</sub> :r <sub>1</sub> :-	r <sub>1</sub> :- :-	d <sub>1</sub> :- :-	

Translated, the lines of Ntsikana's Round Hymn :

Verse 1. 'Twas proclaimed at Gqora : Hom, hom-na.  
Also at the Lake of Arms [Peddie] Hom, hom na.

Verse 2. 'Twas proclaimed at Gaga : Hom, hom-na.  
Likewise at Mankazana : Hom, hom-na.

Verse 3. There it arrived to speak : Hom, hom-na.  
Hallelujah. Amen. Hom, hom-na.

Later on Ntsikana would start " *Ulo Tixo 'Mkulu* " to the following tune, regarded as his Great Hymn. Its weird music, gravely and deliberately led by him is said to have been very impressive. He would chant the first two bars in a loud voice and then the people would join in repeating the words line by line. To the old Christians it never fails to move them to tears even to this day. Read in the light of present day knowledge of Bible truths, the Hymn is wonderfully complete as a theological creed. For the benefit of non-Kafir readers a literal English translation is given of each line. This Hymn in Kafir has been printed in almost all the various denominational hymn books used for church praise.

## ULO TIXO MKULU.

THOU GREAT GOD.

NOTE.—*Ntsikana's Great Hymn has been printed in all the Xosa speaking collections used for Church praise. Words and Music had been traditionally handed down till committed to print as arranged by compiler of "Amaculo ase Lovedale."*

NTSIKANA'S HYMN.

Arranged by JOHN KNOX BOKWE.

KEY F.—*Gravely.*

<i>ad lib.</i>	<i>tempo.</i>			
s : - f   f, f, m : r	l : l   l : l	s : -   s : -	l : s   l : s	}
:   : :	fe : fe   fe : fe	m : -   m : -	fe : m   fe : m	
:   : :	r : r   r : r	d : -   d : -	r : d   r : m	
U - lo Tixo omku-	lu ngo se - zu -	lwi - ni,	U - lo Ti - xo	
:   : :	fe : fe   fe : fe	m : -   m : -	fe : m   fe : m	
:   : :	r : r   r : r	d : -   d : -	r : m   r : d	
m : s   r : m	d : l <sub>i</sub>   s <sub>i</sub> : s <sub>i</sub>	}		
d : m   t <sub>i</sub>				
d : d   t <sub>i</sub> : m	d : l <sub>i</sub>   s <sub>i</sub> : s <sub>i</sub>			
o - mkulu ngo-	se - zu - lwi - ni.			
m : s   r : s	m : r   d : d			
d : d   s <sub>i</sub> : d	m <sub>i</sub> : r <sub>i</sub>   d <sub>i</sub> : d <sub>i</sub>			

Ulo Tixo omkulu, ngosezulwini;  
 Ungu Wena-wena Kaka lenyaniso.  
 Ungu Wena-wena Nqaba yenyanyiso.  
 Ungu Wena-wena Hlati lenyaniso.  
 Ungu Wena-wen 'uhlel' enyangwaneni.

Ulo dal' ubom, wadala pezulu.

Lo Mdal' owadala wadala izulu.

Lo Menzi wenkwenkwezi noZilimela;

Yabinza inkwenkwezi, isixelela.

Lo Menzi wemfaman' uzenza ngabom?

Lateta ixilongo lisibizile.

Ulonqin' izingela imipefumlo.

Ulohlanganis' imihlamb' eyalanayo.

Ulomkokeli wasikokela tina.

Ulengub' inkul' esiyambata tina.

Ozandla Zako zinamanxeba Wena.

Onyawo Zako zinamanxeba Wena.

Ugazi Lako limrolo yinina?

Ugazi Lako lipalalele tina.

Lemali enkulu-na siyibizile?

Lomzi Wako-na-na siwubizile?

He, is the Great God, Who is in heaven  
 Thou art Thou, Shield of truth.  
 Thou art Thou, Stronghold of truth.  
 Thou art Thou, Thicket of truth.  
 Thou art Thou Who dwellest in the  
 highest.

He, Who created life (below), created  
 (life) above.

That Creator Who created, created  
 heaven.

This maker of the stars, and the  
 Pleiades.

A star flashed forth, it was telling us.

The Maker of the blind, does He not  
 make them of purpose?

The trumpet sounded, it has called us,  
 As for His chase He hunteth, for souls.

He, Who amalgamates flocks rejecting  
 each other.

He, the Leader, Who has led us

He, Whose great mantle, we do put  
 it on.

Those hands of Thine they are  
 wounded.

Those feet of Thine, they are wounded.

Thy blood, why is it streaming?

Thy blood, it was shed for us.

This great price, have we called for it?

This home of Thine, have we called  
 for it?

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE EVENING OF NTSIKANA'S LIFE.

IN the preceding chapter we spoke of Ntsikana sitting under his large *Umqonci* tree, dismissing a meeting at which he delivered a prophetic address, strangely difficult to his hearers to understand, but which we can look at now in another and clearer light. Time has worked out changes, events have occurred and are occurring, which, whatever may be said to the contrary, are remarkably in keeping with what Ntsikana is reported to have prophesied.

Not long after that address, Ntsikana called to his wife Nontsonta to get him some Kafir corn to cook what the Natives call *Incombo*, that is, this grain plucked off before it is fully ripe and hard. She replied that the corn was still too green, to which he remarked—"You may not be aware that perhaps I may not live to eat of this corn." This was at Nontluto in the neighbourhood of Blinkwater, Fort Beaufort. I should have mentioned before, that after his conversion, Ntsikana parted with his second wife, Nomanto, in a friendly manner saying he did not feel it to be in accordance with the requirements of the "thing" that had entered into him to have more than one wife. And he allotted to her part of his property.

Through ill-treatment at the hands of some of the European settlers who were then arriving to reside in the Fort Beaufort district, Ntsikana and his people were, at this time, forced to leave their homes and their unreaped gardens, full of corn and just ready to be harvested. The Rev. John Brownlee had by this time arrived in Kafirland, and was stationed at Chumie. It seems that arrangements had been entered into by him and Ntsikana, that the latter should be removed as soon as the corn was gathered in. "Man proposes, but God disposes." Ntsikana's happy expectation of removing into closer contact with the Gospel-sound was not to be realized, for

he was attacked by a very severe illness. In removing they halted at Twatwa, and there it became evident that Ntsikana was not likely to recover. The present name of that place is, I think, Menziesburg, in the Kat River Settlement.

I need not describe the gloom that pervaded the whole of Ntsikana's people at the illness of their chief. One day, he called to his side his trusty messenger, Ncamashe, to carry the following message to Ngqika—"The servant of God is now going home. Where did you ever see a servant that did not return to his master, after he had been sent? Let all the people pray. Pass this word on to Ndlambe." Looking round to the people he said "Go and dig a grave." Surprised to hear this strange order, they naturally did not feel inclined to obey, seeing no one was yet dead. They said so to him. He asked for a crow-bar, and went himself to the spot where he wished his grave to be, and, as it were, to turn the first sod. After this there was no difficulty in getting the people to do as he bade them. Day by day they toiled on with their wooden spades and picks, digging Ntsikana's grave. He occasionally went out to see how the work progressed, and used to go in to measure the depth and length of it by himself. At last, the work was finished, and it was evident that Ntsikana too was very near his end. Notwithstanding his illness he still conducted worship; though now in the house instead of outside; and at all these services, his famous hymns were invariably sung.

The last of his days was as full of strange occurrences as those we have already described. It happened that, the night before his death, the cattle had broken out of the kraal and gone to the veldt. But early in the morning, just about sunrise, Hulushe returned of his own accord. No one was aware of his coming, nor where the other cattle were. He walked straight to his master's hut and stood for a moment on the side on which Ntsikana was lying, though no footsteps seem to

have been heard by the people inside. They were therefore surprised to hear Ntsikana asking who had driven back his Hulushe. No one replied, so Ntsikana rose up from his bed, and went to the door, and just as he came out, the ox walked on towards the gate of the kraal. Ntsikana followed and as he himself reached the gate, Hulushe had reached the farther side of the kraal and was already standing looking at him, as if wondering and in sorrow at his master's now wasted form, and slow, infirm step. Ntsikana approached, and, stretching forward his arms, Hulushe bent his neck. For a while Ntsikana leaned his body with outstretched arms between the horns and on the neck of the favourite ox. It was a strange scene, happening almost about the same time as that other event we described in Chapter III. of this story. Then he lay, stretched out in Kafir fashion on the poles at the gate of the kraal, taking advantage of the sun-rays to warm his muscular body, when,—fastening his eyes on the side of his favourite animal,—he saw in the sun-rays there a bright, and as it now appears, a heavenly object: a "rainbow" as he himself called it. This morning he is stretched out, not on the poles, but leaning on Hulushe's neck, his body wasted by illness. He is taking, as it were, a farewell of his earthly favourite. It must have been a strange scene to those who witnessed it! This done, Ntsikana left the kraal never to put his foot in it again, and Hulushe retraced his steps undriven to the veldt, for ever parting from his loving and loved master. When Ntsikana reached the house, he thus addressed the wondering people. "This is the ox on which I saw the bright sun's rays, The Rainbow. On the morning of the day I was renewed (*ndasungulwa*) I noticed the ray fixed on him, and also on me. Tell Ngqika that even he must have nothing to do with this ox when I am gone, nor with the cattle among which he stays. Even if they are captured in battle, they must not be fought for like others; they are *inqambi*,—i.e., unclean animals, and not for eating.



## CHAPTER IX.

## LAST HOURS: HIS CALL HOME.

TO his last day, notwithstanding his suffering from severe pains and drawing near to death, Ntsikana kept on preaching to those around him. At last, addressing his children, he said, "I am going home to my Father. Do not, after I die, go back to Kafirdom (*ema-Xoseni*, meaning heathendom). I want you to go to Buluneli (Rev. John Brownlee's) at Gwali. Have nothing to do with heathen dances, but keep a firm hold of the word of God. Always stick together, and be as close to one another as particles of a ball of cement. Should a rope be thrown round your neck or a spear pierce your body, whatever persecution comes upon you, on account of the word of God don't give way, keep it, and stick to it and to each other. To my two sons I say, Kobe (the elder), you will be my back-bone (*ufundo lwam*), and Dukwana, you will be my walking-stick (*umsimelelo*). Don't allow my children to return to red clay and heathenism; take them to Gwali. I am going home to my Father, to my Master!" He was now exhausted, and, turning to the person on whom he was leaning, he said, "Lay me down"; so saying, he quietly passed away, and Ntsikana the son of Gaba was gone up higher.

His remains were carried to their last resting place in rather a novel coffin, the first ever used in Kafirland. The stem of a large tree was scooped out in the middle. In it his body was laid, and placed according to Christian usage, in the grave he had made ready. The funeral service was conducted by two Christian converts Robert Balfour and Charles Henry, whose Kafir names were *Noyi* and *Matshaya* respectively, and who afterwards became helpful agents in the mission field. This was the description I got from one that knew him, when I asked what Ntsikana's form and features were like. He said "I went to his kraal only once, accompanying old Soga (the father of the Rev. Tiyo Soga), who was at that time in deep spiritual concern, and had gone to consult Ntsikana. What I saw of him can only be likened

to a man meeting a lion. His stature was of ordinary height, but he had very strong looking muscles. His head was rather big and round; with an open face and forehead; his eyes large, jet black, sharp, and piercing, under the penetrating gaze of which one could not help feeling an uncomfortable sensation of awe. Both in speaking and singing he had a deep, but clear, and sweet, bass voice; when he sung his great hymn, you could not keep the tears from flowing out of your eyes. By the help of your imagination, take in the description I have given, and you have Ntsikana's picture before you." Reader, I can only ask you to do the same.

I have now finished the story of Ntsikana. His great hymn, (p. 26) which is given in the original Kafir, with a literal translation into English, with tune, or rather the chant, to which it is sung, was first published in the *Isigidimi Sama-Xosa* of November, 1876.

The hymns and music were composed by Ntsikana, but at what date no one can exactly say. They are grand and original productions, a precious legacy to his native fellow Christians, and should be highly valued and loved by them. Ntsikana's great influence still secures for his memory, his words, and his actions, that reverence which this first Christian convert among the South African Xosa worthily deserves. Oh! that his influence would constrain every South African Native who may read, or hear tell of this story, to accept of this Gospel that won Ntsikana; leading them to imitate the exemplary life he adopted after conversion. To emulate his earnest zeal for extending the Kingdom of Jesus Christ, whom Ntsikana described as:—

"Ulo Tixo 'mkulu ngosezulwini" The Great God, Who is in Heaven.  
 "Ulongina izingela imipefumlo" Whose chase hunteth for souls.  
 "Ulohlanganisa imihlambi eyalanyayo" Who is the Amalgamator under one fold flocks opposed to each other.  
 "Ulom-Kokeli wasikokela tina" The Leader, He it is Who led us.  
 "Ulengubo enkulu siyambata tina" Whose great mantle we do put on.

[THE END.]

## APPENDIX I.

CHARLES HENRY MATSHAYA: A FOLLOWER  
AND CONVERT.

LIFE OF CHARLES HENRY, native teacher at Burnshill—dictated by himself to Rev. JAMES LAING in Kafir, and addressed to the Ladies of Kelso, by whom he is supported. Published in the *Glasgow Missionary Record* - 1842.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I was born on a small stream named the Gwali, the same on which the Chumie station now stands. I was a boy living there when Vander-Kemp came to Kafirland, in 1799.\* My father died on the Gwali. After his death, I removed with my friends to the country between Grahamstown and Algoa Bay, in which there were many Kafirs residing at that time. My friends were then connected with the chief Ndlambe, one of the sons of Rarabe, and uncle of Gaika. While residing in this quarter I was circumcised. When Ndlambe's people were dispossessed of the above country, 1812, I was newly married to my present wife. After this, the body of people with whom I was connected settled for some time on the Keiskamma, below Fort Wiltshire; but we did not sow there, and were in danger of suffering from hunger. In these circumstances, some of my friends advised me to go to the Gaga, where, they said, there was abundance of food.† I followed their advice, and went to the Gaga, which was situated in the territories of Gaika. On my taking up my abode there, this chief said that I ought to pay something to him, because I had come from another chief to settle in his land. The counsellors, however, gave it as their opinion, that as I was a young man, and had but few cattle, I ought not to be called on to pay. This advice prevailed, and the chief departed from his demand. My two eldest children were born while I

\* The dates are given by the writer.

† The Gaga is a fertile valley on the right bank of the Tyume. The present site of Lovedale is at the mouth of the Gaga.

APP. I.] "MATSHAYA": A FOLLOWER OF NTSIKANA. 33

resided on the Gaga. About this time a man of the Ndlambe tribe, called Links by the colonists, and Nxele by the Kafirs, made a great deal of noise in the country. He said that he was a converted person. I removed towards the Kat river, near to where Fort Beaufort now stands. My corn lands were then in the place occupied by the chief Makoma, for the purposes of agriculture. Williams the missionary arrived 1816 or 1817. The Sabbath was made known, and we were called to attend the worship of God. At that time I knew nothing of the Word, and was unwilling to enter the church. By listening to the Word a struggle commenced within me, and I felt as if I had two hearts, the one loving the Word, and the other hating it. After I began to attend to the Word, I became sorry for my friends, who were living in the pleasures of the world, and who did not see the danger to which they were exposed. I saw that it was desirable for me to go and remain constantly at the missionary's station, but my connections advised me not to go thither, and urged me to leave off attending to the gospel. To induce me to do so, they said that Gaika would kill me if I went on as I was doing. I said it would be good if he should kill me for the Word of God. These same persons also tried to persuade me that Gaika would take my cattle if I went to the station. In answer to them, I referred them to the almighty power of God, which was far above that of any earthly potentate. My wife also was opposed to the course which I was taking; and when I went to the station she remained behind. For support at the station, I took two milk cows with me. Soon afterwards I visited my kraal, and held worship there; but my friends did not attend, for, they said, I was mad. Meanwhile my wife began to get sounder views of her condition, and to become reconciled to my new line of conduct. She one day said, "I also will go to the station." We therefore went thither with our two children, and sowed there. In a short time Mr. Williams died, 1817 or 1818. About this time Gaika called out his people to fight Ndlambe,

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and I was engaged in the battle which was fought on this side of Pirie. Gaika was defeated, and fled towards the colony, taking up a temporary abode on the Koonap. There the station people who had been under Mr. Williams met together for the purpose of worship. The Colonial Government had espoused the side of Gaika, and had made war upon Ndlambe; and they said to Gaika that he must go and live at the Tyume, having assured him that Ndlambe would not again molest him. The people who had been connected with Mr Williams now wished to settle at the old station, but the colonial troops would not suffer them to do so, and ordered them to proceed to the Tyume. Some of them went and settled near the head of the Ncehra, and others of them, among whom I was one, went to reside with Ntsikana, near the Kat river.

This was the person who took the lead in instructing us after the death of Mr. Williams. We stayed some time with Ntsikana, and sowed crops of corn, but the corn was not ripe when the Colonial troops came, burned our houses, and commanded us to go to the Tyume. Some of us asked, how shall we obtain a teacher if we go to that quarter? One of the officers asked, "Where is your teacher?" We pointed out Ntsikana. The Colonial troops then said, "Where is your book?" and having a Dutch book with me I showed it to them. One of them then laid hold of his gun, and said, "This is our book. Be-gone. You must not stay here." The reason assigned for putting us out was that that was Colonial ground. We now went first to the Ncotsi, and then to the Gwali; but Gaika and his men were so unfriendly to the people who attended to the Word of God, that they would not allow us to remain in peace. We again went to the Kat river, and were there when Mr Brownlee arrived and formed the Missionary Station of the Gwali. Ntsikana was most diligent in holding meetings for worship; but about this time he was seized with sickness, from which he never recovered. During his illness he spoke much to us on the things of God. When he

APP. L] "MATSHAYA": A FOLLOWER OF NTSIKANA. 35

thought that his end was approaching, he wished us to dig his grave, and when he saw the people weeping for him, he said—"Do not weep for me, I am not dying. Think of your own condition." He advised us to go, after his death, to the Missionary Station where Mr. Brownlee was, and he sent a message to Gaika, Ndlambe, Hintsá, and Gubencuka, that they should attend to the Word of God. He died in peace. The Station people now removed to the Gwali, where Mr. Brownlee was. There I was in danger of being killed by the chief Gaika, who seized an assegai, and ran to throw it at me, but his mother prevented him from doing so. Gaika's complaints against me were, that I had brought Ntsikana's children to the teacher, and that I had advised a man who was somewhat undecided, not to leave the Station. A short time after the arrival of Messrs. Thomson and Bennie, Gaika came to the Station, professing to seek a reconciliation with me. I was baptized by Mr. Thomson, with a number of others, and continued attending to the Word of God. After Mr. Ross came to the country, the teachers proposed to establish a Station among Nqeno's people on the Ncehra, and that the chief had given his consent to this measure. I was called by the teachers to go and give assistance at the new Station, and I said I would go and try what I could do. Messrs. Ross and Bennie were the teachers at Lovedale. There I had pleasure in going round the country, and in calling the attention of the people to the good news. Tsaba and others of Nqeno's sons, with many of the common people, frequently attended church.

## APPENDIX II.

AMA-XOSA HISTORY BY ROBERT BALFOUR NOYI:  
A FOLLOWER.

MANUSCRIPT OF AMA-XOSA HISTORY, FURNISHED BY  
ROBERT BALFOUR NOYI; TRANSLATED BY REV.  
JOHN BENNIE; PUBLISHED IN THE *Glasgow Missionary Record*, 1848.

THE KAFIRS AND THEIR COUNTRY, AS TAKEN  
CHIEFLY FROM THEIR OWN STATEMENTS.

ALTHOUGH the term Kafir is employed by Europeans and Colonists to designate a race living on the shores of the Indian Ocean, mainly eastward from the Cape Colony, it is never used by the Natives themselves. It is properly an Arabic word meaning *infidel*, and is in various countries applied by Mohammedans to such as believe not *in the creed of Mussulmans*. The question on what occasion it came to be applied to this race, involves too much discussion to be entered upon here. The different Kafir tribes are distinguished in their own country in a strictly patriarchal manner; or as we would say in Scotland, they are known to each other as clans, each clan having the name of their supposed ancestor or of some great chief. Thus, the *Ama-Zulu* are the *people* of Zulu; the *Ama-Pondo*, the people of Pondo; and the *Ama-Xosa*, the people of Xosa; these last forming mainly the frontier tribes, with whom this country has been at war, and among whom the missionaries of the Free Church have, with others, been labouring.

Speaking of the south of Africa as a whole, there are, or perhaps rather were, for they are now greatly mixed, five races in some measure different; the Hottentots on the south; the Namaquas, a people resembling the former, on the west; the bushmen, long a wild race, chiefly in the mountains behind these, the Betshuanas, a numerous people stretching far northward; and the Kafirs, who resemble the former, stretching eastward and northward along the shores of the Indian Ocean for many hundreds of miles. The following is the account

of three of these, in a manuscript Kafir history, furnished by a Native Kafir, and now before us, in a translation by the Rev. J. Bennie, one of the Free Church missionaries:—"By tradition it is said that we, the Ama-Xosa (Kafirs) are a race perfectly distinct from the Ama-Ibranana (Hottentots), the people who originally occupied this portion of the African continent. The Ama-Xosa came from the north, and having extended themselves westward along the sea-coast, they came upon the Ama-Ibranana." It is admitted, says the translator, on all hands, that the Hottentots at one time occupied the whole of what is now called Kafirland, *eastward to the Kei river*. The Bushman at the same time occupied the mountains or highland districts, where the Kei, the Buffalo, the Keiskama, the Tyumie, and the Kat rivers have their sources.

But, on returning to our Kafir tradition as to the origin and character of the three races in question, the imagination of the traditionists will be found at work, perfecting the historical picture. "A certain man," say they, "had three sons, whose names were Ibranana, Xosa, and Twa. Ibranana was a keeper of cattle, sheep, and goats, as was also Xosa, while poor Twa was satisfied with his honey bird and his game in the desert. Ibranana (the ancestor of the Hottentots) was not a tall man, and his complexion was sallow. Twa (the ancestor of the Bushman) was shorter still and more slender, and also of a sallow complexion, but a shade lighter. And Xosa was a tall, muscular man, and dark coloured." These descriptions are obviously taken from the different *races*, though applied to their alleged progenitors; and in this sense they will serve an end.

"We know nothing," says the author, "on which we can depend, of Sikomo, or his son Togu, or his son Gconde, farther than that they and our fathers occupied a country north of our present settlement. Our *known* history begins with Tshiwo, the son of Gconde. Leaving



his father's territory, he crossed the Nciba (Kei), and settled with his followers on a stream farther west. (The Kei was then considered the western boundary of the Kafir country, but these are now, and have long been, a hundred miles farther west, where they march with the Colony.) He had crossed on a hunting expedition, but finding the country agreeable, he took up his residence in it and never returned. (This, says the translator, was probably about the year 1670). After remaining for several years in this new country, and probably on the death of his father, east of the Nciba, many people joined him, and his tribe became numerous. In these circumstances, a dispute arose between him and a nephew called Gando, the son of Leeme Gando, who was one of those who had recently joined Tshiwo's people, which gave offence to some of his headmen, by not showing them proper respect. One of these appeared before Tshiwo and said reproachfully, 'We leave you—we go over to Gando—you may then humble him if you can.' He then took a piece of flesh, dipped it in water, held it up to the chief, saying, 'Eat that, thou coward.' The chief wept, but on learning, from this same man, the feelings of his councillors to be for war, he resolved accordingly. He ordered the shields and head-dresses kept at his residence to be brought forth, and his warriors to be assembled. They cheerfully obeyed, and were instructed to attack Gando and his followers. Gando, hearing of this, fled farther westward, crossing the Qonce (the Buffalo), the Xesi, (the Keiskamma), on the banks of which one of the Free Church stations rested, and the Gwalana; and being followed by Tshiwo's people, there was skirmishing all the way. After turning from his pursuers, when west of the Xesi, he was again compelled to give way, and fleeing still westward, he crossed the Nxuba, (the great Fish River at the Cihosha (the Kafir drift or ford), and placing himself on the opposite bank, his pursuers were brought to a dead stand. They dared not to cross in his presence. After consultation, two

parties of chosen men were dispatched, the one to cross below and the other above the ford. They succeeded, and while Gando's people were engaged with these, the rest of his pursuers crossed the ford, where a general engagement took place. Gando's people were desperate. They fought till they had exhausted all their assegais (spears), and being thus helpless, they fled and were slain in great numbers. Their conquerors, carrying with them the cattle of the vanquished, returned in triumph to Tshiwo.

"Some of his adherents, including near relatives, to be afterwards spoken of, now forsook him. He was entreated by his uncle, Tshiwo, to return in peace. 'What, said the peace-making chief, 'have we been fighting about but a milk basket?' But the defeated warrior refused again and again. 'I will rather,' said he, 'be a Dama in a far country.' He was afterwards persuaded by his own people to return, and they at the same time supplied him with cattle and a select body of young men. Meanwhile, they bethought them of their chief's resolution to become a Dama. They said one to another, 'Now, let us be off; let us be Ama-Dama.' They travelled far to the north and west, they met and overcame many difficulties. At last, they came to a very delightful country, a country well wooded, fruitful, and bounding in game. There, they are still known as the Damara Kafirs. Their country is north of Namaqualand on the west coast."

We have given only the substance of what concerns these Ama-Dama, and must now cut the thread of our Kafir story. But before concluding, we are desirous of connecting the past with the present, though it should be merely by the links of genealogical decent. One of those that forsook Gando on his reverses was his son, Pazima, the father of Geimswa, the father of *Noyi*, whose Christian name is Robert Balfour, the author of our Kafir history. He was one of the first converts of the Glasgow mission, and was named after that eminent servant of God, the late Dr. Balfour of Glasgow. Robert was long employed as a Scripture reader or catechist.

APPENDIX III.  
 THE CONDITION OF NATIVE TRIBES DURING THE  
 CENTURY PRECEDING THE INTRODUCTION OF THE  
 GOSPEL AMONG THEM.  
 BY HON. CHARLES BROWNLEE, M.L.A., C.M.G.  
*Extracts from Paper read at the Jubilee of the Glasgow  
 Missionary Society, 1871.*

\* \* \* \*

“IN reference to the Kafirs, that is the *Ama-Xosa*, with whom we have been brought more directly into contact, it would appear that for the last 300 years they have not been subjected to the changes and vicissitudes which appear to be the normal condition of all African races. This does not so much arise from the moral or social position of the people as from the circumstances in which they were placed.

“The *Ama-Xosa* Kafirs trace back the genealogical line of their chief to the time of *Xosa*, ten or twelve generations,—while the *Tambookies* trace two or three generations further back. This shows that for a period of about 300 years they have been an independent people, living under their own chiefs the *Tambookies* being the elder, or superior branch of the family. With the exception of the *Ama-Pondo* from whom *Ama-Pondomise*, *Tambookies*, and *Kafirs* are descended—I am not aware that any other South Eastern African tribe can trace so long an unbroken line of rulers. This would indicate that those of them in possession of supreme authority had either risen by their talents, or had originally been the chiefs of small and obscure tribes, and are able to trace a long descent from rulers of the land.

“The reason why the South Western Kafir tribes should have been so independent is plain. From the time that the *Ama-Pondo* became a people they appear to have had scope to extend westward without let or hindrance—tradition speaking of no tribes to dispute their progress until they came into contact

with the Hottentots, west of the Bashee. How or when they came into contact with this tribe or how they treated them tradition is also silent. But judging from the state of matters at the beginning of this century it would appear that while the Kafirs took possession of the country of the Hottentots, they permitted them to live in their midst. We have no tradition of wars with them, but we know that within the last half century many Hottentots occupied honourable positions among Kafirs. As a distinct people, however, at the present time almost no trace is to be found among the Kafirs, except such as is to be seen in the off-spring of the inter-marriages between the two races. The Kafirs having been placed in favourable circumstances, multiplied and increased in the ordinary course of nature without receiving accession to their numbers from external sources except only as regards the Hottentots who, broken up into small clans or families with no leading or paramount chief, appear to have submitted to conquest and absorption without bloodshed or resistance.

“The Ama-Xosa tribes, regarding themselves as one family, descended from a common origin, the elements of weakness found among other tribes do not exist with them, save only one arising from the constant sub-division of the tribes, the result of polygamy. But even with this element of weakness—all the families descended from Xosa, to the time of Gcaleka, submitted fully and implicitly to the paramount chief, and even to the present day, though many of the tribes have for years been virtually independent, all regard Kreli, the representative of Xosa, with a sort of sacred and religious veneration. This bond of cohesion has given the Kafirs strength and constancy in struggles with us.

\* \* \* \*

“The tribes among which the Gospel has proved most successful are the Basutos, the Bechuana tribes, and the Fingoes. These people had been humbled by conquests

their pride had been broken by servitude, and necessity compelled them to adopt habits of industry. Among them the missionaries found soil, to some extent, prepared for a reception of the good seed. Hence the success which has attended their labours among these tribes. Among the Zulus, Matebele, Makololo, and Kafirs the case was otherwise. Here the missionary has to contend with the pride and vain-glory of people who have never been in subjection to others; men who have been accustomed to rule, and give laws to conquered tribes; and whose every-day public and private acts came into direct antagonism with the teaching of the missionary. Though a portion of the Kafirs are no longer independent, their subjection to us has hardly yet changed their feelings and sentiments. This must be work of time.

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“The tribes of South Eastern Africa, as shown in the foregoing remarks, may be divided into four or five classes, namely despotic tribes who during years of conquest and destruction of human life became imbued with a savage ferocity. We have next the large tribes, such as the Ama-Pondo, the Tambookies, and the Kafirs, who for centuries have increased and multiplied, without being subjugated. Or subjugating others, and exploits in arms, for ages, have been confined chiefly to petty tribal feuds which have been easily healed and arranged—the lives of women and children having always been held sacred, and no life being sacrificed after the day of conflict is past. We have also the disintegrated tribes as they were in the beginning of the century. Then there are the tributary tribes, finding safety only in their poverty or paying tribute to their stronger neighbours. And, lowest in the social scale, we have the Bakalahari Bakatla, and others in the same condition—wretched tribes living on the outskirts of the more powerful communities, always ready passively to transfer their allegiance from present masters to any who may prove stronger.”

## APPENDIX IV.

THE STORY OF NTSIKANA IN

KAḤIR.

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# IBALI LIKA NTSIKANA

NGENTETO YAMA XOSA.

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### INTSHAYELELO.

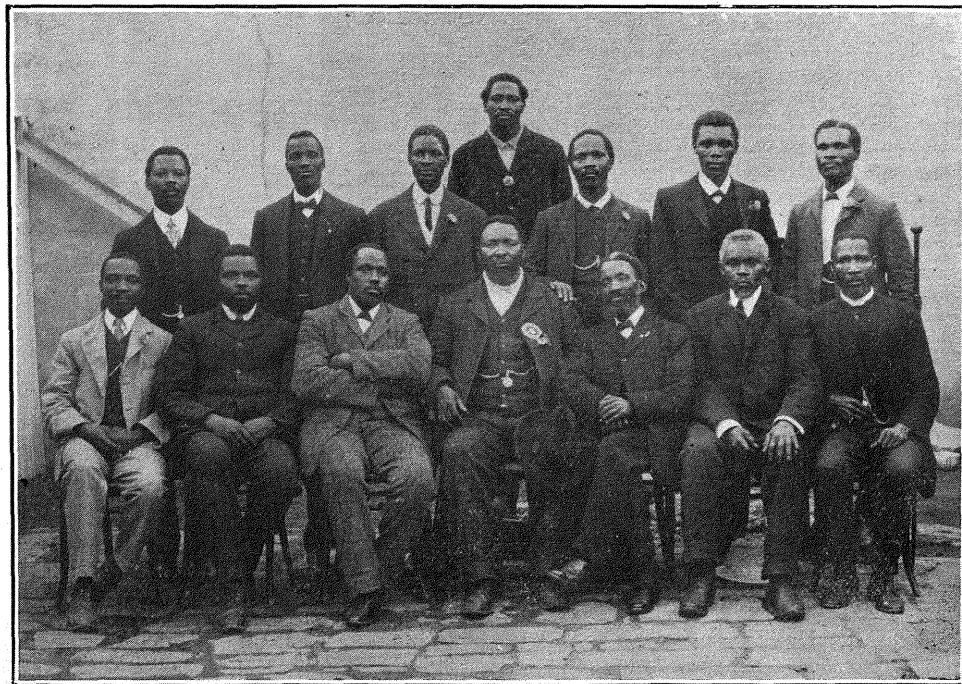
IBALI LIKA NTSIKANA lixela isiqalo sokoyisa kwe Vangeli ka Yesu Kristu ekufikeni kwayo pakati kwama-Xosa ngokwamkelwa kokanyiso lwayo yindoda enye kolohlanga, engu Ntsikana, um-Cifa. Lifanelwe ukuxatyiswa kakulu ngamawetu, lingalibaleki ngalo lonke ixesha lenteto yesi Xosa isekoyo. Ukushicilelwa kwalo ngenteto yesi Ngesi ekuqalwe ngayo kulencwadi, nangayo le yesi Xosa, kwenzelwa ukugcinwa kweli Bali, nakwizizukulwana zabupina ubuzwe.

Endaweni yokutolika endilibalengesi Ngesi, kubonakele, kukuhle ukufaka amabali ate kanti enziwe nangabanye

ngesi Xosa. Okunye kokubalisa kwashicilelwa kwipepa lokuqala lama-Xosa ekwakutiwa li "Kwezi". Lashicilelwa e-Gwali nge 1845, pambi kwe Mfazwe ye Zembe kwisishicilelo saba-Fundisi bokuqala apo afudukela kona ama Ntsikana; nalapo ukumiswa kobukolo baqalaka kona. Kwelo bali le "Kwezi" silandelisa ubunqina bamagqala awayembona ngamehlo, emva ngendlebe u-Ntsikana; nabazali babeyi ramente ebezhamba inkonzo zalondoda ka-Tixo. Lomagqala sicapule kuwo ngu John Muir Vimbe, um-Ntakwenda, esinetamsanqa lokufaka nomfanekiso wake kulencwadi. Omnye ngu Zaze ka Soga, um-Jwara, lomzi wabizelwa ekulamkeleni Izwi ngangokuba isibongo sithi "Lomzi ka Konwana siwubizile"! Unyana wake u-Tiyo Burnside Soga ulincedise kakulu Ibali nangokude alande nomnombo wezizukulwana zama-Ntsikana, okwashicilelwayo nawo. Abanye esifumene ubunqina beli Bali kubo ngonyana baka Noyi um-Kwayi owatyiwa igama elingu Robert Balfour, mhla wabaptizwa; oyena no Matshaya babe ngabalandeli bokuqala nabancwabi baka Ntsikana. Abonyana baka Noyi babalisayo ngowamazibulo u-Makapela Sangani, obubele kwa-Gcaleka selengapezulu kweminyaka elikulu; no Jacob Mnxuma osekoyo yena e-Dikeni.

Ngempembelelo zo "Manyano lo Buzalwana Bohlanga lwama Xosa" olumise ukuba kubeko ISIKUMBUZO SIKA NTSIKANA, kude kwenzeka ukuba lishicilelwe eli Bali ngezinteto zombini. Umfanekiso we Komiti Enkulu ye "Sikumbuzo sika Ntsikana" eyayihlanganise amasebe endawo ngendawo e-Qonce nge 24 ku May 1910, siwulondoloza nawo ngokuwafaka kule ncwadi, kuba kulapo isigqibo sokulishicilela satywinwa kona, pantsi kokongamela komnumzana u-Meshech Pelem, um-Pinge, nobonise ukulinonelela kwake ngokukupha imali elixabiso elikulu ukuncedisa kwindleko zokulishicilela; watelelwa kwelo kondo ngumnumzana u-Robert McNeil Plaatjes ngelinye inani. Bendingayi kuba nako mna Mgcogeli walo ukulipumeza ngapandle koncedo lwabo. Kuya kubuleleka ukuba IBALI LIKA NTSIKANA elibekwa ezandleni zabafundi namhlanje loba nokwamkeleka.

JOHN KNOX BOKWE.



*Ntsikana Memorial Committee.*



## IBALI LIKA-NTSIKANA.

[*Elifunyenwe lishicilelwe kwipepa lokuqala lama-Xosa :—*  
 "IKWEZI February, 1845," Pambi kwe "MFAZWE  
 YE ZEMBE." Labákwa ngaba-Fundisi e-Gwali. Ngabo  
 abaqala ukushicilelwa kwenteto yesi Xosa. Ibali lika  
 Ntsikana lenjwa nje ukubaliswa ngabo kwi "KWEZI,"  
 —J. K. B.]

### "IMBALISO KA-NTSIKANA"

"U-NTSIKANA wazalelwa e-Qaukeni, elibizwa ngokuti li-Qauka lika Bindi. Ngesiko lama-Xosa, wabegxotiwe unina ka-Ntsikana emzini wake; waya kuyise u-Bindi; ngokuba bebesiti unentaka lomzi ka Bindi. Ngoko u-Ntsikana wazalelwa emzini ka Bindi. Ebehleli kona umhlayimbi iminyaka emitandatu. Wabizwa nguyise u-Gaba obehleli ngase-Xesi. Ngexesha lobu kwenkwe bake ebe nje ngamanye amakwenkwe ema-Xoseni. Wakula emikweni yelilizwe.

"Kekaloku u-Gaba wafuduka e-Xesi, waya Ezingai, wahlala kona; wada u-Ntsikana waba yinkwenkwe enkulu; wada waluka Ezingai, nje ngesiko lama-Xosa. Waluka emveni kokumka kuka Nyengana.—(Doctor Vanderkemp). Ungunyaka elabalelayo ilanga, bada abantu badla iziboto. Engekaluki ebehamba komkulu ngamanye amaxesha, nje ngabanye abalusi benkosi.

"U-Nyengana, eyala ngelizwi lika-Tixo pakati kwama-Xosa, engalibali ukuyala u-Nqika nabantu bake. U-Ntsikana ebe pakati kwabo; kwabe kulapo waqala ukuliva ilizwi lika Tixo. Ngeloxesha ebe-komkulu ilizwe labe libalele. U-Kula, umlungu obehamba no Nyengana, wati ku-Nqika, cela imvula ku-Nyengana. U-Nqika wacela imvula ngenkabi ezimbini ku-Nyengana. Lomntu olungileyo wati ku-Nqika, andinguye umnisi wemvula; kodwa yizani, sicele ku-Tixo imvula ngokutandaza. Akazamkelanga inkabi zika-Nqika.

"Ngalonyaka kwanukwa u-Nontsangweni, wabulawa, ngenxa yemvula ukuba ibingeko. Amaxosa ngobundenge bawo ati: ubalelisa ilanga lomntu. Nasemveni kokuba emkile u-Nyengana, u-Ntsikana ebehamba

nje ngabanye abantu; ebeyenza yonke imisebenzi yaba Heiden; bekungeko nto ilungileyo kuye nga pezu kwabanye abantu. Ebengumntu obeduda kakulu, eqaba imbola; ebevuma ingoma zebesintu; eberexxa. Ngeloxesha ebezeka abafazi ababini. Sibe sinjalo isimilo sika Ntsikana.

“Wafuduka kwelilizwe waya Emnyameni no-Ndlambe wahlala kona iminyaka etile, wamshiya kwa-Ndlambe weza kwa-Mankazana; walima kabini kona: wasuka kwa-Mankazana. Waya e-Qora, wahlala kona.

“Apo u-Nxele no-Ntsikana bahlangana kona. Ngokuba u-Nxele ebete ngokuxoka kwake, ukuba abantu abafileyo bopuma emhlabeni, ngelizwi lake. Wati u-Ntsikana, kutiwa, ‘Putuma abantu uyabalahla u-Nxele, andiboni nto emhlabeni ngelizwi lake.’ Apo, u-Ntsikana ebepikisene naye kakulu, esiti, u-Ntsikana: Abakupuma abantu abafileyo ngelizwi lika-Nxele.

“Kwabe kulapo waqala kona u-Ntsikana ukukonza u-Tixo. Ebemnqwenela kakulu u-Nyengana. Koko ebeselemkile. Apo sibe sibona u-Ntsikana yedwa obefuna ukukonza u-Tixo. Ilizwi lake belisiti, ku-bantu; ‘Musani ukukolwa ngamazwi ka-Nxele okuti wobavusa abafileyo. Manilinge ukutandaza u-Tixo, ngokuba *enamandla* pezu kokufa.’ Baqala abantu ukubona ukuba uteta amazwi ka-Tixo. Bebevumile ukuva. Ebahlanganisa imihla yonke abantu, ukuba abayale ngelizwi lika Tixo; wacula ngeculo eliti:—

Ulo David ubikile umbulo,

Liloŋa kolwa, likolwa ku-Tixo.

“Wahambisa ngokuyala, walahla yonke imisebenzi ekohlakeleyo yabesintu. Efundisa abantu ngelizwi nangemisebenzi yake. Ebeyala abantu bomzi wake ukuba bangaqabi imbola, bangayi emdudweni; bangapimisi. Esiti, mabakonze u-Tixo. Kanjalo umnqweno wake ubumkulu ukufuna indawo apo ebekona u-Nyengana. Koko ebengazi indawo abe kuyo u-Nyengana. Ebe nje ngempofu inxanelwe amanzi; umpefumlo wake ubunxanelwe amanzi abubomi.

"Kangelani kulomntu, nina ma-Xosa adelâyô ilizwi lika Tixo! U-Ntsikana ebezuzile ilizwi elincinane, koko ebexonxekile ngelozwi; efuna ukufundisa abantu bake, nezihlobo zake ngalo. Kodwa kaloku nje lonke ilizwe lizele lilizwi lika Tixo; niyaligxeka lona noko. Kumbulani u-Ntsikana, nokuyala kwake, nemisebenzi yake; ngeloxesha kube kungeko mfundisi ezweni lenu.

"Wati u-Ntsikana akuba evile abafundisi, bayeza e-Dikeni, wasuka kamsinya waya kubo; wahlangana nabo kona, wabaxelela into zonke ebezisentliziweni yake. Abafundisi bamtutuzela, bamyala ngelizwi lika Tixo, bamfundisa ngalo. Kungoko ukuze u-Ntsikana anxamele ukumka nabafundisi, ukuze afundiswe ngelizwi lika Tixo. Intliziyo yake ibe ixonxekile ukulifunda ilizwi lika-Tixo. Weva ukuba ufumene abantu bokumfundisa. Ebevumile ukushiya zonke izinto zake ukulandela bona, ukuze azaliseke ngokwazi kuka-Tixo. Kodwa inkosi zake bezingavumi ukumvumela ahambe nabafundisi. Baza bati abafundisi bakubona inkosi ukuba azivumi, babambâtisa kuye, ukuba u-William ubeyakuza ema-Xoseni ukufundisa abantu baka-Nqika. Wavuma ukuhlala ngenxa yentembiso yomfundisi obeyakuza kwa-Sihota.

"Wateta kakulu ngelizwi lika Tixo, esomelezeka. Walala kwa Botoman emveni kwokwahlukana nabafundisi. Wahlanganisa abantu kona, wateta ilizwi lika-Tixo kubo, Baqala ukuqonda abantu. Pambi kweloxesha abantu bebeba 'Uyageza lomfo.' Kodwa kaloku bavile ukuba uteta amazwi abawavileyo ngabafundisi. Kanjako nangokuba abafundisi bati ebantwini, Lomntu akagezi, uteta inyaniso, pnapulani ukuteta kwake. Ngoko baqonda abantu ukuba akagezi.

"Akufika ekaya kaloku, wabiza abantu wabaxelela esiti Uyakufuduka aye kwa-Mankazana, ukuze atete ngelizwi lika Tixo ebantwini baka-Nqika, nangenxa yokuba abantu baka Ndlambe bebetanda kakulu ukupulapula u-Nxele. Bekolwa zizinto ebezitwa ngu-Nxele besiti kuye, u-Ntsikana, kaulale sisapulapula

ku-Nxele, indlebe zopambana, asikuqonda. Ngoko u-Ntsikana wati: u-Tixo undi bizile ukuba nditete nabantu, andivumi ukulala, ngoko wafuduka e-Gqora weza kwa-Mankazana ezweni lika Nqika, watcta ilizwi lika-Tixo kubantu. Wavuya u-Nqika akumbona.

“Ebesiza futi-futi, u-Nqika ngokwake, nabafazi bake, namapakati ake epulapula ilizwi lika Tixo. Kube kunjalo ukuhlala kuka Ntsikana kwa-Mankazana.

“Wati akufika u-William kwa-Sihota ebemana ukuya eskolweni nabantu bonzi wake ngomgqibelo; ide idlule i-Sabata, ukuba alive ilizwi lika Tixo futi. Wati umfundisi, kukude kwa-Sihota usapo luyadinwa ukuhamba ngenyawo ukuya kwa-Sihota.

“Ngeloxesha umfundisi ubengekaki; ekubeni ebesafika u-Ntsikana, watembisa kumfundisi ukuba woza akugqiba ukusebenza amazimba aké. Waya kwa-Ndonga, ebevuyile ngokuba ebebonile ukuba ixesha belikufupi lokuze ahlale pantsi kwentlokoma yelizwi lika Tixo. Kodwa emveni koko akubuya isifo samqala; wabesifa wada wakumbula ukuza e-Tyumie kamsinya. Wafuduka kwa-Ndonga, wawashiya amazimba emasimini. Balalisa e-Twátwá, kodwa isifo saba sikúlu ngakumbi kóna.

“Baxakekile abantu ukufuduka ngokuba bebebonile ukuba isifo sikúlu kakúlu, kekaloku kwabe kuxeliwe kumfundisi ukuba uyafa; kanjako wabeté, makuxelelwe inkosi u-Nqika namapakati, kutiwe Isicaka sika Tixo siyagoduka, mabatandaze u-Tixo bonke abantu.

“Kekaloku ngenye imini wati u-Ntsikana ebantwinj, mabaqale incwába. Abavumanga abantu, bati liyakumbelwa ntonina incwába? Wati nqa akubona abantu bengavumi ukwenza incwába, ngokuba yena ebesiti ixesha laké lipélile, uyagoduka. Abantu abavumanga ukwenza incwába ngenxa yokuba bebebona esahleli engekafi. Kodwa wabiza ulugxa ngokwaké, waya endaweni ukuqala incwába.

“Ngeloxesha imihlakulo yentsimbi ibingeko pakati kwama Xosa, abantu bebelima ngamaceba omtátí, bezenza izingxa zemiti. Ngako incwába laké labe

lisimbiwa ngezixxa zemiti. Imihla yanela esapilile, esiya nango kwaké encwábeni laké engena pakati ngokwaké ukuzilinganisa encwábeni. Ngalo lonke ixesha abesifa akayanga e-Kerikeni; ebe babizela abantu endlwini yaké, etétá ngelizwi lika Tixo.

"Ngalomhla wabúbá, watétá kakúlu ngezinto zika Tixo. Wati ngalomhla: Ndiya goduka. Ndiya ku-Bawo.

"Watétisa umhlobo waké u-Kunga, wati kuye? 'Yinina ukuba uze kalokunje, kade ndipilile. Usiva uvelelo ukuba ndiyafa? Namhla ixesha lipélile, ubuhlalele nina ukuba ungezi ngexesha obubikelwe ngalo? Wena uza ngenxa yenkomo. Usapó lwam luyakuya kumfundisi, alukungena emdudweni.'

"Wati kubantu bomzi waké, 'Nize nigcine kakúlu ilizwi lika Tixo; ningangeni ema-Xoseni, nize niti noko intambo ifakwayo emqaleni wenu nigcine kakúlu ilizwi lika Tixo; ningalilahli noko nihlatywa ngentshuntshe; nize niligcine nibambelele kakúlu kulo, noko nibetwa genduku; nize niligcine nilibambe kakúlu ilizwi lika Tixo, nide nifele emitétwèni yaké nibambelele kulo. Kekaloku wayebanjiwe ngumntu ngokuba wayetámbile ngomzimba.

"Wababizela kuye abantwana baké, watétá nabo esiti, 'Nize nigcine, bantwana bam, ilizwi lika Tixo, niye kungena eskolweni, ningayi ema-Xoseni.' Ngalomini esingatiwe ngumntu wati kuye, 'Ungapúki. Ndibeke pantsi.' Lilizwi loku gqibela eli.

"Kekaloku baté abantu ukwenza ityeya yokuncwába, bagaula umti ogama lingu mhlunguti, bawuxóla ngama zembe, bati bakugqiba, bawulalisa umzimba waké etyeyeni; bamncwába. U-Robert Balfour wayala abantu, encwábeni; ngati u-Charles Henry watándaza kóna.

"Wenjenjalo u-Ntsikana ukufa kwaké. Ebenje ngesibane elizweni lobumnyama, kodwa u-Tixo ebempile amandla okutétisa aboni ngenxa yezono zabo.

"Yinyaniso ebenga baptizeshwanga ngamanzi, kodwa siyakólwa ukuba ilizwi lika Tixo langeniswa ngamandla ngu-Moya Oyingcwele entliziyweni yaké. Sitémba

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