

ADDRESS BY THE PATRON OF THE THABO MBEKI FOUNDATION

**AT THE UNVEILING OF THE TIYO SOGA MEMORIAL,
A PIONEER MODERN AFRICAN INTELLECTUAL WHO DIED IN 1871:
THUTHURA, CENTANE. SEPTEMBER 9, 2011.**

Mr Thabo Mbeki

***"In all conscience, Tiyo Soga,
one of the very first among the modern African intelligentsia,
should have become a slavish agent of the oppressor and expropriator.
Against all odds, he refused!"***

Programme Directors,
Camagu Kumkani wakwaXhosa, Aah Zwelonke!
Majwara, lusapho lakwaSoga,A
Gloria Serobe, nani nonke baxhasi belitheko,
Friends, ladies and gentlemen:

It is surely right that I begin by thanking our dear friend and sister, Gloria Serobe, her friends and the Soga family for giving us the privilege to visit and gather at this honoured place, the grave of an outstanding son of our people, which must surely be one of our national monuments.

In the records it is said that one Dr. Anderson of Scotland wrote the epitaph which appeared on the gravestone of Tiyo Soga and that it read: *"Sacred to the memory of the Rev. Tiyo Soga the first ordained preacher of the Caffre race. He was a friend of God, a lover of His Son, inspired by His Spirit, a disciple of His holy Word. A zealous churchman, an ardent patriot, a large-hearted philanthropist, a dutiful son, an affectionate brother, a tender husband, a loving father, a faithful friend, a learned scholar, an eloquent orator and in manners a gentleman. A model Caffrarian for the imitation and inspiration of his countrymen."*

I believe that there can be no greater justification for us to be here today than we have come to pay tribute and indeed draw inspiration from one whom Dr Anderson correctly described as – a model African for the imitation and inspiration of his countrymen and women.

Two days from now, the sister people of the United States will solemnly honour the occasion, ten years ago, when those to whom the lives of those they consider to be their enemies have no meaning, brought death to thousands of Americans, and the United States, in what has come to be known as the 9/11 terrorism outrage.

Informed by our African essence as human beings, on this day sacred to us, during our Heritage Month, all of us convey a message of solidarity and friendship to the American people, and assure them that we stand with them as they renew their own commitment to the spirit of their Declaration of Independence, the Emancipation Proclamation, and President Lyndon Baines Johnson's 1965 Commencement Address at Howard University.

In that Address, President Johnson said: "In far too many ways American Negroes have been another nation: deprived of freedom, crippled by hatred, the doors of opportunity closed to hope. In our time change has come to this Nation, too."

In this regard, we hope, and would like to believe that as they did during our struggle to defeat the apartheid crime against humanity, the American people will continue to stand with us in our struggle to defend our possibility, as Africans, to exercise our right to determine our destiny, which would signal that our own time of change has come.

In the context of what is happening in the wider world, it would seem strange that during these very troubled times in the history of Africa, we have taken the trouble to gather here, *kuCentane*, deep in the far-off rural areas of our country, at the grave of an African who departed the world of the living 140 years ago.

However, I believe that it is self-evident that the Poet Laureate, Krune Mqhayi, foresaw such times as these when he said:

*Athi ke mna mntu walibelethayo!
Athi ke mna mntu wath' uyakwaz' ukuthetha!
Kazi ke nina nanisithi ndisisilo sini na,
Esi sinokuthetha nezinto ezingathethekiyo?
Kunamhla nj' ilizwe liyazuza;
Kunamhla nje lo mhlaba uyalunywa;
Int' esesiswini maze niyilumkele,
Loo nt' isesizalweni maze niyindwebele;
Namhla ngathi kuza kuzalw' uGilikankqo,
Ngathi kuzalw' isil' esingaziwa mngxuma.(1)*

A kindred mind, from across the oceans, the Irish poet W.B. Yeats, sounded a similar warning in his famous poem, *The Second Coming*, when he wrote:

Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold...
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of the indignant desert birds...
But now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

I think it is right at times such as these, relating to our Mother Continent, that we return to the graves of the ancestors, such as Tiyo Soga's final resting place, *eThuthura*, once more to listen to what they said.

As Libya burns, far in Africa's north, surely, as Africans, we must ask ourselves some important questions.

What happened that we allowed that others should come from across the seas to decide how the Africans of Libya should govern themselves and therefore how they should live together as brothers and sisters?

What has happened that we have been quiet as we have witnessed deadly disaster rain on the Africans of Libya?

Why is it that we seem resigned to a fate which communicates the naked message that there will be other Africans, tomorrow or the day after, who will suffer the same fate as the Africans of Libya, subjected to the use of force by others from across the seas to force upon them the will of those who dispose of greater means to dispense death?

What has happened that we have seemed to be paralysed when we could see that what was happening to the Africans of Libya meant that others with access to superior weapons were making the statement that they will not, ever again, allow Africa freely to determine her destiny?

As we stand here today, at the grave of Tiyo Soga, we need nobody to teach us that what we have witnessed and are witnessing in the African country of Libya can only portend the desperately unhappy future of the peoples of Africa which our ancestors sacrificed their lives to defeat, as European powers in another century used the superiority of their arms to subjugate us, and take ownership of our country and Continent, asserting their claim to be our imperial and colonial masters!

I know this, as much as all of us here know this, that as Africans we have been accused by those who have dropped a deadly rain of bombs on the African people of Libya, that we demanded that they stop the slaughter and destruction because we were beholden to the then Libyan leader, Colonel Gaddafi, who, it has been said, had bought us with US dollars handed to us in cash.

I plead for your patience and thus to allow that before I conclude what I will say on this day, a day which is sacred to all of us, I address this insulting allegation later, drawing, in part, on what Tiyo Soga wrote a century-and-a-half ago.

And so, today, we have returned to the final resting place of an eminent African patriot, hopefully to reaffirm to him and ourselves that we will honour what he taught – that we will summon the courage never to betray the vision he, his peers, his predecessors and those who followed in his footsteps bestowed to us as a sacred heritage.

As this solemn occasion demands, the story of Tiyo Soga has been told once again.

This story of one we count as one of our ancestors was told because it contains vital lessons about what we, who live, should do today, who count ourselves as his historical and historic descendants.

The famous composer, Ben Tyamzashe, wrote his choral work, *Ceba Lomthi*, as a salute to Tiyo Soga, who had died 19 years before the composer was born in 1890.

In its lyrics *Ceba Lomthi* says:

*Ceba lomthi okade be bemqongqotha
Ceba lomthi ovel' emahlathini
Ungumthi mni na l'uphezu
kweengxangxasi?
Liceba lomthi wasemahlathini
Wagawulwa yini na?...
Liceba likaThixo...
Phakama mfana, ceba lomth' omkhulu
Asinguwo n' umnquma,
Asinguwo n' umkhoba,
Asinguwo na lomthi wasemahlathini?
Ngowel' amanzi manz' akawelwa
Ngoza nemixhaka yasemaNgesini
Huntshu ke wena mfana
Uze uyikhonz' iAfrika emnyama
Siyabulela sithi huntshu
Kwiceba lomnquma. (2).*

These words, which also spoke of the intimate connection of the African to his and her historic habitat and the indigenous forests of his and her natural environment, say that the composer knew what Tiyo Soga meant to the renaissance of Africa, many decades after he died – and thus he said - *Uze uyikhonz' iAfrika emnyama!*

To challenge the generations that lived, which might have begun to abandon the inspiration that Tiyo Soga was, Krune Mqhayi, *imbongi yesizwe*, asked the rhetorical and accusing questions:

"Ngubani ongamaziyo umfo kaSoga ngasezincwadini? Ngubani ongawaziyo amaculo akhe adumileyo - 'Lizalis'idinga lakho' no 'Vuthelani ixilongo' no 'Sinesipho esikhulu'. Ngubani ongalwaziyo "Uhambo Lomhambi", incwadi eyaziwa kunene yesiXhosa, awayiguqula ngesiXhosa esimnandi?"

Mqhayi spoke thus because he wanted to sound the alarm – lest we forget that in Tiyo Soga the oppressed had an authentic part of the wild olive tree, *umnquma*, of the indigenous African forests.

But what was the true meaning of this motif?

Mqhayi was saying, as Tyamzashe had said, that even as he was buffeted by the destructive storms of the period of the immensely violent colonisation of our country, Tiyo Soga had remained loyal to the aspirations of the African people to defend their identity and humanity, and their right to self-determination and independence, as steadfast at the yellow-wood and wild olive trees that still stand in the indigenous Tsitsikama Forest.

As we stand here today at Tiyo Soga's grave, surely all of us must ask ourselves the question – do our actions today give us the right and possibility justly to describe ourselves as *amaceba omnquma nomkhoba!*

Tiyo Soga lived and died during the immensely difficult and destructive period in our history, which preceded the South African or the Anglo-Boer War, when colonialism brutally imposed its will on the Africans of the Cape, and the rest of our country, giving itself a beachhead it would use to conquer the rest of Southern Africa.

To maintain and perpetuate its pernicious domination over the indigenous millions, British colonialism pursued as deliberate policy, the task to obliterate our identity as a people.

When Mqhayi composed a poem to acknowledge the presence in our country of the then British Prince of Wales, he said:

*Hay' kodw' iBritan' eNkulu –
Yeza nebhotile neBhayibhile;
Yeza nomfundis' exhag' ijoni;
Yeza nerhuluwa nesinandile;
Yeza nenkanunu nemfakadolo.
Tarhu, Bawo, sive yiphi na?
Gqithela phambili, Thol' esilo,
Nyashaz' ekad' inyashaza!
Gqitha, uz' ubuye kakuhle,
Ndlalifa yelakowethu.
Makadl' ubom uKumkani!
Ndee ntsho-ntshobololo!!
Ngokwalaa nkwenkwezi yayinomsila!!(3).*

Tiyo Soga was the quintessential 19th century African product of the British colonisation of our country, of the same people whose royalty Mqhayi accused of having used the brute force of arms, liquor, and religion so to subjugate us that they appropriated to themselves the right and power to expropriate the inheritance of an entire people.

In all conscience, Tiyo Soga, one of the very first among the modern African intelligentsia, should have become a slavish agent of the oppressor and expropriator. Against all odds, he refused!

His native sense of integrity and his personal courage told him that he had to refuse to be corrupted, bought and intimidated, turned into an enemy of his people, and transformed into other than an African patriot, regardless of and despite his education by Scottish Presbyterian missionaries and by eminent professors at Scottish Universities.

Instead, among others, Tiyo Soga insisted on a number of imperatives.

He insisted that as Africans we must fight to recover and maintain our identity as a people, refusing to accept our characterisation by the white colonisers as a people without history, with no unique sense of ourselves, with no culture and values of which we, and all humanity, should be proud, *abantu abangenamithetho nezimiselo* – a people without laws and guiding values.

He insisted that whatever the destructive fury of imperialism and colonialism, and the attendant racism, which he experienced throughout his lifetime, the peoples of Africa would never be destroyed or subjugated, but would, in time, reclaim Africa as their historic and sovereign matrimony.

He insisted that all Africans everywhere would act together to secure their freedom, including the former African slaves in the Western Diaspora of the United States, Latin America and the Caribbean, with his conviction reinforced by what the Bible said, in Psalm 68, 'Ethiopia shall soon stretch her hands to God.'

He insisted that for us, as Africans, correctly to address our historic tasks, we had an absolute obligation to ourselves to discover the truth for ourselves and about ourselves, and the rest of the world, refusing to accept the lies, the distortions and the propaganda we would be fed by others, including through the media, and by those we count as our own.

Reaching out to his own close family, which the members of the Soga family who are here today know better than the rest of us do, he urged that we must at all times remain – proudly African!

As we all know, his children were, in our national terminology, Coloured or otherwise mulatto, of mixed blood, having been born of a mother who was Scottish.

In his advice to these, his own children, he wrote:

"If you wish to gain credit for yourselves – if you do not wish to feel the taunt of men, which you may sometimes well feel – take your place as coloured, not white men; as Africans, not as Englishmen...For your own sakes never appear ashamed that your father was an African, and that you inherited some African blood. It is every bit as good as that which flows in the veins of my fairer brethren."

Tiyo Soga's message to his sons was clear and unequivocal, as it must be to all of us – at all times, remain proudly African!

It was for all these reasons that like Krune Mqhayi, the composer, Ben Tyamashe, understood and was inspired by what Tiyo Soga stood for, and therefore described him as but a particle of two of the most durable and longest-living of the ancient indigenous African trees, the yellow wood and the wild olive.

If you have time to travel to another part of our country, not too, too far from here, you will find the yellow wood and the wild olive trees, as old as you would like to imagine, standing tall and graceful in the Tsitsikama Forest, which is part of the few hectares on our land which survived the rapacious greed of former loggers, who cut down the old indigenous trees for profit, with no care that *amaceba omnquma nomkhoba* are, to us, sacred exemplars of who we are and what we seek to be.

In that regard we cannot but be moved by what Tiyo Soga wrote in his first article in 1862 to the first edition of the newspaper, *Indaba*, in which he argued for the protection and maintenance of our identity as Africans, and said:

"Izenzo zohlanga zingaphezu kweenkomo, nemali, nokudla... Besingenazizwe na kudala? Iphi na imbali yazo - yamasiko azo amabi, namahle? BesingenaNkosi na kudala? Bekungekho zidumileyo na? Amavo ezo nkosi zohlanga aphi na? Alele emangcwabeni ndawonye nazo na? Bekungekho zimbongi na kudala? Bezibonga oobani na? Aphi na loo magama? Kudala bekungathakathwa na? Loo magqwirha magama awo ibingoobani na?... Akukho banokwazi izinto ezinjalo na ezibe zingamasiko esizwe? Bekungaliwa madabi na? Bebingoobani na bafo abakhaliphileyo? Ziphi na izindwe ezibe zithwalwa yimpi yakomkhulu? Iphi na imbali yamaGhora abethwala eso sivatho sihle kunene? Bekungazingelwa na kudala? abe zitheni na izifuba zeempofu nezeenyathi le nto bezidliwa Komkhulu kodwa? Baye phi na abantu bavuse la mavo angaka ohlanga? Mayivuke imishologu yohlanga lwamaXhosa nolwamaMfengu, ize kusishiya nelifa elikhulu lamavo."(4).

Referring to the shared destiny among all Africans, in an article published in the *King William's Town Gazette* of May 11, 1865, he wrote these moving words, befitting the learned scholar he was:

"Africa was of God given to the race of Ham. I find the Negro from the days of the old Assyrians downwards, keeping his 'individuality' and 'distinctiveness' amid the wreck of empires, and the revolution of ages. I find him keeping his place among the nations, and keeping his home and country. I find him opposed by nation after nation and driven from his home. I find him enslaved - exposed to the vices and the brandy of the white man. I find him in this condition for many a day - in the West Indian Islands, in Northern and Southern America, and in the South American colonies of Spain and Portugal. I find him exposed to all these disasters, and yet living - multiplying 'and never extinct.' Yea, I find him now...returning unmanacled to the land of his forefathers...(See the Negro Republic of Liberia). I find the negro in the present struggle in America looking forward - though still with chains in his hands and with chain on his feet - yet looking forward to the dawn of a better day for himself and all his sable brethren in Africa. Until the Negro is doomed against all history and experience - until his God-given inheritance of Africa be taken finally from him, I shall never believe in the total extinction of his brethren along the continent, amid intestine wars and revolutions, and notwithstanding external spoliation, have remained "unextinct," have retained their individuality, has baffled historians, and challenges the author of the doom of the Kaffir race in a satisfactory explanation...I take another ground. How does the extinction of the Kaffir race tally with the glowing prediction - the sheet-anchor of the Church of Christ, and of the expectations of the toil-worn African missionary - 'Ethiopia shall soon stretch her hands to God?' The total extinction of a people who form a large family of races to whom the promise applies, shall not, surely, precede its fulfillment. In this manner, I, for one, shall adhere to the declaration of the 'old book' before I accept the theories of men."

When Tiyo Soga cited the words from the Biblical Psalm 68 that "*Ethiopia shall soon stretch her hands to God?*", he sought to affirm that Africans were destined to be as advanced as any other people in the world, and therefore, as he said elsewhere, that "*God has made no race mentally and morally superior to other races*", which Pixley ka Isaka Seme confirmed in 1906, 35 years after the death of Tiyo Soga, when he wrote:

"Oh, for that historian who, with the open pen of truth, will bring to Africa's claim the strength of written proof. He will tell of a race whose onward tide was often swelled with tears, but in whose heart bondage has not quenched the fire of former years. He will write that in these later days when Earth's noble ones are named, she has a roll of honour too, of whom she is not ashamed. The giant is awakening! From the four corners of the Earth Africa's sons, who have been proved through fire and sword, are marching to the future's golden door bearing the records of deeds of valour done."

Jonas Ntsiko, *uHadi waseluhlangeni – the Harp of the nation*, was part of the modern 19th century African intelligentsia which sought to uphold Tiyo Soga's vision, about the need for the unity of all Africans to achieve their common goals.

In 1883, twelve years after the death of Tiyo Soga, calling for united African struggle against colonialism, he had published a poem which said:

*Vukani bantwana
Bentab' eBosiko,
Seyikhal' ingcuka
Ingcuk' emhlophe,
Ibawel' amathambo
Mathambo kaMshweshwe
Mshweshwe onobuthongo
Phezul' entabeni.
Siyarhol' isisu
Ngamathamb' enkosi,
Ubomv' umlomo
Kuxhaph' uSandile...
Yaginy' okaMpande
Ozitho zigoso;
Yamkhuph' esahleli: ...
Vukani Zimbila
Zentab' eBosiko. (5).*

In the editorial in the newspaper, *Indaba*, we have mentioned, Tiyo Soga addressed the imperative for the nation to know the truth and said:

“Sithi kwangokuba singamathanda-zindaba, aseke amaxokana onke aphelele phezu kwethu. Siginyiswa iintwana zonke ‘ngamahamba-nandaba.’ Umzi ke wonakele ngale ndawo. Singabantu abasileyo. La akowethu, ndikuxelele mfondini weendaba, ngamabandla axoka agqibele...Sizelwa ziindaba nje ke namhla sizelwa yinene...(6).

Thus did Tiyo Soga identify the critical need for the people to have access to the truth, understanding the reality that disinformation, as represented by the genocidal Nongqause episode, and earlier occurrences during the African struggle against colonialism, had caused what he correctly characterised as much damage to the nation.

To honour my earlier promise to revert to the matter of Libya, I am certain that there is no need to demonstrate how much this pernicious practice, the conveyance of deliberate untruths, informed the deadly offensive against the Libyan people, whose central aim is to determine who governs this country, and not the professed intention to save civilian lives.

Equally, therefore, there should be no need further to argue why the insulting assertion that Africa has been bought merely to defend Gaddafi of Libya and therefore permit him to maintain his illegitimate power, speaks directly to the imperative which Tiyo Soga addressed, of protecting ourselves from the peddlers of lies, misrepresentation and rumours, whom he described as *‘amahamba-nandaba.’* The principled positions which Tiyo Soga advanced gave birth to other thinkers and oracles among our people who hated lies, and fought to defend the truth, fearlessly.

One of these was the little-known woman poet of the 1920s, Nontsizi Mqgwetho, a loyal supporter of the ANC, whose poems were published by the periodical, *Umteteli wa Bantu*.

During this period she composed a polemical poem, distinguished by its honesty, denouncing L.T. Mvabaza, who was the then editor of the ANC newspaper, *Abantu-Batho*.

She wrote:

*Kudala! Mvabaza ndakubona
Uyimazi elubisi luncinana
Olungasafikiyo
Nasezimevabeni...*

*Umteteli wa Bantu
Kudala akubonayo
Uyimvaba engenawo namanzi
Eyode izale onjubalalana.*

*Abantu bayaphela
Kukufunzwa eweni
Kuba abanamnyangi
Obabhulel' imithi...*

*WenaMvabaza uluyenge-yenge
Olweza luphethwe ngesikotile
Lwafika eRhawutini
Lwabona soluyinkokeli...*

*Yatshona! IAfrika
Ngoofunz' eweni
Utsho obonga engqungqa
Engcwabeni likayise
Hawuhule. (7).*

Clearly she had heard, and responded to what Tiyo Soga had said, 75 years earlier, that the nation should be told the truth, such as she understood it.

Krune Mqhayi had also understood the courageous actions this required to realise the vision which Tiyo Soga espoused when he wrote of "a better day for the Africans in the Diaspora, and all his sable brethren in Africa", when he bade farewell to the patriots who left our shores to fight in the First World War:

*Hambani ke, bafondini, niy' eFransi!
Nikhumbul' indlala eniyishiy' emakhaya.
Izihendo zOngendawo ze nizoyise,
Kuba nilapho nje namhla, nibingiwe;
Sinenz' idini lesizwe sikaNtu.
Hambani, mathol' eemaz' ezimabele made;
Hambani, mathol' oonyonga-nde kukudlelana
Hambani, kuba le nto thina sesiyibonile.
Uthixo wakowethu seleyijikele ngaphambili.
Hambani ngemilenz' engenakhinkqi;
Hambani ngeentliziyo ezingenadyudyu;
Ngomzimb' okhaphu-khaphu, ngomzimb' ongenantaka,
Nithi gxanya, gxanya, gxanya!...
Nithi ngxi-ngxi-ngxi-ngxilili! (8).*

At a time such as this, do we not have urgent need to act as S.E.K. Mqhayi advised, and speak out, with the courage of Nontsizi Mgqwetho, against those who would recolonise our Continent!

We are surely blessed that today we have had the possibility to stand so close to the white bones and the dust and the ashes, *amathamb' amhlophe, nothuli, nothuthu lukaTiyo Soga*, which represent for all of us, and all our people, a sacred ancestor who will continue to be our guide as we traverse through the troubled times afflicting Africa.

This difficult circumstance makes it necessary that each one of us repeats, after Shakespeare's Hamlet, inspired by the travails of our Continent, with all the imperfections on its head – *The time is out joint: O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right!*

Amaxesh' athi kuhlange isanga nenkohla: lishwa ndini lethu, elithi singabaqondisi!

Mhlawumbi, ngamany' amazwi singathi: Ixesha liqhawukene nomqokozo: lishwa ndini lethu, sekufuneka nje sicim' ishwangush' elishwabeneyo!

We are blessed – *sisikelelwe zizwe zeAfrika(9)* - that we have Tiyo Soga at our side, forever singing those evergreen words of hope – *Lizalis' idinga lakho, Thixo Nkosi yenyano; Zonk' iintlanga zalo mhlaba, Mazizuze usindiso. Bona izwe lwakowethu; uxolel' izono zalo. Ungathob' ingqumbo yakho, luze luf' usapho lwalo. (10).*

Ulale ngoxolo, Jwara, Mtika, Mazaleni, Mbese, Ntingana, Khonwana, Dololimdaka, Songcangcashe, Jotelo.

Nje ngoko watsho ke uEnoch kaSontonga - Morena boloka sechaba sa heso! Nkosi sikelel' iAfrika!

ends.

TRANSLATIONS:

(1) But now, what of me who took on a heavy burden!
But now, what of me who said I had the gift of speech!
You who heard, what untamed beast did you think I was,
Which could speak of things that cannot be spoken of!
The times tell that the world is restive;
The times say this land bears labour pains;
Be wary of what the stomach carries,
Be on guard about what is in the womb;
Today it seems a monster will emerge;
A beast from a lair unknown will be born.

(2) Particle of a tree that has served all,

Part of a tree from the depths of the forests,
What tree are you that towers over the waterfalls?
Fragment of the tree of the forests,
What is it that fashioned you?...
You are a particle of the Creator...
Arise young man, fragment of the great tree.
Are you not the wild olive tree?
Are you not the yellow-wood tree?
Are you not the tree of the forests?
Which fords rivers that cannot be crossed,
Which brings honour from the English.
Glory be to you young hero,
Continue to serve as the servant of black Africa.
We give thanks and say glory be,
To the particle of the wild olive tree.

(3) Despite your claim to greatness, Great Britain –
You came with a liquor bottle in the one hand and a Bible in the other;
You came with a preacher in the embrace of a soldier;
You came with gunpowder and bullets;
You came with cannons and rapid-fire rifles.
Dear Father, to what shall we listen?
Pass by, son of kings,
Destroyer who always destroys!
Pass by and return with better tidings,
You who already feasts on the inheritance of our nation.
Long live the King!
And so I depart and disappear!!
Like that meteoric star we saw marked by its tail!!

(4) Assuming Tiyo Soga would understand our circumstances and purposes today, allow me to present an abridged translation of what I have just quoted, which he wrote as he explained one of the purposes of the newspaper, *Indaba*.

"The deeds of the nation are worth more than our cattle herds, money and even food..."

"Did we not form nations in the past? Did we not have our traditional leaders? What has happened to the wisdom of these leaders? Did we not have poets? Where is their poetry? Was there no witchcraft in the past? Did we not fight wars? Who were the heroes? Where is the distinctive regalia of the royal regiment?"

"Did we not hunt? Why was the meat of the breast of the eland and the buffalo reserved for royalty? Where are the people to teach us our history, our knowledge and our wisdom? Let even the spirit of the departed return to bless us with the great gift of our heritage, which we must preserve!"

(5) Arise offspring
Of Thaba Bosiu,
The wolf is on the prowl
The white wolf
Hungry for the bones
The bones of Moshoeshoe
Moshoeshoe who sleeps on the mountain.
The stomach is excited
By the bones of the king,
The mouth drips red blood
From devouring Sandile...
It swallowed Mpande
With his bowed legs;
And removed him from his throne: ...
Stand up you dassies
Of Thaba Bosiu.

(6) "Because we are lovers of news, we will not allow liars to rule us. We have easily fallen victim to hardened liars and rumour-mongers. This has done much damage to the nation. The liars from among us are the most hard-headed and determined. The birth of our newspaper today means that now we will have access to the truth, rather than lies."

(7) Mvabaza, I have long had my eye on you,
Cow yielding dribbles of milk
That barely trickle
Into the milk sack...

Umteteli wa Bantu
Long saw through you:
You are a sack without enough water
Only left to breed tadpoles.

Our people are being sacrificed
Incited by agents provocateurs,
Lacking the wise people who know,
To show them the right way...

Mvabaza, you are a shifty opportunist
Who took your place carried along on a platter
When you arrived in Johannesburg
You suddenly became a leader...

Africa is perishing,
Because of leaders who treat the people as cannon fodder,
So says she who recites poetry as she occupies herself
At the grave of her father.
I have spoken.

(8) And so leave our shores, my peers, for France!
Remember the poverty you leave behind.
Defeat the temptations of the rootless Satan,
Because you are where you are today as our offering,
We have given you as the sacrifice of the African nation.
And so forward, offspring of the cow of the long udder;
Forward, calves of teats lengthened by sharing,
Advance, because we who known have seen what will be.
The God of our forefathers has gone ahead of you.
March on, with free-flowing legs;
Move on, without the fear of cowards in your hearts;
With a light step, and bodies without terror,
Marching, marching, marching!...
Left, right, left, halt!

(9) We are blessed, as the nations of Africa...

(10) Fulfil your promise,
God, Lord of Truth;
Let the nations of the world
Receive salvation.

Pay heed to our country,
And forgive its misdeeds:
Do not visit on us your wrath,
And thus condemn its offspring to death.