

# PERSONAL ADVENTURE.

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## CHAPTER I.

Introductory—War—British Rule—Chumie—The Hot-tentot Sandilli.

THE day of parting with friends is still fresh in my memory, and I doubt not an equally lively remembrance of it is cherished by them among the last words that I heard from the lips of a dear relative. Where there is war in the country, deep feeling and strong love, such as only a mother can experience and cherish, sought vent in that exclamation. It was the expression of a momentary desire to keep me, though but for a little, and to look at the trial of giving me up, through the shade of the future, rather than feel it as a present painful reality. It was this that overcame every other feeling.

By having such a record, as I hope to be able to give, of all that we have been already brought through, as well as through what we yet may be brought, I hope that yet another end will be served.

Reader, you have read of war, and that is all you know about it. It is not one of the smallest of the many blessings that have so long been lavished upon happy Scotland, that for many ge

nerations she has not known what it is to have war upon her own soil. War is a horrid thing: Sir H. Smith, who is a soldier by profession, has said this of it; this is true of all wars, much more is it so, when one of the parties engaged in the conflict is barbarian, if not savage. Of the horrors of such a war I have seen much, and felt a little; how much more I may yet have to feel or see, is known to God only.

There are few wars, in which a certain amount of blame does not attach to both parties, for having provoked to such a state of things: the instances are rare, however, in which less blame can attach to any party, than does to the representatives of British government, in the shedding of blood here. Taking it in all, British rule in South Africa has been one of beneficence. Acts of real and seeming injustice and oppression, are, no doubt, readily enough to be found; but under what human government are these not to be found? Where is the magistrate, even the most upright, in your own enlightened land, against one part or other of whose administration such charges may not be brought by dissatisfied or misinformed parties? But then any thing in the form of injury done to the poor Caffre, the poor Hottentot, or Hindoo, at a distance of ten or twelve thousand miles, produces a very different feeling among you, than were the same thing done to your nearest neighbour. From what I have seen of the natives of this country, I maintain that it is not in the power of the white man to oppress them, even though he had the disposition; he is more by far at their mercy, than they are at his; they can subsist quite indepen-

dent of him—he cannot do so without them ; and let me assure you, they are not at all of a temper or disposition to submit to oppression or injustice ; humility, or low views of themselves, is none of their virtues.

When I say that the British rule has been one of beneficence, I mean that the Government has greatly meliorated the social and individual circumstances and condition of the natives, within the territory over which its influence extends—it found slavery in existence, and abolished it, thereby exciting extensive and lasting disaffection among the Dutch population. Among the Caffres, it found a state of things even worse than slavery ; the remains of several tribes, which had been spoiled and desolated by some more eastern and inland conquerors, sought refuge among the Caffres ; these taking advantage of their helpless condition, set them in a position of the very lowest degradation, regarding them with a contempt, and treating them in a manner worse than ever white man did the negro slave. *Imfengu* is regarded as the term most expressive of reproach and contempt in the Caffre tongue—below even that of dog. To this people, the Caffres applied this epithet as their distinctive name—hence the English Fingo. The Fingoes differ nothing in either appearance or language from the Caffre ; in disposition they are much more humble, and of more industrious habits. By the British, these Fingoes were delivered from the power of their cruel lords, and re-established in a position of independence ; and if we may believe the accounts given by visitors to the Cape fifty years ago and later, the Hottentot race bade fair to

have become ere this time utterly extinct ; but instead of this, under the fostering care of the British, the wasted and wasting race has revived, until now they are formidable antagonists, when, in the basest ingratitude, they have risen, in wild rebellion, and are thirsting for the blood, and seeking the utter extermination, of the very parties to whom they owe even their continued existence, and under whose humanity they have been nurtured into new strength and vigour. This people seems to differ from all other people, the depth of their ingratitude being just in proportion to the kindness with which they have been treated, and the favour which they have received.

More than twenty years ago, the attention of the British Government was directed by some of the most warm-hearted philanthropists of the day, to the abject and miserable condition of the Hottentots ; the result was, that they were declared to be entitled to all the rights and privileges of freemen, and to be placed in all respects on an equality with the other subjects of the British crown. Nor was this all ; an extensive district of country, not surpassed in value by any district in the province, was freely appropriated to the Hottentots ; here each family had six or more acres of arable land, with a right to as many thousand acres, as a common pasturage, to every hamlet containing a few families. A population of several thousand people soon flocked into this district, and for some years all seemed to get on surprisingly well. In that district, a station had been commenced by the Glasgow Missionary Society ; and Mr. Thomson, who had been sent out

by that Society to Chumie, was appointed minister there, and his salary paid by Government: Mr. Read, of the London Society, had also a location granted in the district, and great attention was given by all parties to the education of the Hottentots.

The prosperity of the Settlement, and the success of the philanthropic experiment, were destined to be short lived. Those most intimately connected with, and most deeply interested in, the Kat River Settlers, saw with grief and disappointment, that the zeal for improvement, and industrious application, after but a few years, cooled down, and the old habits of the Hottentot, or new ones, which were worse, began to gain ascendancy; bad gradually became worse, till now they surpass in wickedness and reckless violence, the worst apprehensions of the old alarmists, who were then looked upon as the bitterest enemies of the native races; and what is calculated to still more vex us, those professing to have been brought under the influence of the gospel, are not behind any of their fellow-settlers in deeds of wickedness; those even who were employed as native teachers, and agents in the dissemination of Christianity, are many of them forward in their present iniquitous course.

A large party of these people occupy a rocky, bushy fastness, a few miles from this; they go out in bands away into the colony, and fall upon the first defenceless farmer's place they come to—plunder his house—carry off his flocks, and shoot any one that may offer resistance, or they waylay waggons, which they attack, at some difficult part of the road; the mail-riders have been re-

peatedly attacked by them too, and the bags lost. And while this is the life these people lead, they profess to have as great regard to religion as ever; they sing hymns, pray, and maintain worship with hands full of blood; yea, they even glory in their tribulations; they persuade themselves that they are being persecuted by wicked men for the name of Christ; they apply to themselves such passages, as that which speaks of men having trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, wandering about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth. All this I have heard with my own ears, for we have had repeated, but most undesirable, visits of those people, both when coming with mischievous intentions against ourselves, and passing to, or returning from, the execution of such purposes against others.

All this party describe themselves as being Mr. Read's people: those who had attached themselves to Mr. Thomson's ministry, were all the more industrious and respectable of the Kat River Settlers. They stand fast in their loyalty to Government, and occupy an old military post in the district. Like Judah from the children of Edom, they have suffered more bitter and deadly assaults from those whom they had been taught to regard as their brethren, and who were their neighbours and fellow-settlers, than from all the hordes of barbarian Caffres: this is but the open manifestation of a state of feeling, that has long been cherished towards them. Few men would have borne what Mr. Thomson has done: he is of a meek spirit above most men, and equally devoted and adapted to ministerial and missionary

work : it has been no part of his system to make every little thing appear as a grievance to his people, and the colonists as the cause or occasion of it. Instead of a habit of incessant complaining, petitioning, and memorializing Government, he taught his people, that if true to themselves, they had little to fear from others, and that a man to prosper must help himself—use his own hands and head ; the fruit of this mode is seen in his people to-day.

Both in appearance and natural characteristics, the Hottentot differs as widely from the Caffre as we ourselves do ; he is of a spare, light make, rather short of stature—quick and lively in his motions—of a dun sole-leather colour, rather than black, and hair in short tufts, like a worn-down shoebrush, with spaces of bare scalp between ; he seems to be a creature with passion, feeling, and appetite, as the only principles of his constitution ; he lives for this hour only—for the next he takes no thought ; of foresight he is destitute, and, to the last degree, improvident ; his desire for stimulants amounts to a kind of rage, which the placing of coffee, tobacco, and brandy within his reach, at once kindles up ; and for trinkets, perfumery, and dress, the veriest fop you ever knew would lose by comparison with him. The men make expert waggon-drivers, but so heedless, when they get squatted at an outspan place with their coffee-kettle, to all else, save what is just before them, that they constantly let the oxen go a missing, and it may be days before they again find them. In my first journey up the country, I was fortunate enough to get through with only two half days waiting thus, and it is no comfortable fix, let

me assure you. In addition to the detention, on the first occasion, I had fifteen shillings to pay, for damages done to some one's crop, into which the lost oxen had strayed. This is what the natives reckon to be one of their sorest grievances, the impounding of their cattle, when they thus eat up the fruit of the white man's hard toil and industry; there can be no unlawful impounding, the party sustaining the damage, cannot impound for more than the amount taxed by a neutral party.

In many of the above features of natural character, the Caffre is a perfect contrast to the Hottentot; he is altogether much more staid, and by no means so easily moved to either good or evil; he is acquisitive as a Jew—provident too; and with all his deceit, is much more to be trusted; he will submit to severe privations, in prospect of future good; the Caffre steals that he may add to his flocks—the Hottentot that he may devour flesh.

The native perfidy of that people has been all exercised against us during this wicked outbreak. After they seemed utterly broken in Kat River, many of them formally gave themselves up, and were taken by General Somerset to Fort Hare. Between them and the party in the bush, a constant intercourse is kept up, in spite of whatever vigilance may be exercised over them: of every important military movement, they manage to have notice conveyed to both Hottentots and Caffres, so that they know to have both themselves and their cattle out of the way. When dispatches could be transmitted from one military post to another, only with the greatest secrecy,



this service was confided to Hottentot females, as being less likely to be suspected by the Caffres; the party so confiding, however, had most reason to be suspicious, for instead of taking such dispatches to the parties for whom they were intended, they took them direct to the rebel chiefs. Caffre women who had been employed on this service, have in no case betrayed their trust; and instances are known to me, in which they have shewn admirable adroitness as well as fidelity.

The Cape mounted rifles is a Hottentot regiment, of which General Somerset is colonel, and which is mostly officered by his sons and sons-in-law: by no party has perfidy so base been shewn as by this corps; considerable numbers of them have, at several times, gone over to the rebels, and to test the fidelity of those that remained, the shots were drawn from their guns one day, when, of a hundred, two only were loaded with ball, the others with blank cartridge only. It is not easy to account for the lenity with which these men have been treated. Sir Harry says, that it is the "psalm-singing rascals" that have acted so basely. We feel this reproach all the more, that there is something like ground for it. At Fort White, where Mrs. Brown found refuge, when she fled from Igqibira, the Cape corps men refused to aid in the defence of the fort when it was attacked by the Caffres. The sergeant stole out and joined the assailants, calling to his men—"Come away, bruders, come away!" Mrs. Brown says, that these men were noted for their singing and praying when she was there, and the sergeant was chief speaker among them. This surely is one of the old adversary's deepest devil tricks.

I know not in what way it is to be, but am confident that he will be foiled in his satanic malice—that his own arts will be turned against himself.

When I began to write, I thought two paragraphs would be enough as introductory to the more interesting part of my narrative, and I have not yet done. We often have had war with the Caffres. I almost wish we had some other term to express our kind of quarrels and contention with that people. War! How would it sound to speak of Britain being engaged in war with the county of Caithness, or the town of Canterbury or Paisley. The Caffre tribes with whom we are at war do not exceed in numbers the population of any of those places. Other tribes there are who describe themselves as sleeping. They are asleep with their eyes open, however, and not more to be trusted than their friends who are wide awake. They make themselves very useful in taking care of colonial cattle which the others drive back into their country till the war be over.

Sandilli is nominal head of all the Amanqika, or as the English call them, Gaika tribes; several other chiefs acknowledge him as their 'great chief,' *inkosi inkulu*, when it suits their purpose to do so; when they think it their interest not to do so, they act quite independant of him: some chiefs have few or no people—others have several thousand in their tribe.

Sandilli is a young man, as full of vanity and self-impotence as need be. The war of 1846—7, was the first in which he had engaged. Wearied or hungered out he gave himself up, and came

under every obligation to live as a dutiful and peaceful subject of the British crown. The Governor confiding in his sincerity with a generosity which he has basely requited, placed Sandilli again at the head of his tribe. The other chiefs with their people came all under the same obligation. They were still allowed to administer the native laws, and only such practices as were grossly immoral and sinful were prohibited. Everything was done to encourage the formation of civilised habits, and to improve the natives; ploughs and all sorts of agricultural implements were distributed among them, cooking utensils and clothes also, and assistance given to such as wish to put up houses, or bring out water to irrigate their land.

Nor was education neglected. An annual sum of one hundred pounds was paid towards the support of at least ten native boarders with Mr. Govan, who so efficiently conducts the Seminary at Lovedale, connected with the Free Church, and an equal sum to a Wesleyan Seminary for the same object. One of these young men whose attainments were regarded to be such as to qualify him for the office of teacher, was employed in connection with the police station at Fort Cox, where he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all parties. Missionary operations were also patronised by Government, and many of the most sincere well-wishers to the native races, had fondly hoped that the set-time to favour Caffreland had now come.

That the chiefs and principal men were not 'sitting sweet' under this new state of things, was easily discovered. It was mostly by such

practices as were prohibited, that they had their wealth. When the chief was in want of cattle, a case of witchcraft was a most convenient pretext for "eating up" any one whose numerous herd was an object of envy. To "eat up" anyone, is to confiscate his cattle, and if of his own accord he did not get out of the way, it was not unusual to apply a ream to his neck, after which there was little danger of his making himself troublesome. All misfortunes, sickness, and death come upon the Caffres, more especially the chiefs and principal men, by witchcraft, not by natural means, far less as part of the curse of sin, of which they know nothing. The chief got cattle too, in return for the young females of his tribe, which he claimed the right of disposing of according to his own pleasure, for the vilest of purposes, and if he did not openly profit by the theft of Colonial cattle, he certainly connived at the practice.

There are men who profess to see a good deal to admire in the Caffre native Government, and in the Government of other uncivilised tribes. It is described as patriarchal, a term that is designed to express all that is simple, mild, fatherly. We like it, because Noah, Abraham, and Jacob, were patriarchs, and it was the kind of rule they exercised. But they were men who feared the Lord, and who commanded their children and households after them that they should keep the way of the Lord. And we forget the great gulf that separates between them, and men who from their remotest ancestry, "did not like to retain God in their knowledge," so much so as not to have in their native tongue any word to use as

the name, or to denote the being of God—of any God! No; under such men, and in such a state of things, be the mode of Government what it may, “the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.” I am convinced the more we know of all such people, the more will the inspired description of them be illustrated and confirmed.

## CHAPTER II.

Hottentot Rapacity—Suspended Judgment—The Igqibira Missionary Station—Well Digging—Labour Lost—Primitive Engineering—Converts—The Chief Stock—Colonel Mackinnon—Avarice of the Natives.

WHILE I write it, a horde of the Kat River and Theopolis Hottentots are prowling all over the station. They are picking out of the poor women's gardens, who are themselves famishing, the pumpkins not yet larger than your fist. These are quite unfit for food, but are the only thing on the place that can be substituted for it. If they yield no nourishment, they at least afford a little exercise to the jaws and the organs of deglutition. These men have stolen in upon us during the night, without any one hearing when they came. They had gone out from the Amatole, to make an attempt yesterday to carry off the cattle about Alice and Fort Hare, but have been turned back in disappointment, by a thunderstorm in the afternoon, and a wet night following. It is said that they intend to loiter the day away here, leave in the evening, and renew their attempt. My prayer to Almighty God is, that they be turned back in confusion.

Believe me, it is a lamentable state of things, when destruction, the death by violence even, of our fellow-men, causes satisfaction, if not joy, to a Christian heart. These are men, in whom is developed every feature of character, and whose

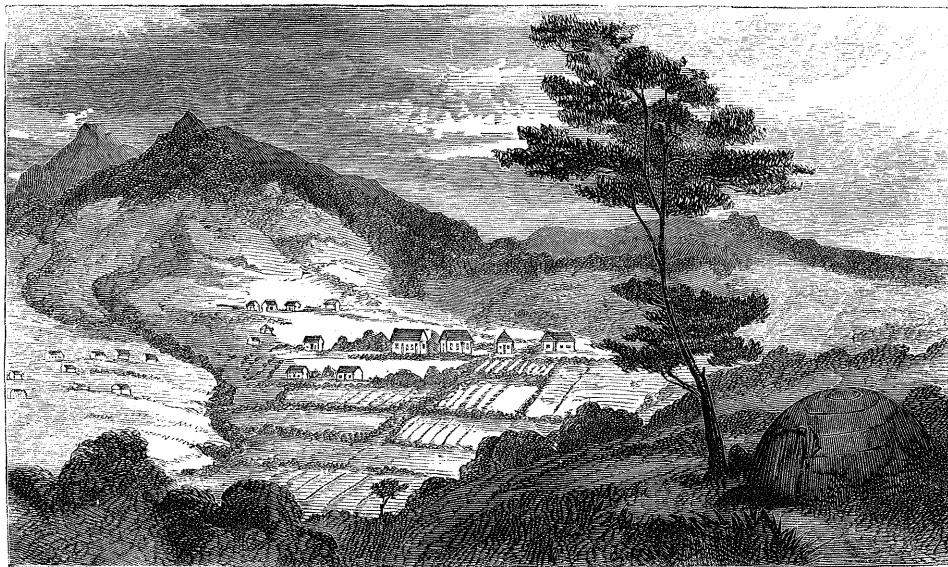
whole course of conduct is such, as in the word of God is declared to mark men ripe for destruction. No words could more accurately describe, not their general character as belonging to a fallen sinful race, but that which distinguishes them from others of even that race, than does that passage of inspiration—Rom. iii. 13—18. In each individual, there is a horrid concentration of all the dispositions, habits become confirmed, and features of character therein expressed. That is the picture, here is the living reality. David of old said of such—"Destroy thou them, O God—let them fall by their own counsels; cast them out in the multitude of their transgressions."

There are some who hesitate as to the applying of many of those delightful, heart-expressing, soul-supporting psalms, under the milder and more merciful Christian dispensation. Rest assured, that it is not the dispensation to which these psalms are unsuitable, but the circumstances of the parties, to which they are not adapted. The most true-hearted believer, when in health, has but a half relish for, and defective understanding of many of those psalms. Lay him however upon a sick bed, bring him down to the "gates of death," to the very entrance of the "dark valley," then what so precious to, or so much relished by him, as these psalms? How many saints, even they it may be, "who, through fear of death, were all their life-time subject to bondage," when the hour came, have given the most truthful expression to their feelings in the words of that hallowed twenty-third psalm—"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art

with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me," and have gone down holding by that rod, and leaning on that staff, with a confidence, the like of which they never before felt? To the man yet in his natural state, asleep, dead, "unrenewed in the spirit of his mind," what so unmeaning a thing as that fifty-first psalm? But let him be once waked out of his sleep, "made alive," convinced of sin by the Holy Ghost: then he will appropriate that very psalm as if it were written for himself alone, and he will do so with a heartiness just in proportion to the measure of grace that he has received.

Whatever you may think of it, I have found no unsuitableness in the most positive comminations and imprecations of these psalms, but have used and applied them with confidence, and with the fullest approval of conscience, and that too when under the liveliest sense of my own utter undoneness, save for the mercy of God; and when experiencing the deepest heartfelt gratitude for that mercy, which has been to so abound towards me. To those wicked men, as personal enemies, I cherish no feelings of revenge, but can say in regard to that evil they have done to me, "Lord lay not this sin to their charge." But to the Christian, and especially to one who has become a missionary of the cross, there is at least one object of more absorbing interest, than anything that is merely personal. Not at all to speak of their having burned up all the houses of God in the land, how many years of missionary toil and painful anxiety—how many of the most fondly-cherished hopes of the best hearts—how many "prayers with strong crying and tears"—all this,





CHUMIE

and how much more that cannot be expressed, the glory of Christ, of the mercy of God in Christ, and the weal of their own souls, have been made as things of nought by those wretched men, the bond-slaves, and yet the hearty servants of the "enemy of all righteousness!" Let Satan's kingdom be destroyed!

How long an introduction, and yet no introduction to what immediately follows. It has been written upon the principle of saying what is uppermost, rather than that this is the proper place for it, and the Caffres have not left me even the notes of such things that I used to keep to refresh my memory. I believe the lithograph impressions, from a sketch of the Igqibira missionary station will give a more correct notion of it than any description of mine can give. I well remember what a charming place I conceived it to be from looking at that picture. Fine woodland in the background, lawn in front, in which are several figures represented as variously employed, the church and schoolrooms in their proper places—altogether, it looks such a place, as one might live very happily about, and no doubt you thought me very comfortably housed, when you learned that I had gone there, and occupied that sweet smiling cottage, with shady verandah and flower garden in front.

That picture shows however what the place is not. The buildings as there represented, I never saw of course, as they all were destroyed by the Caffres during the last war. There are ruins enough, however, to show what these have been. A wall that encloses a space used as a cattle kraal alone, contains more good brick building than

most missionaries in Caffreland had for the accommodation of themselves and families. What seems the lawn in front, and where as I fancied, some of the figures are represented as raking grass, is a hard, dry, stony flat, where for long periods not a blade of grass is to be seen. The whole place is altogether one of the most barren burnt-up spots that could well be found, it is so utterly destitute of water. Fresh water is not to be had within a distance of eight or ten miles of the station. The stream that flows past it, in its ordinary fulness, would pass easily through the hollow of your two hands, and this is so brack, as to taste much like a weak solution of Epsom salts. For washing, this water is worse than useless, and if you drink it to allay thirst, you were better to leave it alone. We used it for cooking, and I was not sensible of any injurious effect it had upon my health, yet it never became agreeable—I never got used to it. To Mrs. Brown it was still worse; she had all her life been accustomed to the sweet cool waters from the Gwali stream.

The whole locality, but more especially the bed and banks of the river, often brought to my mind descriptions that are given of the shores of the Dead Sea. In many places the bed of the river is wide enough for the Clyde at Glasgow to pass down it, the rocks which compose it have a peculiar fire-scathed appearance, and in several places drop down in the bottom a space of twenty feet or more, thus forming immense troughs, with precipitous sides, which stand always full of water. On the banks of the river there are no trees, gnarled stunted bushes there are, having foliage of a sombre brownish tinge, not of that lively

light green, by which the course of a fresh river may be distinguished at a great distance. A stranger readily discovers his approach to it, by an offensive stagnant sea-water smell.

Although I had no expectation of long occupying the station at Igqibira, and I did not wish to be at the expense of providing water casks, with which to fetch a weekly load of water from the Kieskome, I set about adopting means for the collection and preservation of rain water. Although for months together we have not a drop of rain, still I am convinced, that from periodical rains and thunderstorms, with the exercise of a little skill, and the expenditure of a little labour, the wants of a family might be in great measure supplied with this most necessary article, fresh water. Before I left, a friend in Carluke pointed out his well to me, which is constructed upon the most simple artificial principle, and which he assured me furnished an abundant supply of beautiful water, from rain collected from the roof of his house alone, I set about getting such a well dug, and it was a somewhat formidable undertaking,

Our only tools were, two spades, a pick, and a large hammer. Not more than two feet from the surface, we came to hard rock, with an uneven surface, and cracked in various directions. At this we had just to smash away with the big hammer, till a piece of it broke, such as we could pick out, and thus from a hole once made, we continued to break off and loosen away pieces in the best way we could, till we got to the depth of about seven feet. At first I had four, but latterly, only two stout young men employed on this work ; they had never handled pick, spade, or

hammer before, so I had to shew them how every thing ought to be done. This is the first sort of schoolmaster we want for the Caffre, one to show him how to use his hands. With the use of these, every one in Scotland is so well acquainted, in not one, but in an endless variety of occupations, that you cannot conceive how awkwardly a man sets about doing anything, who may never have used his hands to any other useful purpose, than milking a cow. I have really felt teased at times, to see a man take a spade in his hand, get down upon his knees, and set to work with it in much the same manner as I dare say you have done when a boy with a stick, in "hollowing out a bees' nest;" or laying down the spade, he will gather up the earth with his hands and carry it to it, and when he has got three or four handfulls laid upon the spade, he will take it up, and make as if he would throw the earth somewhere, more than half of it falling just where he took it from.

But my employment in teaching these men was doubly useful; I gabbled Caffre with them, and was thus mastering their barbarous tongue, while they were being made acquainted with the arts of civilisation, and when they observed me pick up a new word, or get the true pronunciation of one that I had before been blundering, they were quite boisterous in their joy. But if their tongue was barbarous, still more so was their appearance. They were utterly without clothing of any kind, to conceal their shame. One had a sheep skin, another some fragments of an old blanket, and another a soldier's old cast off red coat. I enforced it as a rule, that no one appear upon the station without endeavouring in the

best manner he could to avoid outraging every feeling of decency. This brought the sheepskin and blanket from the shoulders to the loins, around which it was fastened in a sort of kilt fashion. The red coat was a very unsuitable garment for this use, but however grotesque it made the wearer to appear, it was forced into service.

These men were all working for blankets ; I gave them their food and a blanket for eighteen days' work. That night the first five got their blankets ; they seemed to be new men altogether ; only one of them had ever possessed a blanket before, and not one of them had ever earned so much by his own industry. That they could have a blanket of their own by working with their hands, seemed to give them an idea of themselves, quite different from what they had ever before entertained. But having got their blankets, they left off working ; there was no other thing that they wanted, or at least felt their need of.

But what of my well. After a week or two, there came a heavy fall of rain, and we were all alert clearing away everything that hindered the water from flowing into the newly-prepared receptacle. The natives now began to see the use of the hole, which before they had conjectured all sorts of things about. Some would have it that I was making a place in which to hide things when war came. Well, we got a beautiful supply of nice sweet water ; and as I went out repeatedly to look at it, standing in its clean cistern of blue rock, I almost felt disposed to accept a little self gratulation at my success. The third day after the rain, we sent out for a supply of our nice sweet water, when Mrs. Brown, on taking a

draught of it, exclaimed, with a feeling of surprise and disappointment—"O, that is as bad as the river!" And so it was. I at once concluded that it must be from the rock that this quality was imparted to the water.

In a little clump of *Euphorbia* and low brush wood, about three hundred yards from the station, I had observed a moist spot, completely shaded from the sun. There was no grass, but a foot or two of the surface was covered with a minute lively green plant, and the foot sank in the soft mud. Here I set the men again to work, but to dig out what seemed to be soft mud, was a harder work than I had expected, when the spade was put to it it was tough and elastic, as if folds of thick woollen cloth were mixed with the mud. Two feet from the surface, the clay, mud, or earth, whichever it might be called, got quite hard. Here we dug a great hole, and no appearance of rock. The clump of brushwood was, to the surrounding ground, like the bottom of a large basin, so that it was the natural receptacle for all the rain which flowed off the surface. After the first rains our pool was filled to overflowing, and it continued so without any sensible diminution, so long as we were at Igqibira, several months. This water kept quite sweet too, but was unpleasant to the eye, it being exactly the colour of what be got in a road-side ditch at home, after a heavy thunderstorm. Nor did it ever settle, however long it might stand. No part of the earth or colouring matter was ever deposited in the form of sediment. This is a peculiarity often to be observed in water here. The Great Fish River has always that colouring matter in its waters.

On one occasion my waggon was overturned in crossing it when rather full, and all that side of the tent, covered with white canvass or sail-cloth, which was under water, retained the dirty red colour acquired by this dip, in spite of all the bleaching powers of drenching rains and blazing sun, to which it was afterwards exposed.

I had yet another undertaking greater than both of these : scarcely a half mile above the station, was one of those immense basins or troughs in the river, having three sides of perpendicular rock, sinking to a depth of seventeen feet. At its lower part this spread out to a breadth of fully fifty, with an outlet for the water of not more than four feet. It was an ugly hole, but capable of being turned to some useful purpose. The stream was weak, and I found it easy to dam the narrow outlet. From the opposite lower angle, I led out a water-course, which took the stream a good many feet higher than its natural channel, which began to fall very rapidly from this point. I had thus the command of both the stream and the large natural reservoir, to turn at pleasure for irrigation over a piece of nice holm. About three hundred yards further down the river, a small part of the water-course was six feet deep ; here we had some difficulty in getting out several large blocks of stone, our only shift was to apply the big hammer perseveringly, till we got them smashed into pieces that could be lifted. One beat us to either break or lift, but we took the water round one side of it. All the rest of the work was easy, a great part of it being little more than a furrow on the surface in which to lead the water.



From four to five acres of land were thus brought under irrigation, the half of this I purposed to divide in patches of about one-third of an acre, among the families on the station, although not one of the men would put a hand to the water-course without being paid; the other portion I put in crop myself, as in the garden up at the house, neither potatoes nor useful vegetables of any kind could be raised. A very small piece of land under water is of great value where rain is so uncertain, and where, by supplying moisture, the land brings forth two plentiful crops in a year, so mild is the climate and so rich the soil. In all these public works I expended little more than five pounds, and had I remained to reap but a single crop, this would have been repaid. It was only after the natives saw with their own eyes the water flowing over the ground, that they could be convinced of the possibility of bringing it there. Perhaps you say, has a missionary nothing better with which to take up his attention than such works as these? He has, but unless he both have some knowledge of such work, and be not ashamed to put his hand to it when occasion may require, he is but ill-adapted to the missionary work in this country.

The dwelling house at Igqibira was a small portion of the extensive ruins which had been fitted up for temporary accommodation. It consisted of two rooms, one eleven feet by eight, the other eleven feet each way, with a small dark place between them, in which a narrow bed could stand. When about to leave Glasgow, I remember one of the directors asked me whether I would take a sofa with me. Well, had you stepped into

our little front room, you might have enjoyed a lounge on it. I brought it from Glasgow, in the shape of a large packing box ; this laid on its side, and lengthened by the lid extended from one end to supports in the corner of the wall. Above, a long coarse calico bag filled with nice soft grass, and over all a smart patched bed cover reaching down to the floor, and so tidily pinned all around by Mrs. Brown, that no man could have said whether the furniture which it covered, were of mahogany, rosewood, or old pine-board. Altogether, the most handsome Ottoman could not have suited us better—no, not so well. So we do things here.

Close beside the house was the building that was used for both school and place of worship. It was capable when well packed of holding eighty adults, a larger audience than is easily brought out to worship in any part of Caffreland. It was a most suitable place, and could be put up for only a few pounds, and with an ordinary degree of care, would have stood for a quarter of a century ; a period quite long enough for which to make provision in such things, among a people such as are the Caffres. Most of the Caffres and Missionaries had foresight enough to perceive this, and were very chary in the expenditure of money upon buildings. Had this disposition been universal the United Presbyterian Mission might have been saved the expenditure of thousands of pounds, now irrecoverably lost. At none of the stations connected with other societies did the sum expended on buildings exceed one hundred pounds, nor was missionary effort thereby crippled, or the missionary's comfort lessened.

On the station itself not more than seven families were located, nor were these all converts, they had all, save one family, only Caffre huts of the most wretched description, in which to live. This I have always regarded as a reproach to any station. As a centre of mission operations, Igqibira was favourably situated during the season of plenty of grass, but from the prevalence of drought, the district is not one in which a permanent and settled population can be expected. The value of a district of country is not lowered in the eyes of a native by its having no water; he uses almost none of that commodity so essential to civilised life; his dog's tongue serves to cleanse his milk basket, and fresh cow-dung his own hands.

Stokwe, or as it is more commonly written, Stock, is the chief of the Amambalu tribe, which occupies that district. They exceed in stature any Caffre tribe that I have seen, and are certainly more hardened against the gospel than any other tribe that I ever visited. They quibbled at everything that was addressed to them, and I never saw the feeling of real hatred to the gospel so prevalent, or so painfully exhibited, as among that people. Many a time have I come home, after itinerating all day among them, and laid me down with an aching heart; I felt as if I had something more than merely "who hath believed our report?" to complain of. One or two exceptions there were to this universal hardenedness, but even with these, O the bones were dry, very dry!—"O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord"—"Come from the four winds, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live."

Stock himself is a man of the most sottish dispositions. Drunkenness is a vice common to mostly all the Caffre chiefs; I have heard some of themselves say that they would cheerfully go a distance of fifty miles to even purchase a bottle of brandy or gin. At the trading stations the sale of spirits was wisely prohibited by Government. The natives themselves make a sort of beer, which is slightly intoxicating, but they much prefer the "strong drink" to this.

Among the native rights of the chief, was that of disposing of the young females of his tribe according to his pleasure, for the vilest of purposes, and in the most shameless manner. This, under British rule, had been strictly prohibited. Stock, however, on one occasion made an attempt to maintain the abominable custom. The Missionary thought it his duty to give information of this to the Assistant Commissioner, Captain M'Lean. Stock made this an occasion of great offence; he said, "You, the teacher of God's word among my people, saw me, as you say, guilty of breaking God's law; then why not yourself come to me with that word, and reprove me? I would have listened to it; but instead of this to run to the constable of our enemies and complain! I little expected you would have done so."

About three weeks after my first arrival in the country, the annual great meeting of all the chiefs with the British Chief Commissioner, took place at King William's Town. The conduct of all the other chiefs had been good, and they had their annual commendation expressed in the substantial form of lots of blankets, and other European clothing, implements of husbandry, axes,

and cooking utensils. Instead of anything of this kind for Stock, he was publicly and justly reprimanded by Colonel Mackinnon, who said he had all but determined to send him a prisoner into the Colony to be tried by British law, and that if any other case of disrespect done to a female, by either chief or private person, came to his knowledge, he would not treat it with so great leniency. This was a sore mortification to the proud chief. Whatever he might assign as the ostensible occasion, I have no doubt of the abounding corruption of his heart, being the real cause of his something more than indifference to mission operations afterwards.

At my first going to Igqibira, I called upon Stock, and asked whether he wished to have a missionary among his people. He said to me, "The last missionary never told any one the reason why he went away. I am not a man that speaks his friendship; if you settle among my people I will leave it for your eyes to tell you whether I am friendly or not." He never came to worship, but sent to ask presents, and called repeatedly. He behaved respectfully towards me, I studied to do just the same towards him, but not in any way to court him. Several of his brothers and near relations seemed much more earnest that I would settle among them; they came often to worship, both on the morning of the week day, and on sabbath, but invariably had something to ask, as rice or coffee for food, potatoes to plant, a spade, an axe, clothes for themselves, or their wives; and came in, expecting to take breakfast or dinner with us, and if they had been at the trouble to put on a pair of

trowsers, to sit even at the table with us, although every article their clothes or bodies came into contact with, got smeared with fat and clay. All this fashion of things I steadfastly set my face against.

## CHAPTER III.

African Children—Trading Duplicity—Effects of Hunger  
—Umlanjeni—Sacrifices—Macomo—Symptoms of War.

ONE of my earliest resolutions, after I had seen the working of our missions here, was to adopt the words of Peter—"Silver and gold have I none," and to go forth, simply with the word of God in my hand, and publish the conditions upon which the gift of eternal life is there held out for acceptance. The whole temper and disposition of the natives, in regard to their giving heed to what is spoken by the missionaries who go among them, is like that of the lame man, "expecting to receive something of them." They are not ashamed to ask a piece of tobacco, a knife for themselves, or a kerchief for their wives, as a sort of reward for merely sitting quiet and giving a kind of decent degree of attention while the missionary is speaking, and endeavouring to make known to them the things that belong to their peace, the gospel of salvation.

Instead of doing any thing at all to court either the chief or those about him, I took rather to a sort of kidnapping of children. These, if taken before confirmed in the barbarous habits of their parents, and placed under the immediate influence of civilized life, are more likely to turn to some good account. With some difficulty I got two boys and two girls; these I adopted into my own family, with the design of bringing them up to

be useful domestic servants. These children were famishing when I took and fed them ; they were either absolutely naked, or had only a fragment of some old filthy skin, which had been worn by one or other of their parents till it fell in pieces ; instead of this, we provided them in comfortable and clean European clothing, and in every other respect had them suitably accommodated. Some, however, preferred their famine, filth, and ignorance, to our comforts and instruction, and ran off at the first opportunity. Moreover, the parents of these children expected us to remunerate them in some way, for allowing their children to come to live with us, and enjoy these benefits.

The four who remained with us, and who seemed attached to us, were most dutiful, and had both aptitude and desire to learn. Our object was, so to train them, that in after life they might be useful to both themselves and others. In order to this, we sought to make them acquainted, first of all, with the truths of the word of God. Their first morning exercise was to commit a text to memory ; we used for this purpose the texts printed in the Tract Society's Penny Almanack, one of which has been annually sent me by a friend, not less mindful than well remembered. One of these daily texts I translated, and repeated over and over, till each one could repeat it quite accurately. At evening worship, and again the following morning, I heard them repeat these passages, and, if they could all do so, gave them a new one. This became a most interesting exercise ; we sometimes overheard the children, during the day, talking over these lessons, one helping the other to remember something he had for-



got. And in the afternoon, when Mrs. Brown gave an hour specially to their instruction, they had singular questions to ask her at times, to which the entirely new and incomprehensible ideas suggested to their minds by these passages gave rise.

Brought up, as you have been from earliest infancy, under the influence of Christianity, you can have no conception what an utter blank the native mind here exhibits, in reference to every thing that relates to God, or that goes beyond the range of mere sensual existence. Reasoning powers the Caffres certainly have, and where personal interest is concerned, these they can exercise to good purpose ; and I often wonder, that with such intellectual powers, none of them have ever had even the feeblest glimmering of Spiritual Being of any kind. To them the words of the Apostle apply with peculiar force—"the God of this world hath blinded their minds."

There is hardly a hope of making any thing at all of such, unless the mind be got hold of when yet in its inquiring state, otherwise we can never have any thing else than old men, yet children. This is not desirable ; no old man, however much a child, and however readily he may acknowledge this, likes to be treated by others as a child. We could only guess at the age of the children which we had adopted ; the youngest we thought about seven, and the oldest ten years. That their little hands should be taught some useful employment, and that they should acquire habits of industry, was an object of our first attention. I think it quite practicable to make such a class of children self-supporting. We had no fair opportunity for trying this ; their support, however,

cost us a mere trifle ; their food we never missed, and from our Scotch boxes we had abundant material for clothing.

With all its disadvantages, we had begun to like Igqibira. We were solitary, but not the less happy on that account. A trader had a place not more than half-a-mile from the station. He had no family, but was a most kind-hearted obliging young man. His name was Spyven, and his parents were from Stirling, or the neighbourhood. Traders here are a kind of shopkeeper ; they put up a temporary place in which to accommodate themselves, and bring a lot of blankets, kerchiefs, spades, hoes, pots, knives, axes, tobacco, beads, buttons, &c. These they sell to the natives, not often for money, for of this they have none, but for cattle, hides, horns, gum, and such things. Besides this young man, there was no white person within a distance of ten miles ; about that distance was another mission family, yet we did not feel at all lonely.

The nearest post-office was some twenty miles distant, which afforded us a weekly opportunity of receiving or sending letters. When I got a Colonial newspaper, that was the only thing we felt to be a disturber of our quietude. From these we learned, that in the Colony apprehensions were entertained regarding the Caffres. On one or two occasions I had to visit Alice and Chumie ; rumours of war were rife in all that district, and when I had a note from any of the missionary brethren, the somewhat-anxious inquiry was usually made—" How are the natives about you disposed ?" my invariable reply was, " All in this district are most peacefully disposed ;" for when

I at all hinted at the subject to any of the natives, they seemed quite surprised that they ever should be suspected of meditating war or rebellion.

I had then no notion of the Caffre mode of carrying on war, and could not conceive it possible, that people in such a state of utter prostration, could ever entertain a thought of such an outbreak, as the event proves, and as they now themselves acknowledge, they were in all readiness for. The Caffres have an annual period of hunger, extending over several months. This arises wholly from their indolence and want of management. They have land enough to raise the quantity of grain they now do increased an hundred fold, if what they now raise were not sufficient for their support. Were this, however, properly husbanded, I am certain it would be amply sufficient.

The only grain they grow is maize and millet, familiarly called meelies and Caffre corn. This, with pumpkins, comprehends the whole of their agricultural produce. Their fathers cultivated just the same things, before the Cape of Good Hope was known to Europeans. They now have had full opportunity to introduce wheat, barley, oats, and potatoes; but even at the mission stations, these are not cultivated by the natives, save it may be by a family or two more immediately connected with the missionary, who furnishes them with a small quantity of seed. September is the beginning of the proper planting season, but I have seen them planting in July, just that they might have their seed put into the ground out of sight, lest in their hunger they should be tempted to fall upon it. They may continue

planting till January, when they begin to reap, or live upon the fruit of what was first planted.

At this time they present a painful spectacle to the eye of humanity. Their tongue, their eye, their every bone, speak gaunt famine. The skin of their exposed skeleton hangs in numerous wrinkles, and large withered folds; their whole appearance is most unsightly, and, to the mind of civilized man, excites the feeling of extremest wretchedness. From the time, however, that they get any thing to eat, they keep almost without intermission, eating on, till all is consumed. April is their full harvest month, but from January, up till then, they have generally an abundant supply of pumpkins and meelies, to keep them eating. Now they enjoy life to the full, they get quite grown up, become sleek and fat. To see a man in December, and again in two months after, you would scarcely know him to be the same person. By the month of July, the corn of the land is mostly eaten up, and then commences their famine season again. The bark and roots of the young mimosa bushes, with any little milk the cattle may now yield, is then all they have to keep in existence. Such is Caffre life—admire it who may! The above is all as justly applicable to the mission stations, as to the avowedly heathen part of the population. By high authority they have been advisedly written—“irreclaimable savages!” and the task of reclaiming them certainly does not promise to be a light one.

Such the Caffre is—see what he might be:—with even the quantity of grain that he now raises, were it used in any thing like regular

meals, he would never know hunger ; or were he to adopt the culture of the potato, he would have one crop ready in October, and, without planting anew, would reap a second crop in May from the same ground. So might wheat, barley, oats, beans, and peas, be all introduced with advantage. Or were he to take to farm service, he would find hundreds of farmers ready to employ him, and give full value for his honest industry, and supply him with rations of flesh and meal daily, and in greater abundance than most ploughmen and farm servants in Scotland have for their whole family. In addition to this they have a supply of tobacco, and during harvest and sheep shearing, and when driving the waggon, they have coffee besides. Let me assure you, native servants live better here, and do less work than most small farmers in Scotland themselves do. Never think the Colonial farmers those base oppressors of the native races, that some would have you believe them to be. They know the value of an industrious, trustworthy, honest servant, and a regard to their own interests even, will prevent them ill treating such an one : nor are the natives of a temper or disposition that will submit to oppression.

When I spoke of their "state of utter prostration," it was in reference to their then famished condition. It was during the months of August and September that rumours of war began to float about ; and when I saw the condition in which the people were for want of food—their possessing, as I thought, neither arms nor ammunition, and their own universal, and apparently-earnest disclaimer of all thoughts of war, I regarded with

a kind of ridicule the apprehensions of the more experienced colonists.

The Caffres were, it is true, in a very unsettled state. A great one had appeared among them, named Umlanjeni, and was drawing the whole world after him. He was visited by the chiefs and most influential of the people from the utmost corner of the land. He practised some airs of mysticism, as most of his craft do, and enjoined a set of "words," as the natives express it, the first of which was, that they were to abandon witchcraft—second, they were to avoid shedding blood—a third, they were to give up stealing—and, lastly, they were not to burn the gum tree as firewood; the meaning of this no one professed to understand, as that is most plentiful, and universally preferred as firewood; and in the three former articles, we could have all joined hands with him, as an helper in the work of reforming his countrymen.

It was suspected at the time, and not without reason, as soon became evident, that these were framed and given out rather to decoy, than truthfully to express Umlanjeni's principal instructions. He very soon acquired an extensive influence over the people. They came hundreds of miles to see him; yet I never found one to acknowledge that they had gone on such an errand, save one woman, the mother of one of our boys; she spoke of him as "not a person at all, but a beast." By and by the people began to slaughter many of their oxen, those particularly of a dun, or light colour, and this too was by Umlanjeni's word. These were regarded as sacrifices; it was only the well-picked bones, however, that

were burned, the people very wisely found a better use for all that could be eaten of the animal. For weeks we saw around Igqibira, almost daily, the ascending smoke of these sacrifices. The professed object for which they were offered was, to call up the spirits of their fathers, or the old heroes. Nothing could be traced to Umlanjeni himself, that he had said more than the above. It oozed out, however, that by all the people rigidly adhering to his words, the white men would melt away, or disappear, and the Caffre would get all his *impahla* (things).

When literally dying of hunger, during the two previous seasons, the British Commissioners humanely and generously provided for the relief of the sufferers. Arrangements were made with the Colonial farmers to have as many of the Caffres as possible taken into their service. The natives crowded forward to the Commissioners in hundreds to be so provided for, and were at the public expence sent to the districts in which their service was most in demand. Now these parties began to steal away from their service, in many cases not even asking what wages was due, and in others honestly warning their masters of the approaching danger. Their return to Caffreland was not so much their own choice, as that Sandilli had given a word that they were to do so. Observant men could easily see that all this was not for nothing, and the excitement along the frontier rose higher. Colonel Mackinnon published the most positive assurances that no signs of insubordination were to be discovered among the Caffres, but rather the reverse, and that the fears of the Colonists were groundless.

This uneasy state of things brought the Governor in person to Caffreland. He called all the Chiefs to meet him at King William's town, when he informed them of the reports that were abroad, and explained to them the object of his visit. They one and all expressed their grief that His Excellency had put himself to so much trouble—that what he had heard about them, was nothing more than the “lies of white men”—that he was their father, and they were all so happy under his government, that nothing could be farther from their thoughts than war. To this meeting Sandilli did not go, nor Stock, nor Macomo: Macomo is the eldest of the late Nqika's (English Gaika), almost innumerable family; he is the longest headed too, as we would say in Scotch, of them all; that he does not rank as the “great chief,” is because his mother is not of the Tembu tribe or nation. He acquired by intelligence what he had not by birth or rank—the highest place among the other Chiefs. For several years, however, he has transferred his Chieftainship to his sons, and seemingly felt himself far happier as exercised in emptying a brandy bottle, than in administering the laws of his people. His absence from the meeting was not much noticed, and Stock had an excuse of sickness, which was valid.

It was otherwise with Sandilli; he is quite a boy, both in years and understanding, compared to Macomo. He is regarded as “the great chief,” however, as being Nqika's son by his Tembu wife. He is a vain, self-conceited young man, rather a simpleton, and easily wrought upon. The Governor exercised great lenity and forbearance towards him; he sent again and again to induce



him to come, assuring Sandilli that he had nothing to fear: Sandilli sent back such excuses, as every one knew to be the veriest shams—he had fallen from his horse—he was sick—some one had told him that the Governor wanted to take him prisoner and kill him, and he was afraid. After waiting several days, Sir Harry formally deposed Sandilli, declaring that he was no longer to be regarded as a Chief, and appointing Mr. Charles Brownlee, Civil Commissioner, direct administrator of the affairs of his tribe. Some of the other Chiefs affected to intercede for Sandilli, saying that it was from fear alone, and not from any feeling of disaffection towards Government that he did not come. When they saw the Governor firm, however, they professed to acquiesce, and expressed anew their determination to maintain peace.

The Governor fondly flattered himself that he had put all to rights; he returned to Cape Town, by Graham's Town, and Port Elizabeth, and took every opportunity to assure the frontier Colonists that their fears were groundless—that the Caffres were never more peacefully disposed.

At Igqibira we felt no uneasiness; I never suspected the sincerity of the Caffres. The planting season had far advanced, and the usual rains had not fallen; the heavens were as iron, and the earth as brass; with no instrument of iron could the soil have been dug to put in the seed, the grass for the cattle was burnt up, and the people had all scattered and gone where grass, or the green foliage of the jungle, near the rivers, was to be found, that their cattle might be kept from dying. On this ground I felt some anxiety; it

seemed as if the people must perish from famine. Early in November, however, the clouds appeared and began to pour down their watery treasures. We had almost constant rain for nearly a week; this changed at once the face of nature, and the temper of men. Hands—that is of the women—were now all busy putting their seed into the ground, the cattle were brought back in large droves to enjoy the abundance of grass that had sprung up; our land was now “a land flowing with milk,” and we flattered ourselves that after these showers of blessing we would hear no more of war, but that the sword would be turned into the ploughshare.

The smoke of Umlanjeni's sacrifices, as they were called, was now, however, to be seen at almost every kraal, and I had repeatedly seen men passing with guns; to have these was unlawful; great meetings at the chief's place too were being held; still the natives maintained all was peace, and I believed them. Stock himself called with an umpakati (counsellor), and I was careful to sound him as to the state of public feeling. He was that day dressed in his military uniform, red jacket, dark cloth trowsers with red stripe, and cloth cap. The Governor had given such clothing to all the Chiefs, and Stock paid us this measure of respect, that he rarely came down to call, without putting it on. Although I was very cautious in putting direct questions, so as to excite my suspicions, yet he seemed to have discovered my drift; he rose to his feet, and with a good deal of grotesque gesticulation, and not a little energy, he assured me, in the most positive terms, that none of the Chiefs had any thoughts of war—that

if Sandilli did fight, he would fight alone; none of the Chiefs would join him. As to Umlanjeni, who was he? a boy! not the son of a chief! no, not of a counsellor even! Were the Caffres a people that would make war at his word? True he has made a great noise among the people, but he has done nothing; we are waiting, just looking to see what he does.

The counsellor afterwards asked me, if the war broke out what I would do—would I leave the station?

I replied that I had no wish to do so; that unless Stock wished me to leave, and told me so, I would not leave from any fear that I had.

Stock here again assured me, that we would be perfectly safe; were there war, he would take no part in it, and if, at any time, I thought that I saw cause of alarm, and wished to leave, he would send an escort with me to wherever I wished to go.

Although I knew that Stock was not truthfully speaking his sentiments in regard to Umlanjeni, yet I saw no object he could have in seeking otherwise to deceive me; I put a large measure of confidence in his assurances, and resolved not to abandon the station. The country was now putting forth all its loveliness, every plant and sprig was springing into blossom, and the light lively green that everywhere met the eye, and the soft, fresh fragrance that everywhere regaled the senses, were enough to sweeten the feelings, and cool the passions of even the savage heart.

As with the Caffres, so with those connected with our mission; a time of interest and activity

was full upon them. The Rev. H. Renton, commissioner from the Mission Board, had now reached Chumie, and with promptitude had entered upon the execution of his commission. Our three stations may be described as forming a triangle, the distance of any one from the others being about thirty miles. Chumie was our place of meeting, and consequently till the common business was disposed of, we required all to be there during the greater part of our time.

After being from home all the week, I returned on Friday evening, and early the following morning our little boy was ushered into the world, an event which none of us had expected for yet two months. From this event our course has been marked by special providences, at the remembrance of which my heart often grows big with grateful emotion. Unexpected as that event came upon us, it consequently found us unprepared. Unknown to me, however, two native females, returning from a visit to some friends at a distant station, had made Iggibira a resting place for the night. One of these in particular, had experience in affording assistance among her own people in such cases, and was not backward in affording her services on this occasion.

My dear Janet was brought through this period of deep solicitude, most favourably. The infant was very weak, but by Monday morning, she felt herself so well, as to ask me not to allow her to detain me, should my presence be required at Chumie. The two women engaged to remain with her till my return. When I got to Chumie, very serious apprehensions were entertained by parties there; the state of public feeling had

turned up a more troubled aspect since we separated; and an anxiety and uneasiness was expressed in every countenance. It became a question how far it was provident for any of the missionaries to be away from their families and stations under such circumstances, and early on Tuesday I left to return to Igqibira.

Before leaving home, I had given instructions that my spare horse be kept at hand, and the lad in our service dispatched to fetch me, should any unfavourable change take place with either my dear wife or the child. Not more than ten miles from Chumie, I saw in the far distance through the scanty bushes, a person on horseback coming forward very fast. My anxious mind was not slow in suggesting who it might be, and when he rapidly came up in front of me, and I saw my little horse foaming and steaming with perspiration, my heart sunk.

The lad instantly handed me a letter, which was from Mr. Brownlee, resident magistrate and commissioner for the Gaika tribes, advising me that it would be well to provide for my own and family's safety, as danger seemed near, and no one could say how far it might spread. This, though not what I had foreboded, was not much calculated to relieve me of fear and anxiety. I sent the lad forward to Chumie with the note, that Mr. Renton might know of the gathering darkness, and after three hours' hard ride, I reached Igqibira and was rejoiced to find that beyond a little agitation, the alarming note had had no bad effect upon my dear wife.

But what were we to do? No place of safety was at a less distance than twenty miles, and to

think of taking her that distance in a rough jolting waggon, seemed to be like courting death in one form, to escape it in another. Besides only five of our oxen now remained, the other five had died from the effects of a poisonous grass that abounds around Igqibira. We felt our position to be one of difficulty, and cast ourselves upon the Lord. Mrs. Brown expressed a desire to remain, rather than make any attempt to leave, and I still had a large measure of confidence in Stock's repeated assurances.

Mr. Spyren, our neighbour, had much less confidence in him, and had gone to procure waggons to take away his goods. He returned on Wednesday, and in the evening came over with his brother-in-law, to use all their influence to persuade us to leave. If we would have consented to do so, he would have given one of his own waggons for our use, even though he should have to leave the less valuable part of his goods. We felt grateful to this young man for his attention and disinterested kindness, but what with the hazard of yet moving Mrs. Brown and the hope that the alarm and excitement, would soon cool down, without any serious outbreak, we declined his kind offer. Next morning when the station people saw the trader's goods being loaded into the waggons, and heard the reports brought by the parents of one of our little girls, who had come to take her away because of the danger, they became more and more alarmed, and resolved at once to leave the station.

## CHAPTER IV.

A Welcome Message—Meeting of the Chiefs—Caffre Duplicity—War commences—Destruction of a Village—Attack upon Aukland—Murder of Mr. Munro and his Colleagues.

FROM the conclusion of my last, you might suppose that Igqibira was no longer the place of our sojourn, and when I tell you all, you will be ready, I dare say, to blame me for a degree of obstinacy. My holding out in this case, however, was not from any mere self-willedness. The station people seemed to be carried away under the influence of a groundless panic, which I thought it my duty to do everything in my power to counteract. I could not bring myself to believe that the chief, and all the principal men who had so repeatedly assured me that the Caffres had no thoughts of war, and that if any of the other tribes did provoke to an outbreak, they would take no part in it—I could not conceive what object these men could have for practising deceit upon me, in speaking thus. I trusted them, and I may say feared no evil.

Old Irving who had followed me from Chumie, and who made himself serviceable in going out, both on the Saturdays and on the morning of the Sabbaths, to call the people to worship, knew much better than I did, the real state of feeling existing among the Caffres. He urged me by every consideration to allow them to make the waggon ready, and try to make what oxen I had

pull it, that I might get with Mrs. Brown to some safe place. He told me that I did not yet know the Caffres, and was trusting far too much to them.

It was to us a trying hour. The trader's waggons were loaded and being inspanned, and the people had determined that they would not remain behind them. Mrs. Brown had not yet been out of bed, and I hardly durst make known to her the extreme desolateness in which we were soon likely to be. The only individual now left with us, was the oldest of our two servant girls. She was crying and looking after those who had left, so that there was little probability of her remaining long behind them.

I stept into our little bed-room, and acquainted Mrs. Brown with our situation; I knelt at her bedside; we joined our hands and lifted up our united hearts to our God. In our deep anxiety we had yet a feeling of confidence in this exercise such as I have but rarely experienced. Immediately after thus throwing ourselves wholly ever upon God, I went to the door, and was surprised to find that the people still loitered not more than a hundred yards from the house, whereas I expected them to have been nearly out of sight of the station. They had seen in the distance one of the Caffre police, they knew him by his dress, and white haversack through among the bushes, and knew that he could be come only as the bearer of tidings from Mr. Brownlee. The man had now got forward, and delivered me the note of which he was the bearer, with the utmost consideration; Mr. Brownlee had sent this note to say, that if we had not moved from this station,



there was now less occasion for us doing so, as the danger seemed to have passed over.

When this note was read to the people, it gave joy to every heart, and in but a few minutes our servants were again busy at their work, as if nothing had happened. Upon the heart of my dear Janet, and upon my own heart, the effect is not easy to be described. This unlooked-for relief from anxiety almost too great to be borne, coming too at such a juncture of circumstances, caused our hearts to grow big with feelings of thankfulness. We remembered Him who has said, "see that thou call upon me in the day of trouble," and we sought opportunity to give vent to a gush of grateful emotion at His footstool, who thus even "whiles we were speaking in prayer," had more than answered our supplication.

Things having taken this favourable turn, it was thought we might safely resume the transaction of business at Chumie on the following week. The Governor had again returned to Caffreland, and appointed another meeting to be held at Fort Cox, almost in the centre of the Gaika district, on the 19th of December. We had been engaged on the business then occupying our attention from Monday, and on Wednesday Mr. Niven wished to be relieved from further attendance at Chumie that week, he having engaged to bring Mrs. Niven down to the great meeting on the following day; the Commissioner, too, had been invited by Mr. Brownlee to pay him a visit on the occasion, and so we agreed that our meeting be adjourned till the beginning of the following week.

All the Caffre chiefs went to meet the Governor

when called, save Sandilli, who had now taken to the bush. Mr. Brownlee had previously urged him by every consideration to make his appearance, and be reconciled to the Governor—that no harm would be done to him—that he himself would stand by him, if no other man would, so long as he acknowledged his obligation of duty to the British Government. The chief had no better tried friend than Mr. Brownlee, and even the Governor himself, when yet only Colonel Smith, had been as a father to him, so that Sandilli was without shadow of excuse for all this distrust of them.

At this meeting, renewed expression was given of their determination to make no war, by both the chiefs and Sir Harry. He challenged those who were for war, to boldly and honestly say so, and at the same time assured them, that he was quite prepared to put them down, his object and determination being to protect all who wished to live at peace, and to inflict merited punishment upon all who attempted to disturb the peace of their neighbours.

The immediate occasion of unpleasant relations with the Government, was the resistance of two parties to the police officers, and resisting the magistrate's authority, who had inflicted a fine in a case of theft. The magistrate had himself already granted an extension of time for the payment of this fine of a certain number of cattle, and the Governor gave a still further extension of it. He proposed that the assembled chiefs should elect one in the place of Sandilli, who, by his obstinate refusal to make his appearance when called, and taking to his hiding place, had con-