

firmed the worst suspicions entertained regarding him. Sutu, the mother of Sandilli, was elected by the chiefs according to this proposal, and one half of her councillors was nominated by the chiefs, and the other half by the Governor. Sutu had previously occupied the same position, and exercised the functions of regent during the long minority of her son. She is a woman fully as well qualified in every way to do honour to the regal functions as he is. The Governor expressed his determination to punish Sandilli, and every such disturber of the peace, when proof of their guilt was established. And thinking the chiefs to be as sincere in their repudiation of Sandilli as their professions and proceedings seemed to indicate, said that they were themselves to bring him in, and not to think that he had brought his soldiers to go into the bush in search of the fugitive; the man who brought him in, would have £500 reward.

Some enlightened statesmen hold, that the soundest policy, and the surest way to maintain peace, is to be in a state of complete readiness for war. With what object the sequel will shew, the Caffre chiefs most certainly well practised the latter part of the above maxim. At Fort Cox they might seem very devout idolators, worshipping the staff of peace; away in their own districts, however, their people were all ready with their *vehlt schoon*, a very primitive sort of shoes, made of raw hide, in form they are much like Blucher boots, and are a good preservative for the feet, in the rough work of Caffre warfare; each man had his compliment of assagais too, and such as had stowed away an old gun from the

war of '47, had it now brought out and put into trim.

The meeting at Fort Cox was on Thursday ; we had agreed to meet on the following Tuesday at Chumie. Early on Tuesday morning, after commending my wife and our helpless babe to the special care of our Heavenly Father, who had hitherto so wonderfully vouchsafed his mercy to us, I left Igqibira, and reached Chumie about mid-day. All along the way I saw nothing more indicative of an immediate outbreak, than I had seen on former occasions when passing. On the afternoon and evening of that day, we were engaged in forwarding the business then before Mr. Renton, as Commissioner ; Mr. and Mrs. Renton boarded at Mrs. Chalmers's, and when at Gwali that of course was my home also.

On Wednesday morning, when at breakfast, the intelligence that a white man had been killed that morning by the Caffres at the Tyumie drift—ford—within sight of, and not three miles distant from the station, startled us a little. We had heard too that Colonel Mackinnon had moved out with a force of six hundred men, up towards the spruits of the Kieskama, with what object no one knew, and rumour had it, that the Caffres had made an attack upon this party, with some advantage.

Just as we were standing, speaking over these things, three men of the Cape Mounted Rifles came riding over the ridge from the direction of Alice, or fort Hare ; these men soon came up, and delivered a letter to Mr. Renton from Mr. Calderwood. This was dated from the magistrate's office, two o'clock in the morning, and stated

that dispatches from His Excellency at Fort Cox had just come in, bringing information that Colonel Mackinnon had been attacked, that there had been some sharp fighting, with some loss on our side. Mr. Calderwood wished to know whether the station would be disposed and able to maintain a position of self defence, and if so, whether a supply of arms and ammunition would be required. This had already been determined upon by the men, and application for at least twenty-four guns and ammunition, made; Mr. Renton detained the messengers only till he wrote a note in support of this application. On learning that the men were riding with their rifles unloaded, it was thought prudent to suggest to them that they should at once load their pieces, as they had to proceed onwards to the military villages, the one three, and the other eight miles from us.

These men had not yet mounted to proceed, when a multitude of people made their appearance upon a ridge full in our sight, and not more than a mile and a half from the station. We were at a loss to determine who these were; some thought them Caffres, others that it was a large party of the Cape Corps, the familiar appellation of the Cape Mounted Rifles; we soon saw them divide into two parties, and immediately after lost sight of them.

This was no time for me to be at Gwali, and my dear wife and babe thirty miles from me, all alone at Igqibira. I got my horse quickly caught and upsaddled, resolved to make home with all speed. Just when in the act of mounting, one of Mrs. Chalmers's boys said, "Stop, Mr. Brown,

there is Woburn burning ;” and it was so. The clouds of smoke were rolling up in the bright sunshine behind the rising ground that hid the village from our view. My way lay close by this village, but the increasing danger only increased my anxiety to be with my helpless wife and babe. None of the men from the station would accompany me, but said I would most certainly be killed if I attempted to go. Mrs. Chalmers said, I must just trust my wife and child in the Lord’s hands; it was now evident that I could do nothing for them, and Mr. Renton, with all the earnestness of a brother, urged me to abandon all attempts at leaving in the face of so much danger. I yielded; but O the feelings with which I took the saddle from off my horse again!

I had scarcely done this, when a man was observed coming at the full speed of his horse, from the direction of Woburn. We went down to know who it was, and what tidings he had brought. It was Stephenson, superintendant of one of the military villages, and field cornet—that is the most petty office in the Colony. He was a very overbearing man, not at all of a disposition to undervalue his commission, and far enough from being a favourite with the natives. He told us that he had gone over to enjoy Christmas eve with the superintendant at Woburn, and had stopt all night; that in the morning the men were just going out to have a Christmas game at crickets, when the cry, “the Caffres,” was given. They had no time to run for their firearms, or to in any way organise themselves, and it was his conviction that ere now there was not a living

man in the village ; before he got on horseback he saw one man shot.

Shortly afterwards a man without a rag of clothing was seen running towards the station. A shirt and trowsers were sent down to him by Mr. Cumming, and in a few minutes he narrated to us the particulars of his escape. This man belonged to Auckland, and was going down to Fort Hare with some potatoes and vegetables to his family, which he had sent for a time to the Fort ; he had two horses loaded with these things, and one of his little boys with him ; his money was first demanded, then article after article of his clothing, till he had nothing left ; he had got separated from his little boy, and how great was his anxiety to know what had befallen him ! We flattered ourselves that the Caffres would not wantonly murder a child who could do them no manner of harm, and endeavoured to comfort the man by telling him so. In this, however, we were mistaken, for some women from the station, passing shortly after that way, saw some vultures rise from an object not far distant ; they turned aside to see what it was, and found it to be the boy Snodgrass ; he had been killed, and cast headlong into the channel of a little stream. Snodgrass himself assured us, that the man most virulent in the attack upon him, was a man that knew him quite well, he having often had him employed as a workman.

During the forenoon, the women and children from Woburn came also to the station. They could give us no account to be depended on, of what had taken place, only that every one of the men were killed, and that without their being

able to offer the least show of resistance, or self defence. We had heard, in all, not more than three shots fired, there were fourteen men killed, so most of them must have fallen under these horrid assagais.

Towards evening the three Cape-corps men came back again to the station, one of them stript naked, his arms and horse, as well as his clothes, were taken from him. This one happened to be the bearer of Mr. Renton's letter, regarding the supply of arms and ammunition, to enable the men of the station to occupy a position of self-defence. That this was lost, I for one was not sorry. When first I knew that the application had been made, it seemed to me the most unfortunate step that could have been taken. It was that which, of all others, was most likely to provoke to an assault upon the station: and, besides, it was doubtful indeed to what use a number of the men on the station would apply these arms if furnished with them.

That evening, at dusk, two or three white men, who were on the station, not missionaries, left with the three Cape-corps men, with the hope of getting to Fort Hare, by a circuitous way, under cloud of night. This was the day of the beginning of troubles, and at its close we laid us down to rest, not knowing what might be ere the morrow.

The arms of the Almighty were around us, and on Thursday morning we rose in safety, if not free from anxiety. My endeavours to get away to Igqibira were renewed with earnestness. One man consented to accompany me, but he afterwards declined going. From what I have since

seen of that man, I regard it as a special providence for the preservation of my life that I was hindered going forth with him. He was then to me a stranger ; I only knew that he was a sort of outcast from some of the other mission stations, and had found refuge at Gwali, and was one of the four who were baptised there, on the first Sabbath of January. Mrs. Chalmers had occasion to know something more about him, and her suspicions led her to ask some of the people of the station whether they knew any thing of this man ; and it was this coming to his ears that made him take offence, and refuse to accompany me. At that very time, even when making profession of Christianity, and was ranked as a convert, his lawful wife had separated from him, heathen though she was, because of his cohabiting with another woman ; both of these he has since repudiated, and taken one who is the wife of another man. We know now, too, his hands to be full of blood, violence, and robbery ; he has excelled in all wickedness, and I often reflect, with feelings of thankfulness, on my disappointment in not getting away with him that day. At the time, however, I felt the disappointment most bitterly.

When no one would accompany me, I resolved to go alone, come what would. My mind suggested every possible form of distress in which my dear wife and child might be, and my heart yearned to be with them. It would have been a lessening of my distress, to have shared theirs with them, if I could not deliver them out of it. I caught and saddled my horse, which, when the station people saw, and knew my determination, they came, both men and women, and told me,

that rather than allow me to leave the station, they would take my horse from me. Mr. Renton renewed his entreaties too, saying, that it was the conviction of every one, that no white man would be suffered to pass through Caffreland in the present excited state of feeling. I had again to relinquish my purpose; and could only say—"God help my poor wife!" But I still, somehow, felt it far easier to cast myself upon Him, and set my face against every danger, than to commit her all alone into His hands.

Early in the afternoon, a party of the ninety-first, with a few of the Cape corps, mounted, came to the station. The sight of the red coats produced a sort of relieving impression upon me. I ran to know the exact object of their visit. In going down to where they halted, I met Messrs. Niven and Cumming returning from having been to the officer in command, and asked them for what objects the soldiers had come, and had in reply—"To escort all out who wished to leave the station."

I stood a moment hesitating what to do; then turned, and ran to catch my horse, that I might go at least to Fort Hare, where I thought, surely I will get help to go to Igqibira for my wife and child.

All out of breath when I got up again to Mrs. Chalmers, I told her my purpose. She urged me to desist, and pointed to the Caffres coming out to the edge of the bush, and so directing their course along the ridges on the side of the mountain, as plainly to shew that they designed an attack upon the soldiers, in all not more than one hundred and twenty, at some advantageous point.

By this time, the officer in command of the party, on learning that none of the missionaries were going out, and that his passage homeward was likely to be disputed, had ordered his men, without longer waiting, to march, that they might be out of the more bushy and difficult part of the way before nightfall. Ere it was possible that I could have joined them, they were going over the ridge away from the station; and the Caffres were running from all directions, that they might fall in behind them; so that, instead of seeking to get away with them, our sort of involuntary exclamation was—"Poor fellows, we wish you may get all safe back!" Immediately afterwards an irregular firing commenced, and was kept up so long as the parties were within our hearing. The Caffres kept up this annoyance all the way, from under cover of the bushes, but, happily, without hurt to any of the soldiers.

We had heard that Auckland, the military village, about eight miles up the river from us, had been attacked, but had hopes, that both from the number of men there, and the warning they had of the danger, they might be able to hold out in self defence, till relief could be afforded them. Now evidence to the contrary presented itself. Scarcely were the soldiers hid from our view by the ridge on one side of the station, than the women and children from Auckland came in sight upon that on the other side.

This was the most mournful sight that we had yet seen. The number of women and children, and still more their appearance and demeanour, made it so. The five women who came in yesterday from Woburn were Hottentots, and the most

that could be said of them was, that they were a good deal agitated ; they gave little evidence that any object of affection had been torn from them ; but when those to-day drew near, it needed not words to tell us, that they had been bereft of husbands, fathers, brothers. We hurried down to meet them, and when we saw their woful plight, and heard their mournful tale, it was hard to refrain from weeping with those that wept. In addition to their grief, and the cause of it, all the best of their clothes had been torn off them, and most of them were much bruised and cut, and from thirst, want of food, and fatigue, all were faint. Who would not have commiserated them ?

All of us were impatient to hear the details of what had taken place, although at the expence of renewed feelings of grief to the parties. There were so many tales of wo, we could not hear all at once. Sarah Gibson, the daughter of one of the settlers, regarded to be one of the most intelligent of the party, was to describe, as well as she could, what she had seen.

A hoek, in South Africa, is not exactly what you would know by a vale at home : it is rather a cleft in a mountain, or between a range of mountains, and may be one mile in extent, or ten or more. I would liken the Tyumie hoek to the letter *V* in the italic alphabet. The one side is bounded by the Amatole mountain, which stretches down it to a distance of nearly ten miles, where it abruptly terminates, or, rather, presents a different face at right angles to that which looks into the Tyumie hoek. On the other side, the Tyumie mountain stretches down an equal dis-

tance, and breaks off in a way very similar to the Amatole. The distance between these two points may be twelve miles. The sides of both mountains are broken by a succession of ravines, in which are the channels of small streams, and are separated from each other by high ridges, which gradually flatten as they fall down towards the river. It is on one of these streams, known here as the Gwali, that what you know in Scotland as Chumie station is situated, at the foot of the mountain, and three miles from the Tyumie river.

Auckland is at the very top of this hoek, where the two mountains, which I have described as bounding it, are connected to a lofty and mountainous table-land, all around which are scooped out such hoeks. The Tyumie river falls down the precipitous face of the mountain from this table-land, just above Auckland. The situation is at once bold and beautiful. On three sides it is compassed by lofty mountains, the cleft and precipitous sides of which are hung with dark forests. The site of the village is on a beautiful flat; and the Tyumie, whose banks gradually deepen from this downward to the mouth of the river, here flows along a bed almost level with the surface of the land.

The Tyumie is the boundary line between the colony and Caffraria. On the opposite side of the river a number of Caffre kraals were full within sight, and in distance not more than two miles from the village. The freest intercourse was allowed between the people of these and the other kraals further down the river, and the settlers. The Caffres supplied them with milk, for which they got a very extravagant price. They gather-

ed thatch-grass too, which the settlers bought, and drove it to Alice, Fort Beaufort, and other places, for sale; and such of the natives as were disposed to work, were readily employed by the settlers. No doubt cause of provocation occasionally was given, sometimes by one party and sometimes by the other; on the whole, however, they lived on terms of good neighbourhood: the natives were becoming acquainted with the value of money, and were gradually introducing implements and utensils of civilized life amongst themselves.

Nothing had occurred to excite the fears of the settlers, beyond the rumour that had been floating about. And, strange enough, they, as well as most others, who were in immediate contact with the Caffres, were the parties most disposed to regard that rumour as a groundless and idle thing, and were almost ready to enjoy a laugh at the expence of the more timid colonists.

The Cape riflemen, as already stated, were charged with messages for the military villages, as well as for the station, and on leaving us the morning before, rode on to Auckland; which they had no sooner left, than the Caffres from the other side of the river began to come over in considerable numbers, all curiosity, as they expressed themselves, to hear the news.

Without suspicion, the superintendent, with a number of the other men, freely entered into conversation with the natives, who were all the while talking of peace, and professing their desire to sit on terms of friendship, although the Governor and their chief Sandilli had fallen out. While talking thus, the Caffres had gradually in-

creased in number, and now formed such a group as quite to surround the handful of unarmed and defenceless men. It is a rare thing to see a Caffre without an assagai in his hand, and the fact of each of these having his assagai would awaken no unusual apprehensions in the minds of the men. The peculiar whistle, which makes every one's blood run cold who knows it, was given by one of the party, and in a moment their assagais were plunged into the bodies of these poor men! Mr. Munro was the first that was slain, and from what I knew of him, I have hope that death had no sting to him. He was a man in whom was the fear of God: he loved the day—the word—and the ordinances of God. He was a good man.

CHAPTER V.

Result of Attack on Auckland—Its Causes stated and examined—Macomo's Message to the Mission—The Author leaves for Igqibira.

NINE men were stated to have been struck down almost in a moment, in this first basely treacherous onslaught of the Caffres. The others now saw that no time was to be lost in providing for their own and their families' defence, if even that could now be effected. Several more of the men were struck down in attempting to do this. Those who yet could do so, made for one of the houses which was standing without the roof, and there took up their position of defence. The father of the young woman Gibson, had already fallen; her brother took her by the hand, and ran to get her into the house; at the threshold he was stabbed with an assagai, his belly was ripped up, and thus he fell at his sister's feet! There are a number of younger brothers and sisters of this family; the mother has been some years dead. Here they stood, all before us, with the children of other families equally destitute, their eyes red and their little throats sore with weeping; few of them had more than a shirt, or some such scanty covering left, and that all torn, soiled, and stained with blood; their bodies bruised and cut; altogether, it was a spectacle to draw tears to the eyes, and destitute of all feeling must have been that heart, from which

a spontaneous cry did not rise to the God of the fatherless, to befriend these worse than orphans!

Those who got within the turf walls of the roofless house, were able from this, so long as they had ammunition, to, in some measure, defend themselves for the time. The women and children were all packed into this place, as well as the men, who fired out at such openings as they had upon the Caffres, two only of which were known to be killed. The great body of them set to pilaging the houses and gardens of the village, after which, the whole was given to the flames.

It was difficult to burn the house in which the men were, from there being no thatch upon it, and they kept their position there till the following morning. The Caffres now seeing that their ammunition was spent, were not slow to perceive that they could make an easy prey of their victims. They kept throwing stones and other such things in upon them, from which the women and children had many of the cuts and bruises by which we now saw them disfigured. When they found that they could advance so near as to do this with impunity, they then set about kindling such wood as was about the frame of the house, and told the men that they would leave an open way for the women and children to go away. The women and children accordingly came out; whatever clothing they had worth taking, was torn off them, and what the end of the unhappy men was, their cruel murderers only can tell.

One woman was considerably behind the others in reaching the station; on hearing that she was missing, but thought to be on the road, I went

out alone to look after. She was by this time quite at hand, when I met her with her two little children: her first exclamation, while in keen anguish she wrung her hands, was, "Oh, sir! can no relief be sent to these men? Oh, my dear husband! Oh, that last look he gave me when I came away!" I shall not soon forget the earnestness and feeling with which these words were uttered.

The other women had given us to understand, that all the men had been killed before they came away, and I now asked whether this were not the case. This poor woman assured me, that ten men were yet alive, when she left, shut up within the walls of that house. She would have remained and shared her husband's fate with him, but for the sake of their two children he entreated her to leave, and try to get to a place of safety with the others. After coming out with them, she turned back to take a last embrace of her dear husband; "and, oh, that look!—that long, long look with which he followed me!" Here, the poor woman again wrung her hands, and her utterance was choked.

Many of these women had to bewail double bereavements; sons, or brothers, as well as husbands, had fallen. I felt a peculiar interest in them all. For several months after my first coming to this land of thick darkness, I regularly commenced the public labours of the sabbath, by preaching at this village. I was always welcomed with cordiality, and the people readily came out to honour the ordinance of God: they felt much the want of a teacher for their children, and had memorialised to have a Scotch minister settled

over them ; and they had a sabbath school organised and conducted by themselves. Previous to my coming here, Mr. Laing was the only missionary that gave any attention to the spiritual wants of those people. Chumie is just midway between Lovedale and Auckland, the distance between the two latter being about sixteen miles ; this, Mr. Laing cheerfully rode every second Tuesday, to hold divine service and minister to the spiritual wants of the villagers. This was in addition to all the ministrations connected with his own station, the charge of the English congregation at Alice, and the superintendence of Birklands, another station twelve miles distant : he might well have adopted as his honourable motto "in labours more abundant," and was glad, after my undertaking the service, to relinquish the fortnightly visit to Auckland.

"All's well that ends well ;" if the opposite of this be true, and the utility and character of these villages be determined by their end, then they must have been bad indeed. That wicked men were in all of these villages, no one that knew them will deny ; but that they were all evil, and only evil, no one will maintain, save such as had no acquaintance with the men, or were prejudiced against them. After my coming to Chumie, the services of the sabbath were so arranged, that I had an opportunity of preaching in English in the afternoon. Parties from both Woburn and Johanesberg, the two villages on different sides of the station, but within three miles of it, were regular in their attendance upon that service ; they manifested a growing interest in the sabbath ordinances, and the attendance

increased up to the time of the discontinuance of the service in English. At the same time, they made application for, and were supplied with religious and otherwise improving books; I repeatedly visited those families, and had good hopes of good being effected upon them. If we may take "the Apostle of the Gentiles" as our exemplar in missionary work, we, in every instance, find him giving his first attention to his own countrymen. He never shunned, neglected, and far less scandalized them, but made his first and most earnest efforts in every place for their salvation. Why should not we do likewise?

That these villages were an eyesore to the natives, is true, and had they been settlements of the most Christian men that ever lived they would have been so. It is a question whether it be possible for civilization and barbarism to be brought into immediate contact, without some grating and jarring between the parties. The habits, feelings, dispositions, the every thing in fact, of the one party is so unlike, and so opposed to that of the other, that harmonious working together is not to be expected.

The impounding of their cattle was what of all other things most irritated the natives. Now who was to blame in this? Between the natives and the settlers there was a well defined and well known boundary; the prohibition to cross this, was adroitly pleaded when the natives were urged by any of us to come to church on Sabbath; and had they been but half as scrupulous in keeping their cattle from crossing it, they had never got into trouble on this head. But after the settlers had cleared their land, cultivated it,

and brought under crop at an expence of toil and labour, which the Caffre only laughed at him for bestowing upon it, and when that crop of oats or barley was the only means of support he had for himself and family, to have hundreds of wild oxen let in upon his crop to trample and eat it down, while the idle fellows who ought to have been herding their cattle, and who never knew what it was to bow the back, to handle a spade, or other implement of husbandry, to have a limb or even sinew tired by bodily labour, lie under some bush enjoying the shade, and having at the same time a malignant enjoyment of the mischief which they see done to the poor settler : is there nothing calculated to provoke in this ? This was a thing of frequent occurrence. Yea, I have known the Caffres actually drive over their cattle where the river was easily crossed at Auckland, into the cultivated lands of the settlers, in such numbers, that all the men on the place were unable to seize or take them to the Pound-kraal.

Now how would a farmer in Scotland do in such a case, even were he a pious and benevolent man ? Is it for the good of even the offending parties, that forbearance be exercised towards them, while they continue such habits of indolence and carelessness, not to speak of any worse disposition ? Is there anything unjust, or unreasonable, or even approaching to oppression, in an industrious man honestly seeking to recover such amount of damages as may have been done to him in this way ? Impounding the cattle was just doing this ; the damages must be alway staxed by a neutral party, and not by the party agrieved.

Many of these men had just struggled over the

principal difficulties of first settlers, when the desolating hurricane burst upon them. For the first year, they had rations from Government, seed to plant their land, with a waggon, a plough, and span of oxen, for every six men or families. Twelve acres of land were allotted to each man, which after five years' occupation, and approved cultivation was to be his own. At the expiring of the term for which the Government waggons, oxen, ploughs, etc. were allowed, they were put up to sale, and the steadier men had purchased what of these things they required; they could now call them their own; they had had a season of trial without any help from Government, and were in a fair way to establish themselves in a moderate independence; but the 25th and 26th of December brought them to a barbarous death. My heart is often sad when I think of their melancholy end.

And when on that sad day, I saw all these widowed mothers and fatherless children in all their distress, think you that my whole heart did not go out in intense, indescribable anxiety for my own loved wife and child? How did I know that they were in less distressing circumstances than any of those that I saw, and having that distress to bear, if yet able to bear it, all alone—no friendly station at which to find refuge, for all the other stations had been already abandoned; she too in a strange country, one foot of which she did not know, beyond the bounds of the station. Could I only have got to be with her, but I cannot! That uncertainty as to where she might now be, and what suffering, and all that

terrible apprehensiveness connected with that uncertainty, it was hard to bear.

We had sent early in the morning, one of the station-men to Tebe, widow of the chief Tyalie, and who jointly administered the affairs of the tribe, with Wobo the son of Tyalie, by another of his wives, to endeavour to get one of her counsellors to go with me to Igqibira, but the messenger brought back a very unsatisfactory answer; he said he thought one might be got if I would give him a gun. A gun I had, but to have given it to any such party for the avowed purpose of being used in rebellion against Government, and in shooting down my countrymen, was more than I was prepared to do.

On the morning following a man came with a message from the chief Macomo. He said that in former wars, the teacher Chalmers had always left the station with his family before he had any opportunity to send a word to him, and his word now was, that the teachers were not to leave; they would not be disturbed on the station. It at once suggested itself to me, the man entrusted with this message must be a person of some influence and importance; such a one as might be of service to me. After some conversation with him he agreed to conduct me to Igqibira. At this bare prospect of a possibility of getting there, my heart bounded for joy. My own horse was soon caught, but the whole forenoon was spent before one could be caught for him, night must have overtaken us before we could possibly reach our destination, and the other horse was so wild that no one could ride it after it was brought in. Disappointed yet again! My going was still reckoned

extremely hazardous, and I was still remonstrated with to give up thoughts of it. It was thought a female might go with safety, and Mrs. Chalmers might ride through in my stead to Igqibira, and effect the object I had in view, much better than there was any likelihood of me doing it. To this I could by no means agree, and arranged to leave early the following morning on foot.

Totane, the man whom I had engaged to accompany me, was but little known to the people on the station ; it was suggested that after all he might prove a faithless person, and abandon me on any appearance of danger. To ascertain, in some measure, what sort of a person he was, and whether he were to be trusted, Mrs. Chalmers drew him somewhat indirectly into conversation, when, with much firmness, he expressed himself, saying, "The blood of Tsikana flows in my veins ; that shall be shed, before a drop of the teacher's be spilt."

It was argued too, that Providence, in so often frustrating my endeavours to get to Igqibira, was bidding me in very emphatic terms pause, and not rush into seen danger. I was disposed now to read in a different version the Providence that had thrown a man unlooked for in my way, when all my own exertions to obtain one had proved fruitless. After committing myself to the guidance and protection of the Almighty, I laid off my watch, money, etc. gave my papers and documents which I wished preserved, to Mr. Renton ; and on Saturday morning started on foot with Totane.

We had not got more than two miles from the station, when three Caffres, armed with assagais,

threw themselves in our way. Totane was careful to tell them who I was, where I was going, and all about me, inserting between almost every clause of his narrative the chief's word, viz. "That the man who would spill a teacher's blood, his guilt would be great over all the earth." The men seemed to look upon me more with astonishment than anger; they shewed no disposition to do any violence. I daresay they thought my doom sure enough long before I got to the end of my journey, and that it was not worth their while to trouble themselves with me. My confidence in Totane was somewhat confirmed by the way in which he promised to manage matters with such parties, only I thought if as much time was spent with each party we were likely to fall in with, our journey to Igqibira would take us three days instead of one.

We had no interruption for the next two hours or more of our journey. At the edge of the bush near Old Lovedale, a man made his appearance armed with assagais. He came running up to us, and said he was sent by a party in the bush to stop us. Instead of standing still, Totane bade him walk on with us, and he would tell him all the news. He did so, and Totane began by telling who I was, where I was going, and for what; and as he had done before, inserted at every short interval the chief's great word. Even this he found a way to introduce into the details that he gave of the heart-rending massacres, but to them pleasing occurrences of the last two days. A little farther on, three men rode fiercely up to us, two of them armed with guns; I made bold enough to speak to these, but was most contemptuously

told to sit down there, and was glad to obey by crouching down under shade of a mamose tree. To these Totane had all his story to go over again, as to who I was, etc., and the chief's "great word" was not less frequently introduced than on the other occasions which he had to make it known. These men too left us without offering any violence, although when they looked at me, it was with a growl in their countenance, which was anything but pleasant.

For three miles or so we proceeded quietly on, and had now got well forward upon a low ridge; over which large blocks of stone are scattered in every direction; where the loose soil at all appeared, it was in a granulated form, and as if grass or other herbage had never bound it together; the steep side along which we kept our way, was thickly covered with dark bushes, and far down at the bottom lay the serpentine course of the Tyumie, a sight of whose waters would have afforded a kind of relief, for even the eye had a feeling of parchedness. The sun was now entering the most fiery part of his daily course, and his influence upon all the lower atmosphere made it present such an appearance as you may see over a heap of ironstone being calcined, where there is no smoke; at this period of the day, the beasts of the field, and the flying fowls, as well as man, seek a shade if it can be found. The bushes themselves seem as if scathed by fire, and tend to aggravate the feeling of exhaustion in man, rather than to refresh him.

All sweltering in perspiration, and ready to drop down from excessive heat, we held on our way as best we could. I repeatedly staggered

under a faint and giddy sensation that more than once came over me, and a feeling crept over my heart that I would not ever reach Igqibira, or see again the objects of my affections.

The road which I had been wont to take in going to Igqibira lay down the other side of the ridge from that on which we now were. I thought Totane's object was to take me along in such paths as he knew there would be least likelihood of us meeting any people. All at once, and to me quite unexpectedly, we came upon a kraal. The huts at a distance could hardly have been distinguished from the large blocks of stone among which they stood. At all the kraals, one or more of the trees or bushes are allowed to stand; and around and under the shade of these the men sit or lie during the heat of the day. At this, the village oak or elm here, I saw a very considerable group of men. Totane did not seem as if he designed to turn aside to speak to them, till we had nearly quite passed them, when he quickly looked round, and said to me, "Come."

We had not yet passed over the twenty paces or so to get to the group that we first saw, when I was startled by seeing numerous other groups spring to their feet, from under the shade of other bushes where they had been enjoying the indulgence of a sort of half doze. From every direction they came running towards us, bundles of assagais were set up against the bushes and stones, and lying on the ground all around. I had no sensible emotion of fear, but such a faintishness came over me that I had nearly dropped down; I could not speak to ask a mouthful of

water ; this I am convinced was the effects of exposure to the terribly hot sun.

Several hundreds of these rude sons of the bush had now gathered round me : their appearance, not usually disagreeable, was rendered repulsive, by the way in which they had smeared themselves over with red clay ; I thought with myself, now I have not much further to go. In a few sentences, Totane stated who I was—what had brought me out to the jeopardy of my life, and how he had got engaged to go with me. He paused—turned round, and looked at me, and said—“ Macomo,” directing my attention to the chief, seated on a mat or skin at the root of the bush, which afforded himself, with some thirty or forty men that were seated on the earth around him, a shade from the sun. I had not observed the chief. On whatever around me it was that my eyes fell, it was rather in a sort of vacant stare, than in any thing like a look of recognition ; I was looking above. I will never forget the pang I then felt, just to know something certain of my wife and child, before I should know nothing more of them.—Were they in a condition to have their distress aggravated, by knowing of my death, and the manner of it ?

The name of Macomo recalled me to a kind of consciousness, and when I saw him seated on the mat, I drew near and saluted him, and then took my seat on the ground beside him. Naked barbarian though he be, Macomo has an intellectual character, that well entitles him to the consideration of any one capable of estimating man by this standard ; he can both give and understand a reason, and it was not the mad youth, but the

elders of the people, by whom he was here surrounded.

The chief said to me—"You are a teacher—you say that it is your object in coming among us, to teach us the word of God. But why do you always give over teaching that word, and all leave your stations, and go to military posts when there is war! You all call yourselves men of peace; what then have you got to do at any of the forts? there are only fighting men there? I am doubtful whether any of you be true men of peace; Read, I think he is; but look at Calderwood; what have you to say about him—did not he come as a teacher? now he is a magistrate—one of those who make war."

I replied—"That my sole object in leaving my own country, which was a land of happiness, where no war ever was, was to teach them the word of God; that I had no wish to leave my station because of the war, and go to a military post, if the chief would afford me protection at the station."

To this he somewhat hastily rejoined—"The Caffres have no blood of a teacher on their hands;" and giving my arm a twitch, continued—"But this is a war such as the Caffres never before engaged in for cruelty; it will be no surprise that you are killed on the way, before any one asks who you are: you are white, and that is enough."

Before this, I had asked a drink, and a man now brought me a little very bad Caffre milk in a jug; this I greedily drank, and was afterwards a little more able to speak, being, in some measure, relieved of my faintness. Macomo asked me if I had any paper in my pocket, that

I might write for him, and that there might be no mistake, a man was called forward to interpret. This man was completely masked, having his face literally plastered over, or we might rather say, it was rough cast with red clay ; he, however, spoke English more precisely than I have ever heard any other native do.

Macomo said—" You must write for me to Smitt," meaning Sir Harry, " and ask what this war is for."

My reply was—" That since it was about the war that he wanted me to write, I would not do it ; that I had professed to be a man of peace, and would not be drawn in to meddle, directly or indirectly, with war."

He insisted that I must write ; but I refused in the most positive manner to write any thing about the war.

Being anxious to get forward, and also to learn from Macomo what he would advise me to do—whether to remain at Igqibira, supposing I got there safe, and found all well, or leave for a place of greater safety, he said, I must be guided in that matter by what Stock said.

I was still seated at the root of the bush beside Macomo, and around us stood at least three hundred Caffres, staring down at me, and listening to every word that was said. When I expressed my anxiety to go, Totane was called : when I first sat down, he went away ; but before he did so, said to me, that he would soon be back. When he appeared, Macomo said to him—" The teacher has done well to get you to go with him. You are one of my people, and when I have perilous work to do, I often employ you. Then

the teacher is in your hands ; take him onward to his station ; should he find it destroyed, and his wife and child not there, take him back again to Gwali in safety. Come here and report when you have done so ; should the teacher, while under your care, lose his life, I will take yours."

Although impatient to get to the end of my journey, I was not at all sorry that I had had an opportunity of meeting Macomo, and meeting him too with so many people about him. The fact of my having gone out into the very midst of the Caffres, without human protection, as well as every word that had passed between the chief and myself, would soon be known over all Caffreland. I had hopes that all this might lead the Caffres to reflect, and lead them also more to respect my own person, as well as that of any other teacher who might yet be in their power. As far as known, no other white man has been spared that has fallen into their power. Will they not then be induced to ask themselves, wherein is the teacher's safety?—What is the ground of their confidence? I now took leave of Macomo and those about him, and certainly I did so with feelings very different from those with which I had a little before gone up to them. Three or four of the principal men rose, and came out with us a considerable distance. I am convinced they felt all not a little flattered by the mark of confidence in them, which my coming among them as I had done evinced.

CHAPTER VI.

The Author again surrounded by warlike Natives—Attempts on his Life—Reaches Igqibira—Finds the Station destroyed, and Family gone—Is relieved by the Wife of a Chief.

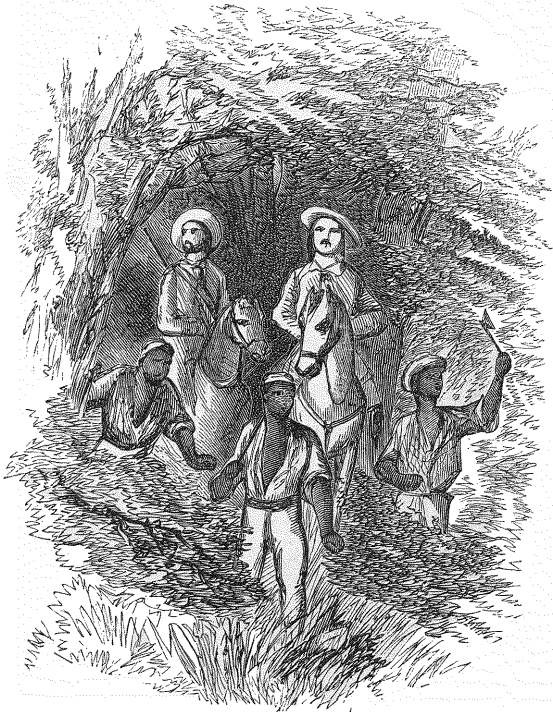
AFTER the men who accompanied us the distance of about two miles from where we saw Macomo, had turned back, we proceeded fully another mile without seeing any person. The country was bushy, and we could get along well without being seen, unless met quite directly in the path. That path so favourable to our concealment, had, however, the counterbalancing disadvantage, that anything before us was hid till we were just upon it, and so, quite unexpectedly, we found ourselves in the midst of a number of kraals. We saw at first only women and children, but had the men quite soon enough. Two men came running from one of the huts; the foremost one was quite naked; he uttered an exclamation of surprise on seeing me, and grasped my hand in a peculiarly earnest manner; the other man also shook hands with me as if he knew me. The first of the two I was certain that I had repeatedly seen, but at the time could recollect nothing more about him; he kept half hanging on my left arm as if wishing to hold me.

We shewed no disposition to halt, and had now a goodly company about us, which seemed to increase with our every advancing step. All of them were talking too, and that not at the lowest

pitch of their voice ; in the noise and confusion, it was puzzling to know what the temper and dispositions of the men really were. I thought it best to make, at least, a shew of perfect ease, and be as familiar as possible, and asked if none of them had a drink of milk for me to-day, and this was by no means a feigned want, but here Totane gave me such a look, as put all desire to obtain the favour I had asked, far enough from me.

From the outside of the rabble a woman darted away into the bushes rather in front of us, and shouted "simlunga!"—a white man. It was as if the magic word of some conjuror had been uttered. A number of additional huts were disclosed among the bushes, and from these rushed a number of men, most of them taking advantage of a turn in the path, and getting quite in before us. These men seemed all to be in a state of the highest excitement.

We were getting now so jostled as not to be able to walk with freedom, but kept going forward as we best could. Totane had somehow got separated from me, but the man who had first come out to us here, kept close at my side, if not still holding by my arm. I had fallen considerably back, and to the outside of the crowd, and a very tall athletic man, quite naked, and red all over with clay, passing behind the whole, came hastily up, gave me a pull by the arm, and sort of beckoned me to turn aside. At first I had no impression of unfriendly intent on the part of this man, and was not indisposed to yield to him. To say nay, or attempt resistance in any shape, never once suggested itself to me ; single-handed the



THE BUSH.

man was more than a match for me ; he was quite a Goliath of his race.

No sooner did the older men see me disposed to turn aside, than they so thrust themselves in between us, as to make the man let go his hold. I had got but a few paces forward, when a blow at my head was struck from behind ; it did not, however, take effect otherwise than by turning up the brim of my hat, and knocking it half off. In a moment I was seized by both arms from behind, and hastily pushed forward through the rabble, and placed at the side of Totane, who I think took hold of me by the left wrist.

Immediately the man who before pulled me by the arm, again laid hold of me by the right arm, and that in such a way as to leave no room this time to doubt what were his purposes. He made me spin out of the path as if I had been a child. As he grasped me firmly with his left hand, he stamped with his foot upon the ground, and in his right hand grasped his assagai, which in savage frenzy he raised over me, as I was falling backwards, and had given the horrid weapon the peculiar twirl with which they plunge it into their victim ! What arrested the descent of that weapon ? He only, who covered me under the Almighty's arms knows ! Yet, when I think of it, my heart beats quick, and a perspiration breaks out all over me. Of a truth the Lord was to me " a God at hand " that day ! I never think of that outstretching of his Almighty arm, but a feeling of awe pervades my whole being.

At the time I had no fear whatever ; whether this arose from my not being afforded time to think, I do not know. There was such rapidity

in every movement, that it seemed all like the work of a moment. Whether without help I regained my footing, or was kept from quite falling by the grasp that the man had of me, I cannot say, nor how he was made to quit that hold. The other men had rushed in between us, and now formed a circle around me, and the man who had all along kept at my side, now clasped me tight in his arms, and his whole countenance was expressive of alarm and anxiety. I was now squeezed up in the centre of the living mass that had closed around me for protection. The man from whose weapon I had been snatched was springing from side to side, mad with disappointment, and yelling in savage fury, he sought at every opening to make a plunge at me with his yet uplifted assagai. The men nearest to me stood firm, and close about me, the others moved round as quickly as he did, so that his every attempt to reach me was baffled. Several of the younger men then sprang upon him at once, seized him by the arms, wrested the assagai out of his hand, when he was overpowered and dragged away.

One other, a little, thin, decrepit, oldish man, was not less violent. He seemed almost to be the personification of some evil spirit. His eyes glared with rage when he found that he could not reach me with his assagai. He almost managed by stratagem, what he failed to do by force and open violence. In the swaying to and fro of the crowd about me, he insinuated himself into their midst, and, unperceived, got two assagais thrust through between the men, so as to strike me upwards in the lower part of the body. I saw the point of one of the weapons, as it was stealthily moved

forward, but was so wedged up as to be unable to draw back from it, and just as it was about to strike me, the man was instantaneously dragged out. While I was thus fast locked in the arms of my protectors, several parties were trying to rifle my pockets. I had taken care however that nothing was left there to gratify the cupidity of such parties. A handkerchief, and the Tract Society's Miniature Edition of the Psalms, were the only articles to be found there. One man, notwithstanding its little bulk, felt the latter, but could by no means find his way into my coat pocket to take it out, and so I preserved it.

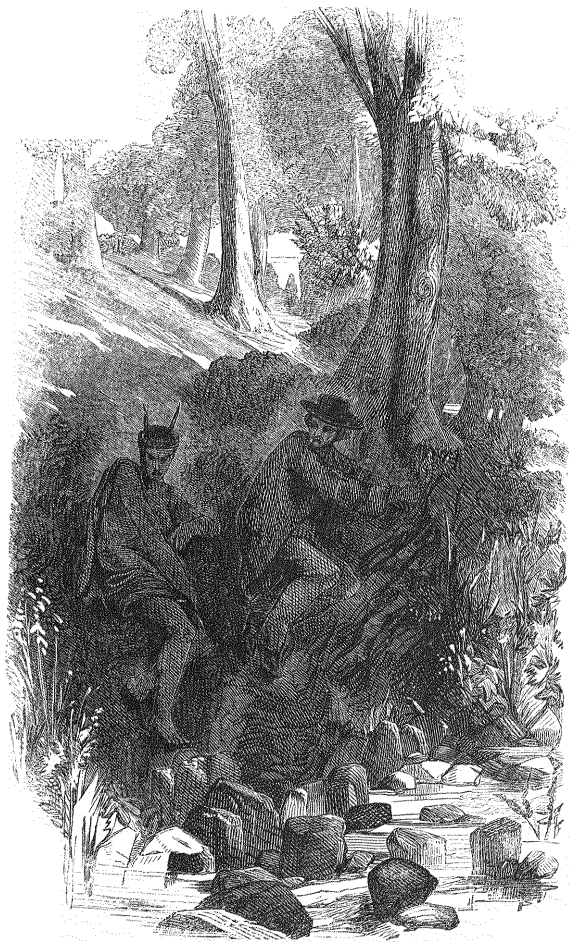
In addition to these two, there were a few others very violent, but must soon have seen that it was vain to attempt anything against me, while surrounded by so many determined to shield me from their violence. A party of the men moved backward, half dragging those more violent ones with them, and we moved onward, attended by forty or more of the friendly party. For a considerable distance, the savage yells of that man, who so surely had me as his victim, startled me at every short interval. I sometimes thought him to have got out of the hands of those by whom he was overpowered, and to be again full upon us in the bush. It was only now that I began to feel anything like fear. After coming a good way forward with us, the men told me I might sit down to rest; they would wait and get all the news from Totane. I did so, but was very impatient to get to a further distance from that fearful place. When any of the now distant bawling sounds yet reached us, at which any of them saw that I was startled, they said something to keep

me from being afraid, and when they had got all the news, most of the men very civilly bade me good bye, and returned to their places.

I had no wish to loiter in this neighbourhood, and with my faithful Totane moved on again towards our destination, which was yet far distant. I had a fear now of falling in with any more Caffres, and knew that we had two clusters of kraals on the direct way to Igqibira, and the thought of passing them was not at all of an agreeable nature, more especially that the people at one of those places were very badly spoken of. In our descent to the Keiskama, three armed men met us in the way, but caused us a very short interruption, and when we got to the stream, we sat down and ate our little refreshment, and drank most plentifully of its clear waters.

Most gladly would I have enjoyed the cool shade a little longer, but the day was so far spent, that we could barely expect to reach our longed-for destination before dark. The two places which most of all I was afraid to pass, seemed, when we came to them, to be entirely deserted.

Near sun-down we had got to well-known ground, where I apprehended no danger. Being now not over three miles from the station, I expected that the people in all that neighbourhood would respect me. My confidence in the assurances of Stock too was yet unshaken. In one short half hour or little more, I would have in my fond embrace the dear objects of my affection, when we would together pour out our thanksgivings to our Almighty Preserver and Heavenly Father, for what he had so wonderfully manifested of his mercy towards, and care over us, and how



Mr. Brown and Totane resting on their Journey. — Page 84.

under feelings of grateful adoration and praise, our hearts would swell, as we remembered and rehearsed to each other, the dangers from which his hand had delivered us !

Fondly indulging those feelings, I tripped along more lightly than I did when we first started in the morning. My lameness, fatigue, and exhaustion all left me, and not much caring whether Totane now kept up with me or fell behind, I sped me on, till I had gained a considerable distance upon him. Just as I was nearing the brow of one of the little rounded hills which form the sort of basin, in the flat bottom of which the station stands, and when a few more minutes would have gratified my straining eyes with a sight of it, I heard Totane call. On looking round, I saw three men with him, and he now called me to turn back. I thought this most strange, and called him to come on—that I almost saw the station, and that we were a very short distance from it. But no—not one foot farther would he come. I felt teased, and half disposed to be angry with Totane, as I trudged away back to where he stood. He said to me that these men had just told him, that by going forward to the station, I would not find my wife and child; they were away, and the station itself destroyed.

My station destroyed, my wife and babe away ! Whether now alive or dead, or where to find them, I know not ! I now almost wished that the weapon of death had not been hindered in its work ! I sank down upon an ant hill, covered my face in my hands, and groaned out my distress. The three men who stood by and witnessed this,

in a roar of laughter mocked my anguish with barbarous unfeelingness.

I did not set thus long. All my anxieties to at least know something certain, if possible, of what had become of my poor wife, were renewed, and with more than their former vigour. I wished to go forward to the station, that with my own eyes I might see what had been done ; and hoped that there I might find some one able to tell me something about Mrs. Brown, and where I was likely to find her and the child. But Totane was immoveable ; he would neither go forward with me, nor allow me to go by myself. He asked whether I did not hear the word of the chief to him, and he urged that now we must just turn and go back to Gwali. Before he agreed to come with me, he said that in addition to the money which I had promised to give him, he must have a blanket. I now thought this was more likely to move him to go forward to the station than any other motive that I could urge ; I told him my blankets were all there, and that unless he went forward with me, I had no blanket to give him. Totane knew his countrymen far too well however to reckon on many of those being now left for my disposal.

Stock's place was within sight, and about a mile and a half distant : I proposed that we go there, when I found that by no means could I get to the station, and to this Totane consented. The sun was now set, and passing a kraal on our way to Stock's, a young married woman, who had attended Miss Chalmers's school, at Chumie, came running after us. I had hopes that she might be able to tell me something regarding those I was

most earnestly desirous to see. Disappointment in this again awaited me. The painful uncertainty with which every one spoke of Mrs. Brown, no one knowing to where she had gone, excited the suspicion in my mind that worse had befallen her and the dear babe than they were willing to acknowledge, or wished me to know.

We had now got near to "the great place," as the chief's residence is usually called. Just in approaching to it I saw fragments of books, some of them evidently new, strewed about among the bushes on the ground. Any fragment of a book, or printed paper, is enough to cause me to stoop down, at almost any time, to know what it is, and here I picked up some of those over which I was treading; among which I found leaves of the sacred scriptures, with other books. A whole volume, with the cloth boards merely torn from off it, met my eye; this I lifted, and read the title: the name "Hövernick" attracted my notice. In a kind of stupid unconsciousness I went on saying to myself—"Hövernick, Hövernick! strange place this for Hövernick to be?" In an instant the truth flashed upon my mind—"Why these are my own books!" and a momentary feeling of anger made, I am sure, my face redden, for my books have ever been a sort of idol to me, and in a land, such as this, they are the only profitable companions whose fellowship an intelligent mind can enjoy. Hövernick was one of four volumes, which had reached Igqibira one short week before, and was the year's issue of "Clark's Foreign and Theological Library," to which, from the commencement, I have been a subscriber. What

gratification could it afford those wantonly-wicked wretches thus to destroy my books ?

Stock's kraal is on the side of a gentle slope, to the top of which we had now reached, and were now quite upon the place. In my book-grub spirit, I had put the boardless "Hövernick" under my arm, with, I suppose, a kind of instinctive purpose of preserving it—but I had not yet seen all. A squad of from thirty to forty men were here squatted on the ground before us, some had bed-rugs about their shoulders, and some blankets, some had their heads wrapped about with pieces of furniture print, and some, nice boys' caps laid on the crowns of their head, and tied over with nice Cashmere shawls, that they might not fall off. One brawny fellow was walking about with a black dress coat, tightly buttoned up in front, and without any other article of clothing whatever ; others had trowsers, shirts, all according as each had succeeded in the work of appropriation ; and here stood I, in silent astonishment, with only an old worn-out cassenett coat, drill vest, and a pair of trowsers I had borrowed, left me.

In addition to all my own clothes, of every description, the contents of boxes from Dr. Lindsay's and Dr. Beattie's churches, Glasgow, from Mr. Dickie's, Aberdeen, and from Stonehaven, had all fallen into the hands of these men. These boxes had come to Igqibira only eight days previous to the spoliation. I had sent my waggon for meal and other supplies for the family, and to fetch the boxes from Lovedale. Such was my confidence in the assurances of those deceitful men, and so little apprehension had I of mischief on their part. Deceit appears to be the very basis of the Caffre

character, and cupidity the almost only motive under which he is capable of being prompted to action. He cannot live by honesty.

My thus dropping down so unexpectedly upon Stock's people was a no more welcome sight to them, than was their appearance a pleasant one to me. To use a common form of expression, they were quite taken. There is nothing that a Caffre likes worse than this. To lie, or to steal, is a small matter in his eyes—the criminality of the one or the other is all in its being found out. Here, then, these men were so caught, as to be rendered speechless, and the chagrin of every one of them was such, that it could not be concealed. The universal expression of countenance by which I was met cannot be described—it was certainly appalling; and I paused before advancing quite up to these men. I saw one man stretched out on the ground, behind those that were sitting, stealthily raise his gun, and point it over the shoulders of two men before him towards me. I did not speak, nor did any of them do so to me, but I observed a muttering among themselves, and such an exchanging of looks as to me betokened no good.

There was only one man that I saw who had no part of the spoil about him, that was Tsaba, brother to Stock. He was sitting with his back to the fence of the cattle kraal. I had fixed my eye intently upon the man that I saw have the gun, and without much withdrawing it, I walked up to Tsaba, named him, and saluted him in the usual manner, then cast myself down on the ground at his side. He took no notice of me whatever. At this I felt the greatest distress, for

I thought he, of all others, was the most likely to have showed kindness to my dear wife. He knew her father from his first coming to the country, and professed to entertain great respect for his memory, and he always talked of Mrs. Brown as of his own child, familiarly giving her her own name, Janet.

I cast my eye anxiously around, thinking it might fall upon Stock himself, but he was not there; scowl after scowl was all that met my eye, as it rapidly glanced over the group before me. Again I looked at Tsaba, and most earnestly asked him whether he knew where Mrs. Brown was. He made no other reply than shrugging up his shoulders. Not a soul of these men had yet opened a lip to me. And these were not strangers, they all knew me, most, if not all of them, were under obligation, in one shape or other, to me. When famishing, I had given them or their children food; and when sick, medicine. At planting time I had provided seed for them, when they pretended to have none, and that it was out of their power to procure it.

Totane himself looked surprised at the sullen silence of these men; they had little to say even to him; and he came and sat down at my side. I laid myself back against the fence of the kraal, as a sort of support to myself, and finding that I had still "Hövernick" under my arm, I laid it down, and said, within myself—"What more have I to do with books?" My emotion was now like to overpower me. I said, what can they have done with my poor wife and helpless babe, that they will not even say whether they have seen them? Thoughts and apprehensions, not to

be written down or expressed, were not backward to present themselves to my distracted mind, now in a state of all but utter despair too. To have seen even the lifeless remains of the objects of my affection, would have been a kind of relief to me. I should then have known, at least, that I could do nothing more for them; but, oh, that uncertainty, and all that it gave rise to!

I grasped Tsaba's hand and said, "Can you not tell me where Janet is?"

He only answered "Akako—she is not here."

It had now got dusk, and from an overpoweringly hot day, the evening had become very cold, and with the darkness a cold thick drizzling wet come on. I lay shivering by the side of the kraal, while the most of the men had gathered round large fires at a little distance from me; there they sat to feast themselves upon large pots of my rice which they had cooked, and also coffee, sugar and flour. I had just laid in a supply of all these, and we do not here, as at home, purchase such things by the pound, or even smaller quantity, but by the bag; the coffee just like sackfuls of raw beans; we roast it in a pot, and grind it between two stones as we want it, so these men had no lack of material to make themselves a feast. They had flesh too in abundance, in all likelihood the carcase of one of my oxen, to all of which they had helped themselves. My spoons, knives, and forks, I saw displayed in every hand too; each man had possessed himself of one or other of these articles, which he drew from his bag as he joined the circle to help himself to a share of the common bounty.

For none of those things did I now care, but,

oh, the distress of my heart to know something of those dearer objects, whom I could neither see, nor learn where they were, or what had befallen them. Tsaba said nothing more for some time, after giving the above snappish reply to my earnest inquiry. He afterwards turned towards me and said—"impi—you are an enemy."

This, I suppose he meant me to understand as his reason for shunning all conversation with me. I said to him, "you greatly wrong the teachers when you treat them as impi," and pointing to the reed which I had used as a walking-staff, asked him "if that was the weapon of impi; that I had come out into Caffreland with only that in my hand, and also bade him say what I had ever done during the whole time of my residence among them, to cause any one of them offence."

He made me no answer, and I observed that now not an article of the pillaged clothing was anywhere to be seen. The men had stolen away in twos and threes, and laid aside whatever they had on or about them, and appeared again in their own ingubo. I am convinced that had they had notice of my approach, and got this done before I was quite upon them, their reception of me would not have been so unfriendly. It was the fact of their being taken so, that chagrined them. They were rendered speechless; shut up so, that none of their arts of dissimulation, at which they are so adroit, could serve them anything. It was on this account, doubtless, that they felt so galled.

I occupied my cheerless position but a little longer. A man came to say that one of the inkosikosi—wives of the chief—wished me to go into her house. Each wife has a separate house, piece

of ground for cultivation, and allotment of cattle, from which she has to support herself, her children, and her lord also, at such times as his caprice or affection may lead him to make his abode with her. The man has no house of his own.

It required little pressing to prevail upon me to accept this invitation. I could not think of leaving before I had seen Stock himself, and although every thing else had been favourable for my return to Gwali, my whole body was so exhausted, my physical system was so utterly knocked up, that I could not have gone; I felt as if I could have died.

When I went into the hut as invited, I was cheered by the welcome that was given me. A mat was already spread on the floor for me to sit or lie down upon. Behind me stood my large black trunk. This contained all my private writings, and manuscripts, which possessed a value peculiar to me, more than all the rest of my property. Unoxina, Stock's wife, said that the chief was taking care of that for me; he had been asked to do so by Missis. I asked her when or where she had seen Missis? She told me that she had been there with the baby last night, pointed to where she sat, and said that she was weeping all the time she was there, and had left in the morning, she thought to go to the Debe.

Hope now gleamed in upon me. I had not before wept, but my heart grew big at what I now heard, and tears flowed fast. From these my choked utterance by and by found relief, and many earnest inquiries I now anxiously made. I was further gladdened to learn, that although all

the station people had abandoned my dear wife, our servant girl had stood by her most faithfully. But how she was to get to Debe, through a country every foot of which was strange to her, and full as it was of rude barbarians, in a state of the highest excitement, and their hands already stained with violence and blood—her own recovery, too, favourable as it had been, far from being yet perfected, and on her arms a weak and tender infant, was to me yet cause of lively anxiety. She had left, too, only that morning; she might yet be in the immediate neighbourhood, unable from weakness or illness to proceed; had I come only a day sooner, I might have been with her.

Unoxina, I dare say, felt somewhat for me; I wonder how far, or if at all, she was led to reflect, and contrast what the white man was prepared to undergo for his wife and child, with what the lords among her people cared for theirs. Poor woman! she is quite content and happy in her condition—why should I wish her contentment broken, or her happiness destroyed! She did everything in her power to make me comfortable. The first thing she prepared for me was not a cup but a large basin of coffee; of this I drank a little, but as a mere drink, Caffre milk was much preferable to me. When I said that I should relish Caffre milk above everything else, she gave me some from her children's calabash; although the new milk had been too recently put in, to allow of its being in a proper state of fermentation for use.

Soon after this the pot took the place of the kettle over the fire, and it was made full of flour porridge. The first bowlful, and that a large one,

taken out, was set on the floor before me, and a spoon laid beside. I did not at once fall to, as the porridge was boiling hot. The spoon was at once picked up by a big naked dirty fellow who sat beside me; to wait till the share of the porridge that was given him cooled, seemed never to enter his head. After having served him and several others the spoon was laid back in its former place. To Unoxina I felt truly thankful, for all her kindness expressed and intended. May she be given yet to relish that bread which perisheth not with the using, and be fed upon it! Such is my prayer for her.

CHAPTER VII.

Unclaimed rights in property—Domestic habits of savage life—The Caffre Chief joins the party—Gives some account of Mrs. Brown—His narrative suspected, and his conduct suspicious—Set out for Gwali.

THE last chapter concluded with the close of what was to me a day of perils, surpassed only by the greatness of my deliverances—a day of trials and disappointments, yet marked so by mercies, that even yet, at the remembrance of them all, my heart grows big, and my breast heaves with grateful emotion. It had seen me safely lodged with Unoxina, and has exhibited her endeavours to make me comfortable. After the spoon had been replaced by the side of my bowl of porridge, I was not even then in any great hurry to take it up. Unoxina observing this, without saying a word, made one of the lads lying near me on the floor, take up the bowl and hand it to her. In the way this was done, there was something so like what is done to a child in pet by wise parents, that I half smiled within myself, and said, “Unoxina is offended; she thinks that I despise the food which she has so kindly prepared for me.”

In this I was mistaken: she had stowed away behind her, in her own private quarter of the hut, among dirty skins, milk baskets, and calabashes, a bag of considerable bulk, and most carefully tied up. This she brought half forward into the light, and untied. It was what had

fallen to her share of my bag of sugar. This she stirred into my porridge till it was nearly as black as treacle, and then set the bowl again down at my side, with the spoon sticking in the porridge. I feigned, as I best could, to appreciate the well-meant kindness of poor Unoxina, and to relish what I really had no relish for.

I took a little of the porridge, then handed the bowl with the remainder back to Unoxina, for which she thanked me, and proceeded to divide the contents among a number of eager expectants, big and little, seated all round the hut. This, most of them received just in their hand, half shut, so as you may have seen it used at home, to lift a mouthful of water, where no vessel was at hand, and this they licked so clean, that nothing was left to induce the dogs to apply their tongues to it at all.

Soon after the porridge had thus disappeared, the Caffre milk, the usual meal before going to sleep, was ready. The sacks, or skins, which will enable you better to understand how milk can be kept in sacks, much like what are called "bottles" in the Bible, only larger a great deal, were untied by the men who have the sole charge of them, and the milk emptied out into a number of baskets. The distribution of the milk being entirely in the hands of the men, did not at all cause me to be neglected, and I had a far keener relish for this, than for either the coffee or porridge so considerately and kindly made for me by Unoxina. There is scarcely anything that can at any time be got, so refreshing as a drink of Caffre milk. The richest butter milk at home is not at all equal to it. It is made by pouring

the warm milk, just taken from the cow, into these skins or sacks made of bullock's hide, which soon become quite saturated with the milk constantly kept in them, and have a very sour disagreeable smell. The warm milk poured into these, upon a quantity of the old milk always left in them, instantly curdles, and gets rapidly into a state of fermentation. The curdle is all nicely broken by a sort of kneading, rolling and shaking of the milk sack. It is agreeably thick, with the butter all in minute particles swimming in it, and but slightly sour when poured out. When exposed to the air, the gas generated by the fermentation rises in little bubbles; and after drinking about a tumbler of the milk, an almost instantaneous perspiration breaks over the whole body; and after a pretty full draught, I have experienced a kind of headiness for a short time. The milking the cows, and all this preparing the milk, is done solely by the men, and while thus engaged, they are always in a state of entire nudity.

A great deal of chat was kept up by the men, till a late hour, in the hut. Sometimes I gave a little heed to what was being said, but oftener far my thoughts were away after the objects so dear to me. I had not full confidence in anything that had been told me, even by Unoxina, regarding them. Fears were constantly starting up in my mind that worse had befallen them than any one wished me to know; and, even if true that Mrs. Brown had left to go to Fort White, the probabilities were all against her ever being able to reach that.

I was greatly fatigued, but had little disposi-

tion to sleep. Wearied with sitting, I lay down upon the earthen floor, that I might at least enjoy a change of posture. When Unoxina saw this, she said "he is going to sleep;" and took off one of my beautiful blankets which she had folded in the middle, and was wearing around her in sort of petticoat fashion, and handed it me over to wrap about me. It was now all smeared with clay and fat, and for other reasons as well, I did not much care to have it very close about me; but for the same reasons that I did not wish to refuse the sweet porridge, I did not wish to refuse it; the only use that I made of it, was to spread it over my legs.

Totane was evidently not without apprehensions for my safety. He had all along kept close by me, and now that I lay down he stretched himself out too, quite at my side. I wished him to leave a clear space, however narrow, between us, but he directed such a look at certain parties, and then one of not less significance to me, after which I kept quiet, and was content to take just what came in the shape of clay, fat, or animalcula, from having such a neighbour so close by me. During the whole evening, parties of the most wild and reckless men kept coming into, and going out of the hut, and these had all to step over me, as they passed in and out, the place where I lay being near the entrance or door.

Before Stock came home, most of my fellow lodgers had laid themselves out to sleep. In the better sort of huts a partition runs from the one side, more than half way across, at the side where the opening which serves as the door is left. This cuts off usually about three feet from one side of