

He has intellect, yet (even after years of sottish drunkenness,) which commands respect; had that mind been brought under the influence of the Gospel, and those faculties been exercised for the true welfare of those native tribes, which all look up to him with so much fear, Macomo's might have been a name to be honoured by unborn generations. He has ever expressed a regard towards Christian missions, and has even broken through Government restrictions and military regulations, to attend Kat River missionary meetings, professedly to have an opportunity of giving utterance to his conviction, that it was only by the teaching of the word of God, that his people could ever receive any true benefit; and yet some of the most horrid cruelties of heathenism have been perpetrated under his sanction, and even female members of his own family, wishing to abandon the rites of heathenism for the rules of the Gospel, have been subjected to the most inhuman treatment. In this respect, he has exhibited a strange medley of contradictions.

He has been a sort of Absalom in his day too. He established authority for himself, independant of, if not in opposition to, that of his father, and drew away a great many of his father's people after him; with these he located himself in what is now the Kat River district, and along that line of country, which he has now for so long a time held, in defiance of all the skill and military prowess that Britain has yet brought to bear against him.

Nqika, his father, was not a little mortified at the loss of so many of his people, as were attaching themselves to his insubordinate son; and

having himself used all his endeavours to bring back Macomo to his duty, without success, he applied to the English, under whose protection he had long before placed himself, and a party was led out by Somerset, now Major-General, and a very successful attack was made upon Macomo and his party, while they were engaged in some of their festivities. As their wont, they had their cattle all together at one place, and these were swept away by Somerset, and a few lives also were lost. This stroke, however, had the desired effect; Nqika had the satisfaction of seeing his people return to him sufficiently chastised and humbled, and the rivalry of his crafty son was, for the time, destroyed. The old chief was not, however, freed of all trouble on this head; Macomo fled to his kinsman, Slambie, a chief at the head of tribes little, if at all, less powerful than those who acknowledged Nqika as their chief. Nqika was not slow to perceive the inconvenience that might arise, from the mortified and yet ambitious Macomo, attaching himself to a powerful chief, with whom, though his brother's son, he was not himself on the most friendly terms, and he went and fetched Macomo home, and was reconciled to him.

At the death of Nqika, Macomo did not succeed to the chieftainship, from his mother not being a Tembukazi. Tembu, wife of Nqika, Sandilli's mother, is a Tembukazi; hence he, though a mere boy at his father's death, was preferred before all the other almost innumerable sons of Nqika, who had more than thirty wives. In whatever position Macomo might now nominally stand, it is well known that he was the govern-

ing mind in all the Caffre councils; he still continues so. Sandilli's name is used as being of higher authority, but Sandilli will venture on little without Macomo's advice.

After the war of 1846, Macomo was understood to have, of his own accord, relieved himself of the cares and the responsibilities of rule, and his sons exercised his functions in his own tribe. His principal concern now seemed to be, to have always a bottle of brandy at his command, and he had sunk to a state of degraded sottishness.

To say that Macomo is an honest man, would scarcely obtain credit; but he seems to have a sense of honour, which has kept him from such exhibitions of detestable meanness, as many of the other chiefs have not been ashamed to practise; flattery, he has good sense enough to despise, and treats any party using it with contempt: he is not moved to resent the truth being told him faithfully, even in the matter of his own faults, but will rather respect the party the more for it; he has a quick discernment of the consistent in character, hence the feeling with which he regards Mr. Calderwood, who formerly was the *missionary* among his tribe, but who left that work, and obtained the appointment of *magistrate*, in the lately-settled district of Victoria, and as such, has had to subject to ignominious punishment some of the members of Macomo's own family. Perhaps no step ever taken, or no fault even ever committed by any missionary, has so greatly shaken the confidence of the Caffres in missionary character, as this unhappy change. That the desire and hope of being of more extensive benefit to the native tribes operated as the

motive for this change, no one, who knows Mr. Calderwood, will, for a moment, doubt; still it has been most unfortunate—it is a most unhallowed combination of offices, the minister of the Gospel and the magistrate.

Macomo and Sir Harry Smith have, curiously enough, changed positions. Since the latter entered upon the governorship of this colony, in one of his unaccountable freaks, the representative of Britain's Queen, after arriving at Algoa Bay, at an interview with the Caffre chiefs, tossed Macomo to the ground, and set his foot upon his neck. A "bootless boast," however, this has turned out to be, like John Gilpin's. Sir Harry has left our shores a mortified, if not a humbled man, and Macomo stands this day, higher in power, and better known to fame, than ever he before did; if he has not successfully resisted, he has at least completely baffled the hero of Aliwal.

Hasty, rough, and eccentric as the old soldier was, he undoubtedly cherished the best feelings towards the native races of South Africa, and was their true friend. It was the very success of his measures for the improvement of the Caffre people, their being raised to a state of freedom, intelligence, and civilization, that occasioned the present war. The chiefs felt their power melting away, and that an immediate struggle was indispensable, to give them a chance of regaining their influence and arbitrary authority. If generosity of heart may be regarded as a failing, it is one of those things that has contributed to Sir Harry's failure in managing the Caffres. Even facts would hardly convince him of the perfidy and de-

ceitfulness of those chiefs, and the professions they made to him; this, with personal vanity, or a too high estimate of the influence of his own name, and perhaps his lenity towards the basest of traitors, has placed him in that humiliating position, under which he took his last departure from South Africa.

What, on the other hand, is Macomo's position! He never before, either possessed, or put forth more power for doing evil. He is at the head of a numerous horde, composed of the most recklessly-wicked men, of the various native races, and, with them, occupies an almost inaccessible, mountainous, broken, bushy, and rocky country, from which they issue, like the wolves and tigers which they have displaced, under cover of night, and steal away, far into the defenceless colony, many happy homes of which they have already reduced to ashes, murdering the peaceful and industrious inmates, and carrying off their flocks and herds, clothes, cooking utensils, and such other things as they knew how to use; and with these they make for their fastnesses, which they far too often succeed in reaching without being intercepted. These are the men whom a few call patriots, and the efforts of humane British officers and soldiers to drive these men from their strongholds, or of the colonists, if they attempt to defend themselves, or recover that of which they have been spoiled, some call oppression—injustice, cold-blooded murder.

I feel provoked to this style of remark, by reports which come out here of missionary addresses and peace meetings, in which there is exhibited a very censurable amount of ignorance regarding

matters here, and, in not a few cases, the most positive falsehood is stated, and the sympathies of benevolent hearts wholly misdirected, by some piece of the most vague, general, and fallacious declamation. Let me now fall back upon my daily journal.

CHAPTER XIII.

Surrounded by Fingoes—The army reaches Kat River—
False reports—General Somerset—Dangers increase—
The Commissioner and Missionaries return from Kat
River—Proposed attack on Blockdrift—Value of mis-
sionary reports.

FEBRUARY 21.—This morning was a season of extreme excitement. Mrs. Brown waked me up suddenly before sunrise, saying, that the commando was approaching. I rose and dressed hastily, and all on the station nothing but women screaming, and running themselves quite out of breath, to get all their moveables hidden away in ditches and holes, under heaps of old grass, or the rubbish of a neighbouring kraal. This done, they all collected, with their children, about our house. I lost no time in getting down; but before I could do so, parties had already detached themselves into every kloof, along the foot of the mountain. These being all Fingoes, the women were much alarmed, and I had myself some doubts that they might not be over respectful, and hastened down to meet a strong party on horseback, coming up through Mrs. Chalmers's ground. I looked to see some white person at the head, and having command of them, and certainly felt a little apprehensive at first, when I saw no one in that capacity. The hearty response, however, which one and all of them gave to my "good morning," told me at once that we had nothing to fear.

What with riding and running, a great many had already got up to the house, where they stood and made a great noise. When I got back, I found Mrs. Chalmers, with all her family, and Mrs. Brown, outside in the front verandah, and all the doors of the house shut. The Fingoes were bawling and clamouring so, that no one could hear himself speak. They wanted to get in to search the house; they knew Soga, who had stolen their cattle, must be hid there, and they would have him. One of their officers, a colonist, was exerting himself to the utmost to restrain their violence. Both Mrs. Chalmers and myself proposed that he take two of the men, and go into the house, to satisfy the others that neither Soga, nor any other person, was concealed there. A sort of rush was then made, every one seeming to think that he was to be of the party to go in. Upon this the officer sprang forward to the step before the door, just into the midst of the noisy rabble; with difficulty he could make himself be heard, but he stamped his foot, half drew his sword, and exclaimed—"No! the gentleman is a missionary—shall I not believe his word!" Those pressing forward he pushed back, and ordered the crowd in front of the house to pass on.

A great body of the women and children had, in the bustle, crowded into Pella's house, close at the outside of Mrs. Chalmers's fence. When the Fingoes went to them, they screamed and shrieked as if they were all being murdered. To get to their relief quickly, instead of waiting to get out by the gate, which was crowded with the Fingoes, I ran to leap over the fence. A Fingo seeing me so run, thought me to be some of the station men,

attempting to escape ; he was at my back, so that I did not see him, and had his assagai raised to strike into me, which Mrs. Brown observing, in quick alarm called to him to hold, and I suffered no harm.

The women I found making much ado about nothing. The Fingoes were only making them come out of the house, and sit down on the ground, to see that they had none of the men hid among them. Some, who were unwilling to come out, might get a push, or pull, without much ceremony ; and one was struck over the shoulders with a whip, which the station people made a talk about, for months after, but more than this, there was nothing approaching to violence.

The Fingoes were promptly ordered off from the women and children, when I made my appearance among them ; and now that we had less noise more immediately about our own ears, we could give attention to what was going on all along the edge of the bush. The sound arising from the brisk fire kept up there, and its long reverberation among the rocks, almost kindled up my martial spirit. One could enjoy the grand fight the more, knowing that there was no blood being shed—if any thing at all, it was only large stones and the stumps of trees, that the Fingoes were blazing away at. A thick mist yet hung upon the mountain, and the few Caffres were not likely to put themselves within the range of the Fingoes' guns.

Our truest friends had been concerned about how it might fare with us, when the Fingoes got loose. This was the first visit we had of them—they had boisterous unruly tongues, but as re-

gards their hands, they behaved well. Those having charge of them too, spared no exertion to restrain any little exuberance of feeling that might have annoyed any on the station; and their behaviour towards ourselves was respectful and considerate in the highest degree. The party who seemed to have the principal charge over the Fingoes, said that General Somerset sent his compliments, and being uncertain whether he would be up at the station himself, had given him orders to see, that neither any person was molested, nor property injured. These orders were well executed. Several of the Fort Beaufort levy expressed the liveliest concern for our safety, and said, if they only had the means of taking us out with them, they would make a welcome home for us in Fort Beaufort.

The whole party was, however, on their way to Kat river, and we had the example of friends who had gone before, to warn us that that was not the direction in which to attempt to go *out*. On the afternoon of the following day, we learned that General Somerset had made an attack upon the one side, and the burghers on the other, upon the rebels in possession of Fort Armstrong and encamped about Balfour. Dukwane, in telling us that they were being overcome, could ill conceal his feelings of disappointment. Well, they had mingled a cup for others—the Lord has put it into their own hands, and is making them drink 'it.

The next day was sabbath, and we had no expectation of any thing to disturb our quiet. Early in the forenoon, however, the cry—"A commando!" was raised, and in breathless haste the people fled to the bush. I went out to look

in the direction from which the commando was to come, and found the object of terror to be nothing more than the dark shade of a cloud, falling along the Golukugawe ridge. Cannot account for this conduct of the people. They have been not only assured of safety by remaining with us on the station, but they have already seen two parties, and even the Fingoes, pass through the station, without harming either person or property. If found in the bush, they will not be treated with such respect. Their thus always running to the bush, justly excites suspicion against them.

On Monday, the most extraordinary reports of what was doing at Kat Kiver were brought to us, and I felt most unhappy, not knowing what to believe. Towards evening, had more confidence in those who brought the latest accounts, and what is belying all the Caffre blustering, they are again decamping from the Gwali bush, with their few remaining goats, for the fastnesses of the Amatole.

February 28.—This day ends another month; and here we all are, yet preserved in safety, and have a table spread for us in the very presence of our enemies! How great, Lord, is the multitude of Thy mercies! Oh, that that sound of war was for ever hushed!

A dark, thick, close, misty wet made yesterday unfavourable to military operations, and we sat in quiet, only the gloom of the day cast its shade on our spirits also. Heard to-day, tidings of two deaths on the mountain behind us, both of persons known on the station. The booming of the cannon was distinctly heard all yesterday after-

noon ; more lives must have been sacrificed than we yet know of. Foolish Caffres, too, have provoked all this violence—retributive justice will yet overtake you—the blood of many helpless victims, cruelly massacred in the perfidious wildness of your first outbreak, is on your hands—the insatiable thirst of so many of you for wanton plunder and violence, seems as if it could be quenched only in blood ; and, above all, that vile deceit, so inwoven with the fibres of your very being, that even grace itself seems to fail when brought to bear against it ! Still, my heart is touched by feelings of compassion for the Am-axosa. Oh, that they would take warning !

But these wild, outrageous, lawless Hottentots, an awful scourge awaits them, and who can shew sympathy for them ! After all that has been done for them, especially in that very district, where the wildest insubordination now revels, who can stand up now for the native tribes ? I only wish that the impression were removed from my mind, that zealous, well-intentioned, indefatigable missionaries had nothing to do in planting the seeds, from which, all this bitter vintage is being gathered.

One pleasing thing, we have observed, that Umlanjeni is losing ground these last two days. We now overhear the Caffres frequently give expression to their feelings of doubt. In spite of their Umlanjeni sticks, they are being destroyed, they say. No Caffre was to be seen without one of these sticks ; in his bundle of assagais, one was invariably bound up, a sort of dirty, sooty rod, about four feet long, and the thickness of a man's finger. At our old residence, Igqibira, to

which Stock had brought Umlanjeni, whole piles of these rods were distributed by him. Besides being preservatives against personal danger, other important service was to be performed by these sticks. Should the English at any time succeed so far, as to get away any of the cattle belonging to the Caffres, all that was necessary to be done, was, that the man take out his stick, and hold it out in the direction of his captured herd, when the whole would wheel about, and in spite of the English, come running back to their owner. Too undeveloped a looking thing this; wonder the silly lad did not see he would be found out! Several men assured us, that their sticks, when they tried them, were found to be without any virtue whatever; they thought, if anything, the cattle ran rather the quicker away, when the stick was held out; neither had they the least effect in turning the balls of the soldiers into water, when fired at the Caffres.

March 1.—A day of great excitement. Festivi in company with a son of Hermanus, came to the bush with an alarming report, that General Somerset was in great wrath, and, that to make the men submit to him, he had determined to come down upon the station, and carry off as prisoners all the women and children. Notwithstanding all that I could do to prevent it, the women fled in consternation to the bush, some even to the Amatole, thinking the station not sufficiently safe. Festivi is acting a most base and deceitful part. The most wicked of all the rebels are his associates, and he fully identifies himself with them, save when danger threatens; then he skulks, and takes refuge under the wing of the

missionaries. He brings the assurance, too, that General Somerset has brought the missionaries all away from Philipton, Kat River, and that they are in the camp at Lushington, behind the mountain.

The sweep made of Kat River, seems to have vexed and disappointed the Caffres sadly. They still boast, however, of a muster of all their force, to make an attack upon the commando from the bush, on the ridge at the head of the Igcatu. It is a well chosen spot for an attack. The wag-gons at that point might be attacked, rolled down the hill, or burned by a body of resolute men, and the troops be hardly able to defend themselves. Since I heard of it, I have not ceased to beseech "the Lord mighty in battle," to defeat this, the purpose of the heathen.

What effect would such an advantage, gained at this stage of the operations, have upon all the rebels and traitors, who are—where are they not? riding even at the General's side? That so many servants of God were now under the protection of those troops, was, to me, an additional ground to plead that it might go well with the whole for their sakes. These two or three days, whenever a report of musketry reached us from that direction, I have trembled lest the troops had moved, and the assault at that dreaded place been made. Often have I all but determined to attempt making my way during the darkness of night, up through the bush, and over the brow of the mountain to the camp, to apprise them of their danger; so confidently have I heard the Caffres boast of their readiness for this attack.

About dusk some of Soga's party came down from where the body of Caffres are said to be lying in ambush. They say that they have been waiting there long, and are hungry—that the continued thick wet has made the roads so slippery that Somerset will not be able to move his camp, before they have got back to their rendezvous, to which they are all to repair, as soon as they have got a little food. It is whispered about upon the station too, that General Somerset will come this way, to take out my own and Mrs. Chalmers's families. That we might have all in readiness the few articles of clothing that I had besides what was on my back were bundled up in a handkerchief, by my dear partner in tribulation. Mrs. Chalmers would fain cling to Chumie. Her dead lie there, and there are those to whom her dear husband, in the days of his flesh, had looked to be his crown of joy and rejoicing, now abandoned as sheep having no shepherd; and some, in their helplessness and exposedness, have already fallen; she feels much for them. In consequence of what Festivi reports too, the Caffres are said to have resolved to carry off all the wives and children of white men, that may fall into their hands away into the Amagealeka country. All things considered, we may well wish General Somerset were here.

Sabbath, March 2, had just dawned, when we were startled out of sleep by the report of firing which seemed quite at hand. Only yet half-awake, I ran to look out at the window, and was surprised to see a large party with cattle coming along the station side of the Incotoyi ridge. My first thought was that these must be Caffres who

had succeeded in carrying off the cattle from the camp during the night, for I had regarded it next to impossible that so many cattle could have been brought past, where still a large body of Caffres were said to be lying. Their leisure movement as if in no fear of being retaken, and their keeping on the ridge not afraid of being seen, were so unlike the Caffres who drive at once into the bush in the kloofs for concealment, that my mistake was soon corrected. After hastily dressing, I went down and was astonished to find that immense droves of cattle, goats, and sheep, all come down from the direction of the camp; the whole face of the country seemed covered with them. I could only stand and look; what all this meant I could not tell; that the camp had really broken up, I never entertained the thought. Some of the Fingoes who had charge of the cattle, passed through the land in which Dukwane had his mealties; I went down to forbid them doing injury to the crop, and the station people who were up on the mountain side at the edge of the bush, and had a view of everything that was done below, when they came down maintained that they saw the Fingoes fire at me, and that I was not to expose myself so again. That any of the Fingoes ever attempted to shoot me I do not believe.

The fellows certainly made plenty of noise with their guns, seemingly using them very much as children at home do pea-guns, and mightily pleased to hear themselves shoot. Had they themselves been required to pay for every charge they thus fired into the air, I am sure the British treasury would have been spared the ex-

pense of many a load of ammunition expended in this war.

After breakfast and morning worship, Pella hurriedly called, having come forward with one of the cattle parties, and he assured us that the whole troops, waggons, etc. were in motion. Soon afterwards the troops came in sight a little above Woburn, and after them the waggons; all passed at a distance of less than two miles from the station. I stood as one that dreamt, and as I gazed could hardly believe my own eyes. That the whole party had advanced so far, and passed the principal point of danger, without the slightest interruption, no not so much as a shot fired by the Caffres, was to me after all the apprehensions that had been excited by their boasting, like a fairy vision. My joy at this was second only to what the entire suppression of this wicked rebellion would cause. It gave me more real joy and satisfaction than my own personal security, for I had been more anxious, intensely anxious, about that commando than I had ever been regarding my own safety. The moral effect of this morning's work upon the Caffres must be very decided, and the means, I hope, of preventing much bloodshed.

Is it presumption to take all this as an answer to prayer! The hand of God is most surely to be seen in it. From the wet of Saturday, the Caffres had concluded that the roads would be unfit for travelling, and feeling the pinchings of hunger had in a great measure dispersed themselves, with the intention of being again at their rendezvous before any movement could be made. Koti, perhaps the best of all the native agents,

and who had charge of the out-station, known as "Mitchell's School," sat that morning on a ridge far up the mountain, and was overheard expressing himself thus—"He is blind who does not see that to be Jehovah's army; the very cattle are going along there by themselves in herds, no one to take care of them—where are the hearts of our people, that they do not take them? No, no, it is plain Jehovah is with that army!"

One small party were attacked on the station lands by a few of the worst of the station people. About a dozen of oxen were driven by two men on horseback; they were rather behind, and separated from the others by a considerable space. They passed slowly and very near the station, seemingly under the impression that no danger was to be apprehended there. The station men referred to eyed them attentively from the mountain side, and hastily stole down to a point where they could waylay their unsuspecting victims. We heard the report of their guns, ten or twelve in all, and immediately after saw the cattle which had just gone out of our sight, turned back out of the hollow, and run quickly up to the bush. The two men who had charge of them were said to have been shot down. This gave us all great distress; it is the only blood that has polluted the station, and that of two men passing inoffensively and unsuspectingly along, set upon by some dozen or more of, I am almost provoked to say, blood thirsty wretches. We afterwards sent out Dukwane with some other of the men to look for the bodies, but they came back and said they could not see them.

We all stood in expectation of every moment

seeing a party with one or more waggons detached from the main body, come to take us out. This had been a matter of no little concern to us. Although I had no official connection with the people of the station, I felt that a few of the men with a great many women and children had claims upon my humanity which I felt it hard to disregard, and towards these Mrs. Chalmers had still stronger feelings of attachment. In my difficulty I had earnestly besought God to decide the matter for us, and to leave us no choice. That if an opportunity of going out were presented, such an official order might accompany it, as we would not be at liberty to decline compliance. The matter was decided for us; no opportunity was presented of going out; neither wagon was detached, nor did any individual even turn aside from the main body to call upon us.

The station people had all along expected that their missionary would visit them, and felt disappointed when he passed on, and expressed their feelings by saying that he had thrown them away. Indeed none of the party who had left the station six weeks before had much to congratulate themselves upon. They had spent that interval at Kat river, and to say the least of it, might have enjoyed a not less measure of both safety and comfort, had they never moved from Chumie. A very considerable expence too would have been saved, and what was of much greater importance, the business for which the commissioner had been sent out, instead of being broken off scarcely half finished, might have been prosecuted to the end. And here, after all, the whole party are now being brought out by that very

way which at first any man would have expected them to take, but for some very singular infatuation, had there been at all necessity for flight.

We, however, I am sure, all rejoiced in their safety with all our heart, while none of us now regretted that we had not gone with them, when they first left. I had not before seen such a train of waggons. I reckoned them to take at least an hour and a quarter to pass any given point. A party of the men among whom was Festivi, beheld them all pass on in quietness, with ill-concealed feelings of chagrin.

My anxiety had kept me from sleep the previous night, and I remembered upon my bed the rescue of that commando. Now that our eyes had indeed beheld the deliverance, I felt that an expression of gratitude was due to Him, who while I was yet speaking, had answered the voice of my supplications; and in this spirit I entered with delight upon the social duties of the Sabbath. We read two most appropriate discourses, in Charnock, "On mercy received," and Davies "Dedication to God, argued from Redeeming mercy." Our modern pulpit has nothing to be set beside the discourses of these old divines.

From this morning I had a kind of contentment and satisfaction in staying at Chumie. Not that I was not often vexed by the wickedness I had to witness there, but in hours of danger, of darkness, and distress, I thought I could plead, and did often plead, "Lord, thy hand hath placed me here."

March 12.—The long interval between this date and that of my last entry arises from my having been unfitted for writing, and almost everything, by a severe attack of sore eyes, which I may call

a periodical or annual affliction, common to this country. It is in a very glimmering way that I even now get on. A few evenings ago we had a sad riot on the station. A number of the Caffre women from the Amatole had come to help themselves to a load of mealies each, from the peoples' fields here. It was near bedtime, and a clear moonlight night. How the station women had notice of what was going on I know not, but they set upon the thieves, and a hearty thrashing they gave some of them. I was unable to go out, and Mrs. Chalmers went down and succeeded in checking the ungovernable violence of some of the women, who were using their kevies with but little mercy upon some of the pilfering sisterhood.

On the morning of Saturday last, we had one of the most startling alarms that we have yet experienced. As we sat at breakfast, the cry "A commando," was raised. The morning was wet, with a close drizzling mist, so that the party was quite upon us before they were observed. The direction from which they were said to come, at once excited my suspicions; and when it was said that they had taken in among the mealies, there was no room left to doubt, that they were parties whose presence might be anything but welcomed by us.

We had scarcely time to rise from table, when about sixty wild, hungry, rascally Hottentots were drawn up in the front of the house, and occupying the verandah. One of the station women whispered through a broken pane to us, "quick, make fast? they are trying to break up the door."

Mrs. Chalmers, and Mrs. Brown with our child, had gone into the loft, to secure about their per-

sons such little things as they most wished to save. I stepped into the other room, and casting myself down, in a short prayer of one sentence called upon "Our Refuge," not to fail us now. A loud noise interrupted me; I rose and looked out at the back window in the direction from which it came, and there saw a number of the women screaming at the pitch of their voices, and gesticulating violently. I knew not what this meant, and before I had time to ask of any one, the men made their appearance through the mist, running down the hill. Those who had guns pulled off the covers as they ran, and threw them from them, and those having assagais had them ready balanced in their hand, as if for immediate use. I hastily left the window to get to the door under a sort of impulse, to stay the shedding of blood. Ere I had crossed the room, not a Hottentot was to be seen under the verandah in front of the house; they had made a hasty retreat, and were now outside the garden fence, looking as sheepish as can well be imagined.

A loud knock at the door opening towards the kitchen, led me to open it, and there was Dukwane with only breath enough to exclaim, "These Hottentots! these blackguard Hottentots! What have they to do at this house? And gun in hand he rushed round to the front of the house with the men who were passing him. Happily they had their run for nothing.

No incident since the breaking out of those troubles affected me so much as this. From what we had already seen of the people, we certainly had no reason to expect that they would turn out to protect us from the violence of any party. But

station people and Red Caffres were alike forward in their zeal. Surely the finger of God was in this! He hath the hearts of all men in his hands, and this is not the only occasion, that help has been brought from where it was least expected.

March 17.—On Friday night just as we were going to bed, two shots were fired and some sort of watchword passed from the station to the bush. Very shortly thereafter, considerable numbers of armed men from the bush passed our door. To any question that we asked regarding the object of their meeting, we got no satisfactory answer. We learned, however, that either Soga himself or one of his sons had come to call out the men, for a united muster of Caffres and Hottentots, to attack Blockdrift.

Saturday.—The mustered forces scattered, said to be by a thunder storm, of which we scarcely saw even the appearance here! To hide their jarring counsels, weakness, or fear, these fellows never want something to say.

Sabbath.—Enjoyed much of the delight of the sacred day. Had our seasons of social worship undisturbed. These we prize, but O! were it but one Sabbath in that land, where the multitudes do keep God's solemn holy day, in fondly-remembered Scotland, favoured of God above all lands, methinks I would speak to the people there of their privileges, so that they would never again either forget, or fail to improve them.

Read what I would call one of Howe's special sermons—1 Peter, v. 10.—“Sufferings, with their spiritual advantage and improvement, more desirable than freedom from the sufferings themselves.” An extract from an original letter of Dr. Milne,

struck me too, as almost requiring to be set at the beginning of every paragraph, in most of the mission periodicals in these our days—"Little circumstances often mentioned in the letters and journals of missionaries, should not be too much magnified, or laid too great stress upon at home. They are only intended by wise missionaries, to afford a collateral sort of pleasure to their friends and supporters."

Instead of this, however, the editors, or compilers of these periodicals in our times, seem to study it as an art, how they may minister the largest amount of stimulus to the missionary sentiment, or feeling of the Christian communities which they respectively serve. Separate all the excitement on this subject, which is studiously kept up by the lip and by the pen, from the platform and from the press, then we will be better able to determine the measure of real principle, which prompts and constrains, to what are called offerings and sacrifices to the cause of missions. Deny it who may, the impression formed and fondly cherished by many of the most pious and benevolent hearts at home, of the state of matters in the foreign mission fields, approach nearer to romance, than honest, sober truth.

The missionary writes his reports or his letters, and almost invariably does so, in one of his happiest frames or moods; he dwells most fully on those things which give himself the greatest pleasure, and tend to shew that the work of the Lord is prospering in his hands; those into whose hands these reports come, are careful to cull the fairest and most delicate-scented flowers, and to so exhibit them that neither any of their fragrance, or

their beauty shall be lost, and that it may fully appear how many tokens of his favour the Lord is being pleased to crown the exertions of their agents with, and then with a kind of craving which will be satisfied with nothing else, these accounts are read. And in all this feeling there is a kind of holiness—who can find fault in it? Most assuredly I would not, were truth only promoted by it, but it is not.

CHAPTER XIV.

Over-sanguine expectations of missionary success—Another system of missionary labour proposed—Caffre letter-carriers; their deceit and perfidy—Murder of Mr. Brōwnlee—Inaction of the Colonial Government—The movements of the troops paralyzed.

THE last chapter closed with a sort of critique upon the manner in which mission feeling at home is sought to be constantly kept under the influence of a stimulus. It seems to me, the fruit of this is being now gathered. Successes have been reported, in the shape of conversions and baptisms, till you have been led to suppose, that there must now exist, in the midst of these heathen tribes, such Christian communities as might easily support, amongst themselves, the ordinances of religion, and at very little trouble disseminate its truths among their yet-unconverted countrymen. You expect a depth of Christian principle too, and a decision of Christian character, from the sacrifices many of these converts are represented to have made, and the sufferings they have had to endure, beyond what you look for in those who avow their attachment to Christianity, where all make at least profession of it. Some of the more noted of those converted heathen have been brought home, and are carried about, from town to town, where they are shewn off like caged lions. All this, and much more, in the shape of cooking reports and culling extracts from the

letters and journals of missionaries, all to keep alive the excitement which is found to be needful to keep the contributions from falling off.

But all will not do. Most of our mission societies, those even of longest standing and largest experience, find all their efforts to raise more money to be utterly vain. Now, since coming here to the mission field, and seeing with my own eyes how things are carried on at many stations, I hardly regret that the difficulty of replenishing the money chest at home, of the various societies, is felt. That will constrain to economy in the administration of the funds, and lead to useful investigations. How the natives of other countries may be affected by it, I do not know, but as to the natives here, of all classes, the money spent upon a station, exercises a very marked influence in drawing them to it, and keeping them about it.

Whenever I hear of a mission station spoken of for being in a flourishing condition, one of my first inquiries is, what amount of mission funds is annually expended upon it? The result of my observation is, that the so-called prosperity of the station may be safely set down as in proportion to the sum which its maintenance costs. On the other hand, there are fathers and brethren, who, for diligence in their work, devotedness and adaption to it, are second to none in the field, who yet have neither obtained notoriety for the success of their labours, nor the prosperity of their stations, just because they have a more just appreciation of native character, and a more conscientious regard to the expenditure of mission funds. They know something of labour, and

have firmness enough to give only a just remuneration for it ; and are not ashamed to be found with a spade or an axe in their own hand. Why are our mission treasurers so careful to publish monthly their list of contributions, down to the sum of a solitary shilling. The expenditure of public funds is always as jealously looked into as the collection of them, and it would be a decided improvement, were there an account published of the expenditure of our mission funds, as minute as that which regularly appears of their collection.

Nor is the abuse of funds, so benevolently contributed, the only evil connected with this system. The stations where so much money is expended are points of attraction to the most worthless class of the natives—"Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together." There, those too lazy to earn an honest subsistence in farm service, take refuge, and sit down in ignominious indolence. They attach themselves to some friend's family, and occasionally do a day's work, for which they receive money more than threefold equivalent to the value of what they do. They know it will gratify the missionary, and ensure them a still larger remuneration for what they do, when they join the church, and so they make application to be baptized. When the day to prove their principle comes, such as that which has now been prolonged for so many months, they are found in the very forefront of those who excel in every wickedness. Not as you are made to suppose, fighting for independence, or the recovery of their country, but rioting in the wildest brigandism, burning down

the homes, and carrying off the property, yes, and shedding the blood of honest, industrious, peaceable, and God-fearing men, not even sparing their missionaries in any thing but their lives. Adding to this the grossest and most unprincipled licentiousness of life, to which the heathen are addicted. All this I have witnessed with distress, and have no hesitation in stating my conviction, that if operations are to be continued, for the enlightenment and evangelization of the native races of South Africa, these operations must be directed and managed by the Christian community here and not by those some six thousand or more miles removed from the field of those operations, and to whom it is not possible to communicate such a knowledge of the circumstances of this country, and the character of the natives, as that they can understand either.

If the churches here be not sufficiently awake to this duty, then let those of Britain, more especially those of Scotland, between which and the Dutch Reformed Church here, there is so close a similarity, use all means, in Christian affection and faithfulness, to stir them up; this is by no means to be looked at as a hopeless undertaking; let it be set about in earnestness and affection, and I have confidence that the issue will gladden many a heart, now grieved and downcast under an inward sense of failure of the means that have hitherto been adopted, for the evangelization and civilizing of those tribes, not yet one move above barbarism, after well nigh half a century of mission labour among them.

What a disquisition I have insensibly been

drawn into! I must break off, and keep to my daily jottings.

March 23—Sabbath.—Had undisturbed enjoyment of the sacred exercises of the day. Read Howe's Discourse on the occasion of Thanksgiving for the taking of Namur. At one time I had a good deal of feeling in common with those who attempted to hold up such things to a sort of ridicule. "To thank God—God who delighteth in mercy—who is love—that we have been successful in hacking to pieces, shooting down, or famishing so many of those who are children of the same Universal Parent." But really this is not the way to put it. We thank God that he has either blessed our own efforts for self-defence, or otherwise preserved, or delivered us, from being hacked to pieces, shot, or famished, or enslaved. And is this nothing for which to cherish and express gratitude? Those who never were in the slightest danger, or exposed to the most remote likelihood of being either the one or the other, may say nothing. A time, without fail, will be, when wars will "cease unto the end of the earth;" but the number of wicked men must be greatly reduced ere that can be. While the world is what it is, the soldier with his rifle, is just as needful as the police man, or constable with his baton. Let God, the all-wise disposer of events, be acknowledged in war, as well as in every thing else, and thanked for the prosperous issue thereof. It is the complaint of the most devout and God-fearing men on this frontier, that no acknowledgment of God whatever has been made by our public men here during this eventful crisis. And for all this self-exaltation, it may be,

that the issue so loudly boasted of, and so greatly desired, is being denied, to humble the proud.

March 25.—Yesterday we had an anxious day. With the greatest difficulty we had got two of the station women to go down to Lovedale. We were afraid that we might be suspected of having communication with the authorities at Alice or Fort Hare. Having seen so much of native deceit and treachery, we had confidence in no one, and hesitated to entrust letters to friends at home, acquainting them with our circumstances, to those women, and were not less concerned as to their bringing safe up letters, which we confidently expected to be lying for us, from dear friends in a far land. The letters, which some six weeks before I had sealed up, to send with the Lovedale women who came to Soga's, I now ventured to send; this was our first opportunity for the by-gone ten weeks, of either sending to, or getting any thing from Lovedale or Alice.

About midnight the women returned, with a large packet of home letters and newspapers for us, and we were assured that what we had entrusted to them, had been safely delivered to friends at Lovedale to be forwarded. We all waked up, and had the candles lighted to read the letters we had received, and we slept but little again that night. My own heart was agitated under quite a tumult of feeling, which at intervals sought vent in tears. Oh, the remembrances waked up by some of those letters! all that friendly interest with which we are still regarded—it breaks me down altogether!

March 28.—Considerable numbers of Caffres and Hottentots had passed out from the Amatole;

with what object, we did not properly know yesterday. Last night, the dogs on the station kept barking without intermission, much to our annoyance and alarm, and all the more so, that we knew nothing of what they kept barking at. This morning, however, on looking out at grey dawn, a party of nearly a hundred Caffres was observed passing back towards the Amatole—parties of Hottentots and Caffres continued to pass so, till the forenoon was well advanced; in all, there must have been several hundreds; they came right over the brow of the mountain, and down the forest, from the direction of Mancazana, on the other side of the mountain, where General Somerset was encamped, on his way, as we learned, to Eland's Post, with 1300 men, to attack the rebels, who had assembled in that neighbourhood.

The object of those who were now passing through the station, had been to fall upon the General at some advantageous point, under cover of the bush. Their approach, however, had been observed, and a skirmishing-party sent out upon them, who had little difficulty in driving them away, with the loss of several men killed and wounded. Singular, these armed and disappointed hordes, all passed within twelve yards of our door, without one of them ever once stopping, or turning aside, to give us even a look of violence. Of a truth, we have a "sure defence!" An occasion like this speaks to more than our weak faith—it works in us a sense of being "hid in His pavilion; in the secret of His tabernacle hath He hid us, covered us with His feathers, therefore will we offer in His tabernacle sacrifices

of joy: we will sing, yea, we will sing praises unto the Lord."

April 2.—Last night while sitting at our evening meal, we were startled by the report of smart firing in the near neighbourhood, which continued till the parties must have had good eyes to see each other. Such a thing as this at nightfall excites uneasiness, as we do not know who is about us. Afterwards learned that the men in the bush had gone to help themselves to a drove of the Fingoes' oxen, and were chased back to their retreat.

April 8.—These station people, they come to tell us things just to trouble and vex us. They profess all the time to be on the side of Government, and yet with all their adroitness in the practice of deceit, they cannot conceal their joy at any reverse sustained by the troops. They complain sadly of the Cape corps having deceived and betrayed them. They had engaged when brought to the assault of Fort Armstrong, when occupied by the rebel Hottentots, to turn round and fight with the Hottentots, against the English, and that when guarding the ammunition waggon, they were so to manage as that it should fall into the hands of the Caffres. Neither of these engagements have been kept, they say; only some nineteen of the Cape corps, found opportunity to desert and go over to the Caffres.

They tell us now, however, that hundreds of them have deserted, walking quietly out of the barracks at King William's Town, and with all their arms, baggage, wives and children, have joined Sandilli. This is horrid! Felt quite wretched this morning, after hearing a long narration of

such things. From the beginning of this wild and wicked outbreak, I have felt an interest, the intensity of which is altogether indescribable, in the speedy and entire subjugation of the rebels—for the success of every movement of the lawfully constituted authorities, my prayers have been unceasing.

Restrained by the hand of the Almighty, the Caffres have been kept from offering us any violence, and for many of those poor deluded men, as individuals, I have the most lively feelings of pity; but in this present outbreak, there is so much mad foolishness, deceit, perfidy, and direct devil-work, that I cannot think any good man could wish any thing else than their thorough and entire humiliation. There is not only the sacrifice of life, and that all in the basest and most cowardly manner, by the hands of the Caffres themselves, but all to which they have provoked, may be justly charged against them.

In the evening, women that we had again got to go to Lovedale, brought a note from Mr. Thomson, confirming a native report, which we had tried to disbelieve, that Mr. James Brownlee had been cut off by the weapon of the ungrateful Caffre! What a stroke this must be to his honoured parents, his amiable wife, to whom he had been espoused only a few months, and his whole family, who seem knit to each other by ties of more than brotherly and sisterly affection. The best energies of his venerable father's life, have been all spent in one unceasing endeavour to communicate the blessings of the Christian faith, and the benefits of civilization, to those very men by

whom he has been so cruelly bereft of a beloved son.

Mr. Brownlee is the oldest missionary in Caffreland. He is one of those who has never courted notoriety, and whose name and whose labours have been comparatively little known or heard of in missionary circles at home. Notwithstanding, of all the mission staff of the different societies having agents in Caffreland, none possess greater fitness for the work, or have exhibited greater zeal, perseverance, and self-denial; and he has been honoured too of God with a measure of success beyond many of those of whom more has been heard. He was originally a "Scotch gardener," from the associate congregation of Davie's Dykes or Cambusnethan; hence the well-established character of his Christian principle, the deep tone and manliness of his piety, while the character of his early avocation, gave him a decided adaptation to the peculiarities of this field above most others. He may be regarded as the first missionary that established himself among the Caffres. Williams was before him, but the sun soon went down, yea, even before noon, on his well-spent day, and his ashes have mouldered for the whole term of a generation, in one of those hallowed spots, here and there to be seen, where in solitariness sleep the Christian dead in this land of heathenism, till the resurrection of the blessed. Mr. Brownlee was the founder of Chumie station, which he transferred to the superintendence of Messrs. Thomson and Chalmers, and he moved forward some fifty miles, to establish a new station on the Buffalo river, which is now a flourishing town—King William's Town—with a population

of European race, the station people mostly occupying the outskirts. Were there nothing else than the selection of these two places for the establishment of mission stations, Mr. Brownlee's claims of peculiar fitness for this field would be established. None of those stations have ever been abandoned for unsuitableness, after the expenditure of hundreds, for aught I know, thousands, of pounds of mission funds upon them.

The Caffres made an attack upon Mr. Brownlee's station at night, and succeeded in carrying off the people's cattle. His son got mounted to head a party, the owners and others, to go in pursuit in the hope of recovering the cattle. When several miles from the station, or any place that help might be expected to reach them from, a party of the Caffres at an advantageous point waylaid them. Mr. Brownlee received a severe assagai wound about the back. Some of his party got on to horseback beside him to keep him from falling as they attempted to retrace their path homeward. They were not however to be thus let go. Their assailants pressed them hard, and everyone found it needful to provide as he best could for his own safety, and their wounded leader was abandoned.

He begged the Caffres to spare his life, and referred them to the well-known friendly feeling which both himself and all his family had ever cherished towards them, and their whole conduct had been illustrative of this feeling. But in glutting their savage barbarism, they were not to be stayed; nor were they satisfied with merely inflicting death—they must mutilate the remains of their victim; they severed his head from his

body, and carried it to Sandilli, that he might offer it as a sacrifice to Umlanjeni! His brother with a large party went out the following morning and brought home his body. The young man will long be remembered, and his untimely end, by all who knew him. The barbarous treatment of his remains aggravates and adds intensity to the shock sustained by his honoured parents, his wife, and fondly attached brothers and sisters; but his soul safe in the bosom of his Saviour, what matters it all!

March 19.—Some of those vile, lying, Hottentot women are come from Fort Hare or Alice. They say a commando is to be up to Chumie soon, and as if it were already in sight there is nothing but excitement on the station. The women are all packing their corn in ox-hide sacks, or one might call them barrels, they are so stiff and hard. These they sew up with a thong, and are running with them to stow away in some secret place or to bury them. Their goods of every kind, and their pumpkins also, all that they cannot carry to the bush with them, they hide. Well, they will believe the tales of these lying creatures, rather than regard my assurances, and I cannot help it if they give themselves an afternoon's hard work for nothing.

To hear of anything at all, to break the monotony of our existence here is a relief to us. There is either a sad lack of information respecting the spirit and position of the rebels, an unworthy fear of them, a distrust of the levies raised, or a wish to prolong this miserable state of things. To call these offensive military operations! They are if not a puzzle for their do nothingness to the

Caffre, a diversion to him rather than an offence. To the Colonists and those having to pay for them, they may well be regarded as offensive from their imbecility and tardiness. Men seem to belie their character so, one does not know what to think. Where now is he, who was known as the impetuous Col. Smith, or still later the dashing leader at Aliwal.

March 21.—Could hardly resist being in some degree affected by the excitement on the station, and half expected the appearance of General Somerset early yesterday morning: however, we enjoyed the sabbath in quiet. About dusk a small party of Caffres, as if from the Amatole, made towards the station. From their keeping in concealment among the trees, had my fears excited that they might have come to burn the buildings, and could not go within doors till I saw what was likely to be their object.

After it was pretty dark, four of them came up and passed me twice, as I paced backward and forward in front of the house. The latter time they spoke to me, and I thought the tone friendly, only they called me umhingse—white man—which in these times is not at all a complimentary mode of address. I said a few words to them, and my apprehensions were dissipated. So far as I could guess their object, they were on their way into the Colony to steal cattle, rather than to do us on the station any injury. Again has God been better to us than our fears.

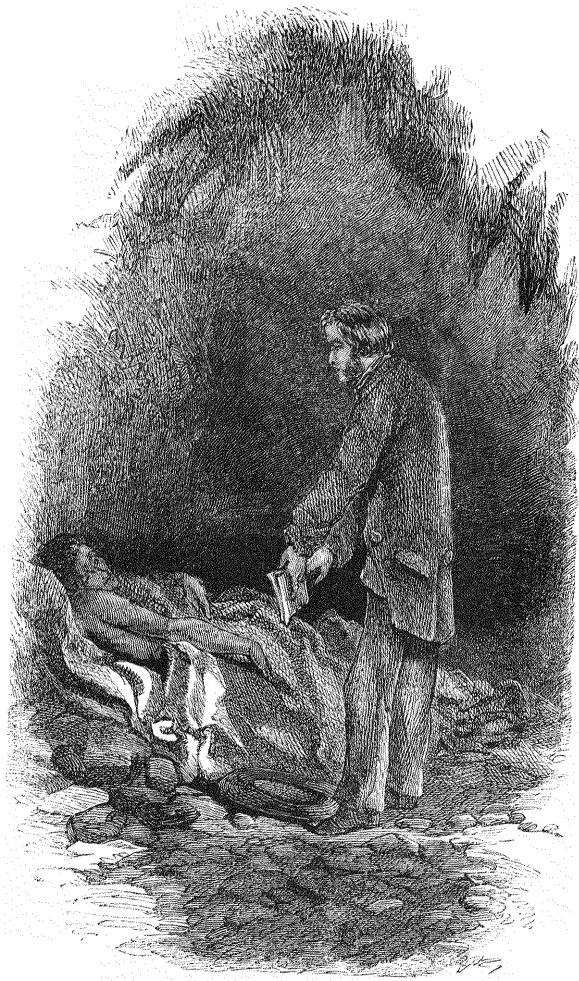
March 22.—When first we saw the party that alarmed us last night, I had gone down with Mrs Brown to visit a lad who had been lying in one of the old huts, for the last four weeks. Where

he had been going I do not know ; it is said, that he was out looking for lost horses ; quite likely, however, that he would have taken the first horse that there was an opportunity of getting safely off with, without much regard to the real owner. If so, he will never again go out on such an errand. Some of the Fingoes attached to General Somerset's division, had seen and fired at him in the bush. The ball entered almost in the centre of his chest, and had passed backward and upward, and seemed to have been hindered passing quite out, by striking the high corner of the shoulder-blade behind.

On receiving this wound he fell, and an assagai, which he had in his hand, was wrenched from his grasp, and he had been stabbed with it through the hand, and several times in the belly. No doubt he was left for dead. After lying at least one day in this state, he got up and made his way right down the face of the mountain, and reached the station in a state of great suffering. It was several days before I knew of his being there. His cries during the night, it was said, might be heard over all the place. When I first saw him, he lay outside the hut. He seemed to be in great distress. The ball had fallen down inwardly from where some of the men had felt it, just within the skin behind the shoulder ; and he was breathing by the wound in front, when it was not stopped with matter.

I hardly contemplated being of any service, in either relieving his pain or healing his wound.

My attention was at once directed to his more important interest, and the state of his undying soul. I found him able to converse, and ascer-



tained him to be not only utterly ignorant of even the name of God and Christ, but most stupid, I would say, in forming any conception of what I said to him of his Creator and Saviour. He seemed never to have thought of himself otherwise than as a thing, just as a tree that grows out of the ground, and, as he said—"Would soon be done."

I tried to make him know what he was, but had only the satisfaction of hearing him say he heard me. In a native's mouth, this expression means, that he hears you, just as he would do the report of a gun, or the lowing of an ox. A longer period was afforded for a few rays of light to be admitted into the dark mind of this youth, than I had at first ventured to anticipate. Scarcely one of the natives, even station people, would go near him; when we sent any of them with a little food for him, they set it down outside the hut, and made him crawl out for it. To condescend to minister to the wants of such an one, was beneath them!

My visits to him were almost daily, and each time I repeated, and tried to explain to him, the three or four truths of the Gospel, which are essential to salvation. Sometimes I thought improvement perceptible; at other times it seemed as no improvement whatever had been made. The last week was, however, more satisfactory. He slept none, and the things that I spoke to him often came into his head during the night; and, last night, in answer to my question, whether he now ever tried to pray by himself, and what his prayer was, he answered—"Udikangele, Tixo! udikangele, Yezu Christu, Uyana ka Tixo!"

Poor lad ! with all my privileges, learning, attainments, &c., what else can I do, than just take my place beside you, and say with you—" Look on me, God ! look on me, Jesus Christ, the Son of God !" These were the last words that I heard him utter. On going down early this morning, he was cold in death, and lay with his eyes open, just as if looking after us, when we left the hut. Who shall forbid me to cherish the hope, that I may meet that youth at the right hand of the Son of God, in heaven ?

April 24.—The bygone night and day have been a season of keen anguish : the natives report that Colonel Mackinnon, Superintendant Davies, with several others, have been cut off. How it is, I know not, but I have ever felt more, far more, for the general issue of these movements, for the subjugation of the rebels, than I have ever done for my own personal safety. But, above all, what is to be the issue, in regard to the mission of the Gospel among these native tribes ? Are they really to be cast away ? They have run readily after an agent of Satan, while they have despised and disregarded the servants of the Most High God, and the message of salvation through Jesus Christ ! This is certainly the work of the wicked one : and just as certainly will he be crushed. The Lord, in judgment and mercy, hasten it !

Meanwhile, the conflict between darkness, barbarism, and devil-servitude, on one side—and advancing light, civilization, and the inestimable freedom of the Gospel, on the other, seems to be in the most ticklish position. The veriest accident, according to human calculations, might

turn the whole against us : and the beam once turned, and the going-down scale toward us, with the treachery already developed, and the disaffection known to exist among those eating our bread and receiving our pay—God himself then arise for the succour of the European inhabitants of this land ! The very thought of what might otherwise be, makes one's heart flutter.

CHAPTER XV.

The Fingoes successful in an attack—Mr. Renton reaches Graham's Town, and finds injurious reports current—The Caffres attacked in the Amatole—The war languishes—Caffre converts disgrace their profession—A distressing misapprehension—The inhabitants of Gwali suspected by the British.

MAY 7.—We have now winter in all its rigour. Sabbath night set in a severe storm, with excessive cold—this continued all Monday. Snow covered the top and sides of Chumie mountain, the storm wrapped all the other mountains so in its thick dark mantle, that they were hid from us. Yesterday they were partially seen, as the dark covering under which they had been shrouded was being rolled off. To-day it is laid quite by, and the bright sun shines forth upon the snow-clad mountains. In an African landscape, this looks both strange and unpleasant. Snow and sunshine so bright, sort ill together. The cold too, though the water be not freezing, has a more overcoming influence upon the animal system, than the severest frost that I ever experienced in our own northern-home latitude : it wants all the bracing qualities of a good snell frost at home.

May 10.—Towards sunset, just as we were sitting at our evening meal, which according to use and wont we still call tea, although a plate of beat turnips, mixed with boiled peas or horse beans, with a little pepper and salt—which is more like our pumpkins and meelies, than any-

thing else I know—this, with a cup of flavourless tea, without milk, and with scanty sugar, would hardly pass current as tea, with most social tea-drinking parties; yet we are thankful for it, and thrive not so bad upon it. While sitting thus at tea, two or three shots were heard, which now on all occasions causes us to look out. Some seven individuals were coming down one of the ridges from the bush, straggling one behind another, and endeavouring to get along with them three horses, too knocked up to carry any one; the whole party the very personification of exhaustion—they looked like Hottentots.

After tea I went out to ascertain what had been going on. Just approaching the door was my old and trusty friend Totane, or rather the bones of him, pulling along a horse quite as clean of flesh as himself, over which was hung a large blue cloak. Gladness beamed in the poor man's eyes when he saw me, and he in grasping my hand, gave me one of the most complimentary salutations. He then dropped the bridle from his hand, set himself upon the threshold of the door, and said "Come to me." His appearance was expressive of alarm and exhaustion beyond anything that I had ever pictured to myself.

Another Caffre on horseback, who had been wounded in the foot by a ball, accompanied him, and he stated that of seventy Hottentots and eighteen Caffres, who had gone out to attack the Fingoes, and spoil them of their cattle, they alone had escaped. No commando or patrol even had come upon them, only the herdsmen, and of these there were not more than ten! The Fingoes did not fight much when their cattle were taken, but

made an unexpected attack at an advantageous point upon their spoilers, as they drove away the cattle, and recovered them. The Hottentots fled, every man as he best could, and the Fingoes pursued them seven or eight miles, and it was the report of their fire-arms we had heard.

Totane's fear, however, had much swelled the number of the slain. Straggling Hottentots came dropping one by one into the station all night, many of them wounded, but it seemed half the seventy or more, would yet cast up alive. Scarcely one passed without asking a drink of water, some impudently demanding coffee and food that we had not for ourselves. We certainly were not grieved at this defeat of these men; nor do I think that either Christian principle or Christian feeling was violated in our not doing so; they seem "irreclaimable."

May 12.—Seasons of darkness, darkness whose shade is thick blackness itself, I sometimes have, and this morning was one of these. It was as if there were no deliverance for us. After breakfast and I got something to do, I became more submissive; I said to myself, God most certainly has some purpose to serve by my continuance here—I will patiently wait. Find active employment often a corrective of sinful temper.

May 14.—Reckoning this to be the evening of the missionary meeting of Synod, I devoted the season to special prayer, and a calm hallowed season it was. In the still clear moonlight, I knelt by the side of the dark forest, at the foot of the mountain, and was one in heart, with friends, fathers, and brethren presenting their united supplications to the Lord of Missions, in the Synod

Hall, Edinburgh. There are times when it behoves the friends of missions to be instant in prayer. How dark, how very dark are our prospects here ! And yet I feel confident that these things will turn out rather to the furtherance of the gospel.

May 16.—Had an opportunity to send for posting a packet of letters for home, and the messengers in return brought me a packet from dear friends in Scotland, with nine Colonial newspapers. Learn from these with grief and surprise, of the wicked treatment which Mr. Renton had experienced at Graham's Town. It seems to me a most unaccountable matter. What Mr. Renton's views now are, or what expression he has published of them, I do not know ; but they must have undergone an entire change since he left Chumie, if they be not as decidedly condemnatory of both Caffres and Hottentots in their lawless outbreak, as those of any of his assailants. The infection of some lawless mania seems to be afloat in our atmosphere, by which white and black are alike liable to be smitten. When did ever a community of European extraction, appear so much like Hottentots !

May 17.—Soga favoured us with his unwelcome presence this afternoon ; fear and anxiety sit upon his countenance ; it is so now with almost every Caffre, and still more so with the Hottentots. Their bushy mountain fastnesses are not proof against cold, and their cattle are dying upon the exposed heights in hundreds. They can ill-conceal, with all their adroitness in the practice of deception, the consciousness of guilt that disturbs them. They feel that they have provoked severe retribu-

tive justice, and that they are not likely much longer to be able to either resist, or avoid the just reward of their deeds, making their position anything else than enviable. Soga said very little, and none of us sought to prolong his visit.

May 19.—This afternoon and evening has been one of my cloudy seasons. What is to be the issue of this state of things, in reference to the cause of Christ, among the heathen in this land? A class of the Colonists who have never been without their prejudices against missions, have now all these prejudices deepened; and what is most to be lamented, there are now too good grounds afforded by those settled, at most, if not all of our frontier mission stations, both Hottentot and Caffre, for the confirmation of that prejudice against them. Then there is the disaffection and hostility of the whole coloured race towards the white man: is theirs a state of mind or heart in which they are likely to receive the blessings of salvation through his agency? All is so dark, so dismally dark; God himself must appear; we cannot go on.

From a mission record just come to hand, learn with feelings of lively sorrow, that Jamaica has been visited by cholera; deeply sympathise with mission brethren and churches there. It is not only in this field that we are called to endure a great fight of afflictions.

Well, what else have we to look for? Our course is a warfare, our calling soldiers. We are in the enemy's country, using every endeavour to subvert his power, overthrow his empire, and redeem his captives. Is it to be expected that he will stand quietly by, and see all this? Our

struggle here is a hand to hand, face to face conflict with the devil ; every feature of his horrid visage is full in our sight ; we cannot be mistaken. His kingdom is " full of darkness," his captives are " delivered into chains of darkness ;" no need that he assume the character of an angel of light here.

Jamaica brethren seem to have this advantage over us—it would almost appear that the Lord has risen up to their help. Looking at those upon whom the plague has fallen with the most un-sparing severity, He seems to be sweeping off with the besom of his justice, those who are most offensive to his pure eyes, and by whom the land is polluted. He will arise to our help also : we will not despair. His long suffering and forbearance have had large exercise towards the natives of these lands, and by none was he ever more openly insulted, or his grace more contemptuously despised.

May 24.—Two women ventured to go to Block-drift for Mrs. Chalmers, last night, in company with some of the station people from Lovedale, who always manage somehow to get to their friends here in the bush, when they have anything to communicate. The women returned during the night, and brought me a large packet of Colonial and home newspapers. Learn in a sort of indirect way that injurious reports regarding our remaining at Gwali are in circulation. This is what I feared from the first, that suspicions would very naturally be excited in certain minds, by our continuance at the station. I am most ready, however, to submit my whole conduct to the most rigid scrutiny.

May 26.—It looks as if some work were doing

to-day in the Amatole direction. The Caffres that have been lounging about for some time, slept quietly away last night as it was getting dark, and from their manner we could easily perceive, that there was something in the wind. We had just undressed and gone to bed last night, when the smart report of several guns, quite at hand, made us jump to our feet, and run all undressed as we were, some to doors, some to windows, to learn if we could who was there, or what these reports meant. The women, boys, and children, were already running past the front of the house and all so frightened, that not one of them would stand to answer any of our questions. They got to the back door, nor did they stand to knock that it might be opened, nor even speak, but with a silent resistless pressure made their way in, and ere one of them spoke a word, the room seemed as tightly packed as one could well cord a parcel of quills. All were so much out of breath, that they could not yet answer any of our enquiries, nor could they even tell us more than we knew ourselves ; they had heard the shooting, that was all, but had neither waited nor turned to look who it was. To-night we learn that the firing was a signal which the men in the bush understood, and left to join in the attack upon the troops in the Amatole.

It was not till after breakfast to-day, that we knew anything of the troops having gone to the Amatole. Then at the lower point of the ridge that runs down between the Izincuka—wolf river—and the Amatole, the smoke intensely thick and dark rose, which told us some party was at work. Early in the forenoon a party was observed to

come down the Tyumie side of the mountain that separates the Amatole basin from the Tyumiehoek, bringing cattle with them. The Caffres then are being spoiled in their chosen stronghold!

Towards the afternoon the march of the troops along the ridge towards the head of the Amatole was distinctly seen, and in favourable positions firing was heard. After dark the men came back here, evidently under the impression that the case of the Caffres was hopeless even in the Amatole. That stronghold, instead of being attacked at one point only, had been assailed on every side, where assault was practicable. On seeing the approach of the first party, the Caffres had thought of attempting to resist, but on becoming aware of the amount of the force that was being brought to bear against them at all the different points, they were filled with consternation.

May 28.—Two days more have contributed some additional items to our knowledge of what has been going on. "What are we to do?" is the question on every Caffre's lips. But the one thing to do, to throw down the arms of their rebellion, seems to be a step for which they are not yet sufficiently humbled.

After dark last night, the dogs set up such a barking, as at first to excite the fear that we were being attacked. It turned out to be only two Caffres, messengers it seems from Macomo, who, with his party occupying some bushy kloofs beyond Balfour, to those occupying the Amatole. The craft of the chief seems to be unequally matched with the cannon of Somerset. What these men's errand to the Amatole was, we did not learn. To their dismay it had been told them,