

the circle which the huts form. The fire is of wood, and is exactly in the centre of the floor. The sort of corner where the partition described joined the outer wall—if we may call rods covered with dry grass, and plastered inside with cow-dung, a wall—was occupied by Unoxina and the children ; further round in the circle three or four old men had laid themselves down, then came Totane, and lastly myself. Between where I lay and where the partition terminated, there was still a small space, but this was for the most part unoccupied, being too much in the immediate doorway. Thus then, we all lay with our feet to the fire, and our head away towards the outer circle of the hut.

The approach of some party on horseback was at last heard, and when the greeting, "Nkosi!"—the chief—was heard, those seemingly asleep waked, and those only wearied rose up ; *i. e.* we changed our posture from the recumbent to the sitting. When Stock entered, I held out my hand to him, which he took in the usual form, but with no very good grace. His countenance at all times heavy and sullen, was as downcast as ever Cain's could have been. He sat down, and for sometime not a word was spoken. The first thing he said was, "that he must know what had brought me there." This afforded me an opportunity of speaking. I reminded Stock of all his assurances of safety, and promises of protection which he had so repeatedly made to me ; then bade him look at my station to-night, and himself say whether he had been true to these. "All my clothes, food, knives, spoons ; my waggon, oxen, and horse you can make some use of, but my

books, of which you could make no use, you have wantonly torn to pieces: 'this is very wicked: a teacher loves his books above all his other things, and more than a Caffre does his cattle—but much as I loved all these, they are as nothing; it was not them that I came to seek—where is my wife and child?"

Stock did not give me a hasty answer. He looked thoughtful, and seemed really ashamed and vexed. Totane was asked how he came to be with me, and in stating that he had been sent by his chief with a message to Mrs. Chalmers, and had been engaged by me when at Gwali to come with me, Stock once or twice said "Intombi ka Chemers,"—the daughter of Chalmers: "it is a bad business; I am vexed about it!" Totane found more than one occasion to introduce the great word of his chief, about the guilt of that man who would shed the blood of a teacher, and all this seemed to make Stock the more thoughtful. He most positively asserted that the pillage of my station had been contrary to his will, and all done before he even knew of it; that it was not till he saw the men coming with my trunk and Missis, that he knew what the people had done; "it was a black business; he was vexed about it."

Then directing his discourse more immediately to me, he said that when Missis wanted to go away, she was very discontented; she would not stop, but cried so much; he offered to give her a horse to ride, but he had no saddle, and she could not ride without one, and when she did go on foot, he sent two women, his own sisters, with her to help her, and he was sure she would get safe enough to Debe Post—Fort White; none of the

station people had stopped to help her ; he had sent men to sleep at the station, to prevent any evil being done ; he was vexed at what had been done.

On hearing all this, I thanked Stock, and it was no feigned or mere formal thanks ; I felt truly grateful for all he professed to have done for my helpless wife and child ; so much so, that I almost forgave all the other mischief that had been done. The only thing that came once or twice up in my heart in the form of a grudge, was a feeling caused by the wanton destruction of my books. Had I not seen them so strewed about in fragments, I could have easier borne the loss. I told Stock that I now claimed the fulfilment of his promise more than once made to me, that if danger should arise, he would give me an escort to take me to the neighbourhood of whatever place of safety I wished to go to ; that I wanted two trustworthy men to go with me on the following morning to Fort White, that I might know whether Janet had got there. These Stock said he would give me, and I had now nothing more to ask. I thanked him again for his kindness.

When early in the evening the milk was being distributed, a quantity, about five or six quarts, was poured into a rather clean tin pan, such as you often see used for carrying milk in Scotland ; this had been carefully set aside, and was placed on the floor before Stock as soon as he had set down. During the whole time that the conversation was going on, he left it untouched, and now, without himself having tasted it, he handed the whole, with his spoon, over to me. I took a few spoonfuls, and then handed the pan

back to him again, pleased with what I thought to be an additional evidence of friendly feeling. Totane had a great many questions to answer, all about the massacre of the military settlers, and whatever had taken place in the Tyumie district. At length Stock said he was going to sleep; and as he rose to leave the hut in which we were, for that of some of his other wives, I said—"Now I trust to your having two men ready for me, by very early dawn, to escort me to within sight of Fort White."

He replied, that he would, and went out.

After Stock went away, most of the inmates of our hut lay down again to sleep. I too lay down, but sleep I did not. During the whole night, some one or other, at every short interval, sat up, and thrust the burned-away pieces of wood forward into the fire, so that we were rarely without a little flame, and consequently had a little light also; sometimes two or three would, at one time sit up, and chat away together an hour or more, and then lie down again. This custom is quite common among the Caffres. Among those who are professed converts, when the head of the family wakes up during the night, he very commonly calls—"Vukani, vukani!" (get all up), at which all his family rise, and, sitting round the fire, they sing a hymn together. This, when it is done at one hut, may be heard in all the huts at the same kraal, and when begun by one, all the others, who hear, usually follow. At Stock's kraal, however, there was no such exercise; it was a place noted only for the practice of violence and abomination.

Many of my previous fears and suspicions came

back into my mind, notwithstanding what Stock had told me. When I lay and thought over it all, it seemed to me unaccountable, how no one else had told me all that he did, when they saw my distress, and heard my anxious, earnest inquiries about my wife and babe. If it were all true what he had stated, every one there must have known it all as well as he did. Why did no one before tell me? Many such thoughts troubled me; my confidence in Stock's statement, however, prevailed over my doubt, and the hope of, in a given number of hours, embracing those so dear to me, and regarding whom all my anxieties and concern had been excited so intensely, gladdened me at times, almost half as much as I thought the full realization of all my desires could do. That day was the Sabbath, on which I expected that we would be restored to each other. I had already arranged how we would spend the day, after I reached Fort White, in a service of thanksgiving and grateful praise to our Heavenly Father, our God! What obligations, of an almost miraculous kind, should we then lie under to glorify and praise Him! yes, and these obligations are now all increased manifold!

There are "they that watch for the morning," and I was one such, through the darkness of that night. It is by what serves as the door of the hut only, that light from without can enter; this was within view where I lay. The first grey dawn had only just begun to take the place of the darkness of night, when I sat up, and wondered where I would find the men who were to go with me, for I longed to be gone.

Totane lay as if he were still asleep; but in an

instant, and without speaking one other word, than "Come, let us go," he started up. I had only my reed walking-staff, which lay at my side, to lift, and I was all now ready as he could be. I said, we must call Stock, to get the men he had promised to send with us, to near Fort White. He shook his head, and said, "no, we must go back to Gwali." I felt some surprise at this, as Totane, a few hours before, had heard me make the arrangement with Stock, and he then made no objection. But just now Stock himself entered the hut, and said to me, I must leave—that no one would go with me to Fort White—that I would not find Janet there—that she said to him, she would not stop there, but would only go in and rest a little, then go on to Mr. Brownlee's at Fort Cox, and from that to Gwali: he was certain she would be there before I could get back again—that I need not go to Fort White—it was all done, or destroyed.

I tried to remonstrate—to remind Stock of his promise; but no, I was peremptorily told to be gone. Two of Stock's brothers stood outside the hut, one of whom had always made profession of great friendship towards me. I attempted to speak to him; but with a most emphatic "ham-bake!" (go away now), he beckoned me off with his hand.

"What change is this? What new story now trumped up by Stock! What means it all?"

Crushed under this fresh disappointment, I could have sunk down; all my previous painful surmisings — suspicions — fears — uncertainties, waked up with new force.

This was my bitterest hour. My last hope of

again seeing my beloved wife and babe now sank, and what I think distressed me still more, was all that uncertainty as to what had befallen them, for now I could not believe what any one had told me. I was not more than two miles from the station ; perhaps Janet was still there, hiding it might be, in the clump of thick bush to which she was most likely to have run ; perhaps she was there sunk in weakness, or wounded, or perishing of hunger. Oh, the pictures of her distress and probable condition that passed before my mind ! I was now on my way leaving the neighbourhood of where she likely was, without a hand to afford her help, or a human being to speak one word of comfort to her in her extremity. It might be that she even was within hearing of my voice, and I was passing away, with not the shadow of a probability that either myself or any one else would be able to come again, to so much as learn the reality of her fate !

Crowds of such thoughts rushed through my mind, as we were going down the hill from Stock's place. I made more than one attempt to call aloud, " Janet," but my voice would emit no sound—my utterance was choked. My emotion could not be concealed, nor did I try to conceal it. How I wished for the gushing out of a stream of tears. It would have afforded me relief of a certain kind, but none would flow. The anguish of that state of feeling beyond grief, so dry, parched, burning ; when the channels through which grief usually finds expression seem gorged up, and that inward consuming thing cannot find vent, it is terrible !

Totane witnessed my distress, and evidently

sympathised with me. He looked in my face, and with grave emphasis said—"Ngu Tixo yedwa numbla"—(it is God only this day) and stopped short. His full meaning I quite readily understood, and these words, coming as they did from the lips of a heathen man, had a peculiar waking up, reviving sort of influence upon me. I repeated the words, and said—"Yes, it is God only for me this day:" and the thought that I still had God—God only; not for myself so much, as for my helpless wife and babe, for it must be "God only," for them too, if we were ever again to be permitted to see each other. I thought of His marvellous and repeated interpositions for my own protection and rescue on the previous day; and felt as if those yet more helpless could not have been forsaken of Him. A kind of hope and gratitude sprung up in my heart together. Then I wept and found relief, yea, a kind of gladness came over me.

Sometimes I have wondered whether existence could be prolonged, for even a very short period, under such a state of feeling, with all its intense-ness of burning, pressing, choking, bursting, yet having no vent, as I suffered before that relief came.

All Totane's anxiety seemed to be for my safety—regarding this I had not myself one anxious thought. All my anxiety was for those for whom I had thus put my life in jeopardy. Could I only have been assured of their safety, or even any at all certain about them, my mind would have been at rest. The probability of Janet being yet in the neighbourhood, unable from weakness, or fear, to go forward still harassed me.



My ear was quick to catch every sound, that peradventure the wail of our infant, might as a guiding-star, direct to where I might find the beloved objects.

At the first kraals to which we came only two or three of the old men had got up; beyond asking where we were going, and one or two other questions, they gave us no trouble. The first beams of the morning sun were now beginning to light up the highest of the rounded tops of the little hills. In less than an hour we came to another cluster of kraals; here we sat down, and such of the people as we saw behaved quite civilly towards me. This was within a circuit through which I was somewhat known; the people had been occasionally at the station, and once or twice I had visited as far out.

The principal man here asked me to examine his gun, and see whether it were all right. I told him that I was not at all skilled about such things as guns, and did not like to see them being put into use, especially as the probable object was to shed the blood of men. This rather seemed to please than give offence to the man. We sat on the ground and spent so long time in chat here, that I was beginning to lose patience, and could not see what object Totane could have in thus loitering. I proposed repeatedly to go on, but he still found some excuse for waiting a little.

Before leaving, two of the women came out, on learning what my object in being there was. These assured me that they had seen Missis the day before, passing along, carrying the baby, and pointed out the track through among the bushes where she went. Had I only been at liberty

how I would have flown along the same path, in quest of those so dear to me.

It was to no use, however, that I stated my wish to Totane. He was quite fixed to neither allow me to separate myself from him, nor turn aside to go anywhere else with me than back again to Gwali, and I was far too much in his power to make it safe in any way to cross him, or take my own will.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Sad forebodings increase—An intractable guide—Recross the Kieskama—The Mother of Macomo—The Country deserted—A Caffre army.

IN this chapter it will be my endeavour to carry you along with me in my return from the bootless, as well as perilous errand on which I had gone out. You have already seen us fairly started by early day-break on the morning of the Sabbath, 29th December. After leaving that kraal, where the women pointed out to me the path along which they had seen my dear Janet carrying our babe on the preceding day, we soon turned aside from the way, which if left alone, I would have taken even to go to Gwali.

Whether the way we were taking was shorter or more circuitous I did not know; it was altogether unknown to me, and I did not doubt that Totane had good reasons for selecting it. The path led for a long distance through a country very thickly covered with mimosa-bush. This differs from a forest, inasmuch as it has no large trees, only gnarled sort of things, such as hawthorn left to itself would grow at home. This is not the bush in which the Caffres have their hiding places. That is all on the tops and steep sides of the mountains, and consists of gigantic timber trees, filled up below with all sorts of lesser thorny and creeping plants, which are so inter-

grown with each other, that it is difficult indeed to find a way through among them.

The path along which we went was dry and well-beaten, but so narrow that we could not both walk abreast. The tracks are made by the cattle and can be safely followed only by a native, as they keep perpetually running into, or branching out from each other, that it is perplexing to know which is the right one. For hours we went on without passing or even being in sight of a single kraal. Had my feet been whole, and my mind and heart at ease, I should have enjoyed the walk. All was so still and quiet around, that the mind was invited to reflection.

I could well enough perceive that we kept in far too easterly direction for being in the direct line to Gwali. When we came to Debe stream, or rather the dry rocky channel and precipitous banks of the river, I knew something of where we were, and thought that, after all, Totane was taking me to Fort White. When I tried to find if he were doing so, his most positive hayi—the negative to a question—at once convinced me, that we were as near Fort White as he meant to go. After crossing the bed of the Debe, which was hot and parched as if no water had moistened those rocks since the days of Noah, we had to climb the other bank, which was very high and steep, and stuck full of great blocks of stone, or rock, over which we had to make our way. Among these shot up the naked stems of the euphorbia, which was poor shelter from the sun which was now waxing hot.

That we could not be more than a few miles, I thought at most four, below Fort White, I

knew, from what I here saw of the now more open country. Repeatedly I thought to get behind one of those large blocks of stone, in the hope, as Totane was before me, that he would go on to the top without missing me, and keeping hid till he was quite out of the way ; then I would endeavour to get along myself to Fort White, even if I should lie hid till it was dark. Once I did make the attempt to get out of sight, behind some large stones, but Totane just then looked back, and asked if I was tired, as I was sitting down. I was glad enough to excuse myself in this way ; nor was it altogether a feigned excuse, for tired I verily was.

I made no other attempt to get away from Totane, but when we had got fairly to the top of the steep and rugged bank, there was the waggon-road to Fort White. I knew quite well now where we were, and put on my most imploring look, that I might move Totane to only consent to go ; I had rode along that same road more than once, and felt confident no danger was to be apprehended. To think that I was here within an hour's walk or so, of where the dear objects of all my affection had taken refuge, and were to be found, if yet in existence, and that I could not go to them, nor even learn with certainty whether they were, but must pass away some twenty-five miles or more, without knowing how we were to be again restored to each other. Yes, I am sure it was an imploring look that at that moment I presented to Totane.

He was, however, inexorable, and hurried so onward, that I was hardly allowed to gratify my eyes by even a glance along the road towards

Fort White. Up till now, I had indulged a kind of hope, that by some means or other I should get there, but the last glimmer of that hope here disappeared, and a last pang of distress, akin to despair, wrung my heart. I felt from this time as if I had done my utmost for my dear wife and child, and the intenseness of my anxiety regarding them somewhat abated. Exhaustion and fatigue were gathering fast over me, the sun was now blazing near his midday height, and the dry hard earth was, to tread on, like the floor of a heated kiln; there was no grass, and the leaves of the bushes which had spread out in fresh green in the morning, drooped now in shrivelledness, as if fire had breathed upon them.

We were now going down the long winding slope towards the Kieskama, and had a wide prospect in front, and on each side of us. The smart report of a discharge of musketry here startled us, and immediately the hoarse sound of the cannon, mingled with the rattle of the fire arms. Fort Cox was full in view, and from the smoke rising from that part of the hill where we saw the white tents of the extra soldiers there encamped, my first impression was, that the Caffres had ventured upon an attack there. The report of the successive vollies, however, soon drew our attention in another direction, and we saw the smoke rising as if from the entrance into the bushy ground about the head of the Incwazi. This lay right before us in going to Gwali, and the thought of passing through the midst of men excited and maddened by actual conflict, was not one of the most comfortable. It was not pleasant to think of how this might affect Totane's feelings

even, but come what might, there was no escape for me.

As we descended towards the Kieskama, the high precipitous bank on the opposite side hid the smoke from us, but from the sound of the firing we could very easily perceive that the party engaged were moving in the direction of Fort Hare. This was all we knew.

On the dry rock in the bed of the Kieskama we sat a long time. A narrow channel served for all the water then in the river to pass, and to sit under the shade of the green bushes, that grew in the margin of the stream, and look at the clear cold water, rushing through its clean rocky passage with a gurgling sound, was truly refreshing to eye, ear, and heart. I felt too as if, behemoth like, I could have drunk up the river. On leaving Gwali the previous morning, Totane had got a haversack slung over his shoulders, in which to carry a little provision for us by the way. There remained yet of this a little bread, and a hard-boiled egg. The latter I regarded as my unquestionable share of the stock, as a Caffre wont eat an egg, and this, with the crumbs of a few biscuits, which Mrs. Renton had most considerably thrust into my coat pocket, I here ate, and drank of the cool flowing stream.

There lay before us yet, a journey of at least twenty miles, and it ill became us to spend the whole day in the cool refreshing shade, however tempting. To wade through the water over the black slippery rocks, was about as refreshing as it had been to cool the parched throat and tongue in the limpid brook.

The opposite bank of the river, which we had

now to ascend, was very steep, and most difficult to keep footing on as well. The path up which we had to climb, was of dry crumbled shale, and my feet were now in a sad state, scalded and blistered all over. Arrived at the top of this bank, we were ready as ever for a rest, and at a small kraal a very eligible place presented itself, the hut of the Inkosikozi, chiefess, the mother of Macomo. This woman I had not before seen, but a woman of this rank is not an extraordinary sight. Old Nqika left some thirty of them, of whom this is one, when he died. She is an old woman, and has a good deal of influence.

Her hut seemed to have, as fully as herself, served its day and generation, and was, as she seemed herself to be, in a woful state with dirt, but any thing to hide us from that fierce sun! There was hardly any choice of a partially-clean place within, so I squatted, or lay down rather, on the first space that presented, clear of calabashes and milk baskets, dirty skins and broken clay pots.

Totane soon answered all such questions as to who I was—where come from—and where going to; his first business then was to get whatever information he could, regarding what was going on before us. Every one knew that it was an engagement with a party of the troops, but whether they or the Caffres were carrying their point, no one could tell. There was not a man, or a boy, or even young woman, to be seen here, all were away, to either take part in, or be witness of the conflict. What concerned us then most to know, was the exact place where these parties were engaged. All that country is very uneven, broken,



and ridgy, and did we know precisely in which of the hollows to keep, it was possible, by turning a little out of our direct way, to pass without being seen by those engaged in the fight. Totane most anxiously inquired about every path that we might come to, where it led, and what concealment it might afford—all this it became us to well ascertain.

My own fatigue and exhaustion were such, that the interest I felt in even knowing a way that might be comparatively safe, was dull indeed. But for fear that I had of the men when they returned, I would have sought to remain where we were, that afternoon, and perhaps all night, it seemed to me so impossible that I could hold out till we reached Gwali.

From a large pot standing over the fire, a piece of beef was taken, at the old Inkosikozi's bidding, and given to Totane in a large tin wash-basin, which I thought to most likely have been the property of Mr. Keyser, whose station was on the banks of the Kieskama, a little farther down.

Totane offered me a share of his large lump of beef, as much as any six men would be well satisfied with in Scotland. I partook of a very small bit—it was so sweet and juicy, that I felt refreshed by it. A Caffre eats flesh as you would do bread, or potatoes; he never takes any thing along with it, and it is quite astonishing how much he will thus eat.

When Totane had finished his repast we took to the road again; and the pain of getting along, with feet in a state such as mine were, was almost enough to make me scream aloud. The hard, dry, rocky path too, was as if we walked on fire

itself. After we got out, numbers of women passed us, all busy carrying home spoil from Mr. Keyser's place. He got his furniture, clothing, and such things, all away with him, having been wise, and taken timely warning, but every thing else that could be carried away from the station, the pumpkins, and other produce of the garden especially, were being brought up in loads by these females and young children, who were loaded as well as their mothers, with what they could carry.

For a considerable distance we did not pass near any kraals, and when we did come to where several were, these were so utterly deserted that there was not a dog even to bark at us. I had repeatedly wished Totane to lie down and take a rest with me in coming along, but he was deaf to all my importuning, and wisely so, for it was after all better to keep going when we were on our feet, than to bear the fresh torture of starting anew, after we had for only a few minutes sat down.

Another very precipitous ascent we must now climb. The face of the ridge that presented itself to us, may be likened to the bowl of a bottling funnel, cut up one side and drawn partially open. To the bottom of this we had now come, and were closed in on every side, save in the direction from which we had entered, and to retrace our steps would have been a profitless expenditure of our little remaining strength. Forward we must go, however steep and difficult the ascent. Among the many withered bushes which skirted our path, one large spreading tree, with yet green leaves, presented itself. This was too

much for Totane even; he at once turned aside and lay down under its shade. While we lay there, I almost wished that that green tree should be destined to mark my last resting place.

It was but a short interval that we could afford to lie here. To climb the face of that high steep bank we set ourselves, and it was terrible, truly terrible! At every few steps we had to stand both of us, and looking down over the little space we had passed over—upwards, to see what yet lay above us, we durst not look—with staring eyes, and breast throbbing and panting convulsively, gasped for breath! But breath there was none! There was blazing light, and scorching heat only. And so dry! it was as if every fluid of the body were turned into heated sand!

Of the whole day, the early part of the afternoon, down to about three o'clock, is the most oppressively hot. We got at length to the top of the ridge, and there stretched away down before us a gently descending sweep, for several miles. At the top was a ruinous looking kraal, and into the most ruinous looking hut in it, Totane popped most unceremoniously. Indeed it was rather a heap of dry smoked cow dung, which had once plastered the inside of a hut, that we threw ourselves down upon. And over our heads yet stood a few of the bent rods with the thatch grass hanging upon them. Among the rubbish, however, were two or three well filled milk sacks, and several pretty clean tin pails, or pans, as we used to call them, of various sizes. After lying here for a short time, the sweat gushed out from every pore of my body, and gave relief almost as

if I had had a bath. The burning sensation in every muscle, sinew and vein, was quenched.

A goodly number of children gathered about us here, but there was not to be seen one grown up person, male or female. After having rested a short time Totane made free with the milk sacks, which he opened, and emptied out a large quantity, into one of the larger tins for himself, and then he filled up one of the lesser ones, containing from two to three Scotch pints, for me. Nothing could have been more suitable nor so opportune as this provision, which was so unexpectedly furnished.

I am almost ashamed to write it down, it looks so gluttonous to say, that I consumed the whole quantity set before me. After every repeated draught a fresh impulse was given to the gushing sweat, until I thought the heap of dry cow dung must have been soaked where I lay with the perspiration that flowed from me.

But this was not our rest; before that was reached ten or twelve miles must yet be passed over. Refreshed, although you may think I ought rather to say glutted, with the milk we had so freely partaken of, we resumed our journey. We had not gone far when some boys and women met us; they all seemed much excited, and the particular questions asked by Totane, I do not remember. All the narrow paths together, especially those on our right, and in front of us, coming down from the top of the neighbouring heights and ridges, began to appear thronged by people hurrying downwards. A man on horseback, with a gun drew up and spoke to Totane, but my eyes were now far more alive to what

was going on around, than my ears were attentive to what passed between this man and Totane. He was evidently excited, his manner was abrupt and broken, and he rode away without offering any violence.

He had scarcely turned away when a small party hurriedly driving four or five oxen came up to us ; these men were armed with assegais only, and seemed more intent upon getting their spoil beyond a likelihood of recovery, than anything else. They presented any thing rather than a pleasant countenance to me, but beyond this, threatened me no harm.

Going forward a little, we came to two or three kraals, and scattered about were numerous blocks of rock, many of them half as large as one of the huts. Here a group of seven or eight women were seated, much less excited than any we had yet seen. We sat down beside them, and Totane answered all their inquiries, as to who I was, and told them that I had been away to Igqibira to try to get my wife and child. That my wife was "intombi ka Chemers,"—the daughter of Chalmers—but that I had not found them, and so on.

It was not difficult to see that our tale excited the sympathy of those women. "Intombi ka Chemers," was repeated again and again by several of them, and their sympathetic feelings seem to deepen under this thought. Not more than a mile and a half distant were the remains of old Lovedale station, where some twenty-five years before, Chalmers entered upon his labours among the Caffres, and likely some of the more matronly of those women had known Chalmers and his

family throughout the whole of his devoted course.

Three or four other women who had been on the heights, now joined this group, one of whom was loud and boisterous exceedingly. She must needs know who I was, and the other soon told her, as well as what was my object in being out in the midst of so much danger. With a loud scornful laugh, and a toss of her head, she struck one of the large stones with the stick which she had in her hand, saying "wait till once the men be come down, and he will be as dead as that." I had asked a drink of water, which one of the women brought to me in the bottom of a very dirty basket, and when she saw this, she screamed out "Will you give him to drink? What has he given you? Set it down, worthless jade! make him give you tobacco." There are not many women such as this, and I thought her outrageousness only moved deeper the feelings of pity in the breasts of the others.

In good earnest the men began now to come down. Along a narrow path which came over a rising ground right in front of us, we saw band after band, and group after group, come into sight, and advance towards where we sat. Many of them talked loudly, and exhibited many wild gesticulations in coming down the sloping path. At the sight of all this, I did not feel at all comfortable, although my feelings were not those of fear either. I hoped in God, but do not think that I had that sensible or lively confidence, that the imminence of the danger might seem to require. From fatigue, the distress of mind, and anxiety in which I had so long been continuously

kept, my whole system was so worn out, thoroughly exhausted, I do not know that any feeling or passion with which human nature is constituted, could have been brought into very lively exercise.

There I sat upon that huge block of stone, exposed to every eye; the path traversed by those bands of excited men, passed within less than twenty yards of me; there was not an intervening bush or branch to hide me from them; my whole appearance and colour so very distinguishable from that of any native, and yet group after group passed by without ever a soul turning out of his way to ask who I was! Surely that Jehovah to whom Elisha prayed, "Smite this people, I pray thee, with blindness," was not far from me that day! If ever any creature of his hand was covered with his shield—hid in his pavilion, I was! Think over it, Christian reader, and join with me, and help me to bring a fresh and enlarged tribute of gratitude and praise to his footstool. I hardly know whether to say with the stronger emphasis, He is the Faithful, or He is the Merciful Lord God; he is both! "Praise the name of the Lord our God, that hath dealt wonderfully with me." O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

Totane was seated upon a stone two or three yards from me, and considerably below me, as was also the group of women squatted on the ground. Many a time did they look up into my face, with deeply-expressed anxiety and pity. I maintained as far as I could, and endeavoured to exhibit, an appearance of being perfectly at ease. It seemed somewhat strange to me at the time,

that Totane tarried so long with me in a place so much exposed. More than once I said to him, had we not better be going? his only reply, with a significant gesture of the head was, "banya Amoxosa,"—plenty of Caffres.

Right in front of, and a little distance below us, was a dry rocky channel, which, after rains, served as the course of a stream. It was down the slope on the opposite side of this, that all the men came, and passed us on the right. To the left this channel stretched away in a winding direction, and all down the hollow was a cover of pretty thick bush. Left to myself, I would have preferred taking advantage of what opportunities for concealment this afforded, to sitting where I was. However, the event proved that even there, the lynx-eye of the Caffre would have discovered me, and the very attempt at hiding, would have more drawn his attention to me.

What silenced the tongue of the violent woman, I do not at all know, but when the men were passing, she did not by so much as one loud word seek to draw their attention towards me. After the great body of the men seemed to have passed, we rose, and saying good bye to the women, passed quickly down into the dry channel above mentioned. In scrambling, or leaping down over a face of rock two or three feet in descent, I saw a Caffre busily engaged among the bushes. He had a small crow-bar in his hand, and before him at his feet lay a dead body.



## CHAPTER IX.

A new danger—Burying the dead—A disappointment—  
The search renewed—The Emissaries attacked by  
Caffres—Devotion in distress—Death of a traitor—  
The lost found.

You will be as impatient of a pause or break in my narrative here, as I was of tarrying as we did at the place, and under the circumstances described at the close of the last chapter. What the Caffre was doing to the body lying before him I do not know ; I was myself too anxious to escape his notice, to think of satisfying my curiosity in this matter. His eye lighted on me, however, and he shot away from whatever he was doing, and in an instant was full upon us. Totane told me to keep on his other side, that he might be between the assailant and myself, should he offer violence. The small crowbar that he had in his hand, was what you may have heard the miners call a jumper, used for boring rocks, to be blasted with powder. This he grasped in his hand, so as to strike with the face of it, which I observed to have the appearance of being recently sharpened, it being quite bright.

When he came upon me, he was just in the attitude of striking, having his hand with the weapon stretched out, and raised above his head. As directed, I kept on the safe side of Totane. What he said to the man I do not remember ; I know that he asked him to shew him that thing that was in his hand. I turned round and looked him

very full in the face, and put on what I wished to pass for a smile. From my first sight of this man, it was my impression that he had been in my employ at Igqibira, and I meant this to be a look of recognition. This look he met with a knit brow and sullen frown. He came but a short distance with us, however, when he gradually allowed us to outwalk him, and then slunk away backwards.

Less than a mile onwards from where he left us, we had ascended a little out of the hollow, and kept a slanting course across the slope towards our right. A good way up the opposite slope on our left, we saw two or three kraals, from which a man came running towards us. When he came near, Totane signified that I must keep above him, so that, as before, he might be between me and the danger that threatened. This man had in his hand an assagai, which, when he came up to us, he had drawn, so as to throw or strike. He was a tall, gaunt, ill-looking fellow as need be, and quite naked, as was also the one who had just turned back from us.

Totane spoke to this man; he came on with us a short way, keeping rather behind, and still graping his assagai. I did not like to have my eye much off him, and more than once turned so as to look him broad in the face. This evidently he did not like, and at length slunk away; and as he did so, made me think of a wolf disappointed of its prey.

We proceeded quietly through the bush, after this man left us, till we came to the lower point of the open plain that stretches down from Old Lovedale; a station for many years given up, but

where the foundation of the Scotch missions to the Caffres was laid, and where a Ross, a Bennie, Chalmers, and others, were initiated, men who, for zeal and self-denial in mission work, belong to quite another school than most of those who have, at a later period, either joined them, or entered into their labours.

Just at the outskirts of the bush, we looked well round us to see that all was clear, and, to our surprise observed a considerable party of men occupied in doing something in or about the sandy bank of the Innceha. My impression was that they were hiding, or burying the bodies of some of their dead, which they are most careful to keep out of sight when killed in an engagement. These men were nearly a mile from us, yet we deemed it prudent to lie down under a bush, lest any of them should get their eyes upon us, as we crossed the narrow point of the open plain, to get again under cover of bush on the other side.

At length we started up, and crossed without any one seeing us. The sight of this party, however, obliged us to make a detour; they were in the direct line that we ought to have taken for Gwali, and to avoid them we made the compass of a long sweep of rising ground, approaching very near to Fort Hare, or Alice, before we turned into a direct line for the place of our destination. Over a great part of this space, the bush hardly serves as an effective cover for any one, the mimosas stand in single bushes, and these separated from each other by wide intervals. Totane seemed here too apprehensive and watchful, more than at any other time I had seen him; it was as if he thought every bush hid a Caffre, ready

to spring upon us as we passed—he was all eye together.

We passed on, without seeing any thing to alarm us; and when we got again into the Gwali track, which we had passed along the previous day, my apprehensiveness abated; but, just in proportion as it did so, did fatigue and exhaustion wither up all my energies. Although now within six miles of Gwali, it seemed as if I could never reach it. Every few paces I implored Totane to lie down with me, and allow me to rest only a few minutes, and more than once from utter exhaustion I dropped down.

On passing the day before, a pair of old skin trowsers and a waistcoat lay on the side of the path; these Totane lifted and thrust into the heart of a bush, till we should return. Being now at that spot, he sought them out, and tried to put the trowsers on. It was the first time he had ever attempted to cover his limbs with such an article of clothing, and if a long rest was of any advantage to me I profited by his awkwardness, for I lay on the ground till entirely baffled in his attempts to get into the trowsers, he repeatedly called me to get up and help him, which at last I did, but with no great good will, as I was convinced that these clothes had been worn only a day or two before, by one of the men murdered in the neighbourhood, and were yet stained with his blood.

We made the Tyumie river before we rested again, but the ups and downs before we got there, made me think them multiplied a hundred fold, since we passed over them on the preceding day. At the river I slaked my burning thirst, and

soaked my now tortured feet in the cool stream, and to keep my feet cool, I steeped my stockings also in the water.

The sun began now to dip behind the Chumie mountains, the cool of the evening was about us, and being so agreeably refreshed, we started with renewed vigour. The space that now separated us from Gwali, was reduced to under three miles, and having crossed the river, we were now out of the Caffre's country, and thought ourselves safe. We had gone but a short way, when Totane looked me in the face, and said, "Uyabonana kaloku, ibingu Tixo yedwa numhla?"—do you now see that it was God only this day?—and then he went on to tell me, that twenty *amagest*—English, had been killed by the Caffres, where we had seen the fight. Most heartily do I say—"Yes, it was God only for me that day; may I never forget His wonderful interpositions in my behalf, nor cease to praise Him at the remembrance of them!"

Two females were now seen about a mile before us, slowly making their way for Gwali, also. They seemed as much tired out as we were. In a moment, Stock's words to me in the morning, "that my wife would be before me at Gwali," sounded in my ears afresh, and in confirmation of their truth, here she was now—my eyes beheld her! I knew her form and walk, even at the distance which she was in front of me. Our servant girl, too, who, alone of all the station people, had stood faithful to her mistress, I knew equally well; I could see on her head the *red kist* which Stock's wife had told me she carried

upon her head—this was my desk ; and I could quite well see, too, that Mrs. Brown folded our dear babe in her arms. They, too, recognised me ; for, at every little interval, they stood and looked back, and waited, so as to afford me an opportunity to make up to them. This I exerted all my remaining strength to do, with all the speed that I could. Totane, with no such stimulus, was left a half-mile behind ; and within little more than another half-mile from Mrs. Chalmers's house, I had got so near to the objects in front of me, as to be undeceived. It was two native females, loaded with their sleeping mats, cooking pots, and other things, that my wild fancy had so readily formed into the dear objects of my affection. I had like to have sunk down when I detected the imposition.

Arrived at Gwali at last, most of the people came out as I drew near, but few of them spoke, more than to wish me good night. This was, I believe, out of respect to my feelings. They saw me return without the object for whose sake I had periled my life, and would, very naturally, form the most unfavourable conclusion ; besides, Totane was just behind, and they would hear from him a more satisfactory detail of our journey than I was likely to furnish.

Although I had come back only to report my failure in the object for which I had gone, still, that I had got back at all, was a measure of relief to friends at Gwali. It was at once resolved to endeavour to get two native females to start, without delay, for Fort White, to ascertain whether Mrs. Brown had got there, and if so, to endeavour to bring her with them, if it was

thought that she could undertake the journey of twenty-five miles, or more.

Two women engaged to start that same night, about midnight, and Mr. Renton wrote for me to the officer in command at the Fort, as well as to Mr. Brownlee at Fort Cox, that they might make themselves helpful to Mrs. Brown in her helplessness, and in her present distressing circumstances.

The women left; and Monday was to me a day of renewed anxiety. Every sort of evil that could befall my dear Janet, presented itself to my fears. Even supposing the Caffres to allow her to pass unharmed, was there no likelihood of her sinking from the very fatigue of such a journey? Whatever hazard there was in undertaking the journey, there was no alternative presented itself free from difficulty. A military post, where I did not know whether there were any other female, was a most unsuitable place for Mrs. Brown to stay. It was in every respect, too, the weakest post held by the British, and not likely to be many days until it was attacked by the Caffres; and when so, there could hardly be a doubt of their carrying it, and devoting every unfortunate found there to a cruel death. Our own continuance, too, at Gwali, could not be calculated upon for a single day, and the thought of having to make our escape away far into the colony, and leave my dear wife alone in Caffreland, neither of us knowing what had become of each other, or how, or when we ever were to meet again, was to me a prospect more painful than death itself.

Had there been nothing else, my own bodily exhaustion, my scorched and blistered feet, which I

could set to the ground only with most exquisite pain, were enough to keep up in me a lively sense of what the more tender frame of the objects of my affection and anxiety would have to endure in the journey of that day. Utterly worn out as I was, how gladly would I have undertaken all the fresh and additional sufferings, which, more especially must be endured by my dear Janet, if it could only have relieved her ; but it could not be ! All I could do, was to commend her to Him, who " giveth power to the faint, and to them who have no might, he increaseth strength." That Monday was one of our most witheringly hot days. How I wished that a thunderstorm would gather, and pour down its watery torrents that that fiery earth might be cooled, and a little refreshing moisture diffused through that atmosphere !

The evening of that day came, and we retired to rest, hardly disappointed that our messengers had not yet returned. Not long after midnight, however, we were knocked up ; the two women had got back, but they came alone.

They had started in the morning, and Mrs. Brown with them ; at the distance of several miles from the Fort, they sat all down, under the shade of a bush to rest. There a band of furious Caffres fell upon them, and stripped my dear Janet of every article of clothing, save her chemise ; our servant girl was not left even this ; and my beautiful bible, presented to me by friends in Dr. Robson's church, on the occasion of my leaving Bishop Street School, and which was the last of our earthly all, brought thus far by my dear Janet from Igqibira, was snatched away from her,



and the savages drew their cold assagais across her naked bosom, threatening to stab her, and, in terror and alarm, she fled back to the Fort with our babe. I had two lines from her, first, calling me to help her in blessing the Lord for His deliverance of herself and our infant in the morning, and second, imploring me on no account to attempt to come to her, or place my life again in peril, as she felt safe, and comparatively well.

My distress was great, yet, bless the Lord! I did, and under the feeling that those dearest to me were taken out of my hands, I tried to commit them wholly to His. How it is I do not know, yet I felt then, as I have often felt at other times, greater difficulty in unreservedly committing those dear to me to Him, than I have done in entirely throwing myself upon Him.

The day after that when the women came back from Fort White, was new year's day. In that land, which it will be long before I cease to call home, how many interchanges of the compliments of the season were being passed between friends; but here it was with no little misgiving of heart, that we could wish each other a "happy new year;" the commencement of it was all apprehension, uncertainty, darkness, fear.

That events, if not great in themselves, yet big with importance in relation to us here, were likely to take place, was anticipated by all. A daily record of these things has been made by me from the beginning, as the events occurred, and it will be my study to furnish a transcript of such portions of my chronicle, as may be most interesting.

My first entry, is one which some might think not worthy of being recorded, and many of those

which follow, may be much of the character, possessed of interest to myself only.

From the first outburst of these mad outrages, the position of all the Europeans about Gwali, even although only missionaries and their families, was one of very doubtful security. They were wholly at the mercy of savage men, whose hands were already stained with blood. It had been resolved upon by the several families, to set apart an hour daily for a social devotional exercise, having reference to our special and peculiar circumstances, an invoking Almighty protection—supplicating the direction of Him who “is wonderful in counsel,” and rendering a daily tribute of gratitude for all that had already been experienced of His faithfulness.

It was on new year’s day, that I was first able to creep down the length of the Session House, to be present at this exercise. The missionaries, with Mr. Renton, led the devotions in turn. In his approach to the “Throne of grace” that day, there were only two objects dear to any of us, now unavoidably separated from us, and known to be in circumstances of danger, and these he did not pass over nor forget: How special and how urgent his supplications for my dear wife and babe! nor on any subsequent occasion, did Mr. Renton ever cease to bear them in remembrance, and by this, even had there been nothing else, I felt laid under obligation to him, of lasting gratitude and esteem; you hardly know how susceptible I am of taking impressions from things such as this. All the husband—all the parent—all the Christian, shone out in him.

Two days later, we thought to renew the at-

tempt to get Mrs. Brown brought to Gwali, but failed in getting proper persons to go. It was well we did not succeed: on that very day, the Caffres had made a most formidable attack upon Fort White, coming down upon it in a force of not less than four thousand. These were repulsed with very considerable loss, by a mere handful of men under Captain Mansergh, without the loss of a single man, after several hours hard fighting. Had the assailants possessed a particle of that courage for which some people give them credit, they might have gone forward, and trodden the Fort, as it is called, in the dust. The place had no advantage for defence whatever, save that all around was open ground, and the men could see their enemies; there was not a single stone building, but only slender wattle and daub.

After the Caffres had gone away, the soldiers went out to bury the bodies of the dead which they left behind them. Several of them had on shirts having my name upon them, one had my waterproof cloak, and another Mrs. Brown's bed gown which she had on that morning, when they pillaged our house at Igqibira. Poor fellows, they had not long to enjoy the fruits of their evil deeds! Nor is it unlikely, that these very articles made the wearers more marked objects to the soldiers in firing, than had they worn their own clay-coloured blankets, or karos; and thus their ill-gotten gain became means, so far, to their destruction.

On the seventh of January we heard, in the evening, that Hermanus, with a strong party, had made an attack upon Fort Beaufort, a con-

siderable village, as well as a strong military post, about twenty miles on the other side of us from Fort White, and in the colony. The chief himself, with fourteen of his followers, were slain, his party completely routed, and the victors boldly followed up their advantage, advancing to Blinkwater on the Kat river, where this rebel and traitorous party had their locations, and brought back spoil to the amount of two thousand head of cattle, with two waggon loads of goods that had mostly belonged to Europeans.

This Hermanus, or Caffre "Nxukumeshe," was not a chief by birth or blood, but rather by craft and policy. He had not borne arms against the Government on former wars, but rather professed to be upon the British side, and both obtained large favours, and enjoyed the full confidence of the Government. A few days before he had obtained a supply of arms and ammunition, under pretence of again aiding the authorities should any outbreak take place, and these he now turned against the very parties who had furnished them. He met a traitor's doom, and deservedly.

People at home think it inconsistent with the genius and spirit of Christianity, to give God thanks for the destruction or slaughter of a fellow man. It is at small expense they nourish this kind of vapid, or rather unnatural sentimentality. At one time I was not without a share of it myself. But most assuredly I have given as hearty thanks this day, for the death of that man, and the discomfiture of his party, as ever I did for any mercy received at the hand of God. The safety of every good man, and the preservation of all that is yet left us as good, along all this fron-

tier, depends upon the utter destruction of all such base, false-hearted, and wicked men.

We very soon had these people in our own near neighbourhood, for on the following day, the remains of Hermanus's people, with a large body of Hottentots, located themselves on and around the station, encouraged by just another Hermanus here, in the person of Soga, who maintains the closest intimacy with all these base people, and who rode out to welcome them to Gwali, with most of his sons. Events will yet develop what this man and his family are. Humanly speaking we are entirely at the mercy of this class of men; and verily, "their tender mercies are cruel." But He who controls even the passions of wicked men, and holds the devil himself, their God and Lord, bound in chains, is our keeper! We are safe in the "secret of his tabernacle."

On the tenth we found two females willing to go to Fort White to make another effort to have my dear wife brought here, and one of the men belonging to Brownhill station, and who was well known among all the Caffres in the district through which they had to pass, was engaged to accompany them. This was to me another period of intense anxiety.

The twelfth opened upon us at Gwali, one of the quietest and most beautiful sabbath mornings. Coming up from the forenoon service, four or five women were just at hand, and advancing very slowly, the foremost one bowed down, and walking with great difficulty. I doubted my own eyes at first, but it was my Janet, my dearest Janet! Now in the merciful and gracious provi-

dence of God we are again restored to each other. While yet I wrestled with God for this consummation, what resolutions I made of pouring out my heart in gratitude to him; but now that I have got the object, where is all my promised gratitude and devout thanksgiving? Deceitful and deceiving heart, what a thing thou art!

We had now got some further account of the men who were killed on that day fortnight. One of these I knew well, John Gordon, Adjutant in the 92nd. His parents were members of Dr. Hay's church, Kinross. He was himself a good and much respected man. While stationed with his regiment at Graham's Town, during a short period that I supplied the pulpit of Mr. Thomson, of what is called the Scotch church there, he, with a brother officer—Macpherson—had taken a lively interest in having a weekly service established in the barracks for the benefit of the soldiers. From this service they never absented themselves, nor from the sanctuary of God on the Sabbath. I think that the friends of Gordon may cherish a well-grounded hope that he now sees the unveiled glory of the "Captain of Salvation."

## CHAPTER X.

Small measure of Missionary success—Moderation of the Colonial Government—A scheme of emigration proposed—A shrewd Diplomatist—Results of Missionary experience.

I FEEL constrained to compliment those who sympathise so tenderly with the Caffres and Hottentots, as being very obstinate pseudo-philanthropists. It is strange that you have so little, or no feeling at all, for your own kinsmen and fellow subjects. And it is strange that we will rather have our ears tickled and our compassion excited by some ignorant or interested declaimer, than look at the plain and positive facts presented to us! When these "poor blacks" are said to be robbed of their land, and called rebels for attempting to defend themselves and retain possession of it, no doubt indignation towards their spoliators ought to be a virtuous feeling, and that it is well to cherish and express it. Let me say this without offence, that the simple old farmer who asked whether Caffraria or the town of Carluke were larger, is not the only person ignorant of matters relating to this part of the world. His ignorance of the topography of Caffreland, and their defective or erroneous information regarding the character of the natives, and our behaviour towards, or treatment of them, may very well stand together; a knowledge of the character of the natives, could be obtained only by long and inti-

mate intercourse with them ; but the facts of our treatment of them are easily ascertained.

Well what are these facts ? The parties who are regarded as robbing the poor blacks, have spent many thousand pounds in vain efforts to lead those natives to appreciate the benefits, and adopt the habits of civilisation, and also to make them partakers of the blessings of Christianity ; "vain efforts," yes. The Caffres may well be written "irreclaimable savages," for any influence these efforts have had on them as a people. Individuals, and even very few of these, have been partially reclaimed, and some, though fewer still, have honestly embraced the truths of the Gospel. But, even of the best of these, the native selfishness and deceit, upon which their whole character and constitution seems to be based, is such, as would astonish, and often excite a doubt, whether they really are under the influence of the principles of Christianity. And remember, too, that mission effort is not a thing of yesterday among the Caffres ; it has been continued during a whole generation.

And what return have the Caffres and Hottentots made for all this benevolent exertion ? Their Missionary's property was the first they fell upon to pillage, and all the churches, schools, and mission-houses, they have burnt to the ground ! So they treat their friends !

Some very wise, and very kind-hearted people, instead of sending out titled Governors to rule the Caffres, would send Scotch gardeners, such as Moffat, with the Bible in their hands. It might, and it ought to have been known to such, that good John Brownlee is just a Scotch gardener.



For full thirty years he has laboured among these Caffres with the Bible in his hands, and for zeal in his work, and humility, will lose nothing in comparison even with Moffat.

On a former occasion, under cover of the bush and the darkness of night, he had to flee with his wife and helpless family, and leave behind them their earthly all, save what they could carry with them in their hands, tied up in little bundles. On this occasion he has had to bear a still heavier loss at the hands of the Caffres. A party attacked his station and carried off a number of cattle belonging to his people; his son James, an esteemed young man, and but a few months married, with the owners of the stolen cattle, pursued the thieves, thinking to recover their property. He received a wound, and fell into the hands of the savages. The party knew him well, and he begged that they would spare his life, and appealed to acts of friendship, which both himself and his family had shewed towards them. But no; they put him to a cruel death, severed his head from his body, and carried it off as a trophy, and a fit sacrifice to their witch doctor, Umlanjeni. And these are the poor blacks, for whom many have such lively feelings of sympathy!

Nor was the treatment of the natives by Government unjust, or such as to provoke to rebellion. Sir Harry Smith played off many fantastic tricks before them, which did not greatly contribute to his dignity as the representative of the Queen of Britain; he talked great swelling words to them too, and made a mighty noise at times, but despite of all this, he had the welfare of the Caffres at heart. It was no mere rhetorical figure when he

described himself as having been "a father" to Sandilli. That chief made him a return for all his kindness such as well illustrates the ingratitude and perfidy which so characterise the people of which he is the acknowledged head. Sir Harry was of a far too generous and unsuspecting heart, to stand his own against such a people. His subordinates too, in administering the government in Caffraria, no one could charge with entertaining feelings, or being under the influence of prejudice against the natives. Not a few were found to say the very reverse of them. They were also of the utmost sobriety of temper and judgment, men admitted by all who had opportunity of knowing them, admirably fitted to their respective official positions, and who have never been charged with either harshness or hastiness. Under them the Caffres might have made rapid advances in civilization and comfort.

Rob them of their land ! how has such an impression ever been made upon the mind ? We have already more land by far, than we have yet been able to turn to any good account, and had no wish whatever to possess a wider extent of territory. The necessity of doing so has been *forced* upon us by the Caffres themselves. They have themselves reduced us to the choice of one of two alternatives, to either completely subdue and keep them under some wholesome restraint ; or to abandon the whole frontier, with the enterprising, industrious, honest, and peaceable settlers thereon, to the lawless rapacity of the border barbarians. The contest is between one of the lowest forms of barbarism, and the progressive spirit of civilization, the one of which must make

way for the other—it is knowledge against ignorance but one remove above brutal—industry against idleness—freedom against slavery—light against darkness ; you, reader, being judge, which do you think the better to give place ? for which of the above alternatives would you decide ?

All sorts of intermediates have been tried, and all have failed—men of all diversities of views, as to the best policy to be adopted in regard to the natives, have been brought into contact with them in carrying out their respective views, and in practical working all have been nearly alike. To treat a Hottentot or Caffre differently from a man of European descent, merely because he is of a different race, and has a skin of a different shade, would be injustice. But it is no injustice to treat a man who is a barbarian, as a barbarian, nay it is an injury done to himself to treat him as anything else. He must know and feel too that he is a barbarian, before he ever can become a civilised man, just as one must know and feel his ignorance, before he can ever become a wise man. No man is oppressed here because he is black, but the black man calls it oppression when he is required to support himself by industry, as every honest man must do. This he does because he has grown up in habits of idleness, and this is the germ of almost every vice.

For people in such a state, it may be made a question how far it is for their own benefit, that they possess land as they have done here so long. So long as they do so, just so long will those habits of idleness be perpetuated. That we have robbed them of any part of their land, however, is not true. Instead thereof, we protected them

in the possession of it, and give them yearly rewards, to just sit still in peace and quietness, and allow us to follow out our industrious pursuits without molestation. But these conditions, time after time, they have broken through, and have proved themselves a people incapable of keeping faith; how then are we to deal with such! We propose to punish their perfidy, and at the same time adopt it as a measure of self protection, by driving them beyond a boundary line, that is comparatively easy of defence, and out of a mountainous rugged country just fitted for the habitation of such bandits, into an open and fruitful one, where is abundance of space for their occupation.

Individuals there no doubt are, who have thought it a pity that so delightful a land should be occupied by a race of men who prolonged thereon a state of existence of the lowest wretchedness, and the vilest wickedness, while tens of thousands of honest, industrious, God-fearing men, were racking their bodies with sore toil, and not able to provide for themselves and families, more than the barest necessaries of life, who if brought out here, might live in the most easy comfort, and possess abundance of all the good things of this life, and at the same time bless the natives as well. I am not ashamed to acknowledge, that I am one of those who have often thought so, and when I read that the ablest bodied young men are not able to obtain more than nine shillings a-week for their labour in Scotland, I wished with all my heart that I could have transported a hundred thousand families of such to this country. These set down on the

eastern frontier and in vacated Caffreland, I make bold to say, would terminate all Caffre wars. It is the very sparseness of our population, and in consequence their inability to protect themselves, that almost provokes from time to time the barbarian inroad.

With all their reputed bravery and martial spirit, the Caffres have never attacked the smallest village with success; there are cases in which they have been routed, although bringing thousands against tens. It has been by stealth only, and when springing, tiger like, from under cover of their jungle, that they have ever succeeded in glutting their rapacity.

Instead of robbing them of their land, the British and Colonial Government, have most sedulously protected them against all encroachments. To give the people yet another trial, and to prove the influence of generosity upon them, they restored lands which had been ceded, but this served only to quicken the cupidity of the Caffre, and to swell his pride and self-importance.

There is one case only, that I know of, where a government officer ever used his influence to obtain the land from the natives; while C. L. Stretch was diplomatic agent with the Gaika tribes, he prevailed over some of the chiefs to grant, or in the terms used, "to lend him for ever" an extensive tract of the most valuable land in Caffreland. Government, however, disapproved of the conduct of their agent, stript him of his official appointment, and treated his "loan for ever," of the Caffres' land, as null and void: because of all this, he has made such a noise, as is not often raised for a better cause.

In a colonial newspaper, which came into my hands a few days ago, I see that even one of the missionaries returned to Scotland, as a sort of relief from the duties of his "sacred calling," has taken up his pen, jealous lest the honour of such a man should be "obscured," and called Sir George Napier, formerly Governor here, to account, for what he stated in his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons, regarding this same Mr. Stretch. The old General, however, treats this officious meddling, with the most characteristic *naïvete* and becoming dignity. Most men, after such a reproof, would not require to be told a second time, not to scald themselves with other people's broth.

After writing in this fashion of the natives, it will readily be supposed that I have done it all under the influence of prejudice against them. That my views of their character, and my feelings towards them, have undergone change since I first came among them, I do not conceal. So long as a man forms his judgment of either men or things here, from the representations made of them by other parties, he will most certainly come to a conclusion as wide of the truth as any conclusion can well be; but when he comes into immediate contact with the people, neither looking at them with the eyes of another, nor holding verbal intercourse with them through a borrowed tongue, if he is a man of benevolent feeling, what he gradually finds out will grieve and pain him.

My views and feelings, in reference to the natives now, have sprung from what I have myself witnessed and experienced of them. I was for a long time loath to entertain such views, and even

now they give me only pain, and that all the more, from my conviction of their being well founded. Pride, ingratitude, and deceit, are very bad features of character, and these are the three features which predominate in the Caffre constitution. I know it is under the influence of divine grace only, that that pride can be subdued, and those other wicked dispositions rooted out; but I believe no people have so obstinately refused to embrace the Gospel, in which that grace is offered, and now, what could not be effected in mercy, may be done in sore judgment. The arm of military power may be the instrument used by God to do what the benevolent voice of the ambassador for Christ has failed in doing. The probabilities, so far as men may presume to calculate them, are, however, that those judgments will have rather a hardening influence against the Gospel, than one preparatory to its more cordial, and sincere, and extensive acceptance. I reluctantly yielded the ground which for a long time I maintained, that these things would turn out rather for the furtherance of the cause of Christ: hope that they will do so, as regards the natives of this land, I can hardly now cherish; the prospect is one of thick darkness, without one ray of light: were there but a likelihood of their being turned to God in their humiliation, with all what may be regarded as my prejudice against the Caffres, I would not be the last to undertake self-denying labour to carry the Gospel among them.

I now pass on to give you, as I proposed in my last chapter, a few pictures, from my journal of the Caffre war. If the thread of my narrative

has been broken, or become entangled by the rather lengthy digression into which I have been provoked or tempted, it may be picked up anew, by referring to the close of my last chapter.



## CHAPTER XI.

The Fingoes join the British—Danger from Natives becomes imminent—Sandilli visits Gwali—An African Prince's opinion of Missionaries: and how they should attain their objects—Hostile Caffres assemble at Gwali; and the station partially deserted—Gwali abandoned—Fort Hare assaulted—Captive Flocks and Herds—A school-house burnt—A battle.

THE death of Hermanus, with the routing and spoiling of his party, had rather a dispiriting effect upon the rebels. It was all the more humbling to them, that the Fingoes quitted themselves so manfully in the affair. It had always been maintained by those who had a partiality for the Caffres, that one Caffre would make ten Fingoes flee. The history of the war proves the reverse, however, to be nearer the truth. The Fingoes were a broken-spirited and enslaved people, till the arm of the humane white man delivered them, and gave them protection against their contemptuous lords and oppressors, the Caffres. Wonder it is that no pseudo-philanthropist denounces this as a wrong done to the black. One thing is certain, the Caffres themselves detest the British, just as much for rescuing the Fingoes from their dominion, as they do for robbing them of their land.

These Fingoes were considered as British subjects, and tracts of land formerly occupied by Caffres, had been rented to them, each male head of a family paying one pound per annum, and for this they had as much land as would pasture several

hundred head of cattle, and as much more besides as they could plough or plant. European superintendants were appointed over them, to aid and encourage them in their efforts to rise in the scale of civilisation ; their villages were laid out according to a plan furnished by these superintendants, and they were otherwise made to conform to rules of good order and improvement as well.

At first it was doubtful whether disaffection had not been sown among this class of the coloured population by the Hottentots and Caffres. The Caffres themselves affirmed so positively that the Fingoes would join them, that we were sometimes at a loss what to think, and had they not been so precipitate in attacking the Fingoes, it is difficult to say whether they might not have made common cause with the Caffres, however unnatural the combination. But Soga, in his impetuosity, at the very beginning of the outbreak, and before any of us yet knew that outrage in any form had been committed, had attacked a party of these Fingoes, who were quietly living in the neighbourhood of Gwali, and robbed them of two hundred head of cattle.

Notwithstanding this, several meetings were held on the station, or in the neighbourhood, between Soga on the part of the Caffres, and several of the chiefs or principal men of the Block-drift Fingoes, with the view of effecting an arrangement between them. It came to nothing, however, and all the rancorous feeling of the Caffres towards the Fingoes, which had for the time being been artfully suppressed, burst out afresh with more fell malignity than before.

With the first opportunity that presented, after