

the dreadful storm of violence had burst all around us, one of the farmers in Kat River district sent to Mrs. Chalmers, to say that he would send waggons to take her out, if she wished to leave the station for a place of greater safety. This kind offer Mrs. Chalmers declined, on the ground that the missionary on the station had resolved to remain ; Mr. Renton too, seemed not to see it to be either his own duty, or the duty of any on the place, yet to abandon the station. It was the mutual understanding between us, also, that when one left all must leave.

Our position was one of great difficulty. However much any of us might have desired to get out of it, there was no way open. Behind us, in all the Kat River district, the danger appeared to be greater than it was with ourselves. Our friend there Mr. Thomson, could give us no encouragement, as he himself with his family, as well as the two Reads, father and son, with their families, had all found it necessary to move to Fort Armstrong for safety. This betokened a fearful state of things, when even the ministers of the district had to betake themselves to a military stronghold. It told us plainly, that they could not trust even their own people !

Had we moved at all, our direct and proper road would have been by Fort Hare or Alice. This was within a distance of ten miles, and Major General Somerset had found means to express his anxiety regarding us, and wished that we would really make an effort to get out, before offensive military operations commenced, and the natives in consequence had become more exasperated.

There are cases in which one is almost glad to

take counsel even of enemies. Such was now our case. More than once we tried to grope our way by calling Soga to our aid. He assured us that if we wished to leave, he would inspan his own oxen to take us out. Wobo, too, the son of the late Tyalie, and chief of the district, said that our path was quite open if we wished to go, as far as the boundary of his territory, but that beyond that, he could not speak for our safety. Both he and Soga, however, gave us to understand that we were just as safe at Gwali, as any place that we could easily get to, and so we continued from day to day, neither comfortable in staying, nor clear as to the duty of moving. Many a time Mr. Renton was wont to say, that he earnestly wished the matter to be determined for us, by some such marked providence, as would leave us no room to doubt as to our course. Both then, and often since, I have earnestly desired the same thing.

Whether Soga would have done as much as he said, is more than doubtful. Whatever he might have done, would have all been to shew his own importance, rather than from any friendly feeling cherished by him towards the missionaries, whatever pretences he might make.

Chumie, a name associated in the minds of so many of the best friends of mission in Scotland, with all that was cheering in the great object, the promotion of which was so dear to them, Chumie might now have been justly described as a hot-bed of sedition and violence. That Soga and his party were in close alliance with all the worst parties by whom we now were compassed about on every side, could no longer be hid. He is indeed a man, as full of all guile and deceit as

any devotee of the devil can well be, and adroit too in the practice of that deceit, as the father of lies himself; but even the missionaries, now at least suspected him. The Tyumie hock, or valley, which has been described in a previous chapter, has on the one side the Kat river district, and on the other lies the Amatole. Set thus just between the two districts, over which the disaffection and violence prevailed, the station was made the common meeting place for both Caffres and Hottentots; and no one better fitted for, or more zealous in working out the arrangements between them than Soga. He was now in his element, plotting and working mischief, and all the while would have had us to believe, that he was out, now in this direction, and now in that—visiting this party by day, and that by night—attended by six or more of his sons and brothers, all armed and well mounted on horseback. All this to procure information for the teachers, and to make arrangements for their safety!

This sort of thing ministered largely to Soga's self-importance and pride, features of character which in him have full development; but an occasion was at hand when more of his real character was to appear.

On the afternoon of Friday, the seventeenth January, Sandilli himself visited Gwali. Koti, the respected native agent at Mitchell's school, was the first to announce the arrival of the chief to us. It was the only opportunity I had ever had of seeing Sandilli. There is an interest excited by his name, which his personal appearance is by no means fitted to maintain. For a Caffre, he looks somewhat soft and effeminate, and about

his countenance there is an air of silliness. He was seated on the ground when I went up to him, and had nothing about him by which a stranger could distinguish him from those who also sat on the ground around him. Of all who were there, he is the last man that I would have taken to be the chief. A blanket, and that none of the best, was all that he had in the shape of clothing; he seemed moody and disinclined to speak, so that beyond the simple salutation of saying "good day," there was hardly an interchange of words between us.

I felt quite disappointed by the appearance of "Inkosi inkulu," the great chief, and passed on, half disposed to laugh at the simpleton we had just seen. What his object in coming to the station was none of us yet knew, and had no great anxiety about our safety, as we had been repeatedly assured that no harm would be done us; and, besides three or four attendants, Sandilli had brought none of the wild Caffres with him. In the evening we had met again, for the dispatch of business; and, without ceremony, or any intimation given, the door of the session house was thrown open, and Sandilli and his party, with Soga, and as many of the station men as could get in, completely filled the room.

The presence of our unwelcome visitors made us at once drop the business on which we had been engaged, and give attention to them. It was not at all a comfortable feeling that one had, to be thus closeted with such companions. When all had got a place, to either sit or stand, as they best could, the Commissioner stated to Sandilli, that one object of his visit to Caffreland, was to

ascertain what room there was for more missionaries, and what the dispositions of the people were in reference to receiving more ; on this point he asked Sandilli to state his own views.

In stating these views, Sandilli rambled over a wide field. Among other things, he said—"Who are these teachers? Are they not men who at home have no people of their own, and they come here to take my people from me?—I will allow no more of them among my people. They only take my people and give them to Government. What brings white men over the sea?—has not God put it between us and them?—why not, then, keep to their own side of the water? I have always spared the teachers ; but now I think I will just kill them too ! What do they do?—only teach men that they are not to fight, even although their chief be in danger. No, I will just kill them too."

Attended as he now was, by a band of as iron-visaged, surly-looking fellows, as any man might wish at any time to see, men whose very presence made one feel as if Sandilli's words were already almost reality, it may be imagined whether our composure of mind, or sense of safety, was likely to be confirmed by this sort of talk.

Every effort was made by Mr. Renton to induce Sandilli to leave the station people unmolested, in the way of coercing them to take part in the war.

To this he would not listen, but most peremptorily and repeatedly said, that he would make every man fight for him ; the people were his, and he would make them fight. This was a war such as never before had been engaged in ; the youngest man present might not see the end of it. He

would never make peace ; let the English drive him ever so far, he would continue to fight, and even if killed, his bones would rise up to fight. Neither would he any longer fight from the bush ; he dared the English to meet him in the open country, or on the plain—he was ready for them. ‘The white men ! The white men put the Son of God to death, although he had no sin : I am like the Son of God, without sin, and the white men seek to put me also to death ! God made me the chief ; the white say that I cannot be chief : how do these men think to undo the work of God ?’

From the full opportunity which Sandilli has had of knowing the object for which the Son of God died, he ought to have known that his speech was blasphemous. Poor man ! he is too proud to be convinced of sin, and must be humbled if he ever accept the salvation which the despised Son of God died to procure. He knew well, too, where he was when he made all this vain boasting of his courage and martial spirit. There have been but few opportunities of catching him on the plain yet.

In expressing himself as above, Sandilli had wrought himself into a state of feeling, under which his natural air of silliness seemed for the time dissipated. He afterwards said that he would not object to teachers coming among his people, but they must teach them at their own places, and not gather them about themselves into stations ; this was only to take the people away from their chief. Were the people to remain at their own places, then one man after he had been taught, could teach those who had not ; it would

be only to work in this way, that he would allow teachers any more among his people.

There are those who regard this mode of conducting mission-operations, proposed by Sandilli, as the "more excellent," and whose hearts would be filled with gladness, to see it in full exercise over all the land. What he meant, however, was evidently this, that it was matter of little concern to him how many teachers came among his people, only they must in no way interfere between him and them. They were absolutely his, and no part of his power over them would he forgo. All their native and heathen customs they must be allowed to practise at pleasure; no matter how revolting to humanity, or how sinful before God. That the chief at all wished to see any of his people brought really under the influence, or the constraining power, of the Gospel, no one who knows anything at all of him, will give him credit for.

We were kept to a late hour, with this party, and at last, when rising to leave, after having asked a place to sleep in, Sandilli seemed to yield the point on which he had been most of all importuned, viz. not to compel the professed converts to go out to fight. My own impression at the time was, that it was only to escape being more badgered on the matter, that he did this, and that no importance whatever was to be attached to any expression that he might let drop under such feeling. Whatever some there present might set forth, as to Sandilli's well known character of "changing not, though to his hurt he swear," the station people themselves, knew nothing of Sandilli in this character, and the more sensible of them were not backward to say, that they had

no confidence in his promise to leave them unmolested ; it was a word to please the missionaries, and nothing more.

It was during this interview with Sandilli that Soga threw aside his "cloak of hypocrisy." Hitherto he had been the humble servant of the missionaries ; now, however, with his chief at his side, and in whose eyes he was more ambitious still to appear a big man, than in theirs, he could now afford to lift his head a bit, and speak out as well.

Fancy to yourself a tall wiry form, the man not old, but at an age that usually commands respect ; his beard cut only at long intervals, rough and grey—his cheek sunken—his eye dark and piercing, expressive of intelligence and cunning. On his head a red woollen night cap, and such other European clothing as he wore, wide and large. He rose to his feet when he spoke ; he seemed as one ready to choke with passion. The storm burst. The wildest maniac could not have exhibited contortions of countenance more varied, or more fiend-like, nor surpassed the frenzied gesticulations of his arms and body. Now he gnashed his teeth, set them, and grinned in very rage ; and now compressed his lips, and spat, for want of words to give utterance to his contempt, while his eyes glared and rolled, as if wrought by a mechanism other than human. A too extravagant conception can hardly be formed of what I have only tried to describe ; such an exhibition I have never at any other time seen ; so wildly inhuman.

And what did Soga say ? His rhapsody was much of it unintelligible ; but among other bad things that he said, he told the missionaries to their face that they were villains, impostors, men

who pretended they had the word of God ; which was all lies, and a mere fabrication of their own ! This was more in keeping with the man's whole life, than anything else that he could have said, and was quite fitting in one who only waited till these missionaries were out of sight, till he burned his sacrifice to Umlanjeni. Yet upon whose lips was the name of God so often found, as upon Soga's, when it suited his purpose to assume the character of a man who honoured God !

We retired at a late hour to rest, and early on the following day parties were seen gathering from all directions towards Gwali, some on foot, and some on horseback. Sandilli had appointed a meeting to be held there, and those parties now arriving came to be present. What the object of this meeting was, none of us knew ; some said it was merely to make a muster of the station people, but there was undoubtedly some other object than this. The trader who had a shop on the station previous to the outbreak, had left all his cattle in charge of one of the men ; these Sandilli ordered to be given up to him ; the man made a shew of resistance, but a tap over the shoulders with the sjambok, or switch, that Sandilli had in his hand, soon put matters all right. The man, if ever he should be called to account for giving up the cattle intrusted to him, would plead that the chief beat him, and made him give them up. Such is the way in which the thieves and the chiefs work for each others' accommodation ; they have ways of managing things for their mutual benefit, that no honest man could ever dream of.

Sandilli had sent to beg a blanket from Mr. Renton, for, no matter whether he be a chief or a

serf, a Caffre cannot see a white man without asking something of him, and the way he thanks you, when you give him what he asks, is by telling you, that you must not be soon tired of giving, for he has yet many things to ask for.

Just as he left the mission house, to go to where the Caffres were assembling, we had our last opportunity of seeing Sandilli. I had only seen him before, either sitting or in the midst of a crowd; now I had a more satisfactory view of him. His clay-smear'd blanket hung about him, was all that he yet had in the shape of clothing. His uncovered head was now ornamented, however, with a tuft, or brush of hair, being the tip of the wolf or fox's tail, which is fastened by a thread midway between the brow and crown of the head, and is not so contemptible a sham, to serve in place of a "waving plume." In stature Sandilli is tall, but walks with a very considerable halt, from having a withered leg.

And is it a fact, that that creature, so void of every commanding attribute of mind, so incapable of any exercise of bodily prowess, with only a dirty blanket to clothe him, and in his hand a sjambok, or riding-whip, of sea-cow hide, is able to hold at bay the representative of Britain's Queen? How could one feel otherwise than mortified in thinking of this! In personal vanity and self importance they are a well-matched pair, but in deceit and artifice the British General is no match for the Caffre, and has been completely outwitted by him. The too-unsuspecting generosity of the one, has been met by the ingratitude and perfidy of the other.

In the afternoon of that same day the mission-

aries met to consult what was now better to be done. Sandilli had left unexpectedly, without any of them again seeing him. Every one now seemed to cherish a desire to get away from the station, to some place where a greater sense of security could be enjoyed. No way, however, seemed open ; and would not the very preparing to leave shew the Caffres in whose power we were, that we had no longer confidence in them ; and what would then restrain them from breaking loose upon us ! If any resolution at all was come to, it was to wait till Providence gave some more positive determination to our course, and shed a streak of light through the darkness.

The following day was sabbath, and there was no likelihood of the usual services of the sabbath being interrupted. In the introductory part of these services, however, it was announced from the pulpit by Mr. Cumming, that the assegai was now suspended over his head, and that he had determined to leave as soon as the sabbath was over.

All of us were startled on hearing this, and could scarcely wait till the conclusion of the services, to learn what new danger had come to light, to justify such determination.

That danger had become more imminent, was not made to appear to any of the others, and whether there really were to be an immediate breaking up of the station, we did not know. During the night, Festiri called up Mrs. Chalmers, and asked if she wanted a waggon. Mr. Renton occupied the only bedroom in Mrs. Chalmers's house ; all the rest of us had beds made on the garret floor. I too was waked up, but could give

no advice, further than, that if all the others left, I did not see how we could stay alone. Mrs. Chalmers knew nothing either, as to what Mr. Renton would do ; he had not yet been able to decide that it was duty to abandon the station ; and Mrs. Chalmers was most unwilling to determine upon any course that would commit him.

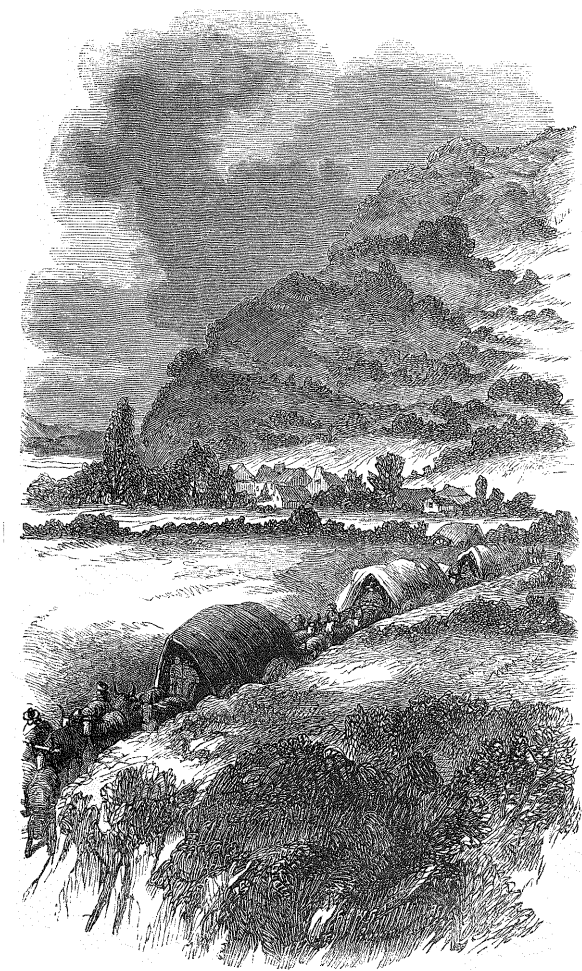
The day began to dawn, and all was bustle, loading waggons, and preparing for departure, at the mission house. Once and again Mr. Cumming came up and took Mr. Renton aside, and had long private conversations with him. The native Aden too was sent to advise, and at last we saw that he too had been prevailed upon to leave, by his hastily packing up his things in Mrs. Chalmers's, and one of the mission waggons was at once sent to take them away.

I cannot describe the feeling of dismay which possessed me when I saw this. I said—" Can it be possible that Mrs. Chalmers and her helpless family are to be thus cast off ?" The very sight of the waggons inspanned was already attracting bands of lawless and strange Caffres, both men and women, to the station. What was to be expected, but that, on the departure of the waggons, they would throw aside all restraint, and set to pillage all that was left behind ; and how was it likely to fare with ourselves, in such a case ?

In taking leave of us, Mr. Renton said, that he " went out, not knowing whither he went ;" that the step was one of great darkness to him, and almost hoped that our resolution to remain would yet prove the wiser : and he has since designated that as a " dismal day," on which he left Gwali.

We parted, and shortly after the crack of the drivers' whips told us that we were now being left alone. There were in all four waggons left the station. I stood at the corner of Mrs. Chalmers's house, and looked after them, as they drove away in the direction of Kat river; and, oh, the feeling of loneliness! It made the bright sunshine appear as darkness itself! At the same time, a something more than hope, a kind of confidence, that the God of the widow and fatherless would not forsake us, calmed and soothed my troubled heart. I felt as if his own gracious Word gave us a kind of claim upon him, however undeserving we were in ourselves. And having experienced his faithfulness, this I now record, in my own name, and on behalf of the family of which I formed a part—He is the faithful Lord God, true to all his promises. Let the most unworthy of his people trust him—he will not disappoint them.

Our position was not one that we had ourselves chosen; we soon began to feel as if Providence had appointed it us. It is questionable whether Mrs. Chalmers would have determined otherwise, had she been consulted, or even been made aware of what was resolved upon, before the decisive step was taken by the others. Even had one or more waggons been at command to attempt to go out by way of Kat river, seemed to have a sort of infatuation about it enough to deter most people. That the district of Kat river itself was in a worse state than the Tyumie about us, we could well know, from the fact that Mr. Thomson himself, the minister thereof, one of the most inoffensive of men, with the Messrs. Reads,



Gwalia partially abandoned.—Page 162.

had found it necessary to take refuge in an old military post. It would take two days' travel to get out of that district itself, and how far beyond the danger extended no one could tell. On the other hand, to have gone out in the direction of Alice or Fort Hare, there was the protection of British military force, within three hours drive, or from eight to nine miles distant, and parties could have waited there till an escort with a waggon train went to Graham's Town. If danger really existed, it certainly was a strange way to think of getting out of it, by moving from Gwali, in the direction of Kat river.

In addition to all this, Mrs. Chalmers had strong attachments to Gwali. The ashes of her dead lie there. A few of the people too were still there, who had been brought to the knowledge of the truth under the ministry of her late husband and her own teaching; these she felt most unwilling to abandon, knowing well the temptations to which they are exposed during the period of war; and now these, with all the other professed converts, were to be left as sheep without a shepherd, which made her all the more desirous of standing by them.

The parties that had been attracted to the mission house by the loading up and departure of the waggons, after they had left, came up in little groups, some of which seated themselves in the verandah in front of the house, others kept lounging about, prying into everything with a most suspicious aspect. We hardly dared check, in even the mildest manner, their offensive impudence, and too great familiarity. One group of females went into the hut which was used as a

kitchen, and took a new blanket which I had just given to our servant girl. Beyond this, however, nothing approaching to violence was attempted. A kind of surprise at our being left alone thus, seemed to be the prevailing feeling; and the greater part appeared to regard us as proper objects of their protection, and spoke to us rather encouragingly. The anxieties of the day passed over, and on retiring to rest that night, I think we all of us had a just sense of being covered under the protection of the Almighty, "hid in his pavilion."

The following day, Tuesday, twenty-first January, was a day of fresh anxiety to us. It had been whispered to some of Mrs. Chalmers's family the evening before, though I did not know of it, that the Caffres had determined to attack Alice and Fort Hare that day. All night there had been a great deal of noise, dogs barking, men running and riding to and fro, but now in the morning, all was stillness itself on and about the station. I felt more uneasy under the strange stillness, than I had done under all the noise and alarm of the previous night. When I first went out in the morning there seemed to be not a living being upon the station, save our own family and two old women. This was a change indeed from what we had been accustomed to for some time back. What with the number of red Caffres in the bush, and all the people connected with the station being gathered together between Mrs. Chalmers's house and the church, a space of not more than three hundred yards, we could not look out at any time, without both seeing and

hearing far more people than we had any desire to have so near us. This morning it was not so.

All the men, both Caffres and station people, had left at a very early hour, so as to be near Alice by shortly after sunrise. What had become of the women I did not then know ; shortly after they made their appearance, and I would certainly have rather not seen them. They left in two bands, those more immediately from the station headed by Tousie, daughter of Soga and sister to Festivi and Tiyo.

These all marched in single file or in Indian fashion, one behind the other, with their arms bare, and in one hand grasped a knobkievie, which they held up by the side of their head, or backward over their shoulder. It was altogether a most revolting sight ; I did not think the naked clay-smear'd Caffre, with his bundle of assagais half so savage-like, as these females with their knobkieves. My heart really grew sick as I looked upon them. And these too were not heathen Caffre females, but those who had professedly embraced the gospel !

This I learned for the first time was a heathen custom of the Caffres ; when the men go out to fight, the women follow after at a distance in this fashion, each one carrying her husband's, or brother's, or other relative's kievie. It is a most revolting practice.

In a state of great uneasiness, I might almost say wretchedness, I retired to a favourite spot, down in the hollow by the side of the little stream ; there the first report of the cannon at Fort Hare, told that the assault had been made : the firing continued heavy for some time, and I

prayed most fervently that Almighty God would turn back the assailants in confusion ; yet these hordes, baulked in their object, and either pursued, or falling back defeated, how was it likely to fare with ourselves ? When I returned to the house, it was easy to read deep anxiety upon every countenance, and when one attempted to speak a word of relief, it had only the effect of making the others' anxiety the more intense, so easily was it seen, that where the lips sought to minister comfort, the heart of the speaker did not itself possess it. The forenoon was passed in painfulness ; the unusual stillness on, and all around the station, only afforded us the better opportunity to hear, with the greater distinctness, each successive discharge of the " big gun."

How we wished that some Ahimaaz, or even more slow of foot, Cush, could have been descried running with tidings ; but no, not an individual was to be seen, and the only sound that broke in upon our stillness was the hoarse voice of the cannon : thus the forenoon passed.

We had sat down to dinner, when I looked out at the door that stood open, in the direction of Fort Hare. A drove of cattle was just in sight on the ridge, not a mile distant, which were being rapidly driven towards the station : my knife and fork dropt from my hands ; we all rose from table, and drove after drove of cattle, and sheep, and goats, were driven into every hollow place and bush where they could be concealed. This told us that our hopes had been disappointed ; we had demonstration that the Fingoes were spoiled, and whether the village of Alice, with the seminary and station of Lovedale, had escaped the

fate of the military villages, we did not know ; for our friends and brethren's sake there, we felt the most painful anxiety.

All in the direction of Alice, there was to be seen nothing but cattle running, with the naked Caffres after them, shouting in the wildest manner ; they seemed to be all under the impression that they were not yet out of reach of their pursuers. Many hundred head of cattle, sheep, and goats, were brought into the station, and as many hundreds more taken away towards Amatole.

If we had stillness in the forenoon, in the afternoon and evening we had din almost enough to drive one mad. When all the men had got back, both station people, red Caffres, and Hottentots, the station itself seemed converted into one vast shambles. Cattle and sheep were slaughtered, without counting their number, or caring to whom to they belonged, till I am convinced the very dogs were surfeited with flesh. The little children even were to be seen waddling along with the leg of a sheep, or some other piece of meat, as large as they could carry. The people seemed so much more like wolves than men, that a sort of instinctive desire to shun them filled me. Apart altogether from the outpouring of the wrath of Almighty God, what a place must hell be, to be for ever shut up in the midst of even such wretches, as were this afternoon all around us—horrid ! yet this was depravity in one only of its many forms. I almost felt a desire that “ Kibroth hattaavah ” might be written over the station, as a mark of the displeasure of the Most High.

Some of the people had said to us, more than once, that the missionaries had not got farther

than Kat River. We at first doubted these reports; but on the evening of the 27th, a note from Mr. Renton confirmed them as true. Messrs. Niven and Cumming had once attempted, and were still seeking an opportunity to continue their flight; but go where they might, he had resolved to accompany them no farther, until Providence shewed the way more open. That was a dismal day on which he left Chumie, and he had determined not to leave Philipston, until the way was more safe. From this note, we learned that things were in a deplorable state on the Kat River, and we saw no reason to regret that we had been left behind at Gwali.

A day or two before I left Glasgow, when getting my outfit made up, it was proposed that I should take a gun. To this I demurred, as I thought it one of the most unlikely instruments for a missionary to take with him, and, moreover, I could make no use of it—I had not been taught the use of such a thing. I was told, however, that the other missionaries had taken one, and the excellent treasurer of the Glasgow Society, before it was taken over by our Synod, remarked, that it was possible I might yet be indebted for my life to my gun, and I went then with one of the committee, and purchased a very nice double-barreled fowling-piece.

This I had never used, having only once taken it out of the case in which it was packed, and that merely to see whether it had got rust from the sea damp: I was rather ashamed at having such a thing in my possession, and careful that none of the natives should know of it. Tiyo, however, knew that I had it, and his brother

Festivi came to Mrs. Chalmers, with all the adroit cunning of which the Caffre is so thorough a master, to ascertain where I had my gun, and whether I would not let him have it, as if it went to the ears of the Caffres that I had such a thing, it would expose me to danger. The gun had for a long time been stowed away under the thatch of Mrs. Chalmers's house. When I knew what had been going on, I at once took it down, took off the lock, and otherwise rendered it unfit for use, resolved that no person, neither of one class nor another, should ever use it for the destruction of human life: the lock, with the other appurtenances, some shot, purcussion caps, and three canisters of powder, I packed up, and Mrs. Brown went with them to an old kraal in the garden, where she buried them: I expected thus to have rid myself of all trouble on account of these things.

Soga, however, who had shewn his true colours far more steadily since the departure of Mr. Renton and the missionaries, and who since the affair at Alice had been exasperated, by his brother being one of those killed in that attack, came to me in the evening after dark, and with a great deal of fair speech at first, told me that Sandilli had heard of my having a gun; that I was a teacher and could have no use for such a thing, therefore, he requested me to give it up to him. Soga said that Sandilli had sent one of his counsellors to him with this message, which he had now communicated to me, and that the messenger waited my answer.

I said to Soga, yes, it is true, a teacher has no use for a gun. I have never made any use what-

ever of mine, and to prevent it ever being used by any party, either white or black, as an instrument with which to shed men's blood, I had broken it. He then asked me to shew it to him, that he might be satisfied that it really had been made unfit for use. I told him to call back tomorrow in daylight, as I did not wish to go with a candle to where it lay. This he said he would do, and in going out said so as to be overheard by all of us, and in a threatening tone, "Yes, he must give up his gun, and everything that belongs to it."

Soga seemed to have some more important business on hand, as it was two days before he came again, and when he returned it was after dark as it had been on the first occasion. Sandilli's counsellor was still waiting, he said, and now he must have the gun. I brought it and laid it before him without the lock, and remarked that it would be of little service to any one. He took it up and examined it minutely, and then looked at me and said, "Do you say this is all?" I reminded him that at the first I had told him that I had broken the gun, purposely to render it useless, and that I now laid it before him, that he might satisfy himself as to what I had said. He said no more, but took it up and walked away with it. In a little he came back again, and in a very different mood.

He now called me a villain, a liar, and a great many other such complimentary names, and said that I had made the gun useless just because he had asked it from me—that I must put it right again, or if I did not, he just would tell me that it would be the worse for me—and not for myself

alone, but for my wife also, and Mrs. Chalmers and her family. After he had expended all the violence and abuse, that he could easily find utterance for, I calmly said to him, "Soga, when you asked the gun for Sandilli, you readily enough could understand how it was inconsistent that a teacher should use a gun in shedding blood ; now, do you not see, that it would be just as inconsistent, that he give that gun to another person to shed blood ? No, no, Soga, I understand your threat, but it does not frighten me. I can trust my life in God's hands, but I will not furnish you with any instrument to be used in taking men's lives. I did render the gun useless, and with this express object, but not since you asked it for Sandilli."

Soga insisted that I either at once make the gun fit for use, or give him the things that I had taken off it, but I stood firm to my first word. His renewed, and more violent threats alarmed both Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Chalmers, who having been ailing, had gone to bed, but on hearing Soga, she rose and called me aside, entreating me if I could, to put the gun right, as she knew Soga much better than I did, and that we had all reason to fear those threats. I felt indeed much for Mrs. Chalmers, and had nearly given way, but recovered my former resolution before I went back to Soga. I told him nothing would move me to change my resolution, and furnish him with an instrument of death ; my own life which he threatened, was in the hands of God, and I would not make myself helpful in the most remote way to taking the life of any other man. He took up the gun, minus the lock, and went out, still mut-

tering his threats, which, considering the character of the man and his party, and our own circumstances, being so entirely in his power, were such as might well excite our apprehensions. The following day Soga got one of Mrs. Chalmers's boys enticed away by himself, and the crafty old fellow tried to find out from the child, when I had broken the gun, and what the wanting parts were. But the boy knew nothing at all about it, and none of us ever heard more of the gun.

January 31.—This was the second anniversary of my first setting foot on the shore of Africa, and O ! what a two years these have been to me ! Nor are the dark clouds yet breaking ! All is dark ! All is dark ! How precious that which is, " the evidence of things not seen ! an assured confidence that the Lord reigneth. And yet it is hardly by faith, after all, that we here live at present ; we have little short of a sensible presence of Jehovah about us ; and his promises are, and have been, daily and hourly realized by us, beyond what even faith and hope could lead us to look for. He is the faithful Lord God !

February 2.—By a note last night from Mr. Thomson, we learnt of the lamentable state of things on Kat river, and at Shiloh as well ; from the latter station the missionaries have been obliged to flee ! The Hottentots, on even the Moravian stations, are false-hearted and traitors, having joined the rebels !

This afternoon Macomo and Wobo came to the station, no doubt to concert some measure with Soga ; they had a good many followers, yet our Sabbath quiet was hardly at all interrupted by them. An opportunity offered, and I said a

few words to both the chiefs, calculated to lead them to serious reflection. Taking the men in small parties of twos or threes, I found many of them not at all backward to listen to what I have to say ; and two or three instances have come to my knowledge, in which these words have not been without a certain effect. Two young men one day standing at the door, were describing how the "amageri,"—the English, died ; they mimicked their writhing agony, and how they screamed for water, while lying pierced through with assagais, until my blood ran cold. I stopped them in their horrid recital, and said—"Listen to me. You saw these men fall, and the sore pain they endured in dying ; that was but their body you saw ; do you know what became of their soul after the suffering of the body was done ? In going out to fight too, you yourselves run an equal risk of being killed as those you go to kill ; now when you fall do you know what will become of your own souls ? They do not die when your body dies—do you know of any place of safety to which they can go ?

With a contemptuous laugh, he said, "We never think of such things ; we never think of death on going to fight."

I replied, "You would do well to think of that before you go any more ; you see at every fight some of your people are killed ; the very next time you may be one of those that fall—you are under the condemnation of the great God, and it is an awful thing to die without being reconciled to him, and having a safe place for your soul to go to when that body falls down dead upon the ground. Before you go any more out to fight,

ask yourself, 'but where will my soul go if I am killed? Have I a safe place for my soul?'

These lads did not go away for some time; they repeatedly went a short distance from the house, and always came back again. Late in the afternoon they lay on the grass near the house, and seemed very thoughtful. Mrs. Brown observing this, asked what made them so dull, and whether any of their friends had been killed?

The elder of the two said "No—it is those words which the teacher spoke to us in the morning, that have made us feel very strange. We do not know how it is. And," he continued, "I certainly should have been one of those killed by the Fingoes in the fight at Alice, if some of the Cape Corps men had not thrown their cartridges to me!"

Base treachery! I saw these young men no more, but have often since thought of them.

February 5.—For now six weeks those sore calamities have swept over us. No man has greater cause to remember the loving kindness of the Lord, so abundantly shewn during this period, than I have. His protecting, delivering hand, has been stretched out more than once in behalf both of myself and of those dearest to me. In remembrance of all this, I resolved to set apart this day for special exercises of thanksgiving for goodness already experienced—of humiliation for sin and unworthiness—and of renewed committing of myself and all dear to me, to Him who only under present circumstances can afford help or send relief.

February 8.—This the last day of a remarkably peaceful week. The more violent and wild

war party have been all away to Shiloh. I do not well understand against what party they have set themselves there, but after what has taken place during the last few weeks, one can hardly feel surprise at anything that may take place. Well, "the Lord is in his holy temple—the Lord's throne is in heaven—His eyes behold." Other ground of confidence have we none, but this is enough. Let His glory fill the earth.

February 12.—The spoilers have returned from Shiloh, having made attack on the sabbath; and two elders of the Chumie church, Festivi and Nyosi, were there! I see they have brought back with them spoil of horses and clothes; if they got cattle these have not been brought to the station.

Not knowing when I might have an opportunity, or whether I might ever have one, of sending home letters, and knowing well at the same time, that many would be very anxious to hear something of the war, I had began to write upon a large sheet, a sort of chronicle of the events which daily were taking place about us.

Three women from Lovedale, very unexpectedly made their appearance at Gwali this morning; I was glad to have this opportunity of sending away what I had written, as these women promised to take down any thing for me; I tore up my large sheet though only half written, put it into an envelope, and had it all in readiness for the women. They slipt away without calling, however, and thinking that they had forgot that I had anything to send, on running after them with the letters, they now refused to take them,

and said that their friends had told them not to carry any letters for us.

This was one of Soga's sisters, and her daughter, accompanied by another woman. They had been all the time they were on the station with Soga and his party, save the few minutes they were in Mrs. Chalmers's house. They pretended to have got liberty from the missionaries at Lovedale, and from the military authorities at Fort Hare to come out after two boys that had run away from the station the previous day to bring them back, as their friends did not wish them to join the Caffres. We immediately had grounds to suspect however, that it was all a well-concerted plot, to get some important intelligence communicated to their friends.

He would have been a very simpleton, who failed from this time to discern a spirit of uneasy apprehensiveness, among the people. An obscure whispering was kept up among them too, and an evident desire to keep us in ignorance of whatever was going on. Shortly after dinner on looking out, I thought there was a thin smoke rising from a new school that had been built in connection with the station on the other side of the Tyumie, and about three miles distant. Not wishing to excite unnecessary alarm, I said nothing for some time, but went repeatedly at short intervals to the door, to make sure that my fears were well founded. At last on seeing the flames burst fairly through the roof, I called attention to it. I was shocked at the indifference, yea, satisfaction even, with which the people seemed to regard the burning of the school. Toby's wife said—"Oh, it is not unlikely that

the station will be burned to-night too ; the commando may soon be here."

So long as this school was allowed to stand, I was disposed to regard that as a token of good will to the station. I felt truly distressed and disconcerted, when I saw it fall under the devouring flame ; and all the more so, that the wife even of the teacher thereof seemed to regard it as a thing not at all to be lamented.

February 14.—Two years this night I first saw Chumie. Ah, what changes since then ! When will the furnace door be opened ? These fifteen months now, how fierce has the fire been ! Yet I have never been left alone, and it was no ordinary fire that was required to purge my dross. If I may only shine, from this day forward, with a brighter, steadier lustre, to illustrate the power of the grace of God—His long-suffering goodness—His hatred of sin in the hearts of his children—and His more-than-fatherly care to have them purged of it—I will never complain of the mode of purification.

That the women here from Lovedale, two days ago, brought some communication to the people, is now more and more evident. They have never been at rest since, and the cattle have been all moved farther up the Tyumie, to a greater distance from Fort Hare, and kept more in the kloofs, and near the bush. Nothing has been said to any of us, in a positive way, but it has been repeatedly asked, what we would do if the commando came—would we go out with it ? This has been manifestly with the design of sounding us. I have been careful not to commit myself to any course. Indeed, I feel it most dif-

difficult to determine before hand what I may do. If those military men and burghers be as unprincipled, reckless, roughsome fellows, as they have all along been represented to me, I have certainly no great notion of coming into very close contact with them. Still I wonder what pretext they would have for shooting me; surely they will first ask me how I came to be thus left here; and when they know that, I hope they will not be too severe upon us.

A great many such strange thoughts had been passing through my mind for a day or two, and as the excitement among the people did not at all abate, so neither did my own anxieties, as to what might be the result of a commando visiting us. At night we lay down in any thing but a quiet state, nor was our rest during the night undisturbed. It had now got plainly out, that the troops would be up in the morning—how did the people come to know this? The women with the children went all up to sleep in the bush, and the men were on the watch, and at every short interval sending out parties in the direction of Fort Hare, to ascertain and give warning when the troops began to move. These parties galloping and running to and fro all night, made sleep a stranger to most eyes on the station.

We rose at an early hour, and soon had evidence enough that offensive operations were now commenced. All along, towards Fort Hare, on the Caffreland side of the Tyumie, clouds of thick smoke were seen bursting up into the calm morning sky. This was from the forsaken huts of the Caffres, all of which were burned by the troops as they came along. We had just sat

down to breakfast, when Soga came in ; he blustered and raged at a great rate—said the “ impi,” (enemy) were now at hand, and in great strength, but they were quite ready for them ; the Caffres were gathered a little beyond the station, as numerous as the bushes, and if the English only came as far forward, they would have cause to regret coming out that day.

I believed Soga, and what he said made me feel most unhappy. The prospect of the deadly conflict taking place before our very eyes, was any thing but pleasant. And if the Caffres be collected in such numbers, who can tell what may be the result. Notwithstanding all Soga’s loud boasting, there was an air of disturbedness about him ; and he hastily left us, as if afraid the English might get their hands upon him, if he were too long upon the station ; although no part of the commando was yet within sight.

None of us were much within doors that morning. Every eye was eagerly turned in the direction from which the troops were expected ; and when I first saw the sheen of their arms, as the fresh morning sun fell upon them, away about four miles in the distance, it made my heart dance for gladness. What a relieving feeling this sight produced ! It cannot be expressed ! Let men of a certain class indulge, as they may, their mawkish sentimentality, their pseudo philanthropy, and perverted feelings of sympathy, and represent the barbarian as an example worthy the imitation of the civilized man ; palliating, or framing excuses for the most savage excesses of the Caffre, and seizing, with a kind of malignant satisfaction, the veriest accident that falls out in the

hands of their own countrymen ; men laying down their lives, and shedding their blood for the maintenance of good government, permanent peace, and progressive civilization, as an example of " cold-blooded murder." This sort of pretended humanity costs such men little. And there are those who, not otherwise able, readily get unto themselves a name, fall upon this tack, and catch for a little the breeze of public applause, and lest they again lose it, drift a good way out of their proper course at times.

Much as the British soldier may want improvement—and who does not?—the ultimate object of all his efforts is for good ; he has a generosity of disposition which the barbarian knows nothing of : in a body of disciplined civilized men, there is always something that one can look for, which the barbarian rabble have not. This I record as my own experience, as well as the experience of all who were with me here, that we never saw the approach of a body of our own countrymen, without a consciousness, a lively sense of security, and a consequent feeling of gladness ; and, on the other hand, no party of Caffres, or Hottentots, ever advanced towards the station, without exciting uneasiness, painful apprehensions, and fear. That these barbarian hordes were kept from at any time doing us harm, was by the hand of Almighty God, and to Him we pay our tribute of gratitude.

CHAPTER XII.

Position of the African troops—Advance of the British and retreat of the Caffres—Colonel Mackinnon and the troops—Kat-river Hottentots threaten an attack on the station—Objects of the native outbreak—Government correspondence betrayed—A short history of Macomo.

THE point to which my narrative brought down the course of events at the close of my last Chapter, was to us one of the intensest anxiety. Almost right in front of us, and not more than two miles distant were the troops, advancing in quick march towards the station. At the hut where Soga had mostly lived, since the first outburst of violence, when all the people came in from their own places to be more concentrated on the station—there, within fifty yards of our own door, stood Soga's party, being such of the station people as had resolved to join their heathen countrymen, and hazard a fight with the English. Soga himself had disappeared, but Nyosi, a man who within two years had been made an elder of the church, and was supported by a salary from the mission funds; and who had made himself most obnoxious among his countrymen, by secreting some of their cattle, among those that were allowed a place upon the Colonial side of the Tyumie, and then to secure for himself a share of these cattle as the reward of his deceit, he gave information of where they were to the British magistrate, when they were forfeited by the rightful owners, who on the very first or second day after the breaking out of

this war, demanded restitution of what had been acquired by Nyosi in this transaction. Speak of the white man's treachery and injustice towards the natives! the worst instance of it that can be pointed out, is not to be compared with what they would practice against each other, when they think they can do so with impunity.

Nyosi seemed to be now at the head of Soga's party; they stood holding their horses, and every eye seemed rivetted upon the advancing column of soldiers. Dukwane, with the few men who wished to avoid coming in contact with the English, retired to a short distance behind Mrs. Chalmers's house, where, upon the near approach of danger, they could take cover under the bush on the mountain side. With this party I had previously used all my influence, in order to dissuade them from this foolish step, and urged them to remain with me on the station, assuring them that if they did so they had nothing to fear; that I would go down alone and meet the officer in command, and secure their safety. That, if as they said, they were well affected towards Government, they must beware of exciting suspicions against themselves by running away and hiding. They were deaf to all my reasoning and entreaties, and would have their own way.

For several weeks the bush all up the rugged sides of the mountain, had been the abode of mostly all the Red Caffres, who before the outbreak had lived in the comparatively open country all along the left bank of the Tyumie. These were now to be seen on every little knoll and ridge, but none of them venturing very far from the edge of the bush. One very considerable

party of these had come as far down as the earthen wall, which on that side is the fence of Mrs. Chalmers's garden; these were not above thirty yards from us.

The Incotoyi ridge runs down from the mountain, and forms the boundary of the station lands on the left, and is about a mile from the mission-buildings. On the point of this ridge, the Caffres were rapidly gathering. It was a desirable position, affording them equal opportunities of retreating back into the higher fastnesses of the mountain, or of rushing down upon the party advancing towards them. What occasioned the movement, I do not know, but in an instant the party at Soga's mounted and disappeared, and a few minutes after they were seen clambering with all the agility and speed possible, up the steep side of the ridge, in order to join those on the top of it.

Now for a short space there was a stillness and silence all around, that was absolutely distressing. It was like the sulphurous, suffocating, breathless, stillness, just before the bursting of the first clap in a thunder storm. Every eye was fixed and straining, and no one ventured even a whisper. Klaas Soga came at full gallop with communications of some kind to the party just behind our house, and broke this death-like silence. Mrs. Chalmers and myself simultaneously rushed outside the fence, to ask him, we hardly knew what! He only replied, "Do not you be frightened; you will hear plenty of fighting just now; only wait till they be forward there," and he pointed with his gun towards the place. Mrs. Chalmers wrung her hands and exclaimed, "O poor men! will they

just be cut down?" I tried to persuade myself, and her also, that our troops would be able to stand their ground, yet all the time I was not inwardly over confident of this; and the feeling that just before our eyes this work of death was to begin, made one shudder.

The advancing party was somewhat covered by the uneven bushy ground between us and the river, so that we hardly saw them at times, and were not yet sure whether they were making their way directly for the station. For in the distance too, on the other side of the Tyumie, another object was attracting attention. That was another column of men, diverging in the direction of the Amatole. At first, when the long dark line was pointed out to me, I thought it rather some shadow passing along the side of the slope, but the clouds of smoke bursting out at every kraal, all in their track, soon put the matter beyond doubt. At this sight our painful apprehensiveness gave way to much more confident feelings.

Just as we stood looking at those in the distance, a third division of the commando, came most unexpectedly into sight, not more than half-a-mile from where we stood. The slope of the low green ridge that stretches down from the mountain, on the right of Fort Hare side of the station, comes quite into the foot of Mrs. Chalmers's garden. All at once this party started into our view, on the height of this ridge. A party of them had got almost to the lower corner of the garden, and the Caffres behind the house, moved not, some of them were slowly raising their guns, and seemingly just about to fire.

Mrs. Brown called me very quickly—"Come in ! see, they are just going to shoot !"

The advancing party was just then called back, and the whole turned off in the direction of Soga's place, which in a few minutes thereafter was in flames, with the exception of Festivi's house and school, which were left unharmed.

The Caffres now quickly disappeared. Some of them said, in passing the front of the house, "Oh, you will hear fighting enough yet." They took all to the edge of the bush, however, and those on the point of the Incotoyi ridge, instead of rushing down upon the commando made a very hasty retreat back into the mountain.

Thus speedily were we relieved of all our fears. In less than one short hour from the first appearance of the first party, we had hurried through all that excitement and fear, and now there was quietness only all over the station ; not a Caffre was to be seen. Shortly after Dukwane came down from the cave, and the women and children came out from the bush ; both parties of the troops on this side of the Tyumie, had passed the station without coming quite into it.

Throughout the day we heard firing at intervals, and during the afternoon could easily perceive that the parties, the reports of whose fire-arms we heard, were drawing nearer to us as the night approached. Just as the sun was going down behind the mountain, the edge of the commando made its appearance on the lower and flatter part of the Incotoyi ridge, where they bivouaced all night. This was not a mile distant, and straggling Fingoes came repeatedly down to near the station, calling out for Soga ; and shout-

ing that they had now come to get payment for the sheep, goats and cattle which had been taken from them, and upon which the people of Gwali had made themselves so fat. These fellows kept firing off their guns, as if they had got them for no other purpose than that for which children get toys. Soga, however, we were told, lay hid away in the bush, as far up the mountain as he could possibly get, and in a mood very different from what in the morning we had seen him in. Then he spat with very contempt as he named the Fingoes; now he lay trembling at the distant sound of their voice.

The Red Caffres, too, came back in hundreds; we could see them quite distinctly, skirting along under cover of the edge of the bush, in true Indian fashion, one close upon the heels of the other. I suppose they had been just skulking thus all day looking from out the bush at what the troops were doing; which, beyond marching up the river, and down again in a very hot day, was not much. And suppose they had gone into the bush, they would have had a wild goose chase of it; the Caffres would have disappeared among the rocks and trees, like as many baboons.

The station buildings and gardens are on the lower and flat part of one of the lesser ridges, that start out from the mountain, and which as it descends gradually contracts to a narrow space. It was far up on this that the Caffres made their rendezvous. The ridge is open and green, but when they were all squatted upon it, it was red as if it had been ploughed. The Caffres made much less noise, however, than the Fingoes, at the other bivouac, they seemed to sit and look only.

Such was our position when the sun of that day went down, midway between the parties whom we expected shortly to come into violent collision with each other, and what movement either of them might make during the night we did not know ; our position was not one of comfort, or such as promised a very sound night's rest.

The moon rose in all her calm cool brilliance, and shortly thereafter, the women with the children, all loaded with their mats and baskets, pots and calabashes, came down from the bush, and set themselves down all around Mrs. Chalmers's house. The chattering and squalling was almost enough to put one out of their right senses. The women said they had been sent down by their husbands, but were afraid to go to their own huts, and would just lie around our house all night. The fear and anxiety depicted in every countenance was painful to witness, and in the kindest manner, I endeavoured to prevail upon them to go to their own places, but for a long time not one would go. At last, observing that a great many of the red Caffre women were sheltering themselves among those belonging to the station, and fearing that their presence, or what would be called our harbouring them, would bring mischief upon the whole place, I had to use more peremptory terms to send the whole away. The station people I assured of all safety, if they would only keep out of the bush. That as soon as the commando was seen to move, I would go and meet the commanding officer, and although I did not know who that was, yet I was certain he would not wantonly injure any one sitting in peace on the station.

It was now near eleven o'clock, and Saturday night, when some of the last groups of women that came down from the bush assured us, that the Caffres whom we had seen at sunset, on the ridge just above us, had every man of them fled in dismay to the Amatole. This was joyful news; and I said to myself—"If this be the way of it, the war will be soon over."

All was now quiet, and we thought of lying down and taking a little rest, when Festivi's house and school in flames, startled and alarmed us afresh. Whether this was the work of the Caffres, resolved to do all the mischief they could before taking to the Amatole, or whether it were some straggling Fingoes from the bivouac, we did not know. We had our apprehensions that this was but the beginning, and that the station buildings would go all the same way. After waiting two more hours, and no fresh danger seeming to threaten, we lay down, for a little much-needed rest.

If we had no real dangers, we at least dreamt of them, in our broken and disturbed sleep. After two hours I rose to look out from the window of the garret, on the floor of which we had our bed, that I might see if there was any thing like motion in the direction of the bivouac. In the dim twilight I could perceive the whole to be already in marching order, and the advance party to be quite over the rising ground; and the women were now all coming, running from their places, with their children on their backs, or in their arms, screaming and in great alarm.

With haste I began to put on my clothes; but, before it was possible for me to have dressed, seve-

ral parties were calling up to me—" Oh, make haste! they are turned, and coming straight up to the station!"

I hurried down, and just in front of the church met Colonel Mackinnon, who commanded the party.

After the usual salutation, he inquired for the other missionaries; when I told him they had left a month ago, but had got no further than the Kat river.

He then asked whether Soga was in the neighbourhood, saying—" He was the murderer of the military villagers." And when I told him what I knew of Soga, and that the station men had all fled to the bush, saying they were afraid; he expressed his surprise, and said—" Why should the men take to themselves guilt?—they had nothing at all to fear from him; if they have done no wrong, why should they hide? I did expect to see them all on the station here." The Colonel then, with the utmost gentlemanly feeling, said—" Then what can I do for you?"

I had never before met any military officer under such circumstances, and felt flurried, and hardly knew how to answer.

Seeing me at a loss, the Colonel half suggested the answer, by asking—if we did not wish to leave? our position now could neither be safe nor agreeable, living in the midst of rebels, who would be exasperated beyond what they had ever before been, from the burning of their places.

I said, from what I had seen of the Caffres yesterday, and their all scampering away in the dark, I thought we had little more to apprehend from them.

The Colonel said he would come up and hear

what Mrs. Chalmers thought of going out; he offered to have waggons sent for us; but the kind offer was declined by Mrs. Chalmers. I felt that I could not leave her alone, and I really thought we had all got over the worst, and that there was little occasion now to move. Before the Colonel was well out of sight, however, I almost wished that I had decided otherwise.

When he saw that we had resolved upon remaining, he asked me to point out such of the huts as were required for the accommodation of the station people, as he would burn all the others. And in a few minutes after, the blaze of three or four kraals burst up into the calm morning sky; to us not the most agreeable introduction to the day of sacred rest.

Colonel Mackinnon said, that no building used for mission purposes would be injured; and that the burning of Festivi's house and school the night before, was not by any of his party, as no man could pass the senteries at that hour.

We learned afterwards that it was by some of Festiri's own family, and with his own connivance, that his school was burned. I said at the time, if any evil came upon us, we then had only ourselves to blame. Colonel Mackinnon evinced the greatest concern for our safety, and that he did not positively order us out, was evidently out of respect to our feelings. His behaviour towards us, was all that could be expected of an enlightened British officer.

During the forenoon, when all was quiet on the station, Dukwane and Toby, both elders, and native agents, perhaps the most trustworthy men on the place, and the most influential of the

Christian party, came down to hear what had been said to us. I told them how much Colonel Mackinnon was surprised to find that they had run to the bush; that he had kindly offered to have us taken down to Fort Hare; that I had declined this, simply from what I had seen of the Caffres, as I felt convinced that before other four weeks, the rebellion would be all over. They said, yes, the strength of the Caffres was quite broken; they could never fight with such commandoes. Toby said, notwithstanding this, they wished we had gone out, and taken them and their families with us.

General Somerset had advanced farther over hill towards Kat river with his party, and from that direction we heard a good deal of firing during the early part of the day; such of the huts too as had been plastered inside with cowdung, continued to smoulder all day, but otherwise all was peaceful about us. We were quite rid of the stranger Caffres, who had previously swarmed in the bush, and ever kept prowling about us; the still worse Hottentots too, and all Soga's party, had decamped, whose absence we reckoned good company.

This, however, we were not long to enjoy. Shortly after breakfast on the following morning, a rabble was seen making towards the station from Kat River direction; these turned out to be Hottentots, evidently under strong excitement; they were armed every man, and a good many of them mounted, and a more wild, wicked-looking class of fellows it would be difficult to find. Mrs. Chalmers, and all of us, got much alarmed. She said to me, that she would throw

her shawl about her, and go and see who they were, and what they wanted. It had already been hinted, that it would be well that I got out of sight as quick as possible. Apprehensive of the consequences, some of the station-people had denied, when asked, that I was on the place. Mrs. Chalmers soon came in again, exhibiting symptoms of great uneasiness; she could only say, that the party were Hottentots, who gave no satisfactory answer, as to their object in coming here.

They had off saddled at the mission-house, and at Soga's hut; but in a few minutes they came up in bands, all with their guns. One party asked Mrs. Chalmers's boys, where was their sister's husband? and another was overheard saying, they would have out this Englishman here to-day. These parties began to set themselves about the windows, at which they looked in, and others kept pacing round the house. Both Mrs. Brown and her mother came to me, and entreated me to go upstairs to the garret, where I could not be seen. My own wish was rather to go out, and frankly speak to these men, and shew them that I had no fear of them: I had to yield, however, and went up, and laid me down on the garret floor, where my dear Janet sat down by my side, with our darling boy in her lap. Fear of what might be my own fate, did not trouble me greatly; but feelings of keen anguish filled my heart, when I looked at my wife and child—what would be her distress and desolateness, and, poor boy! who would act a father's part towards him?

No immediate violence was offered, and at length I ventured down to dinner, or what had

to serve instead of it. Soga now made his appearance, shorn a good deal of that bigness and blustering, which he was so fond to parade, when we last saw him. It was said that Macomo too was expected in the evening; we had a kind of confidence in him, and were rather glad than otherwise to hear of his coming. The notorious Uithaelder was at the head of these Hottentots: he came in to Mrs. Chalmers while I lay up in the garret, and talked bigly. He said, they had risen in arms against the English who oppressed them; they sawed plank, and got too little for it, and would make no peace with the English, but would drive them out of the land. We learned too that the missionaries, all at Philipton, were becoming eyesores to these men: they were using their influence to prevent others from joining their ranks, and thus fighting against them, as these men said; and they said, in very plain and significant terms, that they would not long bear with this. In the afternoon, I saw and spoke to two or three of these men, and had confidence, in some measure, restored, and tried to cherish a hope that they might not offer any violence.

After dark we were afraid to light candles; and on retiring to bed, were not in the best state to enjoy sound sleep. I never had half the fear of the wildest of the Caffres that I have of these Hottentots; the Caffre can put himself under restraint—the Hottentot cannot; he is entirely a creature of impulse; the Caffre has manliness in his countenance—the Hottentot has, of the whole family, the smallest share of this.

Numbers of these people had been about the station and in the bush all night, and the Caffres

were returning again from the Amatole in great numbers. This was now Tuesday, and during the forenoon at least, I had grounds for the most serious apprehensions. We were now again surrounded by the very worst party, Soga, Nyoli, Festivi, Uithaalter—with these his Hottentots, and Macomo, although we by no means regarded him with the same feelings of fear and distrust, but without other ground of confidence than the best of these natives. Alas! they are deceit, and only deceit; but the Almighty has hitherto restrained them—He has frustrated their devices, and I pray that He may continue to do so. Surely we have good cause to praise Him—He has been to us a shield and hiding-place.

For whatever object these parties had come together, it was whispered to us, that there was little likelihood of their coming to a unanimous resolution: between the Caffres and Hottentots, seeds of discord were being dropt; I was almost ready to say, the devil water them, and give them rapid growth. It was said, that the Hottentots were urgent that another attack be made upon Alice, that they might get all the coffee, sugar, and clothes in the shops there, as well as all the things of the white people. Macomo at once vetoed this. The Hottentots had been called to the aid of the Caffres, but they wisely kept out of the way, till two days after their help was wanted; and he is not a man so destitute of penetration, as not to be able to estimate, at its true value, all this now-loquacious valour.

In a sort of pet, many of the Hottentots left that night, and the remainder took their departure on the following morning. From the ridicu-

lous stories which we overheard the Caffres rehearsing to each other, we could easily see they felt the want of something to keep their courage up. Before leaving, Macomo called, but hardly did more than ask if we were well. Mrs. Chalmers told him how much the coming of these Hottentots to the station put us all about; I am not sure that he took any notice of her complaint, but in riding away, he drew up his horse in front of Soga's hut, made some remarks on the conduct of the Hottentots, and added, "Let that house—Mrs. Chalmers's—be respected, and all about it; this is my great word; it is for Dukwane to hear it, and Soga too." This meant that he looked to them to take care that there be no infringement, of this his great word.

The chief while thus expressing himself, was seated on what in reports of military operations is called a "white charger," but what will be better understood in Scotland by a white sheltie; the only article of clothing he wore, a pair of trousers once seemingly of white drill, but now of a very different hue, and in his hand a double barrelled rifle, such as the Cape Corps use, and which in all likelihood had been procured from some of the deserters.

On one other occasion did Macomo appear to advantage. We all were seated at dinner on a Sabbath, and had the door shut, although we knew of nothing on the station to cause us the least uneasiness. A loud and most extraordinary knock at the door, with the noise of many feet, startled us. I rose to see what it was, and Mrs. Chalmers asked who is there? and was hastily answered, "the chief; open!" When I opened

the door, Soga rushed in, followed by Macomo, Wobo, and as many Hottentots and Caffres as could possibly crowd into the room; outside at both the windows, the Hottentots were crowded, and so jostling each other, as to threaten to burst in the windows, every one eager to see inside. All were excited in the highest degree. By an intrusion so unlooked for, and so unpromising, we were thrown into consternation, and could only sit and look at each other.

Every one seemed for a time breathless, and unable to speak. At length we learned that letters had been intercepted. At first I thought these to have been some communications for ourselves, and did not know what might be the consequences of these fellows becoming acquainted with the contents of any letters designed for us. To send a letter to, or receive one from any military party, or any of the lawfully-constituted authorities, was a thing against which we were warned at the very beginning of these troubles, and more than one party found out to be carrying letters, had been cruelly put to death. And I thought with myself—Well, what if these lawless barbarians be come to reckon with us on some such score?

I asked where the letters were, and Macomo took one out of his bag, which I at once saw from the fold, and the H. M. S. marked on the envelope, to be an official document. With the handing out of the letter, the order to read it was given. This for a moment embarrassed us all not a little. It was but for a moment. Whatever might be the consequences of refusal, I mustered resolution to give it in most positive terms. I said to Ma-

como that to open such a letter not addressed to me, was one of the greatest offences that I could commit, and I would not be guilty of it. The letter was addressed to the Rev. Messrs Thomson and Read, at Fort Armstrong, or Philipton, Kat river. I advised that it be taken on to the parties for whom it was intended, as they were teachers and not military men, so they could not expect to find anything in a teacher's letter to know which would be of any use to them; teachers were not the men to whom Government made known what military operations were contemplated.

A Hottentot standing at the back of my chair, became furious at this; he pressed himself forward over my shoulder, and with most threatening gesticulations and emphasis, declared they would have the letter read; "if there was nothing in it of the plans of the enemy, which it would be of use for them to know, why then would I not read the letter." And besides the fact that it was for the missionaries at Philipton, made them all the more suspicious; they knew these missionaries to be now corresponding with Somerset, which they had no business to do, and they wanted to know what this correspondence was about. The woman, too, who brought this letter, had great charges about taking it safely, and had it tied in a black silk handkerchief, round her body, under all her clothes, and she got it from some person at Fort Hare; if there was not something of very great importance in it, why all this care, and fear of it falling into their hands?" This man spoke English well. I only replied, that I had never in my life opened a sealed letter not addressed to

me ; that among white people this was reckoned one of the basest things a man could do, and I would not do it.

Soga also burst into a fit of wild violence, little short of what he displayed at the meeting with Sandilli. He called the missionaries by every bad name. "They must not think that the chiefs would allow any such writing of letters, as they had found out the teachers at Philipton doing. We had refused to read a letter although asked to do so by the chief, even when it was by his word we were spared here ; well, it appeared now on whose side we were ! No matter, they would have the letter read ; Tiyo would read it for them."

Macomo himself said little, and hardly appeared displeased. He only asked me to learn him how to know a Government letter from a private one by looking at it. I said to him that he must first be taught to both read and write, in order to do this. All Government and official letters are, however, known by the natives from the largeness of the fold. As illustrative of native deceit and perfidy, the two Hottentot women in whom confidence was placed, and who undertook, and received a large reward, to take this letter to the parties to whom it was addressed, and without difficulty could have done so, came straight to the rebel party, and delivered it to them. This baseness and deceit was almost universal, especially among the Hottentots. It was only after much dear-bought experience, that the authorities would believe it, and were put on their guard against placing confidence in such parties ; male and female alike are unworthy of trust. When they

found that we would not yield to read this letter for them, our intruders left us in almost as great haste, as they had unexpectedly come upon us ; they were all excitement and earnestness, to know the contents of that folded sheet.

Macomo and Wobo, the two chiefs, remained a few minutes after the others had gone, expecting, in all probability, to be offered a share of what we had on the table before us. Potatoes and other vegetables, cooked in all the variety of ways we could hit upon, with plenty of fruit, were almost the only articles of food we could command ; meat we only had at long intervals, and in small quantities. Without meat, neither Caffre or Hottentot reckons himself to have a meal at all, so that any thing that we had to offer, would be reckoned but a shabby treat by any of our visitants.

I have often proposed to myself the task of sketching a character of Macomo. From almost the first connection between the Caffres and the British, he has been a well-known character, and the part he has had, or is supposed to have had, in concocting and directing most of the subsequent barbarian inroads, by which, the accumulations of well-skilled industry, the fruits of unremitting care and toil, and the blessings and comforts of civilized life, have been all swept away and destroyed, and the tide of human improvement turned back, has made his notoriety a thing which but few will envy : many widows and fatherless children, have shed bitter tears over those of whom they have been bereft by his lawless barbarians.

Yet to say that Macomo is destitute of every good feature of character, would not be the truth.