

by some one fleeing from the Amatole, that that place—that every place, was filled with “impi,”—the enemy. The Caffres rarely fail in the look-out department, but it does appear that on this occasion an additional argus might have been of advantage to them.

In the Izincuka, Sandilli's fears were excited, and he had sent to call Tyalie's people from the Amatole to his help. From their own side an equal danger threatened them, and Wobo had sent to Sandilli for help. All the spruits of the Kieskama too, are being scoured by the “Amagesi”—English. Macomo will not ask Sir H. Smith now, whether he has got ships that will sail into the Amatole.

Macomo himself keeps in some of the fastnesses of Kat-river bush; and his followers supply themselves with ammunition at General Somerset's expense. A number of them stand ready with a quantity of earth, where his shells are expected to fall; with this they smother the shot before it explodes; they sit down, rip up the packing, and with the contents shoot the English, tauntingly calling to them “fire away with your cannon—these are just the things we are in want of.” This is from the Caffres. Some will have it that they have French officers among them. This would almost lead one to conclude that some of Buonaparte's veterans now figure at this, the other extremity of Africa, who half a century ago, skipped after the English balls on the sands of Acre.

“The commando is coming,” set us all astir this morning. A division had been patrolling up the Tyumie, and now moved down the river. From the mountain side the men early saw this, and gave

notice to the women on the station. They were soon all in motion, stowing away their corn and pumpkins, and then collected themselves near our house. I can now ill stand a little flurry. Got into a state exactly similar to what I was in, when first ushered into the presence of Macomo, and his people on the 28th December. A profuse perspiration broke all over me, and I had all but fainted. The commando did not, however, cross the river, and consequently were not within four or five miles of us. Saw the party in the forenoon skirting away along the foot of the mountain, in the direction of Fort Cox.

May 31.—Yesterday six very fat oxen were brought along behind our house by a party of the station men. When those parties see that I observe them, they slip away from the cattle, and wait till they have gone down into some of the hollows, where I cannot see them, then they go and drive them to the rendezvous of the party that has stolen them, and keep them grazing near the edge of the bush far up the mountain. If no immediate danger is apprehended, they let them go here a few days, and then two or three of the lads start with them, away far back into the country, one or two being generally killed for food or a feast. The party of which Festivi is the acknowledged head, has brought more of such cattle into the bush here, than all the others together. His brothers have approved themselves as most expert thieves. The few men that keep by Dukwane and Toby profess to be grieved by Festivi's conduct, and shun intercourse with him.

The move into the Amatole, seems to have

been comparatively unsuccessful. The Caffres have got a fright, and lost four hirsles of cattle, but that seems to be about the sum total of the results. These operations want that thoroughness, so much needed to bring matters to a successful issue. There is too much hurry, smoke, and noise. A game, in fun, at hide and seek, would call forth far more earnestness.

Operations gone into with hearty earnestness, with a definite object, and persevered in for a few weeks, instead of a bivouac for one night, would bring this wretched state of things to a close. The Caffres, instead of opposing the troops, got out of the way by flight or hiding; now if at all possessed of spirit or resolution, well supplied with amunition, and with the number of guns they have, with at least five hundred men taught to use them effectively, they might have done much deadly work among the troops, before they could have crossed the mountain from the Amatole to the Izincuka. The path is so steep, and impeded with immense blocks of stone, with grass in many places so thick and rank, that a man on foot is never seen among it; the Caffres who can creep along anywhere that a wild beast can go, might have long disputed the passage of the higher part of the mountain from either side.

Nzizo, milkman or butler, if you like it better, to Tebe, the great widow of Tyalie, a head of a large portion of his tribe, comes often to visit his brother Toby here, and we learn a good deal of the state of matters among the Caffres from him. We all regard him as one of the most candid of that crafty, equivocating people. He fled from the Amatole with the loss of his horse and blan-

ket, and had come to see whether any of his friends here could help him with any sort of covering. He let out, unwittingly I dare say, that Sandilli had not found the Izincuka, an over comfortable hiding-place with so many of the impi—enemy—in it, and had judged it prudent to decamp. Wobo, the young chief, son of Tyalie, had lost all his cattle! Nzizo professed not to know whether any of the Caffres were killed, but said two bastards, and an Englishman had fallen. The Caffres were quite tired of fighting, and just let stand altogether, and he thought peace would be, before next moon was dead. May it be so.

June 2.—Yesterday sabbath; Soga paid us a visit! it was neither long nor much desired. He seems subdued in his look and manner, but he is ill to know; pride, covetousness and deceit, are the constituent elements of his character. He made some allusions to planting his ground. The Caffres seem all to have a painful conviction that they have brought evil upon themselves, but have little notion of the extent of it. Few of them I suppose will plant their old land.

Shortly before our season of social worship, we heard a few shots fired in the direction of Johannesberg, and while engaged in worship, six oxen were driven past close behind the fence of the garden, and taken onwards up the river. A shot or two was fired up where Festivi's party are, and on enquiring found that Festivi was killing an ox, notwithstanding its being the Sabbath. I feel annoyed and vexed beyond measure by these things. The sin of rebellion is bad, still there are circumstances when even a good man may be be-

trayed into an unlawful step ; but there is the law of God expressed in terms that cannot be misunderstood, and which must sound in so lively a tone, in the conscience of every truly God-fearing man, that he cannot, dare not, disregard it. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." "Thou shalt not steal," are plain and positive injunctions. And when I see men who exercised the office of elder in the Christian church, who for many years have been paid a handsome salary to teach the laws of God, and the doctrines of Christianity to their unenlightened countrymen habitually set these laws at nought, and living just as the heathen do, I know not what to think. By far the greater part of the admitted converts here just now, respect the sabbath no more than do the heathen ; and those whom we have endeavoured to remonstrate with, tell us that they are with the Caffres, and not with teachers now. It is vexing, truly it is. Many a time do I wish that I had not stopped here, to see what I do see daily. By that thieving and sabbath profanation, my heart is grieved more than all.

June 7.—Another week of those times of trial and trouble, during which I have had to witness a good many of these vexing matters. On Tuesday saw Festivi for the first time since the second of March. On Wednesday seven head of young cattle and a horse, brought here by station people, among whom was Ubishi, one of the young converts lately admitted to the Church ; he returned to the station from service in the colony, and now turns his knowledge of the country, and of the farmers' cattle kraals, to good account in his

wicked work. He has succeeded above most in bringing small lots of cattle here.

On Wednesday, Daniel, who at the beginning of the war had been decoyed by his father from Burn's Hill station, returned unsuccessful with his party, who had gone to take cattle : they set out again in a different direction. The effect of these things is to make me wretched. When professed converts go heart and soul into such work, what are we to think or say ? On Thursday a party of eighteen Caffres passed from Amatole direction, on the same errand. And to day a large party of Hottentots passed ; several of them came to the door, which had been shut on observing their approach : they wanted to get coffee and tobacco, they said, and attempted to open the door ; Toby was at hand, and made himself serviceable in getting them away without any violence.

June 9.—Yesterday, sabbath, Daniel and his party returned, again unsuccessful. Most of the women have been away to the Fingoes' fields, and come back groaning under their loads of pumpkins and corn. Sabbath is now to them as any other day.

June 14.—This has been one of our coldest weeks, and we have had little of an exciting nature. On Wednesday, smoke being observed to rise from several places across the Tyumie, we had a morning of all the usual bustle, under the apprehension that it was a commando. It turned out to have been only a patrol, passing from Fort Cox to Fort Hare, which on their way had fired some huts.

To-day Gadu and his brother-in-law called : we learn from him, that a body of fresh troops have

come to Fort Hare; also that the Caffres and Hottentots, with Macomo, have burned Mr. Thomson's house, at Balfour, with the church; Mr. Read's, at Philipton, also, and all the other buildings in the neighbourhood. A party of fourteen of the wildest-looking Caffres from the Amatole, all armed, have just passed away, to take cattle, and, in all likelihood, shed blood; none of them, however, came within our fence. Surely the Almighty himself controls and restrains all the passions and feelings of these men when near us! I pray God their wicked works may speedily be brought to an end. When, oh, when will the cup of their iniquity be full, and these men overthrown!

June 16.—Yesterday three large oxen brought, and left immediately behind our house; they disappeared without my being able to discover who took them away. The day before, Dukwane slaughtered an ox—stolen, but he did not steal it, but received it from those whom he well knew did steal it. Thus a native justifies himself in such a case. Verily these are not the agents by whom the Gospel will be advanced among their countrymen. Observe, with renewed feelings of pain, that Festivi has yesterday added five large oxen to those he previously had—how long must I yet have to witness these things?

June 19.—The first sight I saw, on looking out this morning, was a party of Hottentots, driving about a dozen head of cattle in the direction of Amatole. A woman, from a bush beyond Balfour, gives a deplorable account of the state of matters there. Macomo and his party have no ammunition, and when the soldiers go into the

bush, the Caffres hide themselves under stones and in holes, till they again leave, as they cannot fight. More likely indeed than catching ammunition, as stated in last chapter.

June 23.—During the night was waked out of sleep, and not a little alarmed, by the barking of dogs, and the noise of horses galloping. After getting up this morning, learned that one of the men had come express from the Amatole, to warn those here, that a party of troops was to be here very early this morning to scour the bush. Hottentot women had brought this intelligence from Alice to Amatole. There was none of the usual passing to and fro between the station and the bush, and a kind of deserted solitariness was about the place, which excited our attention; this arose from the men having all fled as soon as the alarm was given. They reckoned themselves safer in some place up the river. Like most other Hottentot reports and alarms, this was report, and nothing more. It is another illustration, however, of the faithlessness of those natives who are harboured about our villages, military posts, and mission stations. Though it may be they are fed upon our bounty, and living in our families, they are not less our enemies, than their friends in the mountains, and are more dangerous and perfidious than they. It is this state of things that has given a peculiar character to this rebellion and war. A man dare hardly go out of sight of his own house, to take part in any united operations against the common enemy, not knowing what may befall those whom he leaves behind, whose lives are dear to him as his own. Confidence in native character is utterly destroyed.

Just as I was making the above entry, my attention was called to a band of Caffres, coming down the long, green ridge, with fourteen or more oxen, there being, at least, an equal number of men, mostly clothed in clean European clothing, and some having bundles besides. Our fears were at once excited; we knew no way in which they were likely to have obtained this, save by spoiling the home of some defenceless colonist, and not unlikely blood was shed, and life sacrificed. The party passed very quickly on towards Amatole. Some of the men ran down to see who these were, and learn where they had been so fortunate as to get so great spoil. They had attacked and plundered waggons about the Koonap.

June 24.—Some of the men came down from the mountain this morning, with embarrassment and uneasiness expressed in their every feature. The tents at Fort Hare had all disappeared during the night; this was all they could tell us, as they had not seen in what direction the troops had moved; movement, however, in any direction, filled them with apprehensions. Early in the forenoon, we saw for ourselves the direction in which the troops moved, and knew at once that the object must be an assault upon the Amatole.

The day was one of bright, mild sunshine, and at certain points, the eye could stretch along a train of waggons, with their white sails, extending over a space of several miles, moving slowly along over a succession of open grassy ridges, away behind the Mimosa bush, that skirts the left bank of the Tyumie, backwards for three miles. When the eye could take in, in an un-

broken view, the whole train of waggons, with the accompanying troops, it was an imposing spectacle. Whether any martial or patriotic spirit, I know not, or rather what serves for both, got kindled, I felt as if I could almost have "sodger'd it." It was near sunset before the last of the train got to the place of encampment. This is something to break the monotony of our existence. I feel quite excited.

June 25.—This day six months, we beheld the beginning of these troubles; and this morning has been to me one of scarcely less distress, than that on which they burst so unexpectedly around us. "When the first red streaks of dawn appeared in the east," I was up, to see whether any movement were observable about the camp—all was quiet. After a beautiful sunrise, the waggons drawn up in order, with the tents which had now been pitched, all shone full in our sight, so white, calm, and peaceful, that the idea of a *nachtmaal*—the communion at some of the Dutch churches in the interior of the colony, far more readily presented itself, than that "wars and fightings" had any thing to do with such a scene.

It has been my wont, especially since the breaking out of those troubles, to seek a daily season of retirement, shortly after our morning family worship. Under such circumstances as we are here, it produces a confidence, and imparts a comfort quite inexpressible, to bow in unconscious helplessness before, and hold communion with Him, whose name is a "Strong tower." Returning from the solitary spot consecrated by this exercise, I turned my eyes towards the camp, and observed a thin smoke

rising: I thought nothing of this; but in less than half an hour after, Mrs. Brown called in a tone of voice that startled me—"Did you see that thick smoke—what can it be?" The thick smoke I had not seen; but while we yet looked, it burst out anew.

For the first few minutes it gave me hardly any uneasiness, as I thought it to be nothing more than the grass that had caught fire; soon, however, the smoke became so dense, as to convince me that no grass in the neighbourhood of the camp could produce it: I knew the ground as well as I did the garden before me. Not a waggon or tent was now to be seen, and the line of smoke and flame which had now broken out, seemed to be the very line formed by the side of the camp next to us. To aid my vision, I turned our little glass towards the burning object, and had all my fears confirmed; a wall of flame stretched along the whole line of waggons and tents, and at every little interval, a burning mass was glaring and glowing with a fiercer and thicker flame.

Those who saw me, say that I became pale as death: I know, but cannot describe what I felt; my eyes grew dim—my limbs became faint and trembling; had I stood still, I should have sunk to the ground; with a kind of staggering quick pace, I passed backward and forward from end to end of the verandah. I had the glass still in my hand, but dared not turn to the fire, under the dread of being made more certain of the truth. The black clouds of smoke rolled up faster and thicker, and the flame spread wider and wider: all was now lost! Whether by the stealthy incendiarism, or

the open assault of the Caffre, or by accident, I know not—the conflagration passed along with fearful rapidity.

In little more than an hour, the smoke cleared away, and the flame died down ; then we saw, again, the white canvass of the waggons and tents, shining fair and peaceful as when the morning sun first fell upon them. A number of Caffre huts, on a gentle rising ground about a mile and a half on this side of the camp, had been set fire to, and the flame had caught the dry grass all about them, and so completely did these cover the camp, and seem so exactly in the very position occupied by it, that the illusion was as perfect, as our alarm was great.

June 28.—Our attention, for the last two or three days, has been mostly directed towards the Amatole. The clouds of smoke that we see from time to time rising, tell us that something is being done. The women from the station are allowed to visit the camp ; they are treated with great kindness, and they bring notice to us that we may have supplies there. Towards the men of this place, great forbearance is exercised. Sandilli is said to have repeatedly summoned Umlanjeni to his presence, now that a fresh reinforcement of British troops are harrassing him. Why has he not, as he said he would do, broken all the ships on the sea, and sunk the men to the bottom ? Sandilli, the truth has, for a long time, been offered to, and pressed upon your acceptance. You have, in your pride, despised and rejected it, and have not only been given up to believe a lie, but have, yourself, made choice of the lie. The reward of your deeds awaits you,

June 30.—Yesterday, sabbath, and a day of much enjoyment. It is exactly six months since the two never to be forgotten days, that I went forth to, and returned from Igqibira. What signal protection was afforded me by the Lord's hand on those days! May I never forget them, nor cease to be grateful at the remembrance of what I then experienced.

Read Payson's sermon, from the words, "Have I been a wilderness to Israel? a land of darkness?—Jer. ii., 31. What a gush of overcoming feeling these words produce! There is a pathos in them, enough to kindle affection in a heart the most destitute of it. There is an overcomingness in the Most High God, the Almighty, Jehovah, condescending thus to expostulate with fallen, rebellious, ungrateful man, all pollution and villainess!

Could my voice be heard from one end of the earth to the other, I would lift it up, and cry—No, Lord, no! Thou never hast been to me "A wilderness, a land of darkness!" "The Glorious Lord" hath been—is—aye, and will be, to me, "a place of broad rivers and streams!" To all who may ever hear my voice, or read my words, this do I testify—"O, that men would praise the Lord for his goodness"—"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His Holy Name!"

July 2.—Put a good deal out of sorts to-day, by a note which Mr. Thomson found opportunity to send. He urges me, if I can at all do so, without compromising the position of neutrality which we ostensibly occupy, to write at once to General Somerset, as reports have been taken to

the camp by some of the women from this, which had produced a most unpleasant impression upon the General's mind. These reports had been carried to the camp by Tousie, sister to Tiyo. We knew that she, with some of her sisters, had been to the camp, and she admitted that she had told them what she knew to be contrary to truth, and made a very lame attempt to reconcile this with her profession as an admitted convert. The exact nature of her report we did not learn. O, the deep deceit upon which the character of that whole family, without one exception, is based! At once perfidious as Judas himself, and covetous too.

July 3.—Wrote a note to General Somerset last night, and was devising means to have it sent, without any of the people here knowing; surprised, however, to observe the camp breaking up. This is bairn's play altogether! Soon after breakfast, Lieutenant Green, with a strong escort, came to the station. He stated that he had been sent by the General, to know what we were doing. That Hottentots, who had given themselves up, and still more, some of our own women, had, within the last few days, given such reports of the station, as had excited both the Governor and General Somerset, so that it was all but resolved to surprise and destroy it; but before proceeding to such extremities, it was thought better to learn the truth from me. I stated fully the truth, and how we felt our circumstances and position to be most unpleasant; and if there was to be a longer continuance of the present state of things, was earnestly desirous of an opportunity to leave. Dukwane and Toby were called too,

to make any statement they might, regarding the party with them in the bush. Tousie's report was then read to me ; she describes herself to be " the daughter of Tsikana, sister of Dukwane, and wife of Tukane ;" and states, that every one of the Gwali school men are in the Amatole with the Caffres, fighting ; that only Mr. Brown is at the station ; he has the care of the women and children, and keeps kirk for them. This is every word false.

CHAPTER XVI.

Protection of the army requested—The conflagration—
Large assembly of natives—Female Warriors—Caffres
retreat—Tactics of the Caffres—More descents from
the Amatole—Caffre trading by barter.

It was often difficult for me to see a reason for the way in which Festivi and his party acted. It seemed to me that their object was, to provoke by any means to the destruction of the station, by the British troops; this would have made a choice case for some of the mission speeches in Scotland. At times too, it seemed to me, from the alarming reports that they brought, and the way in which they had them communicated to us, that they would have liked to see us run away with only the clothes we had on our backs, that they might possess themselves of all that we left behind. For a long time too, there was a party of the people, who did not run with them to the same excess of riot; at this they more than once evinced deep chagrin, and would have been glad to have seen evil come upon them. At one time Tousie said she had been sent by her brother. Again she said that she went of her own accord, without his knowing, but what object she had at all in visiting the camp, feigning herself to be another woman, and telling a story there, every word of which was false, she could not make any one understand. She was not alone, but accompanied

by other three of Soga's daughters. All, the officer remarked, most evidently decked out for a rough handling; and had the Fingoes discovered that they were Soga's daughters, it would not have been an easy matter to have protected them.

Lieutenant Green was evidently not a little distrustful on his first approach, but showed us every civility; and spoke out his mind frankly, after he had taken from my own lips a statement to be submitted to the Governor, of how matters stood in regard to both ourselves and those on the station. It was my earnest wish, to be afforded an opportunity of leaving the station, unless there were a prospect of an immediate termination of the war, for I could not conceive of a body of troops, such as we had seen brought to operate upon the Amatole, and not produce some very decided result. I placed myself at General Somerset's disposal, if he found it convenient to send an escort to take us out. I wished to leave, as even Dukwane and the party with him were now, by their own admission, living upon plunder, but that at the same time I had little apprehension of personal danger, and that my desire to leave was rather to get out of a position having so much that was painful in it, and that very naturally excited suspicions in certain minds regarding us.

That same evening, a feature of native character which I hardly know how to describe, was well brought out. Selfishness is one of its component parts, but there is something more. Our kitchen, which was made in Caffre-hut fashion, constructed of only dry grass and rods, with a brick fire-place and chimney, caught fire, and a magnificent blaze it made, only the danger the house was in, left us

little disposition to admire its grandeur. The whole of the women on the station were quickly about us, but there they stood, looking at, and making their remarks upon the fire. To move hand or foot to help us in any way, seemed to be a thing they had as little notion of doing, as the blocks of stone that lay around. Two women who had their corn stowed away in an empty space, did exert themselves to save it, but as for the others, their presence only tantalised us. What a contrast to how people at home under such circumstances put forth every exertion, as if by some irresistible impulse! I said to myself, well, if matters ever come to a sore push with us here, we cannot look for too little from these people!

July 5.—Soon after breakfast we saw General Somerset's division again in motion; Fort Hare seems to be the destination; really it looks like playing at war, this going-about work.

July 12.—All this side of the Amatole being again left open, by the withdrawal of General Somerset, the Caffres and Hottentots have not been slow to avail themselves of the opportunity thus afforded them, of entering the Colony in small parties of tens and twelves, to plunder and do whatever other mischief it may profit or gratify them to perpetrate. Parties have passed this almost daily outward, and most of them seem greatly exhausted. Now, however, that they are thus much again at liberty to riot upon the fruits of honest industry, and diligent application and perseverance, they will soon regain their wasted strength, and raise their sunken spirits, yes, and add to their already provoking insolence, from the fact that the operations intended for their subjuga-

tion have been desisted from, at the very point, when to have pressed them with resolution and energy, was all that was wanting to make them successful.

A Hottentot named Frederick —, called ; he had a grant of land on the Kat river, which he got after his full term of approved service, and was reckoned a respectable man ; he had been serjeant in the Cape Corps. Now he was a rebel. "It was hard," he said, "for him to live as he was doing, with his family in the bush ; their clothes were getting done, and they had a very irregular supply of coffee, sugar, tobacco, and things of this sort, to which they had been accustomed. He had given himself up," he said, "and Colonel Sutton, who knew him well, had dismissed him, to go to the other Hottentots and get them to surrender, and to live upon his own place."

This man seemed intelligent above most of his class, and was a deacon in Mr. Read's church. I thought him a likely person from which to learn what the feeling prevalent among the Hottentots was, and what reason they assigned for the part they had taken. He said the Hottentots were on the side of Government last war, and that they had lost a great many of their cattle, which the Caffres took, and for which Government had refused to make them any compensation, and therefore they would never again fight for Government ; that when they sold anything they did not get enough for it, and were despised and oppressed by the white man. They had written a letter detailing all their grievances, and that they had to pay a tax upon the wood they sold ; this was taken, and told him, by

Mr. Renton and the missionaries who had gone home, to the Queen, against whom they seemed to have never so much as dreamt that they were in rebellion.

Frederic told us also, that the Theopolis Hottentots, with their wives and children, were all in the Amatole. Wretched creatures! they rose upon and butchered or connived at the butchery of the Fingoes and others upon the station with themselves, while they were asleep, and in no apprehension of danger, and this for no other known reason, than that it was understood that the Fingoes would not join with them in the rebellion!

Hear contradictory reports as to where General Somerset has gone. On Friday night last, fires were kept blazing on the highest point of Izincuka ridge, and on this side of the Amatole. The Caffres understand what they mean: all we know is, that they bode no good. Have been all the week living in a sort of anxious uncertainty, half expecting to be one morning surprised and taken out by some party from Fort Hare.

June 14.—Early this morning two women started to go to Alice for us. In the evening got a little alarmed by Dukwane coming in to say that he was concerned to know that we had sent women there to-day, as the Caffres had mustered in great strength, and were now on their way to make an attack in the morning upon that place, and that if the women now happened to be on the road coming up, they could hardly miss falling into their hands, as the whole intervening country was by this time full of Caffres, and were it nothing more than our having sent on that day, the Caffres, if they came to know it,

might suspect that we had sent just to give warning of the intended assault. I had seen in the afternoon fourteen head of cattle brought in to about Festivi's place, and one slaughtered on the station, with a considerable number of goats; vexation at this had brought on such a nervous depression and headache as to unfit me for everything. I was little in condition to hear such intelligence, and laid me down that night in a state not to be envied. Our whole household indeed were in trouble and fear, nor after laying us down were we allowed long to rest.

Early in the night Toby knocked us up to tell us that Sandilli had sent to call out every man on the station to join in the attack to be made in the morning. All were preparing to go, only old Irving, Dukwane and himself, had resolved not to go; they did not know what to do, they were afraid. We afterwards heard the call given for all the men in the bush to come out; Mrs. Brown knew the voice to be Soga's, and he seemed to be standing near the mission buildings. Some time afterwards I heard Dukwane called by name; it was a female voice, I thought that of his wife, who seemed to be crying. This both much distressed me and alarmed me. It looked as if we were to have another Theopolis scene acted at Gwali. What with men bawling, dogs barking, people running to and fro, it was an awful night! It was good to know of Him, whose name is a "strong tower."

By sunrise all was quiet enough. There seemed to be scarcely a human being in the place save ourselves and a few children. The greater part of the women had been away since satur-

day, plundering the Fingoes' corn-fields. Soon after breakfast we saw those still on the place leave, all rigged out in wild heathen fashion, with their kevies over their shoulders, and away they went after their husbands, brothers, and other friends. Tousie was as on a previous occasion at the head of the young women. The women going out thus, was to me a more revolting spectacle, than the men ever presented. Most, if not all those who for two years before had been received into the Church, and the reports of whose baptism at various times, had gladdened many a pious heart in Scotland, had now made a formal renunciation of that faith which they had professed to embrace, and returned to all their heathen Caffre habits, their smearing with red clay, when they could get it, and the wearing of all the ornaments, distinctive of their heathen state. So great a change did this produce upon their appearance, that for a long time there was not one of them that I was able to recognize in their new habiliments. A female that one has been accustomed to see clothed in a frock of European make, even though it be none of the tidiest, looks different indeed, with only the fragments of an old blanket about her, and her person all smeared over with clay, and hung about with beads, and chains, and brass rings.

After seeing all that took place on that occasion, I felt at a loss to account for Toby having called us up during the night, to tell us that he, with Dukwane and Irving, had resolved not to go to the attack upon Alice. They, notwithstanding, went, and their wives followed them too with the others, while two or three of the

men remained on the station, and did not go. I had reason to fear that Toby called only that he might blindfold us. I had told Dukwane and him that I took notes of whatever occurred under my observation ; that these were transmitted, so that the mission board might know all that took place on the station ; and also that I had reported most favourably of the party with them to the Governor. The place that they occupied, on the side of the mountain, was an open ridge, where, if cattle were brought in, we must see them, and I stated my wish that they would not leave that place, if they would not be persuaded to live upon the station. This was some ten days before, and on that same day they left that place, and went more into the bush, where I could not see them. This greatly shook my confidence in them.

The women to have returned last night, had not yet come ; and a distressing morning it was to all of us. I must have sunk, but for support ministered by His arm, upon whom there was a necessity felt and seen, of us casting ourselves wholly. Early in the forenoon, the women, about whom we had become so anxious, returned. They had seen one of the advance parties of the Caffres, and were allowed to pass, from the feeling that it would be unlucky to plunder, or otherwise maltreat women, when just entering upon so great an enterprise.

During the day I went at intervals to such places where was the greatest likelihood of hearing the firing ; but all was still, and continued so till late in the afternoon, when far in the distance the women made their appearance ; and even at that far distance, it was not difficult for us to see,

that they were in sorry mood to sing the song of Deborah. The object for which the women go out thus after the men to battle, all armed with knob kevies, is to finish any of the unhappy victims who may have been so wounded as to be unable to get out of the way. When they fall in with any such, they plunder them of whatever they have, and then set-to, smashing them with their kevies, till even the human form can scarcely be recognized. One, who was herself an eye-witness of, if not an actor in, one of those horrid and barbarous scenes, informs me so.

Very soon after the women, the men began to make their appearance. They came, in irregular straggling bands, over the green ridge south-west of the station, and a more disheartened, exhausted, utterly-knocked-up multitude of people, I never saw. Much to our comfort, few of them came near the house. If they could have made haste, it was evident they would have hasted onward to Amatole: a feeling of fear and insecurity seemed to harrass them.

Those who came up our way, admitted that they had suffered what they even themselves regarded as a shameful defeat. Indeed the feeling prevalent among them seemed to be, that some "black art" was being brought into operation against them. They had mustered in great strength, and did succeed in taking a good many of the Fingoes' cattle; but the herds pursued and retook most of them—only the herds!

Where so many deeply-mortified and disappointed men were passing, I did not think it prudent to be forward in shewing myself. A party of the very worst looking of those who came up

to the house, asked for me, and said to Mrs. Brown, that they did not like to see me keep out of the way, as if I distrusted them. It was known to every Caffre that I was here, and I had nothing to fear; no one would harm me. Soga too, with his party, passed—and though beat, tried to bluster as much as ever. Faku, with all his people, were coming to help Sandilli.

The evening was one of clearest moonlight, and the stream of men flowed on: latterly they were casting themselves down on the station, or wherever they could find shelter, utterly unable, from hunger and fatigue, to hold out longer.

July 16.—Late last night, Nzizo came in, hardly able to speak; from him we had a few additional particulars. The Caffres have never made a larger muster: Sandilli, Anta, Wobo, and several other petty chiefs, were out, with the whole of the men of their tribes, numbering in all six thousand men. Some twenty Fingoes herdsmen routed and put this host to flight. Nzizo, utterly puzzled, scratched his head, and, in deep thoughtfulness, said—“These Fingoes must have something in them.” When the firing was heard at Alice and Fort Hare, parties got mounted, and came to the help of the Fingoes; but before that, the Caffres, panic-stricken, had begun to fly. Sandilli, with the other chiefs, and all those on horseback, had, in fear and confusion, taken a way in the Mancazana direction, in the hope of getting into the Amatole, after compassing the whole Chumie mountain.

By early dawn, we heard the men, who had slept about the station, called up, and they immediately left: others, too worn out to get this

length last night, continued to come on from behind; these had additional intelligence. We had heard of only one death last night; these state a great many have been killed. One man was brought to me, that I might give him medicine for his wound; a ball had entered from behind, and ploughed its way downward and forward through the whole length of the thigh, and come out inside the knee. I could do nothing for the man, but told those with him to look at him and take warning. This, though not a member, was a station man. His father had fallen—one brother had his hand shattered by a shot, and another was missing. At an early period of the rebellion, I well remember an occasion when I remonstrated with the man, and in haughty indifference, if not scorn, he told me, that he never thought at all of his soul in going out to fight, and did not care what became of it. Ah me!—what of this now?

Saw Toby during the day; he confirms the statement as to the number of the Caffres—more than six thousand were out; they all feel quite ashamed. He offers no explanation as to the part he himself acted, and were I to ask for any, it would only make matters worse, by giving him occasion to seek still more to deceive me. Most of those passing to-day are in woful plight; they have thrown guns, assagais, blankets, every thing behind them, to be able to run the faster: in all, there must have been upwards of twelve hundred pass within sight of the station, all on foot; the few on horseback are said to have been wounded men. This great muster had been made in the fullest confidence of “eating up Alice,” which was thought to be defenceless and weak,

when General Somerset, with the body of the troops, had moved to a distance.

July 19. Between the first two and the last two days of this week, what a contrast! What fresh cause of thankfulness to God, for what we have this week seen of His hand. I have tried to express this; but, as on most other occasions, find that when the mercy is enjoyed, the Author of the mercy is, in a great measure, forgotten. On Tuesday, it seemed as if there were but slight probability of my being in the land of living men, to write this on Saturday.

August 9.—The great “Mkosi”—commando—of the Caffres has been followed by a lull. They seem mortified and affronted by the issue thereof. They rarely effect much by those great gatherings; it is in little marauding parties, stealthily making their way into the colony, and falling by surprise upon the first defenceless party to whose place they come, that they are most formidable. To these tactics they now again betake themselves; upwards of fifty Caffres have passed, in three bands, within the last two days, away into the colony, to seek for, and wait for, opportunities for this foul work. They scatter themselves every where, and are to be seen nowhere; but let a herd of cattle be sent out by a farmer to graze, without an armed guard; or a train of waggons, or party of travellers, venture along any of the roads without a sufficiently-strong escort, then the wily foe springs from his lurking-place, and his unwary victim becomes his prey. I often feel disposed to liken the Caffre to an ugly and hateful vulture, common here. Where they make their abode I know not—they are nowhere to be

seen ; but let the dead carcase of a sheep, ox, or a human body, be left for but one hour in the open field, and you will see those creatures wheeling through the air, from every direction, towards it, as if they kept watch upon every jutting mountain rock for thirty miles all around ; I have seen them gathered in scores, tearing up a carcase thus exposed, and the company of devourers is as ugly, as the meal they so much relish is disgusting.

August 16.—Had opportunity to send home letters to Alice for the post, but disappointed to have none per messenger in return. The post-rider with his party has been attacked, the horse and mail bags lost. Learn from Colonial newspapers that the Caffres are working extensive mischief in the Colony. There seems to be a forbearance and partiality exercised towards those perfidious and treacherous "Cape Corps," not easy to be accounted for. When, O when, will these things have an end ! Were my wife and darling boy only in Scotland, that land blessed of God, and where the fellowship of those that fear God is so fully to be enjoyed, my mind would be comparatively easy. But the very thought of their being left alone in this land—I can look at death itself with less painful feelings.

August 23.—This afternoon brings something new ; the cry "a commando," with all the usual consequent bustle. The people ran in every direction to hide their goods, and the men to get their horses and goats taken up into the bush. A party did come, but not farther up to the station than Soga's place, where they outspanned, and slept for the night. It set in a cold wet night, and a most uncomfortable bivouac the poor fellows

must have had. Almost wondered that they did not turn the additional half-mile or so out of their way, to get the shelter of the church and mission-buildings, where they could have passed the night in comfort. Have no notion what may be the object of this visit to our neighbourhood.

During the week we have seen two parties from the bush where Macomo is; both showed a sort of sullen disappointed feeling. Mpakane—the man who kept so closely by my side during that scene of danger on my way to Igqibira—came this way, with the remains of a party that had gone out to the Colony on a plundering expedition. He had now only two companions, and the whole exhibited a most wo-begone appearance. He said they had come from the land of the dead. Their party consisted of more than twenty, and when some eighty miles or more away in the Colony looking for some sheep or cattle to carry off, a party of farmers had fallen upon them, and shot seven of their number, and wounded others. Such as could, made their way homeward as quietly as possible; the three now before us were all that were known to have got thus far. That is a lamentable state of things, when one feels a sort of satisfaction in this.

August 25.—Yesterday sabbath, and almost expected some interruption to our usual social worship, from movements or operations of the party, who had passed the previous night so near us. They moved off early in the morning, however, in the direction of Eiland's Post. Most likely they are taking supplies there.

The cold of last night quite benumbing, and this morning shews the top of the Kat-bergen

covered with snow. The sun shines out, however, and in our lower altitude the day is beautiful and pleasant. We had early intimation that the party which had gone on yesterday, was seen returning from Eiland's Post. Horses, goats, and men were soon all out of sight in the bush. A party had gathered at nearly the point of Incotoyiridge, which I at first thought to be Festivi's people. A few shots fired quite near the station, both startled and alarmed me. I saw the person leading away an old horse, at whom I thought them to have been fired; and the party from the ridge rushed down upon him, so that he was likely to pay dearly for his temerity.

These, however, turned out to be Fingoes, not Caffres. It is their practice to detach themselves in straggling parties, from the military which they accompany, when they have any expectation of being able to pick up anything for themselves, no matter how trifling. To see whether there were anything up on the station sufficient to induce them to turn so far out of their way, they had perched themselves upon this height where they had a view of the whole. The old horse was the only thing that met their eye, and one of the party had come down to possess himself of it, when he was fired upon from the edge of the bush, by Gadie, brother to Festivi. It would have been wise of him, however, to have kept quiet.

The Fingoes took this as a sort of challenge, and were not slow to take it up; it indicated to them too that there was in the bush something more worthy their attention than the old horse. A very small party of them pressed boldly forward, entered the bush, and brought out with

them about a dozen of horses, several of them beautiful animals; all of them save one had been stolen from the Colony; in addition to the horses, the Fingoes made spoil of a good many goats in the bush. The men, however, all kept in close hiding among the great stones, and under the roots of trees. Many of the Fingoes passed through the station they picked off several little things; from the women, but to ourselves were mostly quite civil.

The women gathered about me, and made great clamour that the Fingoes had taken away the goats of a poor widow belonging to the station. On being assured by them that these were her own honestly-come-by property, I set out after the Fingoes to recover them. They suspected my object, and ran forward with them in such haste as put it out of my power to overtake them. I pushed on to complain to the commanding officer, for the regular troops were now passing at a point within two miles of the station, when the thought struck me—Well, what if after all, the goats have not been well come by? I turned back, and afterwards found that it was really as I had feared—the goats were stolen property when brought to the station. In indentifying one's self in any way with those people, a person does not know to what he may be committing himself.

September 20.—This is the principal planting month with the natives, when all the grains and esculents which they cultivate are put into the ground. This season has been all that could be desired. Well-timed and copious rains have kept the ground soft, and in excellent trim for work-

ing. But while God causes all His paths to drop down fatness, man, in the perverseness of his ways, enjoys not the blessing. Instead of the spade and the ploughshare, it is the rifle and assagai that occupy the whole attention here of the Satan-enslaved Caffre and Hottentot.

It is well that I was early taught how to use the spade and hoe. It would have fared much worse with us, if, with the unjust steward, I had it to say—"I cannot dig." I have planted the seed for a new crop—who may reap it, none can tell. I began early to plant, for one thing, to set an example to the station people. If I only could get them to turn their attention to the breaking up of their land, it would in some measure draw them off from the dishonest and wicked way in which they were living. Then, if still on the station when their crops were yielding food, which would be within three months, they could support their families from the proceeds of their honest labour.

At first the men came and looked over the fence at me in silent astonishment, and generally went away, giving an expression of surprise at a man planting when the "land was dead," their usual way of speaking of the country in a state of war. Not one of them offered to help us with a day's "delving." They more than once asked if I expected to eat the potatoes I was then planting. I told them, that they were planted that the wants of our family might be supplied from the fruits of honest industry—that we could not live upon plunder. They evidently began to be influenced by my example, after the first week, and to feel my implied rebuke. Dukwane came

one day to say, that some of them were now talking of planting, as they saw we were doing so. We urged them at once to set-to, that they might support themselves in an honest way. In a day or two after, almost every hand was busy, on the open spaces far up the side of the mountain. I could not prevail upon them to come down to the low fields about the station.

A very considerable body of the Hottentots had their lager, or rendezvous, about eight miles from us, in the bush, near where was the village of Auckland. There was a constant intercourse kept up between them and the station people, more especially Festivi's party. When there, they were successful in bringing several flocks of sheep and a good many cattle, safely out from the colony, so that they were in no lack of mutton or beef. Tea, coffee, sugar, tobacco, soap, and articles of clothing, they were sadly in want of. Most of the station people had clothing stowed away, and this was now brought out and disposed of to the Hottentots for flesh. The station people here, and those at Lovedale Free-Church Mission, kept up too a close intercourse. The women of Soga's party were down sometimes twice a week; they went in during the night; their friends there disposed of fat, of which they had plenty from the animals that were killed, and then purchased such things for them as they wanted at Alice. The parties from this kept in concealment all day, and came up during the dark of the following night. Through this channel, supplies of I do not know all what, were conveyed to both Hottentots and Caffres in the mountains. It was the same with the station people at Fort

Beaufort; through them Macomo and those with him in the notorious Waterkloof, obtained supplies: and not supplies only, but intelligence of all sorts was communicated between the parties.

When all the facts and circumstances are known, the avowed foes and the positions they occupied, and the treacherous friends with the concealment of their wickedness, and the forbearance exercised towards them, those charged with the subjugation of the rebels, and the restoration of peace, had no easy commission to execute. More than once, I called the attention of parties having the deepest interest in getting this intercourse put a stop to, to it. This was at considerable risk to myself, but all the thanks I got, was to act with great prudence and caution. This timidity of spirit is unworthy of a man in such circumstances. Pray for the restoration of peace, and yet wink at that which gives those who provoked and who perpetuate the war such advantage.

The Hottentots made liberal offers to supply us with fat, ox tongues, and meat, with which they repeatedly sent both men and horses laden; they mostly wanted coffee and tobacco in exchange for these things. We were weeks together without meat, but never for a moment did we think of giving countenance to those men in their wickedness, by taking what they offered. When digging one day, two men came and asked me to buy an ox tongue, which one of them had in his haversack. These men were Cape-corps deserters. I asked them what they thought would be the end of such a life as that they were leading? One replied, they knew it was not right, but that

Jesus Christ would save them—that was their hope.

The man said this with so much of the air and tone of a penitent, that I felt moved to speak very faithfully to him. With earnestness I warned them against deceiving themselves. No man living, as they were living, could have lot or part in the salvation that is by Jesus Christ. He is a Saviour to save his people from their sins, not those who deliberately and from choice prefer to live in sin as they were doing; they could give no more sure evidence that they were not of Christ's people. I asked him who had been his teacher? He replied that he was one of Mr. Read's people. Of all the Kat river Hottentots with whom I have been brought into contact here, and that has not been few, with one individual exception, they have described themselves as being Mr. Read's people. I was usually prompted to ask who had been their teacher, from their too ready obtruding of religion into their discourse. Let no man be ashamed to own his Lord, but let him do so, rather by honouring all his laws, than by merely having his name upon their tongues.

CHAPTER XVII.

Military operations—Death of a native teacher—Caffre notions of money—The military villages destroyed—News from Europe—The station surrounded by natives—The feint and the attack—Death of Colonel Fordyce—Caffre sermon on War.

SEPTEMBER 22.—Yesterday, sabbath, when at morning worship, four very ill-looking Caffres came and set down at our cooking fire behind the house. They were from Macomo's bush, and asked us to give them tobacco. They said they abhorred the sight of an upright house, meaning a house built in European fashion: some of their other remarks too, made us wish them well away from our neighbourhood.

In the evening, two of the women belonging to the party that had left Chumie more than a year before, came from King William's Town, distant from fifty to sixty miles. They had been entrusted with the conveying of dispatches to Fort Cox, and had adroitly and faithfully executed their commission. Friends had wished them to come on our length, to know of our welfare, and to bring some little supplies of things which we were not without need of; this also served as a cover to the real object of their being sent out. The people came about them to hear all that was going on about head quarters, the number of troops collected there, and what might be the expected operations of these troops?

how the station people were living, and what the Governor was now saying about peace.

Between the two parties, however, there existed the grounds of a radical misunderstanding. Those from King William's Town applied the term impi—enemy—to the Caffres, while those here used it in reference to the English only; nor would they believe the statements of those from King William's Town, regarding the military force now at the Governor's disposal. The station people too were not only living well, and earning great sums of money by honest work, but were steadfast in their attachment to Government. All this most deeply chagrined the people here, and they soon evinced towards the two women, such a state of feeling, as made it needful for them to keep out of the way, and they had to get away by stealth before daybreak next morning. As soon as it was known that the women had left, some eight of the women of the station here started to overtake them, in hopes that they would take them with them into King William's Town, that they might get things, as they said, from their friends.

September 27.—Toby called, and under evidently elated feelings, assured us that the Fetcani had come to the help of the Caffres. Festivi asserts that he saw them with his own eyes, and shewed them with his gun the way the English fight. The Fetcani are a people lying backward between this and Natal, and are spoken of by the Caffres as being ferocious and bloodthirsty above every other people. This may arise from their having completely routed the Caffres, in a battle near where Pirie station now is, some forty years

ago. However, we have all such notions of the Fetcani, that the report of their being near greatly alarm us. Another party just come from Sandilli's most confidently maintain that not one Fetcani is in Caffreland.

Truth has ever been but a second-rate virtue in Festivi's eyes; he seems now altogether given up to falsehood. The wickedness of the people has indeed become great. Would to God I were out from among them. To witness all their wickedness is not the least part of my affliction.

September 29.—About sunset yesterday—sabbath—vexed to see an ox rapidly driven up to the mission-house, where it was immediately slaughtered. Dukwane had procured this one, from a party of Hottentots, who were passing with a lot of stolen cattle!

October 6.—Reports that have reached us during the last two or three days, shew military operations going on again with a little more vigour. Have, in consequence, felt an increased earnestness in the speedy and total subjugation of these wicked men. A thought, suggested by a paragraph of one of Flavel's sermons, which alludes to Pilate as doing a service to the cause of Christ, which even his own disciples could not render, has been dwelt upon by my mind with some satisfaction. What if it shall yet be made manifest that Sandilli, Mocomo, and these vile Hottentots are really effecting work in God's service! breaking up the very kingdom, which all their exertions are calculated to make permanent! A universal Kingdom of Peace and Righteousness! Shall such assuredly yet bless this world?—Lord, hasten it according to Thy word!

“Glorious things are spoken of thee, O, City of God!” and all that is spoken will be realized! Faith, when in vigorous exercise, so lays hold on that Word and those promises of God, as to realize their fulfilment, however future, in a way not to be described. Poor wordling! What are all his pleasures to this? What glorious things are said of that on which his heart is all set! One hour of the true Christian’s present faith only, is worth more than all the joys of all the mere men of the world heaped together!

October 8.—Very great uneasiness, from Dukwane having called to confirm the report of the Fetcani being come to the help of the Caffres. We were put into a mood, when but little was wanted to make us decamp from the station, without any endeavour to take our goods with us. Dukwane said he was concerned for our safety, and would go to Sandilli, to remind him that we were still here, and to ask him to give the Fetcani a word to spare us, but as he had no horse, I must give him mine. This I refused, saying, that I could have no communication with Sandilli, neither would I consent to any one taking my horse, to go on any pretext into the Amatole, or among the violent and avowedly war party. Dukwane got into a pet at this, and said it was by the chief’s pleasure that we were living here, and if I would have no communication with him, nor give my horse for the object for which he had just now asked it, then, I must just myself see to our safety. By this time, I had but small confidence to place, even in Dukwane. I had my suspicions, that he had

some object of his own, above caring for our safety.

October 13.—Yesterday, sabbath, was a day of much uneasiness among the people. They had no meeting for worship, the form of which, at least, with whatever lack of consistency, they usually keep up. They had early observed a large body of troops to be moving from Fort Hare, and were, in consequence, all on the alert, getting goats, horses, &c., stowed away into the bush. All this, though the troops move to a greater distance from the station! They seem to be apprehensive that every movement, no matter in what direction, is to compass some design against them. "There were they, in great fear where no fear was."

Towards sunset, was called down to visit Koti, his family having become alarmed at his rapid sinking. Found him a state of great weakness, fast going the way of all the earth. I could do nothing more than repeat to him a few of the Saviour's assurances of His support to, and presence with His own, when they are called to pass through the dark valley, and then commend him to the mercy of his Redeemer-God. He signified that he heard me, but was too weak to speak.

October 14.—After we had gone to bed last night, notice of Koti's departure was brought us. He has gone to his rest, and to the bosom of his God, I confidently hope. His family being exceedingly desirous to have him buried with some of the decencies of Christian sepulture, and no man being on the place to make a coffin, his widow sent to say, that she was ashamed to ask me to do such work. I understood what this

meant, and was pleased to have an opportunity of giving countenance to the feeling cherished by the family. With such materials and tools as I could command, I made a coffin ; a number of the men came down from the bush, and dug a grave, and about sunset, we committed "dust to dust."

In the burial scene, there was what was calculated to gratify, and to vex as well. The respect paid to the remains of Koti by every one of the place, male and female, young and old, following them to the grave-yard, was gratifying. There was a true eastern expression of grief too, especially by the female relatives and members of his family, which, whether becoming or no, I had, myself, difficulty at times to resist giving way to it.

There were mourners there, however, at sight of whom one became sad. Native females, decked out in rich silk gowns, and other articles of clothing, told too plainly that the hand of plunder had done more than that of industry to furnish their wardrobe. The men, too, went to the very grave's mouth, with their guns and assagais in their hands. Their appearance was sullen and unhappy in the extreme. The sound of a heavy cannonade had been all day falling upon our ears, and they knew well against whom this was directed, and had grounds for apprehensions as to its results. No one said so to us ; we were left to conjecture that an attempt was being made to dislodge Mocomo with his desperadoes from their inaccessible rocky bushy fastnesses, in which I pray God they may succeed. Yet how ticklish does success make our own po-

sition ! The barbarians when dislodged, are likely to rush in this direction to gain their other fastnesses in the Amatole. And against those mortified barbarians, and madly-reckless Hottentots, who is our defence ? In God only is our refuge !

Koti, to whose remains we had now discharged the last offices of humanity, had for a number of years been the native agent at the out-station called Mitchell's School, in honour of the late Dr. Mitchell, of Wellington-Street Church. He had a salary of ten or twelve pounds from that church, which is a very handsome sum indeed for a native in this country, and perhaps Koti was the only native agent to whom his salary was a real benefit. It is very much with salaried native agents here, as it is with old pensioners at home. On the faith of their salary, they get over head and ears into debt with every one who will either lend them money, or give them goods, and it is the last of a Caffre's thoughts to ever think of paying when he gets into debt. When those agents have money, they spend it with all that improvident extravagance which usually characterizes those who come so easily by it as they do.

In all those respects Koti was an exception to the general character. He and his whole family were strictly honest and honourable, both I think from the influence of Christian principle, and from a natural high-mindedness, and independence of disposition, for which they were distinguished. The Caffre, with what is called his independance of spirit, and native pride, exhibits a servility and meanness, abject to the last degree

should occasion require it. If it may contribute in any measure to set him well in the good graces of a superior, or be likely to increase by a few more head, his already overgrown herd of cattle, or minister in any way to his self-interest, there is no meanness that he will not descend to, and no deceit so base, that he will not with unequalled adroitness betake himself to. This I deliberately write down, as confirmed by my whole experience of native dispositions and habits, nor do I make any exception in favour of those at our mission stations known by the name of converts. There are few indeed in whom grace has subdued this inbred deceitfulness of disposition.

I have been so deceived by even those reckoned the very best of our converts, that I have become cautious in setting forth the good qualities of any of them. My first confidence in Koti, however, had never been shaken. My earliest services among the Caffres were kept up at Mitchell's school, and a most hearty welcome I ever got from Koti ; he had then only a Caffre hut for his own accommodation, but out of respect for the worship of God, had put up unaided, a pole house in European fashion, in which his daughter kept school, and where I have often addressed as many clay-smeared Caffres as could well be packed within its walls, all brought out by Koti and his people from kraals in their neighbourhood, where he was respected by all. A little tin of Caffre milk, and a quantity of nice figs he had always in readiness for me, that being as he said, "the only decent food he had to offer the teacher," and seated upon a stone, with the earthen floor for a table, for neither chair nor table constituted

any part of the furniture of the hut, I have often partaken of this simple substitute for dinner, with a relish unknown amid the comforts of more highly-civilized life, with all the good cheer and delicacies which may be there spread upon the most hospitable board.

Stimulated by a little generous aid from the members of Dr. Mitchell's family, whose interest in the school bearing their father's name was unabated, Koti had got a house after European model put up. Several months before, I had visited his place, and assisted, and gave him directions in putting on the roof, and four other houses were then in progress, but on the first mad outburst of the Caffres the whole was abandoned.

Early on the forenoon of 25th December, the memorable day on which the military villages were destroyed, Koti with his own family, and the others who had settled with him at Mitchell's school, came as fugitives from the fury of their countrymen here to the station. Koti was then ailing; sick as he was, however, he brought all his people out with him; he regarded them as committed to his care, and would not leave them exposed to a danger from which he himself fled. After the people and station here had been abandoned by the missionary having the charge of it, and the people put to flight by the oft-repeated alarms of commandoes advancing, there were a number of leprous, blind, lame, and sick people on the station, who were unable to flee with the healthy to the bush, and were constantly kept in a state of indescribable terror, lest the Fingoes or Boers should fall upon them at any time by surprise, for somehow or other, the way in which we had

been accustomed to hear those parties talked of, we all regarded their coming near the station with a sort of dread, which when they did come, we found to have been cherished without cause.

It was most distressing, when alarm spread among the station people, to see how these poor sick, and lame, and blind, crawled up, one in one way, and one in another, to get, if possible, to our house, that they might have what protection we could afford, from danger, fancied or threatened. To prevent, as far as we could, all this distress, we had those parties brought up, and kept beside us. The hut that had been occupied by Miss Chalmers as a school-room, was filled with these, and others were accommodated in that used for cooking by Mrs. Chalmers.

Among those was Koti, with his wife and sick boy. He was without food of his own, his crops having just been ready to begin to reap, when he had to flee and leave all. Having recruited a little, without making us acquainted with his wish to move, he left our hut, and went up to the bush, and then from that went farther into Caffreland. I was vexed by these unaccountable movements. It was but few weeks till he returned, and had some sort of shelter or hut made for him, far up the mountain, among the rocks and bushes. Here he was brought to the point of death, and I sought to go up to see him. I asked Dukwane, and some of the other men, to go with me. They seemed not unwilling, but never to have a fitting opportunity to go. I concluded that they had no wish that I should go into the bush at all. They said that no harm might be feared while I kept on the station, but

if I ventured up there, it was hard to say what some parties might do.

Koti was, however, brought down again to the station, and I then lost no time in visiting him. In reference to his going away, as he had done, to the bush and mountain, he said it was in a fit of disobedience and rebelliousness ; that at the time he did so, not a fear of death, but a great unwillingness to die, came upon him ; but now he was quite submissive, and had come back to the station just to wait to die.

I continued to visit him regularly, and had every reason to cherish the confidence, that Kito was a true-hearted believer. The consolations of the Gospel were ministered to him ; the realization of its exceeding great and precious promises sustained him, until he at last slept in Jesus. I will long cherish in affection the remembrance of Koti.

October 18.—The sound of active warfare has daily greeted our ears this week. We are ignorant of what success attends those efforts to dislodge the rebels ; but it is singular, that not a soul, male or female, has come in this direction from the scene of operations. The Caffres seem closed in for once. Yesterday the sound of near firing made us all look about us. The men hastened to the bush, and the women, who were mostly all up in their fields, as hurriedly left it with their children. It turned out to be at Xayimpi's bush, near Auckland, that the military were engaged. This party has been patrolling the Tyumie hoek, to intercept parties from Macomo's getting into the Amatole : saw the patrol pass near Woburn this morning.

October 22.—The third anniversary of my taking leave of friends in Scotland, especially my dear mother, and had very unexpected gladness by receiving a packet of letters from her and other friends. I had almost thought that I had become as a dead man to even my dearest friends. These letters revive me. At what a small expence can we give each other joy! A pen, ink, and sheet of paper, an hour's writing, and the payment of postage; and for this we may cause a mother, a brother, a sister, or a spouse's heart, to sing for gladness; and, what is more, may excite many to help us in giving expression to feelings of thankfulness and praise to God, when we know of his dealings towards those we love, and they know of his treatment of us. How much of heaven may the people of God enjoy, in even this present state!

October 25.—Felt not a little uneasy from numbers of Hottentots passing. Knew not where they had come from, but learned afterwards, that for three days they have been lying in the bush, within two miles of us, with the design of pouncing upon Alice cattle, if driven out in this direction to graze. In disappointment they return towards Tyumie and Amatole, cold, wet, hungry, the very personification of wretchedness. They have kept passing all day, yet not one of them came near to molest us. Surely we are hid in the secret of "His tabernacle!" Heavy cannonading heard from very early yesterday morning, and Macomo is said to have sent, imploring help from Sandilli.

October 28.—A man and two women passed as if from Macomo's bush—do not know that any

here spoke at all to them. The people are very sullen, and seem unwilling to hear the news, and still more unwilling to let us know them.

About dusk a large mounted party most unexpectedly made their appearance, and alarmed us all. From the whole of them being mounted, I tried for a minute or two to cherish the hope that it might be our friend Mr. Thompson taking advantage of an escort passing from Eiland's Post to Alice, and coming this way to see how it fared with us all. The cry "they are Hottentots!" instantly gave a different character to my feelings.

They came dashing on at a furious rate. That same morning it had been whispered to us, that some party from the station visiting the Hottentot camp, had heard us named in connection with sending letters to Alice, and that they were coming to take us to account for what we had written, for they knew it all from friends they had at Alice. Knowing this did not lessen our apprehensions. They all off-saddled down about the mission premises, and came up in bands, but not one of them brought his gun with him.

Mrs. Chalmers went out and met them rather before they got forward to the house, that she might learn the object of their visit; some of them asked for me and I went out. They conducted themselves with more civility than we had expected. In such of them as I had known any thing of before, it was easy to mark a rapid sinking. The clothes that were on them were changing to rags, and their whole appearance haggard and revolting. There were a good many of the Cape Corps deserters who talked with great swelling words. They would all fight to the last

man. I asked them to tell me what they were fighting for, as I did not well understand it. They appeared quite put about by my asking this.

One said they were forced to fight, or they would be killed; another that they would never serve under Sir Harry, but would make peace with Stockenstrom; Mr. Renton and the missionaries had taken letters from them to the Queen, and they could not understand how the Queen was sending out fresh soldiers to help Sir Harry; they were beginning to fear she too was taking part against them. No matter, they would die fighting; they would never give in. At Sir Harry they sneered in very contempt, "He would put all to rights in fourteen days! The war was now ten months old, and not yet half over, and what had he been doing all the time but losing his soldiers!" I felt in my heart mortified at having to listen to this, and from such miscreants too.

Some of them in a spirit of flattery to us, or self gratulation to themselves, made some remark about our being allowed to live so long in safety here. I told them that I did not myself see the object of our being kept here; that most undoubtedly God had some purpose to serve in it; that my trust was simply in Him; that I had not sought or in any way courted the protection of any party.

I then most earnestly expostulated with them, and warned them of the danger to which they were exposing not their lives only, but their souls also in their present evil course. They heard me in unbroken silence, and did not speak one word more, beyond civilly, though somewhat curtly, saying good night. They had previously told us

that they had been called to help Macomo in Waterkloof, and were on their way; and had just off-saddled here a little to let it be darker before they went forward. A quarter of an hour more was spent in catching their horses and up-saddling, when they were all again prancing away from the station, to our no small satisfaction. I reckon the party to have numbered about a hundred men, all mounted. My earnestness in the few sentences that I addressed to them, so excited me that I was not well all the night after.

October 30.—Heard the report of close firing yesterday afternoon and evening. This morning some wounded Hottentots passed, and it now turns out that the party whose approach caused us so much alarm two days ago, practiced one of their base deceptions upon us. Instead of being on their way to help Macomo, they were the mounted men of a muster of three or four hundred that were on the way to attack and carry off the cattle of Alice. When will the lying lips of these men be put to silence, and the arm of the wicked broken.

November 15.—These are the most singular times of any that we have yet come through. We hear at intervals the sounds of active warfare in the distant cannonade, but not one word can we hear of what is really going on in Waterkloof. Several parties of twos and threes have passed from that direction, but they keep as silent as they appear to be starved and famished.

Our days have been hot, and our nights clear. Do not remember to have ever looked upon so magnificently brilliant a "starry heavens" as on last Thursday night. How those stars shone!